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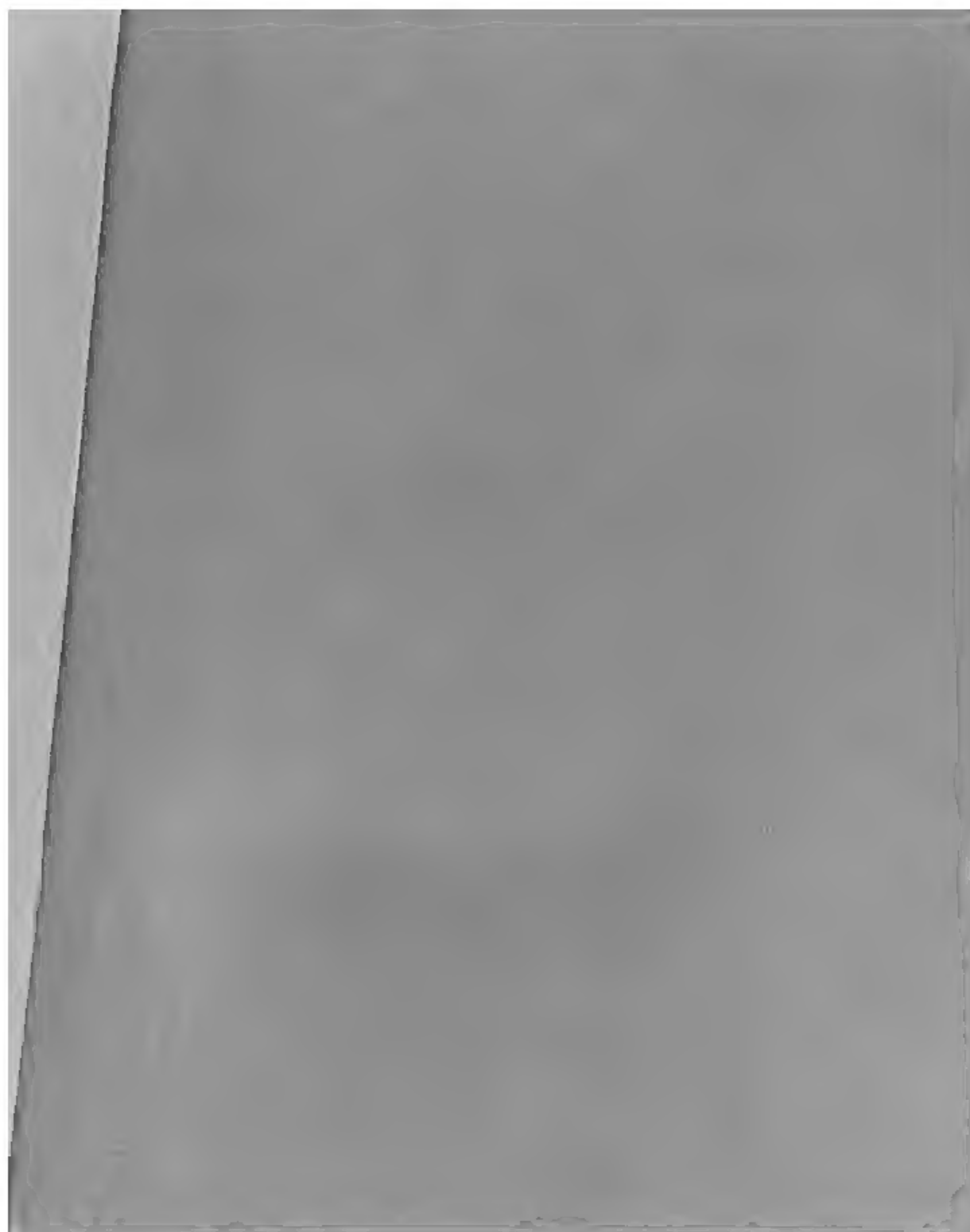
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# *The Gentleman's Magazine*

*JULY TO DECEMBER 1880*

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*Edited by* SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

London

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1880



*[The seven volumes preceding the present are incorrectly numbered: instead of being volumes ccxl. to ccxvi., they should be ccxlii. to ccxlviii. The present volume is correctly described as the Two Hundred and Forty-ninth from the commencement of the Magazine in 1731.]*

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1880.

*QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER XVI.

I am the Knight of Malavis :  
In sooth, a right adventurer :  
For fifty years with rein and spur  
I ride the hills, nor take mine ease.  
For battle doth my body please,  
And all my comfort keeps therein—  
I've found no hour for sweeter sin :  
I am the Knight of Malavis.

No lore have I of maiden's kiss,—  
No maiden yet I've happed to see :  
I am not rich as robbers be,  
For still I lose whate'er I seize.  
But armed I am from eyes to knees,  
And I will keep her, when I find  
A maid whose lips may mate my mind :  
I am the Knight of Malavis.

HER son robbed of the love which was his true chance of manhood, and driven to do what was not his duty in a sphere of life to which he had not been called—her daughter driven among the rocks and shoals of concealment, deceit, and unscrupulous scheming—a well-intentioned clergyman frightened out of his wits—an innocent man tricked by the phantom of a fortune—these were what Mrs. Reid's plan for the correction of Providence had to show for itself hitherto. And these were all, if we omit its probable result in its advantage to Gideon Skull ; for in so far as it was likely to be of some sort of good to somebody, it cannot be looked upon as



wholly in vain. If Mrs. Reid could have lifted the least corner of the cloth that *hid* from her eyes everything that was going on just under them, and seen the maze of loss, corruption, and peril that was growing from the seed she had sown with such good intentions, she would have been horrified at what she had been the means of doing ; she certainly would not have let Helen go out alone the next morning.

Helen did not feel good as she left the house to keep her appointment with Gideon Skull. It felt like doing a great thing—like visibly and consciously cutting her life in two. It had been easy enough, in solitude, to dream of rising to great, vague crimes, and of descending to the meanest depths, and to triumph in them beforehand because they would be all for Alan. But none of her enthusiasm helped her when the time came for action, and when she found herself obliged, not to plunge a dagger into somebody's heart, but only to hide from her mother the real object of her walk that morning. Her imagination had never led her to the point of having to do anything so wretchedly small—so small that not even its being for Alan's sake could give it dignity. She was only a sly girl, with a lie in her heart and almost on her lips, creeping out to meet a man whom her mother had forbidden her to know ; and it was all the worse because there was no hint or dream of love in the affair, and because it was for a brother who would have given up even his dreams of Bertha rather than believe his sister capable of anything so un-Reid-like and so mean. But what could she do—being she? She had committed herself to this appointment, or thought so ; and supposing that she lost a chance for Alan by not keeping it, how would she ever forgive herself all her days? Her mother's daughter, who grew more and more like her mother every day, was not likely to give up any sort of design which might lead to a good end, through whatever rocks and bogs the road to that end might lead her. She did not doubt or waver in the depth of herself even in such a miserably little matter as keeping a secret tryst with Gideon. She felt, in her extreme way, that she was closing the street-door upon her ladyhood ; and she felt, too, that she was making the first step down that road of which the first step alone is hard. But—well, it might prove better for Alan, in the long-run, that she should teach herself as soon as possible not to be ashamed of little things. She had no doubt of being able to trust herself in great ones. What lay before her, whatever course it might take, was not to be work for a lady's hand. It could only have been a very invisible and deep-lying instinct indeed which told her how much a first secret meeting

with Gideon must needs be indeed the last thing which one who prided herself on her ladyhood would dream of doing.

But it was all for Alan. In one great thing she and her mother were one.

It is not far, as all the world knows, to Fleet Street from the Strand, so that she could keep her interview easily without being long away from home, and to meet on the way anybody who knew her was happily impossible. Since she had been in London she had been out by herself on common errands dozens of times ; but, naturally, never to the eastward of Temple Bar, though it was not many stones' throw. The city gate was standing in those days, and its arch, as she passed under it, seemed to her mind the symbol of another gateway on the road along which her mind was passing. She half lingered, as if the presence of a visible gateway warned her that another road than the street changed its name beyond, and that it divided two cities which were not merely London and Westminster. That is to say, her pace slackened, for she could not really linger ; and she breathed more freely when she had once passed through. It was as if Helen Reid had entered the archway, and had never come out again ; and as if she who left its shadow was either not Helen Reid, or else had left a burdensome and troublesome part of herself on the other side. She felt quite certain that henceforth—for Alan's sake—she would never be troubled with scruples again about such a trumpery matter as going out without saying why or where. She must have been terribly frank and open—once—to feel so changed and hardened by what very few would regard as being so much as a mere common, every-day lie. No—she had already done enough to know that she could never feel like Alan's sister, or old Harry Reid's daughter, any more.

She had little difficulty in finding the outside of the office of the *Argus*, and was too well provided with an excuse for calling to feel over-shy about entering. She had absolutely no views about what sort of place a newspaper office was likely to prove. Strange as such an idea may seem to some, she would not have been astonished to find the *Times* itself issued from some small news-shop, so that she drew no moral from the contrast between the surroundings of the *Argus* and the tremendous character of the organ by means of which Spraggville ruled the world. She tapped gently at the door to which she had been guided, and was answered by a "Come in !" in an accent which reminded her a little of the voice of her enemy, Victor Waldron.

She looked round for Gideon, but she found nobody but Mr.

Crowder and Mr. Sims, whom she knew neither by sight nor by name.

The face of neither moved a muscle at the unexpected appearance of a young lady in the rooms of the *Argus*, except for a slight frown which passed over that of Mr. Sims. His once immaculate chief, he could not help thinking, was going a great deal too far—neglecting duty to dine with lords, showing unmistakable signs of it the next morning, and now visited by young women. It was becoming a case for watching in the interests of the *Argus*, if not for the serious consideration of the Platonic Institute of Spraggville, to which they both belonged, where young men and young women of an intellectual turn met to discuss social philosophy from a purely spiritual and sympathetic point of view, and never made love except in spectacles. Well, the blight of the aristocratic upas must produce its natural poison. From dining with lords to drinking champagne, from champagne to whisky, from whisky to assignations, were but steps in a chain which might lead at last even to smoking cigars, before it had run out to the bitter end. One can hardly tell why Helen's visit should instantly, and without the faintest evidence, have presented itself in this light to Mr. Sims. But so it was, and he wavered between waiting and watching on the one hand, and pointedly rising and leaving the office on the other, to show his colleague that he understood the situation perfectly.

"Is this the office of the *Argus*?" asked Helen. "I am Miss Reid. I came to ask if—if you had heard from my brother." Perhaps Gideon would not come, after all.

"Be seated, Madam," said Mr. Crowder. "I hope you are very well. Let me see—Reid—Reid. Yes; our correspondent at the siege. You will pardon me—with so many names to think of, and with such a war on my hands, it is not easy to keep my mind upon individuals. Have we heard from Reid, Mr. Sims?"

"Wired it yourself to Spraggville yesterday," said Mr. Sims bluntly. He was beginning to suspect his chief of being a little of an impostor, and of giving himself lordly airs, and it galled him.

"That is so," said Mr. Crowder. "It was a good letter. I am happy to tell *you*, Miss Reid, that your brother, under careful editing, is likely to give satisfaction to the city of Spraggville. He is the first English literary man I have happened on who seems to understand what we want and the way to put things. There were some touches in his last letter that were worthy of an American."

"I am very glad indeed," said Helen, too indifferent to wonder at her brother's sudden success in so unlikely a direction, and by no

means proud of Mr. Crowder's praise. Of course, whatever Alan undertook to do he would do well—that went without saying ; but she could feel no elation at his turning out what she could only consider a first-rate travelling clerk to this fellow-countryman of her enemy. She could not be just, and would have been offended by hearing that Niagara, since it was in Waldron's hemisphere, is the largest waterfall in the world, and makes the loudest noise.

She hardly knew whether to drag out the interview till Gideon should come, or to leap at his non-appearance as a sign that he was not coming, and to hurry back through Temple Bar. But she was saved the difficulty of deciding by the voice of Gideon himself at the door. After all, the clocks were not many minutes on their way past noon.

"Miss Reid!" he said, dividing a nod between Mr. Sims and Mr. Crowder, and holding out his hand to Helen with a curious mixture, which struck even her, of eagerness and awkwardness together. He had not said, "Who would have thought of meeting you here?—certainly not I," for that would have been hypocritical, and therefore impossible for Gideon Skull. But his "Miss Reid!" had implied it all, and Helen was thankful to him for not claiming an appointment with her. "Are you going to write for the *Argus* too? Well, Crowder, how's news to-day? Don't let me drive you off, Miss Reid. I am not going to stay a minute, and I have something to say to you, if you'll let me walk part of your way. I hope you're not too well off for news, Crowder, for I've picked up a crumb for you that will make the hair of all Spraggville stand on end, and glorify the old *Argus* for ever."

"I shall be pleased to hear, sir, whatever you may have to say," said Mr. Crowder.

"I dare say you would. But none of you fellows have any pluck, you see. No, not one of you. If I had the misfortune to edit a newspaper, I should make a point of coming out with a first-class prophecy of the most tremendously unlikely sort every ninth day. Nobody remembers failures. Look at the weather almanacs ; if I brought out one of those, I'd prophesy a snowstorm in July regularly every year. It would come at last, and I should be rich and famous for ever. And in war and politics you'd have the pull that the unlikeliest forecasts are right in nine cases out of ten. No, you actual editors have no pluck ; not one of you."

"It is the first time I have heard the *Spraggville Argus* charged with deficiency in pluck, Mr. Skull," said Mr. Crowder.

"Yes, because there's nobody who knows what pluck means, I

dare say. Now, if I was to tell you Bismarck was shot, you'd wire it off to Spraggville, because it might be likely even if it mightn't be true. But you wouldn't dare to fix a date for the sortie from Paris which is to break the German cordon and fix a communication between the army of the South and the capital. You wouldn't do that even if you knew. Now, I would, even if I didn't know. That's pluck, and that's the difference between me and you. By George ! Think of Spraggville if I fixed it for Tuesday week. If I wasn't Gideon Skull, I'd be owner of the *Argus* for twice nine days after."

"Mr. Skull," said Mr. Crowder with dignity, "my experience as a journalist is not quite so small as you appear to conclude ; and I guess you must be out and round before twelve o'clock if you wish to be beforehand with me or with Mr. Sims. Before sailing for Europe I drew up a programme of this war, the results of which might surprise you. It has often enabled me to anticipate events, as well as to correct the accounts of our correspondents on both sides. I do not say that such a sortie is inconsistent with that programme, but I do say, and Mr. Sims will confirm that view, that — not to beat about the bush, Mr. Skull, which is not American, it is my duty to inquire if you intend that sortie to be taken as a fact, and, if so, what your views may be in bringing it to this journal?"

"Ah, Crowder, there's no doing you. Yes, I do want to get that wired to Spraggville," said Gideon frankly. "The fact is, I'm engaged rather deeply in relation to the neutrality laws—you understand. In the rifle and provision line. Instincts of an old blockade-runner will out, you see. The army of the South is my customer just now, and I naturally get to know more than there can be on anybody's programme. For obvious financial reasons I want that sortie to succeed ; but for equally obvious reasons I want to be very particular to the *wrong* day. Now, I happen to know, as a fact, that Bismarck never passes a morning without reading right through every word in the *Argus* about the war. He and Moltke will take that Tuesday week for granted, you may be sure ; and no doubt there'll be a rehearsal—what soldiers call a demonstration—on that day. The *Argus* will be out by a day or two about the real day, of course ; but who'll heed a day or two when they talk of the prophecy fulfilled? There, I've made a clean breast of it. It's all in my own interest, of course, so take it or leave it as you please. I'd take it if I were you. I'm worth gratifying, I can tell you ; a man who's bound up with the big French guns, and behind their scenes, can give plenty of pickings as true as this to any paper that's got pluck and go and isn't afraid of big things. Come and have another feed

with me and Ovoca on Saturday. He's taken a wonderful fancy to you. Can you forgive me for keeping you waiting all this while, Miss Reid? I'm at your service now whenever you please."

"Surmised," said Mr. Sims as soon as their visitors had gone, "Gideon Skull didn't give you an earl for dinner without wanting to be paid."

"I am surprised, Sims," said Mr. Crowder, "that you should see in a piece of simple courtesy more than there is to be seen. It shows a want of knowledge of the world. A British lord, I take it, does not lay himself open to misconstruction when he admits himself to be no more than the equal of a plain American journalist like you and me. It does him honour, Sims."

"Some people are partial to headaches. Can't say I'm one. Wire?"

"Some people are partial, *and* prejudiced, and—and—jealous," said Mr. Crowder. "That's so. I'll wire myself, Sims."

"Jealous?" asked Mr. Sims, with a sudden hot look in his eyes.

"That is so," said Mr. Crowder sadly. "That is a painful fact, Sims. Some people are."

"And some people drink champagne, and receive visits from females, and smoke tobacco; and some people are as fit to represent the *Argus* as—as—you," said Mr. Sims.

"I would like to see that man," said Mr. Crowder, his voice beginning to rise at last, "who is as fit to represent the *Argus* as—as—I. I should have a very decided opinion concerning the existence of that man. As to females, and spirits, and tobacco, I trample on the words. Perhaps you will proceed with your occupation, which is not that of slander, *Mr. Sims*."

"No, nor of jealousy, *Mr. Crowder*. I would as soon be jealous of some people as——" His failure to find a simile gave his chief the triumph of the last word. But his having come off only second best in this terrible quarrel only made him feel the more keenly that there was at least one person better qualified to represent the *Argus* than Mr. Crowder. He felt he could not approve of permitting the great organ of Spraggville to become the tool of a Lord Ovoca and a Gideon Skull. His duty might become unpleasant, but it must be done.

"It must have seemed very strange to you," said Gideon to Helen, "all that talk in the office. Business, to an outsider, must seem a curious thing."

"It did not seem strange to me at all," said Helen. "I was not



listening, and what words I heard meant nothing to me. You asked me to see you. What have you to say ? ”

“ It is difficult talking in the crowd of the street. We had better walk this way ; it will take us along the river, and be all on your way home. . . . Well, I have not been idle ; I have been to Hillswick.”

“ So you told me yesterday. I am sorry if you have been taking real trouble for Alan, though, of course, I must thank you. What have you learned that I need know, if I do not even yet know all ? ”

“ Miss Reid, I will not be thanked by you. All that I do is—you know what I told you three days ago. You will not thank me when you hear that I have—failed.”

“ Failed ? In what had you to fail ? ”

“ I have the worst news for you . . . your father left no will.”

For the first time in this story Gideon Skull told a lie—a direct, downright lie. Clearly his association with Helen was corrupting his honesty. But she had already felt all the guilt for both : mere imitation did not prove hard.

“ Well ? ” asked Helen.

“ Do you mean to say you have forgotten what that means ? ”

“ What *have* you found, then ? ”

“ Is it not more than enough to have found ? The worst of all ? ”

“ I knew that there was no will. What else does our whole life mean ? I don’t understand. You ask to see me—only to tell me that you have nothing to tell—nothing to say ? How could a visit to Hillswick make clearer to you what all the world knew before ? ”

“ I told you,” said Gideon humbly and patiently, “ that I would come back to you within three days and let you know how much hope I had found. I did hope—sanguinely, even. I could not believe that there could be really no will. It seemed impossible. Well, since you needed no convincing, I need tell you nothing of the chains of argument which, at Hillswick, led me to the same conclusion. Rational men don’t hide wills away in corners ; the lawyers are sure to know of them, even if they don’t have them in their own hands, and Waldron had no opportunity of finding one and putting it in the fire. No ; there is no will.”

“ This is all you asked to see me for ? ” asked Helen, feeling almost disappointed, though she had expected nothing. It was hard that she should have had to pass through so much shame for no end. But she was by no means looking downward, and a glimpse of his

grave and down-turned face, in which she could read nothing but the shame of a strong man who has boasted of his will and strength beforehand, and has found them impotent, made her feel guilty of ingratitude.

"Well, I *do* thank you," she said, "for all you hoped and tried to do for Alan. I am glad—in a way—that you are convinced there is nothing for any—outside—friend to do. You *do* know that nobody thinks *you* to blame . . . . and if you had been . . . . you have tried every way to undo it all. It is no one's fault that there is no way. If we do not happen to meet again——"

"Not meet again?" he asked, really startled; for it was the last point at which he had been aiming, and the words, though he would have known how to take them at their worth from all such women as he had known, seemed to mean something when spoken by Helen Reid. It was not the first time during these last days that his heart had been startling him. It was a heavy, cumbrous muscle, Gideon Skull's heart, and its struggles into life were as hard as those of most hearts never are but when they are dying. But it was a heart, after all, and he was a man. He came near even to self-deception, to feeling as if he were dealing truly and openly with her, and to pitying, in a hungry sort of way, the pain he supposed his tidings were giving her. He could hardly resist the temptation of believing them himself, though they were lies. Love must needs take its one form, and it will somehow manage to wear that one form and no other. "Not meet again?" he repeated: "but we most surely shall. Have you forgotten what you told me you are living for—to get back Copleston for your brother, and that by any means? *You* are not one to take up a life's purpose in one moment and drop it in the next, if I know you at all."

"I don't see how you can know me at all."

"Perhaps you don't see it; but I do. You made a resolve when you believed there was no will. You are not likely to drop it because you now know there is no will. Belief and knowledge are practically much the same thing, I suppose; and that means—you will need me. It is idle to talk of our not meeting again. You have a brother, and I have—well, an enemy. Our motives are different, but our end is the same. We both mean that, in one way or another, Victor Waldron is not to keep Copleston."

One must not shut one's eyes to human nature out of any tenderness for Helen—if such a thing still lingers. One cannot help remembering that she was walking by the side of the one man she had yet seen who made her feel that he was strong and resolute, and

that he had a will, and that his will meant something. She could not know how little strength, will, and resolution had hitherto meant with him, though she was right enough in her instinct that he had them all ; and more right than even instinct could tell her, that, if he had never had them before, he had them now. She was inspiring a knight—for so common a thing there is no need that the lady should be the *beau idéal* of her sex, or the knight a Bayard. He may even be a struggling adventurer, preying upon the refuse and garbage of the world's great doings, like Gideon, and she may be no better or nobler than Helen Reid. It may be that the brigand, or even the pickpocket, draws as much inspiration of strength or address from the eyes or voice of his mistress as the knight errant from those of his lady—and of the same kind, though to a somewhat different end. And surely the woman does not live who does not know when and whom she inspires, and who, when she knows it, can help a little pride. She may feel a little frightened, also, but in that case she feels yet more proud. Helen had been too much used all her life to seeing broad shoulders and strong arms to think anything about them, or to take them as the outward and visible signs of anything beyond themselves. But she felt that there was something about Gideon's build which made it the sign of something to which she had not been accustomed, either in her father or in Alan. It was much more than that he by no means fulfilled her ideas of a gentleman. She had no objection to him on that score. The circumstances of her own birth prevented any pride ; and then she had taken Waldron for a gentleman—so huge a mistake, that she might be equally mistaken in taking Gideon Skull for none.

“Yes,” she answered him absently. “But we have different ends—and different ways. You can have no hand in anything I may find to do ; and I, heaven knows, can be of less use to you than you can be to me. Mr. Waldron does happen to be my enemy. But he is too mean for hating. Why do you hate him?”

“You do hate him, Miss Reid. A girl like you does not hate or love by halves. You hate him with all your soul. And I—you ask me why I hate him? Who does not hate hypocrites, and scoundrels, and liars? I can't content myself with looking down on snakes. They are more dangerous than tigers. . . . We are something more than allies, Miss Reid, you and I. You mean work, and I mean work too. We must not be in the dark about one another. Two people looking for the same thing in the dark are apt to jostle, and to spoil everything. That must not be. At

present, I own myself at sea, without a plan. I am thrown out by the want of that will. But you have one, and I have a right to help you."

Helen certainly began to be a little afraid of the honest tradesman whom she had believed herself able to twist round her little finger. He was taking ells without having been allowed inches, and now he was claiming them as his due. She by no means wanted an ally who would claim a right to her confidence, would compel her to speak out what she was not reconciled to feeling, and probably end by sliding into the place of director and master.

"I have no plan," said she.

"No?"

"No. And if I had—it should be my own. If I wanted help——"

"You would come to me. Miss Reid—you distrust me. Why?"

"Indeed I do nothing of the kind. There—we have said all that has to be said, and done all that can be done. Thank you for all your trouble and all your good will. This is my way home, I think. Good-bye."

"No ; it is not your way home yet. Yours is still several turnings farther on. Do you suppose for one instant that I think you are giving up Copleston? And do you think I can stand by and see a girl like you, who knows nothing of the world—thank God!—preparing to get aground on all sorts of quicksands and run her head against all sorts of stone walls? I don't guess what you mean to do, for I'll own you're likely to be ten times cleverer in laying plans than I am. But laying plans is one thing, and carrying them out is another. You *must* have a man's counsel. And since your brother is gone, there is nobody to give it you but me."

Helen might have smiled at the idea of any man's thinking he could help her in carrying out her half-made scheme. But he had brought her face to face with it, and she could not smile. Though she felt what it was well enough, there is probably no reader of her story who could not put it into words better than she. It was to fascinate the enemy, obtain, by craft or surprise, the secret of his fraud, and then save herself—if she could—from selling herself for Alan. Of course, if she failed she must fail ; but no absolutely last resource ever looks desperate : hope must hang to something, and if there be nothing left but a straw, then to a straw as completely as if the straw were a barge. How could she breathe a whisper of such a scheme even to a dearest friend who shared her inmost wishes with

her? She knew well enough what she would have called any other girl who should make any such confession—outrageously vain would have been her lightest word. And she had been asked, nay, ordered to make her confession to Gideon Skull!

“I hate Waldron much,” he said, “but I should hate myself ten thousand times more if I let you do yourself any harm. If it were any girl, I should feel very much the same,” added the Quixotescorner, without being in the least troubled by his want of consistency. It did not even strike him that the sentiment was not original and entirely his own; and one feels wonderfully honest and generous while one is saying generous things. He did not wish to see Helen Reid become quite of his world—he only wanted to find her sufficiently of it to be reasonably within reach of his arm. “Promise me, when you find yourself in any trouble, to trust to me. Forget, if you like, how much I am with you in heart; remember only that I am your brother’s friend. Whenever you want help, send a line to me at the *Argus*, and I will never fail you—be quite sure. Whenever I have anything to say, I shall let you know it.”

“There must be an end of this,” thought Helen, wishing she had left herself any right to be angry at the suggestion of a secret correspondence with Gideon Skull. “We shall be leaving London in a few days,” said she. “Don’t think I don’t trust you, but our ways do not run together, and——”

“You are going to leave London?”

“Yes, now that my brother is gone. We shall most likely be staying with our friends the Meyricks——”

“The Meyricks, of Thorp End——? Within a drive of Copleston?”

She had spoken of her intended visit as her best open reason for leaving town, so that she might leave Gideon no room for further questioning. Nor did he question her further. He only fell into silent rumination over what she could possibly be intending to do. “If she’s been getting any notions of that will on her own account,” he thought, “and if she’s going down there to pump Uncle Christopher——” The idea led to nothing in particular, and he thought again. Her going to stay with her friends might mean nothing, but then it might mean a great deal. Gideon was beginning to feel a martyr to mystery. He had got to the bottom of his uncle’s, only to be plunged into a new one by Helen. Perhaps it was nothing. But while he thought, his eyes found their inevitable way to Helen’s face, and he could not reconcile with a single possible view of human nature the idea of a girl like her—keen, eager, and

thorough-going beyond reason, as he knew, passionate in her depths he was sure, scorning laws that opposed her and hating all who wronged her, with a great estate as a prize to be fought for—of a girl like this letting herself be tossed about among her acquaintances without any sort of plan.

However, he must be patient again. “Well,” he said, “your visit in the country will be pleasanter than it might have been. You won’t be troubled by the neighbourhood of a scoundrel. . . . But if you have any notion of searching Copleston in the absence of its owner, you may spare yourself the pains. No will is to be found anywhere.”

“What!” exclaimed Helen. “Is not Mr. Waldron at Copleston?”

She was so obviously startled at his obvious piece of news that the most unreasonable of all unreasonable jealousy fell over him. He was so new in love that its phases were playing chaos in him. Ever since seeing Helen he had been jealous of Waldron’s admiration for her, and even that long talk in the churchyard had been rankling. The feeling was absolutely and preposterously without reason, but in his hungry way he hated to think that she and Waldron should even have quarrelled eye to eye. A man who comes to be quarrelled with may come too near; he wished to think of Helen as shut up in her present poverty and helplessness, without a friend but himself, or even a visible enemy in the shape of a man, and that man Victor Waldron. For, with all the duller part of his nature—but not altogether without experience—he held that hate and love are next-door neighbours, and, yet more dully, that all girls prefer fops to men. He despised Waldron for his foppish affectations, which is the same thing as saying that he envied them. Helen’s startled question made him savage. Simple indifference is the most satisfactory feeling on the part of the woman one loves towards one’s enemy, hate is a great deal too warm.

“No,” said Gideon, “he is not at Copleston. He has never been there since you left it, and most likely never will be. He is in his own country for aught I know, spending Copleston in New York or Spraggville; or, being an American, and Paris being shut up, he’s more likely in Rome. All the Yankees have got a craze that Rome isn’t a suburb of Spraggville. If you want to meet Victor Waldron, Miss Reid, I think you’d better visit somebody in Rome—if you can stand the way in which all the inhabitants twang English through the nose, and sculpt, and talk of the Eye-talians.”

Gideon had to let out his growing wrath, and Victor Waldron’s



fellow-countrymen were the first objects at hand. He had brought a good many British prejudices home with him—at least as many as he had carried out—and had never been in Rome. The piece of petulance was not meant for Helen, though it wrapped up a point that was meant for her. But she did not notice even the apparently imbecile suggestion that she, Helen Reid, wished to meet Victor Waldron at Copleston, and was going into its neighbourhood for that impossible end—a suggestion as imbecile as it was right, and an end as impossible as it was true.

Down went her house of cards—queen, knave, and all.

It had been a very flimsy house, even for one of cards. But she had built it for strength, and had thought it strong, so the blow was as great as if it had been built of marble and iron. Never had she felt till now that her helplessness was utter and absolute—only equalled by the passion of desire to do anything and all things for Alan. She was too paralysed even to sigh, as one does at the downfall of a common dream. To will wrong without the power to do wrong—what on the face of the whole earth is half so bitter and so hard?

“What *can* I do?” she almost cried out, forgetting where she was, who was with her, and what her cry of weakness might mean.

Gideon smiled—that smile which had gone far to make Waldron his friend, and was the best part of him. He had not been clever enough to find out her intended plan of action, but his honest bit of anger had served him as well as instinct in defeating her plan. She would not talk of leaving London any more, he was sure. “What can you do? Trust, dear Miss Helen. That is the first great thing. For one thing—you may trust me. Perhaps you have not yet learned the power of money in this world. It can’t do everything, but it can buy secrets, and fight the law, and recover rights when nothing else can. I have been poor and rich, and I know what both the things mean. No—you cannot fight Victor Waldron, but I can, and I will. People call me rich now. But nobody—not even I myself—knows how rich I shall be in a few weeks from now. I’m the last man to boast of such things. You are the first man, woman, or child who has heard me speak in this way. I tell you that you may know what you are trusting, as well as whom. Dear Miss Helen, it is only too true that there is no will, and that you and your brother have no rights at law. But as long as Gideon Skull has even a poor ten thousand a year, neither you nor he is poor. Be brave, and trust, even if Copleston must go. Here is your turning at last,” he said with a sigh. “Good-bye—for now.”

"Good-bye," said Helen coldly—not with intention, but because her heart felt cold. Everything was lost and gone, except Gideon Skull. She went home, and despaired. Her scheme looked very ugly now that it had become impossible. But she felt, in herself, that its impossibility was no merit of hers, and that the wrong of a thing is complete when the thing is planned. Yes, it is hard to wish what one hates oneself for having wished, and to feel at the same time that the self-contempt comes from having failed. It disposes one to resolve never to fail again. As for the self-contempt, that cannot be felt twice over. What could Helen do for her brother now?

Gideon, having bid for Helen the ten thousand a year at least which he was going to have in full time to make his statement perfectly true, returned to the *Argus*. He felt he was not making a fool of himself in bidding even twenty thousand a year for this girl, seeing that he knew all about the will. If it did not end in making him master of Copleston, it would ensure the ruin of Victor Waldron, and bring him a good dowry with his wife and a considerable amount of prize-money from his brother-in-law. Well, perhaps not that, though gratitude was not to be looked for from the high-minded and unworldly type of young man. But the rest was secure, and probably a great deal more. But, in spite of all things, he was thinking of Helen herself much more than of Copleston.

"Crowder," he said, when he reached the office again, "Miss Reid tells me she is leaving town. You'll give me all private letters from her brother, and I'll forward them to wherever she may be. That's all. Remember Saturday."

"I will!" said Mr. Crowder, sending a look of defiance across the table to Mr. Sims.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Luke.*—A fig for all such baubles, and the fools  
Who waste their wits, and fog their arid skulls  
To learn that force is force and weight is weight,  
And that on nothing not a straw can stand!  
Give me one pinch of dust, and I will move  
The elemental world, the solar sphere,  
Cycle and epicycle, planet, star,  
All earth and anti-earth, without the aid  
Of wheel, or block, or bar, or slant, or spire—  
All that the Syracusan dreamed I'll do  
Without a fulcrum—so the dust be gold.

SURE enough, when Helen went indoors again she found upon the mantelpiece a letter from Bertha. There was no need to open it

in order to know that it contained a pressing invitation to her and her mother to make a long stay at Thorp End. Without such an invitation the letter would not have been from Bertha. Helen did not take the trouble to open the letter immediately. What did anything signify? The whole future looked too hideous for facing. Alan, at barely more than five-and-twenty, was to accept as his destiny a life of heartless plodding for daily bread—what would he become? She, at less than five-and-twenty, was to accept as hers—nothing; and to accept this no-life after having set herself to do all things for Alan. She had been robbed of all that she had made up her mind to live for, and nothing was left but the barrenness of waiting for what she knew nothing of, save that it was something which could never come to her. Waiting to turn into a man, perhaps—that would be the best thing, and by no means the most impossible. In what spirit can a girl, in her first womanhood, tell herself consciously that such a life as this must be hers?

If she have one least touch of nature in common with Helen Reid, she will have but one answer to give herself. She will flatly refuse. There was as much desire for the fulness of life in her as if she had not devoted her life to her brother's, and far more than if she had not been torn out of her natural world. In leaving Helen out of it, Mrs. Reid had neglected to take into account a very considerable element in her scheme for Alan.

Fortunately—or unfortunately—her mother was not in their parlour when she came in, so she had time to think quietly, as well as to feel the whole need for thinking. She was by no means blind to the very plainly written cause of Gideon's energy and devotion—he had taken care to print it clearly and largely enough in looks, movements, tones, in everything but mere words, which in themselves count for nothing in such cases. For that matter, it was these unspoken speeches of Gideon which had given rise to her barren idea of using what he had taught her against the usurper of Copleston. At any rate, she was driven to think a great deal of Gideon Skull—almost as much as he could have desired, though not altogether in the way that he would have chosen. She felt no instinctive liking for the man. Women are not much better or more exacting judges of the points which go to make up a gentleman than men are of the attributes of ladies; but she could not help feeling that if to be a gentleman means to be like her father and her brother, then Gideon Skull could not be one. He was coarse both in his choice and in his use of words, and absolutely without the faintest flavour of courtesy. But then, on the other hand, he was the most perfect of gentlemen,

if to be a gentleman means to be unlike Victor Waldron. And after all, is not outward coarseness and roughness one of the most famous notes of the diamond? What is polish but an accident? It was no fault of Gideon's that he had been hardened and roughened by a life spent in fighting single-handed against the world, and—winning. Yes, he had won in the battle of life; Helen was in a mood to look upon that as the greatest thing a man can do. If likeness of look comes from likeness of thought, there was every reason for the growth of the likeness between Helen and her mother.

And what, after all, mattered the birth or breeding of man or woman to a nameless nobody like her? Had she not been declaring war against the whole unjust world to which Victor Waldron belonged,—to make up for her father's cowardice and her brother's tame submission? Why, Gideon Skull, who had fought and won, was a hero; and was she to be so cowardly and so submissive as to throw away her power over such a man because his words lacked polish and his manner courtesy?

He was strong, she felt; but she was stronger than he, she knew. The only question worth thinking about was what she should do with him. Being himself part of her enemy, the world, his only use was to be used. How she could use wealth, however it might come to her, she knew very well. Her mother would be put above want, Alan's uphill path to Bertha would be made straight and level, Copleston might be won back, and life for herself, though it could never again become beautiful, might be turned into a space in which some few wrongs might be righted and a little good might be done. She would not feel so wholly like an insect who has got caught in the wheels of a machine, and whose capacities for life and flight are being ground to pieces uselessly.

Yes, it would be terrible waste to let Gideon Skull slip out of her hand. The only question was how, and not whether, she should use him. And that is a question which can hardly help answering itself, when it lies between a woman and a man. Victor Waldron was the shadow of the piece of flesh, the two birds in the bush, the half loaf, compared with Gideon.

She soon, however, had enough of straightforward thinking about such things. It is best to let them drift, and spare one the discomfort of any avoidable loss of self-respect by settling themselves. She opened Bertha's letter, but only took the most languid interest in what her dearest friend had to say to her. There was nothing in it beyond what she had expected, and yet it seemed to her as if it had been written to quite another Helen Reid than the Helen

into whose hands ~~it~~ had come, even than the Helen whom it was answering.

“DEAREST NELLY,” she read,—“As if I wasn’t glad and thankful to hear from you ; as if I had not been wondering what had become of you, and not been afraid to hear ! Why didn’t you write months and months ago ? If I didn’t know you, I should have thought you were something more than unkind ; but what is the use of friendship if it can’t go on trusting through silence even ? I do know you, you see ; and though *I* don’t see why you should not have written to me, I am sure that *you* know why, and that your reason has been some wild, extravagant, generous, heroic, absurd, incomprehensible, true-hearted reason—just like you. I’m sure I should love you for it, even though I can’t understand, and though I mean never to forgive you for it as long as I don’t see you. I wish, dearest Nelly, I had the wit for understanding as well as for trusting. Yes, it did seem to me almost past believing that you—all of you—even you, Nelly, went away without a good-bye, or a word instead of one. I hardly know how to tell you what it made me think. It seemed as if you were too proud to have anything more to do with anybody who knew you before that dreadful time. Only such a thing as that *could* not be between me and you. I’m glad, with all my heart and soul, to hear it wasn’t that—at least with *you*. As if I haven’t been thinking more kindly of you than ever ; as if, if I had thought any other way, I should have cared ! Then it is true that you have lost everything ? I had heard so ; but I had been hoping against hope, and nobody seemed to know anything for certain, except that in some strange way Copleston did not belong to you. Nobody seems to know quite why you had to give it up without a trial ; but everybody is *sure* that whatever you did was just and right, and worthy of your father, who was loved and honoured, and is still, in a way that would make you too proud to be proud of anything else under the sun. I wish you could hear how *mine* speaks of *yours*. Come and hear it, Nelly. Papa has told me, without a hint or a word from me, to tell you and Mrs. Reid to come to Thorp End and stay here all the time your brother is away—and longer, if you will. You can’t want to be by yourselves in London all alone ; and it is enough to break my heart when you talk in that way of not being able to do anything you want to. You can do everything you *need* do, and that is to get into a train and come to Thorp End. I do want you, Nell. There is nobody I care to see since you left ; and as for talking, I have not done such a thing since last Easter Eve. And I think you want to talk and to be talked to as much as I—and more. Your letter tells me

that, Nelly. Your letter reads as if all sorts of things had been gathering in your heart and turning bitter ; and that will *not* do. Shall I be such a baby as to pretend I don't understand you about Alan? I thought of being one ; but no, I don't think I will. I'll be old and grown up enough to tell you this : that if you had never written me one word about him, I should have *known* what you tell me—that he did whatever he thought was best for others. I wish people would not be so *un*-selfish, Nelly. He never said a word to me more than any old friend might who had almost grown up with one. I suppose I have no right to mix up what might have been with what might not have been. But *if*—— You don't think I should have said 'Yes' on Easter Eve, and 'No' on Easter Day ! He did not care enough to try me—that's all. And why should he? I never supposed he did ; and I assure you, with all my heart, that I don't feel one atom the less his friend than ever because he did not happen to ask me to marry him. It would be rather hard on a man if there was to be nothing between not caring for a girl at all and wanting to spend his whole life in her company. I want a great many people, men and women, to care for me very much ; but I couldn't marry them all, and I don't mean or want to marry one of them. No, Nelly, not even Mr. Victor Waldron. I think of your brother *as always*, even though he might have come to say good-bye to an old playfellow without being afraid of her saying anything to him but 'God bless you !'—as she does now.

"It was you made me think of Mr. Victor Waldron ; for, so far from knowing him, I have never even set eyes on him. I believe he is known very well at the 'George' at Hillswick, and that he made a bosom friend of old Grimes, the sexton ; but he has never made or received a call from any real people, and the last news of him is that he has gone back to America. And as to Copleston, indeed, Nelly, I have never had the heart to go in sight of the lodge gate, and have always ridden other ways. And so—I have no news. For it isn't news, is it, that I want you? You *will* come, and you will give my dearest love to Mrs. Reid ; and if you are a better letter-writer to your brother than you are to your sister, tell him that his sister Bertha thinks just as kindly of him as his sister Helen. Say 'Yes' by return of post, and come by the next train.

"Your loving

"BERTHA."

When she had finished the letter, Helen felt that even Bertha herself was a little changed. These airs of wisdom and resignation and dignity looked much more like the scar of a wound than the

signs of having been left heart-whole. "Thank God for that!" sighed Helen. "*He* is not breaking his heart and spoiling his life for nothing. Yes, she *does* love him, and *will* wait for him, if I can only use the time!" She read the letter again, this time between the lines, and found proof enough that the invitation to Thorp End was fully as much for Alan's sister as for Bertha's friend; and she was pleased with a hundred tokens of what Bertha, who had never been asked for her "Yes," was too shy to put into plain words. Well, that would soon all come out in talk; but—— "What am I thinking?" Helen suddenly remembered. "What can I do for them at Thorp End? My work must be here."

Helen Reid might work for a century without pushing on Alan's fortunes so far as to make it consistent with his notions of honour to ask an heiress to share them with him. Left to himself, Alan, altogether desperate and heart-broken as she took him to be, might work to the same end for a thousand years. But what might not be done, and done quickly, by Mrs. Gideon Skull?

When the saving sense of humour is dead, the meanly grotesque will take its room. "Mrs. Gideon Skull!" The name helped the man by becoming the worst part of him. Nothing could possibly be worse about him than his name, which had been identified all her life with his uncle Christopher. She did not imagine for an instant that Alan would approve of the means she took to raise the fortunes of the Reids. But she was her own mistress; she had a right to make her own choice, and a poor man who loved a rich girl could have no stones to throw at a girl who chose to fall in love—yes, she must make up her mind to fall in love—with a rich man. He might not approve her taste: brothers are not bound to admire their brothers-in-law; but they must accept them, and when their brothers help them to the desire of their own hearts, they will accept them. After all, beyond his name and his style of talk, no fair objection could possibly be taken to Gideon. He was a man; and in point of manhood and money, earls' daughters have been known to make worse matches with the approval of the world. It was by marriage that Copleston had come to the Reids in the beginning. And Alan and Helen were not even Reids—the Skulls were of a higher caste than the son and daughter of nobody. "Can I manage to really care about him?" asked Helen. "It will make things so far and far easier if I only can—a little. I suppose I can if I try," thought she who had once said "I would be Queen Cophetua," and was now scheming how best and soonest to catch Gideon Skull because of his ten thousand a year.



There was no need to keep Bertha's letter. That had been written to Queen Cophetua. She tore it up and threw it into the fire—burning her ships behind her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

You have pity for the sparrow  
 When the cloud lies white and deep,  
 When the day is dark and narrow,  
 And the world's afraid to sleep,  
 Fearing frost for heart and marrow,  
 Hoarding all the life we keep?  
 Pity not the slave of Nature,  
 Though the cold hath numbed his tongue :  
 Frost may come with kinder feature  
 Than your linnet finds in song—  
 Pity thou the caged creature,  
 Longing when the days are long !

MRS. REID was not yet at the end of the means she had reserved to herself in order to begin the battle. She also had burned her ships—or at least cut herself away from them for seven years ; for to play at poverty and not to throw the whole burden of battle upon Alan's shoulders in the fullest and sternest reality would have been the merest child's play. She would not expose herself to the temptation of secretly helping him out of some hard strait, as she might prove weak enough to do if she had kept her communications with her sources of supply open ; and the point and glory of her triumph was to be his coming triumphantly out of a real struggle—as real as if he had been born to poverty. She never dreamed that the means she had kept for starting would run out before even the first sign or promise of success, nor did she think so now ; for that matter, she did not allow herself to think so. Such a thought would mean fear of failure, and that was to be impossible. This barren, boyish folly of running off to see the soldiers and hear the drums drove her to a stricter economy, if that could be possible. But there was no reason to fear that things would not hold out until he returned, and then the poorer he found them the better.

She had, locked up in her desk, the advance of Alan's wages from the *Argus* ; but these were not to be touched, whatever might happen, until they should be repaid with interest at the end of the seven years. Alan, she knew well enough, would never ask a word about them, and, apart from her plan, she would have been ashamed—she, who had been born a Hoël of Pontargraig, and had



married scarcely, if at all, beneath her—to live on the wages that a newspaper paid a reporter. Her one idea of giving and taking hard blows in the battle of life, and of elbowing and fighting one's way through the crush, was to come, see, and conquer: her notion of ladder-climbing was to make a clear spring over the lower half of the rungs. She had occasion to open her desk when the postman brought Bertha's letter, so that she happened to be out of the way when it arrived, and was undisturbed by the sight of the Hillswick postmark. Indeed, she was too deeply absorbed in her accounts to hear the knock at the door, or she might have hurried down in the hope of another letter from Alan. The time had long gone by for finding any excitement in such reckonings of petty cash for a great purpose, while feeling all the while that nothing but her will prevented each sovereign she dealt with from turning into at least a hundred a year.

But the more she reckoned, the harder became the meeting of both ends. It seemed as if the situation would become something more than serious for want of a number of pounds so few that she might, if she pleased, treat them as of no more account than shillings. It had certainly never occurred to her that she and Helen might have to face the very hardest realities of the battle, such as women alone can feel them. She looked at the notes she had received for Alan. If she used them as a loan, they could still be repaid when the time came, and she would be spared the complication of her scheme by the meanest and most sordid of details. Perhaps the time might come when the use of these bank-notes would become what most people would call an inevitable necessity, and when she would, as a matter of course, go to her desk when she found her purse empty. And that must not be allowed to happen. She could not disapprove of the source and use what came therefrom.

So, while her purse was not as yet wholly empty, and while to-morrow with its needs was still that to-morrow which is always so far away, she made the notes up into a packet in order to place them where, should she ever come to need them, she would be unable to obtain them without a conscious and deliberate suppression of pride—that is to say, where they would be as safe from her as if she had spent them. An account in Lombard Street was still lingering in her name, unknown to her son or daughter, and by adding these notes to it she would put them beyond the reach of any chance mood of weakness such as the extremity of some day's pressure might bring upon her. Without seeing whether Helen had returned from her errands, she carried her notes eastward as if her spirit had been a

miser's, so afraid of spending that it would not trust the strength of its own hands. Avarice itself could not have done more than pride.

She paid in Alan's notes over the bank counter and turned homewards, with her mind relieved of the fear of a burden. She had nearly reached her own street when she saw before her her daughter Helen walking by the side of Gideon Skull.

Inconceivable as that bare fact was, it was not all. They were walking slowly, and in earnest talk, and his head was turned and his face bent down towards hers. It might have been a chance meeting—it must have been. How could it be anything else, when their whole acquaintance was confined to a single interview? And yet Mrs. Reid's heart sank and trembled as it remembered all at once a hundred nothings—a hundred noughts which, nothing in themselves, became signs of power by grouping themselves after the fact which she saw with her own eyes. Helen was not one towards whom a mother, with a great secret to keep of her own, could find distrust impossible. For all these last months they had for the first time been such close and constant companions as to find out, each for herself, that the other's real life was one in which she had no share, and that a wall stood between them of a nature beyond their guessing. Helen thought her mother hardened and weighed down by the sense of a marriage that had been no marriage, by pride that forbade her to share shame, and by its cruel consequences to her son. Mrs. Reid thought her daughter crushed by adversity like a coward, so that she felt her not worth consideration or confidence in her plans for Alan. But that was a very different thing from finding her almost arm in arm with Gideon Skull, as if she had been some Hillswick shop-girl who had crept out of the house on a false pretence to meet a lover—a lover whom many a Hillswick shop-girl had crept out to meet, if all old tales were true.

For what had Gideon called upon them at all? Why had he been so incomprehensibly and unreasonably friendly towards Alan? Men like Gideon—so much even Mrs. Reid knew—do not go among the fallen to pick up friends, or waste their good offices upon those who can do nothing in return. Why had he called a second time within two days? Why had her presence confused his looks and his words, and driven him out of the house as if he were afraid of an elderly woman and a girl? In what way but one was she to read the speech of his eyes during his visit; and what could have been the meaning of Helen's changes of colour and unnatural silence in his presence, and her feeble excuses for him when his back was turned? It did not seem impossible to her that a girl should be led

astray by Gideon. She herself did more than justice to his pluck, his strength, and his triumph in the battle of life which had gone far to inspire her with her scheme for Alan. She did not underrate his old character with respect to women ; he had been, ever since her marriage, her sole living type of the great, bold, bad man, whom she feared far too much to despise ; and she had a sort of lingering mistrust that she had done wrong to warn Helen against him on so dangerously fascinating a ground. Gentleman or not, how could Mrs. Reid tell what arts and forces he might not have wherewith to subdue girls ? Women know better than to think that ladies, though their own daughters, are made of different flesh or blood from the rank and file of Hillswick or of anywhere. She would sooner have seen Helen walking with a lion than with Gideon Skull. No wonder her heart sank and grew cold. Such meetings as this are never accidents, however they may happen ; and the mere thought or dream of Helen—Helen, out of all the world !—being in the streets with Gideon Skull ; it must be true, because it could never have entered her head to dream.

She would have given anything for the power to go near enough to them to catch one least word ; she could only keep them in sight, and she noticed they remained together, as if unwilling to part, till Helen reached the last turning that would lead her home. Why did not Gideon see her to her door, not a hundred steps away ? And he held her hand for a whole half-second longer than there was need.

She waited till Helen was well indoors before following her, and the time she gave herself for her suspicions to cool in gave them ample time to grow and to combine themselves. She went indoors, and found Helen, still in her hat and cloak, throwing scraps of paper into the fire. It was a strange occupation ; at least, all that was in her mother's heart made it strange.

Still, it might have been nothing but an accident, after all. Even in London people may fall across one another without intention ; and it was one thing to doubt her own daughter with her eyes and another with her heart. Helen could not surely have waited till she was a woman to begin secret-keeping. So her mother said nothing beyond some common word in order that Helen might herself tell her, without asking, of this chance meeting, for such it must really have been, after all ; though hardly even by chance could it have happened at Copleston.

But Helen only answered with the commonest of words. None but the very commonest had passed for a long time between these two.

"You have had a letter?" asked Mrs. Reid, looking at the last scrap of paper as it fluttered up the chimney.

"Yes, a line from Bertha. There was nothing in it, only her own affairs, and to ask about us, and——that's all."

"From Bertha Meyrick? How did she find out where we were?" asked Mrs. Reid, wishing that Helen had not been the last to mention the letter, but not really wondering at so simple a thing as a letter from a girl to a girl which mothers might not be meant to read. "From Mr. Skull, I suppose. I thought for a minute it might have been from Alan."

"They seem all very well, and Bertha sends her love to you. I didn't know you were going out, mamma."

"And I didn't know you were, or I should have asked you to do an errand or two—or we could have gone together. Have you been back long?"

Helen noticed no anxiety in her mother's voice, which, indeed, never told anything. It was far too well preserved a voice to have known the wear and tear of the voices of those whose hearts and tongues are tied together.

"Only a minute or two. I wonder what Alan is doing now?"

"I don't much like the idea of your going out all by yourself, Helen. London isn't Copleston."

"Why, what could happen to me?"

"That's just what I mean—you don't know; but we all know that things do happen. Of course, if you were not alone, it would be a different thing."

"Mamma, do you mean that I ought to sit indoors and wait till Alan comes home again?"

She should have said, "But I was not alone," thought Mrs. Reid.

"Then, you met nobody—nothing happened to you?"

"What a startling question, mamma!" said Helen. "Who should I meet? What should have happened to me?"

"One gets ideas, Helen. I don't know London, and I suppose I never shall. . . . One hears all sorts of nonsense, you know, and fancies more. No, of course, there's nobody you were likely to meet, nor anything likely to happen. No doubt you're thinking me the very stupidest of old ladies to be nervous about your going out by yourself. I suppose I shall get used to it in time. Well, nothing happened, and you met nobody. That's what most such fancies and presentiments come to, I suppose."

A real destiny seemed driving Helen. First, she had conquered herself so far as to lay siege to Copleston in the person of its usurper.

Victor Waldron's absence had sent that to the winds. Then, not to be defeated, she had brought herself to forge a golden fulcrum out of Gideon Skull; and was that also to be defeated by a needless answer to a meaningless fancy? For she knew well enough what her mother thought about Gideon, and how gradual and imperceptible conquest of such a prejudice must be; certainly not by saying, "Yes; I met him because I went out to meet him," and then having to find an answer to a Why? Still less by saying, "Yes, by accident, Gideon Skull." If she strained at a whole downright lie, it was not likely she would be able to swallow such a far worse-tasting and meaner-natured thing as half a one. Perhaps she felt that a girl who is scheming that most monstrous of all lies to which people swear when they marry one another for love of money, had no right to avoid one which is a mere means to an end, and which at any rate has the merit of keeping peace and sparing pain. Perhaps, in a deeper way, her mother's having a secret made it the easier for her to say,

"No, I met nobody, and nothing happened to me."

It was Helen's first untruth, and she was surprised, even then, at the easy and matter-of-course way in which it came to her. She spoke it without a stumble, and felt sure that she turned neither red nor pale. Her heart, started by Gideon, must have been rolling down hill faster than she had fancied. But she did not look her mother in the eyes, and therefore she did not see in them what she might have seen.

Mrs. Reid was not one of those happy people who can disbelieve their own eyes and ears when they please. She did not think it more likely that her own senses should have deceived her than that Helen should deny having met Gideon Skull, even by chance, within a few minutes of parting with him. Such confidence as there had ever been between Mrs. Reid and her daughter had been long melting away into mere daily association, and what must it mean when a girl hides from her mother that she meets a man out of doors who has been forbidden in the plainest possible terms to visit her at home? The untruth did not trouble Mrs. Reid so much as its cause. There are times, even Mrs. Reid knew, when the senses of the heart become confused, and when daughters think no more of deceiving their mothers than their mothers thought of deceiving their grandmothers before them. Nothing Helen could do or say could be of equal consequence with Alan's deeds and words. But how, in this little while, could matters have gone so far between Helen and this man that even her truth, which was her nature, should have become a slave to him? In this bare light it seemed incredible,

and yet it was true. Gideon must be something a great deal more than a merely dangerous man. He must have acquired that mysterious power of fascination which makes women slaves, and a Gideon Skull the equal of even a Hoël. She had read and heard of such things, and now her own daughter had become a victim to it before her eyes. She saw no outward charm in Gideon. To her, at his last visit, he had looked like a man in love, but in the most rude and awkward of fashions—the victim and not the victim-maker. But, then, fascination is by its nature a mystery of mysteries to all but the one whom it concerns. What was Mrs. Reid to do?

A pang did go through her when it was thus, for the first time, brought home to her that she and Helen were not all to one another that they should have been, and that her own reserve in outward affection and shyness in feeling might have led to their like in Helen. She could not charge Helen with deceit, upbraid her with it, and forbid her, in plainer terms than ever, to have anything to do with this man. That would be the wisdom of a fool. If Helen was really so far gone in her blind folly as to have secret meetings with Gideon and to tell untruths about them, she had certainly long passed the stage where simple obedience can be looked for, or where shame may be expected to undo what love had done. And, besides, Mrs. Reid had always instinctively avoided putting Helen's obedience to the proof even in little things; they had always understood one another so little that there had always been a sort of fear between them. Why, for aught she knew, a girl like Helen, under such influence as Gideon's had shown itself to be, would fly to open rebellion for what she thought love's sake when she found that secrecy would no longer serve her. For once, Mrs. Reid's shame and sorrow were infinitely too deep for the anger which alone could have made her do so foolish a thing as to drive Helen's womanhood into open revolt against her. And as for arguments and prayers, Helen had shown clearly enough how much she would care about such things as those. It was not so much Helen's fault, after all. It is not the sparrow's fault when it comes down from its height and its safety for the sake of the serpent's eyes; nor, perhaps, is it even the serpent's, but it was most assuredly Gideon's. Helen must be saved by watchfulness; force would be worse than folly. Meanwhile, there was one thing which could be done, and that instantly.

"I have been going through our accounts this morning," she said in her quietest way. There was absolutely nothing left in her eyes or her voice to tell Helen that she had lied vainly. "And I find—well, it comes to this—we cannot go on living as we are, or here, while Alan is away."

"Do you mean we are spending too much—that we can possibly spend less than we do?"

"I mean that, whether we can or cannot, we must, Helen."

"But what can we do? I spend nothing, and you *must* live in comfort. What would Alan say?"

"Alan will say as you do, and I would not grudge any hardship on earth if it would serve him for a spur. I don't mean we need live less well on the whole, but we must live a great deal less well if we do not live elsewhere. Alan took these lodgings for us before he could possibly tell what our means would be, and when he thought, no doubt, that money would drop upon us somehow from the skies; and I can understand that he did not like to bring you and me straight from Copleston into worse lodgings than these are. But it must be done, if we are to go on at all. It is not as if we had an income that we might have to manage, but still that we could trust to."

"Oh, mamma, I wish with all my heart there were no money in the world."

"You are not the first to say that, Helen; and it is no use saying."

"Then what must we do? I feel as if there were nothing useless in the world but me. I wish Alan were at home again. I cannot leave you now; but, when he does come back, and you would not have to be left alone——"

Hope came back into Mrs. Reid's heart. If Gideon Skull had been asking Helen Reid to marry him, and if she, in some fit of madness, had stooped so far as to accept him, then her untruth had not been a lie, but simply the outcome of the shyness and confusion of a girl who has been planning to tell her wonderful story at her own time and in her own way, and has been suddenly thrown out by an unlooked-for question. If that were all, Mrs. Reid would know what to do exceedingly well—Gideon Skull, as an honest lover, would be very different to deal with than Gideon Skull prowling about more characteristically after his prey.

"Well, when Alan comes?"

"You will let me do something for myself, mamma—and for him, and for us all. You will have *him* then, you know," said Helen with a little more jealousy in her emphasis than she knew, for she was beginning to feel terribly alone; so much alone that Gideon Skull's friendship felt as worth buying as his strength and his gold—not because he was Gideon Skull, but because he was a man upon whom she could lean, and whom she might learn how to reward.



"I don't know what I can do—nothing well, I suppose—but sometimes people want companions, or people to look after growing girls without exactly teaching them, or—there *must* be things to be done. What do other girls do not to be burdens on their brothers, and not to be mere eating and sleeping machines?"

It was rather an after-thought, which came to her like most of her impulses—too suddenly to be thought over, and too strongly and completely to be ever withdrawn. In her present mood it meant, as she supposed, freedom to work and plan, and from being unable to go out of doors for an hour without having to tell lies when she returned; and, beyond even this, she was feeling such a mere prisoner upon a treadmill which ground nothing that, for its own sake, she was hungry for change and open air.

Whatever she may mean to think and to feel, what should come to a girl born and bred to all manner of happiness who finds herself, for no fault of hers, condemned to such a gaol as Helen Reid's, with no hope of love or joy for herself, feeling herself and all who belonged to her crushed under a dead load of injustice, like the Titans under the mountains, and yet all this without having lost one memory of old freedom or one capacity for happiness and joy? Perhaps there are girls who do not know how to answer, and one hardly knows whether to say so much the worse or so much the better for them. But caged birds who were not born in cages know; and what they know is that the songs which they sing behind wires are not good songs.

Mrs. Reid's heart sank again, bitterly disappointed. So that was all—only a desire to leave home; and what should be the meaning of such a desire but one thing? A wish to go out to service, even were it an honest one, showed loss of pride enough to account for her stooping to fifty lies. It shocked her even more than the lie, and frightened her more than the want of confidence from which the lie had come.

"A companion—a nursemaid! You!" she said, with the most sincere amazement and dismay. "Alan's sister out at service—are you mad, Helen?"

"Why not, mamma? Alan has become a clerk—why should not I be a clerk's sister?"

"Why not? Because it is impossible. There is nothing that *you* can do except—being patient—not for long; and being good, Helen, and *true*. What else should a woman be? And what more should she want to be? Is it not enough for her? You want to help Alan—don't you know the way?"



"Should I not have been brought up to earn my own bread if—if I had not been born at Copleston?"

"If one thing is different, all other things are different too. Oh, Helen, I do wish you thought less of what you want and more of others. Think of your father—think how he would feel, yes, and *will* feel, at seeing you, Helen, turned into a paid drudge; what he would think of me for permitting you; what he would think of Alan for not being man enough to keep you safely in your own place—for no woman can lose her right place, whatever can happen to her. And think of Alan—what would he say when he returns? Think of *his* shame. I don't ask you to think of me, because I only think of Alan. But if there is one more way left for you to wound me, it would be your forcing me to let me see a girl with the blood of princes in her, *my* daughter, forgetting herself and her birth by—— No. Never let me hear you speak of such a thing again."

"But—if Alan would think only for me, ought I not to think only of him?"

"He would not think of you only. He would think of all that was due to his father, and to his name."

"His name!" The word came so hotly into her heart that it slipped from her tongue before she could call it back again. "Oh, mamma," she said, "indeed I did not mean—but——"

"Indeed I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Reid. "I should have thought you would have known that by a man's name one does not mean merely a number of letters which may spell anything, but all the highest that his own self can be to him—all the trusts that generations have laid upon him, and all that makes him differ from others, for good or ill." Helen wondered at her mother's calmness, and was obliged to set it down to the apathy which comes from long endurance and increasing age. She did not seem even to notice that Helen's slip of the tongue betrayed a knowledge of the family shame.

"I mean," said Helen quickly, "you say a woman cannot lose her right place, whatever happens; there are ladies everywhere, doing all sorts of things."

"I mean," said her mother, "that no woman can lose her right place if she remains true in thought and true in word. In that sense there *are* ladies everywhere."

"And why should not I be as true in my words and my thoughts, even if I went behind a counter, as——" She could not say, "as I am now."

"As you are now?" asked her mother for her, sadly. "Yes,

you might be *that*, Helen. . . . . But that is not the question now. I do not choose that you should do one least thing unbecoming Alan's sister—one least thing below that, from marriage down to doing badly what thousands can do well. . . . . We will go and look for other lodgings, cheaper ones, and go into them as soon as we can leave here. But there is no reason why, because we have to count shillings, we should lose pride. Before I married we were all poor at home, but *we* never forgot ourselves. . . . . And," thought Mrs. Reid to herself, "wherever we go, I shall not send our address to Gideon Skull." She did not add, "Nor will Helen." Weak as her daughter had shown herself, there was no need, even for an instant, to suppose her capable of carrying deliberate disobedience and concealment quite so far.

But why not, when, in doing one wrong thing, Helen felt that she had left no road open but that which led forward? What could be so mean as to let her own mother grow poorer and poorer, and leave Alan unaided, because she was afraid of helping them in spite of themselves? The greater was their pride, the less must be hers. She did not realise her own passionate hunger for life, freedom, and action which was thwarted by the tyranny of every petty detail. Gideon Skull, she felt, would find her out wherever she might be—and this bare thought almost made her look upon him as her knight, as well as her lover.

(*To be continued.*)

## *WODAN, THE WILD HUNTSMAN, AND THE WANDERING JEW.*

### I.

**I**F the science of comparative mythology had no other use, it would still be valuable as a means of overthrowing prejudice and dispersing the dark clouds of an antiquated bigotry. In this sense it may, even in our so-called enlightened age, not be out of place to show how the tale of the "Wandering Jew," with whose image so many ideas of religious odiousness are connected, has, after all, mainly arisen from the gradual transfiguration of a heathen divine form, not lacking in grandeur of conception, which originally and properly belongs to the creed of our own Germanic forefathers.

Of similar curious transfigurations for the worse, more than one can be proved. I need only refer to the popular custom, still prevailing in several parts of Germany and the Scandinavian North, of the so-called "Burning of Judas" about Easter time. It is instructive to trace out the upgrowth of this much-relished ceremony, which seems to have naturally originated from Christianity, whilst in truth it can be clearly fathered back to a perversion of an early heathen idea, in which undoubtedly some crude philosophical views of cosmogony had once been embodied. A few indications will render this apparent.

Among the Pagan Teutonic tribes, as among most ancient nations, the Universe was thought to have been slowly and gradually evolved from an aboriginal state of Chaos, out of which there came first a race of Giants, called *Jötun* in the Germanic North ; and then only a race of Gods. The Gods had to wage war against the Giants, and finally vanquished them. In all likelihood, the Titans represented torpid, barren Nature ; the Gods, the powers of Life, which struggle into shapely form. It is an idea of Evolution, only in anthropomorphic symbolism, such as mankind everywhere has been fond of in its attempts at guessing the great riddle of the world.

Now, a custom once existed, without doubt, in accordance with the semi-dramatic bent of all early religions, of celebrating this divine victory over the uncouth *Jötun* by a festival, when a giant

doll was carried round in Guy Fawkes manner, to be finally burnt. To this day there are traces of this heathen rite, but unfortunately mixed up now with a great deal of religious acrimony, owing to that misunderstanding of obsolete words which plays so large a part in the metamorphosis of myths. The rite is still performed, as it unquestionably was of yore, in Spring—about Easter, which is named after the German Goddess of Spring, Eostre, or Ostara—that is to say, at a time of the year when torpid Nature awakes into shapely forms. The doll is still burnt; only, it is called “Judas.” These “*Judas-fires*” evidently have their origin in the *Fötun*-, or giant-, burning. The transition from one word to the other was an easy one. In some places the people, misled by a further transmogrification of ideas and words, run about, wildly shouting :—“Burn the old Jew ! Burn the old Jew !”

The *Fötun*, in fact, has been converted into a Judas, and then into a Jew. And so a Pagan superstition serves, in what is called a Christian age of the religion of love, for the maintenance of an unjust prejudice against an inoffensive class of fellow-citizens.

Similar pranks of religious animosity have been played with the name of a Germanic elf-spirit, who seems to be a diminished dwarf form of Wodan, or Odin, the great God with the Broad Hat. His broad hat symbolises the canopy of heaven. The elf-spirit is therefore naturally called by a diminutive expression, *Hütchen*, Little Hat, or Hattikin. At the same time, a general name for serviceable elfin spirits is in Germany *Gütchen*, Goody-ones—a name which originally may also have arisen from that of Wodan, who in a Longobardic form is called Gwodan, in a Frankish form Godan; whence the Godesberg, near Bonn.

The *Gütchen*, or *Gütel*, are supposed in the folk-tales to be fond of playing with children. For this reason, playthings are left about the house for the elfin visitors, so that they may amuse themselves, and be less constantly about the children; the parents not quite liking a constant intercourse. This seems all very harmless so far as it goes, though not in accordance with common sense. But, unfortunately, when mothers or nurses found that children's sleep was often disturbed, they began to bear a grudge to the spirits; and then a slight change in the name of the elfin took place. From *Hütchen*, *Gütchen*, or *Gütel*, they were converted into *Füidchen* and *Füdel*—little Jews! Then stories arose of the “little Jews” vexing the helpless children, of inflicting red pustules upon their rosy faces, even of burning them. Frolicsome house-gnomes of the heathen Teutonic

religion suddenly became demoniacal spirits of an "accursed race," and the flame of fanaticism was lustily fed.

We all know, alas! what deeds such fanaticism is capable of doing. The history of the Middle Ages bears fearful witness to the inhuman character of this religious animosity. A single quotation may suffice. It is taken from Matthaeus Parisiensis, a writer who also records for the first time the story of the "Wandering Jew."

Many people in England—the author in question writes in his "Historia Major"—who were about (in the reign of Richard I., in 1190) to make the voyage to Jerusalem, resolved first to rise against the Jews.<sup>1</sup> All Jews that were found in their houses at Norwich were massacred by the Crusaders. So, also, those at Stamford and at St. Edmunds. At York, five hundred Jews, not counting the little children and the women, locked themselves up in the Tower with the consent of the governor and the castellan, from fear of an intended rising of the populace. On the Jews offering a sum of money as a ransom for safety, the people rejected the proposition. Then one of the Israelites, learned in the law, advised his co-religionists that it would be better to die for their law than to fall into the hands of the enemy. Upon this, each Jew in the Tower provided himself with a sharp knife to cut the neck of his wife, of his sons and daughters: then, throwing down the blood-dripping heads upon the Christians, the survivors set fire to the citadel, burning themselves and the remnant of the corpses together with the King's Palace. On their part, the inhabitants and the soldiers burnt down all the houses of the Jews, dividing their treasure among themselves.

So Matthaeus Parisiensis, who also mentions the tale of the Wandering Jew—a tale illustrated in our time by Gustave Doré in a manner calculated to leave no doubt upon the beholder that Ahasverus expiates the cruelty he is said to have shown to Jesus when the latter was bearing his cross to Golgotha. Yet, like the Judas-fires and the *Jüdel* tale, the story of the restless Ahasverus is also moulded upon a figure of the heathen Germanic creed!

## II.

This point has been made out by eminent authorities in Teutonic mythology. In the following pages I intend supplementing and

<sup>1</sup> "Eodem anno, multi per Angliam Hierosolymam properantes, prius in Judaeos insurgere decreverunt." (London edition of *Historia Major*, of 1571; p. 211.)

grouping together the scattered evidence, adding here and there some fresh points and suggestions.

By way of comparison, it will be useful first to bring to recollection that legends about men living on for ever are to be found among various nations of the East. Biblical personages, like Enoch and Elias, have thus been used in Oriental folk-lore for the purpose of a myth symbolising eternal existence. Similar ideas are personified in fabulous accounts founded on the epic "Schahnameh" of the Persian poet Firdusi, as well as in legends of Mohammedan Arabs.

It is not to be denied that these Oriental fictions may, in some cases, have served to influence European folk-tales. The Crusades, indeed, brought about a great intermixture of thought between the East and the West. At the same time, we find on Western soil such strongly marked typical figures of Teutonic fancy—bearing so thoroughly, in their characteristics and their attributes, a likeness to the forms of the decayed creed of the Germanic heathens—that we cannot but believe them to be entirely of native growth, and to have served even as moulds in which some legends of apparently Christian origin were cast.

Thus, in Germany, there is the tale of the "Eternal Huntsman," in some parts of the country called Hakelbernd, or Hakelberg—evidently a mythic creation dating from the time of the Asa religion of our forefathers. There is the tale of the "Eternal Waggoner," Hotemann, chiefly to be met with among the descendants of the Nether Saxons, who, among all the tribes of Germany proper, held out longest in their Wodan worship against the conquering and Christianising policy of the Frankish emperor Karl the Great. There is, further, the curious tale of a "Flying Seafarer," which Richard Wagner, who has treated so many subjects of national mythology, has used for a well-known operatic text. To the same cycle of myths is attributed the tale of the *Ewige Jude*, or "Eternal Jew."

The thesis is, that the Wandering Jew has been evolved, as regards the main component parts of his individuality in Germany, from the figure of the Wild Huntsman, who himself is provably a later mask of the chief Teutonic deity Wodan, or Odin, after the latter had been deposed from his high status through the spread of Christianity. In proof of this thesis it can certainly be shown—

1. That there are German Tales of the Wild Huntsman, accounting for his forced peregrinations, *in which no Jew whatever is mentioned*, though an alleged insult offered to Christ forms a part of the myth.

2. That these same tales repose on an essentially heathen basis ;

so much so, that the Wild Huntsman who restlessly wanders about as an expiation for some insult committed against Christ, is actually *identified with a horse-flesh-eating race*, as the ancient Germans and Scandinavians are known to have been.

3. That in various German tales the "Eternal Huntsman" and the "Eternal Jew" are said *to be the same person*.

4. That several chief attributes of the Wild Huntsman and the Wandering Jew are the same, and that, to all appearance, there has been even a similar word-transmutation, as in the case of *Jötun* into Judas, and of *Gütchen* into *Jüdchen*.

### III.

Before approaching the German myth of the Wandering Jew, it will be well to cast a glance at the character of the God upon whom his figure is now assumed to have been modelled.

Odin or Wodan, the Spirit of the Universe, was conceived by our forefathers as a great Wanderer. His very name describes him as the All-pervading. *Watan* in Old High German, *wadan* in Old Saxon, and *vadha*, in Old Norse, are of the same root as the Latin *vadere* and (with the introduction of a nasal sound) the German *wandern*—to go, to permeate, to wander about. Wodan is the Breath of the World ; his voice is in the rushing wind. Restlessly he travels through all lands. The Sanskrit *wāta*, which etymologically belongs to the same root, signifies the wind ; and the wind, in that early Aryan tongue, is also called "the Ever Travelling."

Hence several of the many names under which Odin was known represent him as being for ever on the move. In the poetic Edda he is called Gangradr ; Gangleri (still preserved in the Scottish "gangrel," that is, a stroller); and Wegtam—all meaning the Wayfarer.<sup>1</sup> In one of the Eddic songs, in which he appears incarnated as Grimnir, he wears a blue mantle—a symbolic representation of the sky, of which he is the lord, and along which he incessantly travels. In the prose Edda, where his image is reflected, in the "Incantation of Gylfi," under the guise of a man who makes enquiries about all things in the Heavenly Hall of Asgard, he assumes a name meaning "The Wayfarer." He there says that he "comes from a pathless distance," and asks "for a night's lodging"—exactly as, in later times, we find the Wandering Jew saying, and asking for, the same.

In the Icelandic Heimskringla (the "World Circle") the semi-historical, semi-mythical Odin, whose realm lay near the Black Sea,

<sup>1</sup> See *Wafthrúdnismál* ; *Grimnismál* ; *Vegtamskviðha*, and *Gylfaginning*.



and who ruled in company with twelve temple-priests, called *Diar* (that is, Gods, or divines), again appears as a great migratory warrior. He was "often away for years, wandering through many lands." The story of this powerful captain in war, who led the Germanic hosts from Asia or Asa-land, through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxon-land (Germany) to the Scandinavian North, is inextricably mixed up with the story of the Odin of mythology. But it is noteworthy that a restless, peregrinatory spirit—that spirit which, later on, made the Teutonic tribes overrun all Europe, and even the North of Africa—is also the characteristic of the warlike leader of the Icelandic hero-chronicle.

Saxo calls Odin the *viator indefessus*—the Indefatigable Wanderer. The Northern sagas are full of the records of his many journeys. In the Ragnar Lodbrog Saga, however, we see Odin already changed into a grey-headed pilgrim, with long beard, broad hat, and nail-clad shoes, pointing out the paths to Rome. The broad hat everywhere characterises the great God in Teutonic lands. It signifies the cloud region—the headdress, as it were, of the earth. In many Germanic tales, the once powerful ruler of the world wears a motley mantle of many colours pieced together. This seemingly undignified garment is but another symbolic rendering of the spotted sky.

Now, the motley, many-coloured mantle, as well as the enormous broad hat and the heavy shoes of the Wandering Wodan, recur, on the one hand, in the curious shirt of St. Christophorus, and, on the other, in two of the chief attributes of the Wandering Jew. The coincidence is so striking, that Gotthard Heidegger already declared, at a time when the science of mythology was little developed yet, that "the great Christophorus and the Wandering Jew go together." At present, little doubt is entertained that, so far as the Church legend is concerned in Germanic countries, Christophorus carrying the Saviour over the water has replaced the older heathen tale of the giant Wate carrying Wieland over the water. Curiously enough, this tale has its prototype in a Krishna legend in India. Wate, as even his name shows, was only a Titanic counterpart of Wodan, who himself appears in the Asa religion also under the form of a water-god, or Neptune.

But before going into a comparison between the symbolical attributes of the errant Ahasverus and those of Germanic deities, the tale of the Wild Huntsman has to be looked at, for he is the link between Wodan and the Wandering Jew.



## IV.

This tale of the Wild Huntsman is found all over Germany, and in neighbouring countries where the German race has penetrated during the migrations, in an endless variety of forms. Wodan-Odin was the Psychopompos, the leader of the departed into Walhalla. The Wild Huntsman, who has taken his place, careers along the sky with his ghostly retinue. In the same way Freia, who in heathen times received a number of the dead in her heavenly abode,<sup>1</sup> is converted into a Wild Huntress, who hurries round at night with the unfortunate souls.

The names given in Germany to these spectral leaders of a nocturnal devilry bear a mark which cannot be mistaken. In German-Austria, the Wild Huntsman is called Wotn, Wut, or Wode; in Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, Wod. The name corresponds to that of the Wild Huntsman in Sweden, where it is Oden. In the same way a female leader of the Wild Chase meets us as Frau Wode, Gode, or Gauden; again, as Frick, Berchta, Holla, Hera, Herka, or, biblically changed, Herodias; all the former names, with the apparent exception of the latter, being but appellatives of the same heathen goddess. To the seemingly biblical name of Herodias, in some places a male Herodis corresponds. But I hold that a Hera, Odin's wife, could without difficulty be formed into a Herodias. And an Oden, who was a *Heer-Vater* (Father of the Armed Hosts), and who afterwards became a leader of the *Wilde Heer*, was as easily disguised into a Herodis.

In some Westphalian tales, the Great Wanderer, World-Runner, and Wild Huntsman appears as "Rodes." Undoubtedly, this is a corruption from Rodso, or Hruodso—the Glorious—one of the appellatives of the great God who still goes about, in German Christmas mummeries, as Knecht Ruprecht; that is, Hruodperaht, or Resplendent-in-Glory. From "Rodes" the name is, in other Westphalian tales, also changed into Herodes.

Beda relates that March, among the Anglo-Saxons, was called Rhedmonath, because they sacrificed in that month to their goddess Rheda. In a rimered chronicle of Appenzell, in Switzerland—where the old German names of the calendar months have tenaciously kept their ground—March still appears as "Redimonat." So also we find "Retmonat" in Chorion's *Ehrenkranz der deutschen Sprach*, published at Strassburg in 1644. Rheda, in Old High German,

<sup>1</sup> "Freyja is the noblest of the Goddesses. She has the dwelling in Heaven which is called Folkwang; and when she goes to battle, one half of the fallen belong to her, and the other half to Odin." (*Gylfi's Incantation*; 24.)

would be Hruoda; and a female name of that kind is, indeed, preserved in old documents. It fully corresponds to Wodan's appellative Hruodso. Now, from Hruoda, too, the transition to Herodias was easy. As to Oden having been in Germany—even as in the Scandinavian North—a current form of the God's name, besides that of Wodan, there cannot be any doubt. It is testified to by the name of the Oden-Wald, or Oden's Forest, in Southern Germany. And there, again, we meet with the Wild Huntsman as the "Rodensteiner," reminding us of the North German "Rodes." The chain of mythological evidence is thus complete.

Hakelbernd is a further name of the Wild Huntsman in north-western Germany. Grimm identifies it as Hakol-berand—that is, the bearer or wearer of the *hökull*, the mantle or armour; in other words—Wodan with the Mantle. From "Hakelbernd" the name has, here and there, been changed into a Squire Hackelberg. In the neighbourhood of Hildesheim, this spectral leader of a wild chase is said to make his great world-journey "every seven years." Seven is a sacred number in Teutonic mythology, as in that of many other nations. The Edda is full of allusions to the mystic number; so are the German *Märchen*. When Hackelberg chases, he can be heard for many miles "rattling with his shoes." This same wandering spook has an oak forest and a mountain that are named after him<sup>1</sup>—a remarkable coincidence with the South German tale of the forest-haunting and hill-enchanted Wandering Jew, of whom I shall have to say more by-and-by. The shoes also play a considerable part in the myth of Ahasverus.

## V.

At winter solstice time, the chief Teutonic deities were supposed to go or ride about in stately procession. Hence the Wild Huntsman chases in the woods chiefly in the nights during Advent time. In Southern Germany, besides the names mentioned, he also bears the appellation of the Giant Huntsman—the great God having become a Titan; of the Hunter Ruprecht—i.e., of Wodan-Hruodperaht; of the Hunter Hans—probably not from the German form of Johannes, but from *Ans* or *As*, that is, God; and of the Fiery Huntsman. The latter designation is quite in consonance with the original character of the Asa Creed—a Fire Religion, as distinguished from the Vana or Water Cult. Yet, in other Swabian localities the Wild Huntsman, very curiously, is called the "Neck." By this name we are openly led back, in my opinion, to that remark-

<sup>1</sup> Müller-Schambach's *Niedersächsische Sagen*.

able Vana religion, which was once essentially the creed of the Swabian or Suevian race, at the time when it dwelt near the shores of the Baltic and of the German Ocean. Neck is a water-spirit. It is, in many Teutonic languages, but another form of Nix ; and Odin, as Nikor or Nikudr, was a father of the Nixes or Nikses, and a Ruler of the Sea, like Poseidon, the Zeus of the Sea.

A further Swabian name of the Wild Huntsman is the Little World Hunter—or *Welts-Jägerle*, the Swabians being extremely fond of caressing diminutives. By soft mispronunciation this name is sometimes changed into *Weltsch-Jägerle*, when, by dropping the “t,” the idea arises that the spectre is a Welsh (or foreign) Hunter ! It is noteworthy that, in most of these tales, he rides on a grey or white horse. It is the white or grey horse of Odin—again the symbol of the sky.

Strangely enough, a Swabian tale says that the horse of the Wild Huntsman, or Neck, “has been fetched from the sea”—an extraordinary idea among an inland-dwelling people, whose largest sheet of water is the Lake of Constance. Evidently, the sea-born stallion is a recollection from the time, long gone by, when the Swabian tribe dwelt near the sea-shore. In the same South German tale it is said, by way of explaining the colour of the steed of the Wild Hunter, that “a grey horse is a noble animal, because it has the colour of Heaven ; in Hell, therefore, there are only black steeds.” So the Wild Huntsman, after all, is not of hellish extraction ! In truth, he is but a travestied God.

Primitive races have often looked upon the sky as a cloud sea or heavenly ocean. Hence the apparent contradiction between the maritime origin and the celestial characteristics of the horse of the Wild Hunter is no contradiction at all. In the Swabian tale he rides with his steed “through the air, over the earth, and through the water”—a conception quite Eddic in tone. He is therefore sometimes called the Rider, or the Roarer—a good designation for a Storm-God. And he has a broad-brimmed hat, like Wodan, which, when left on the ground, nobody can raise, for it then becomes like a stone. The lowering cloud cannot be raised by the hand of man.

Again, we hear the Wild Huntsman spoken of in Southern Germany as the *Schimmel-Reiter*, the Rider on the White Horse. It is the well-known colour of Wodan-Odin’s steed. Now and then the Wild Hunter, however, stalks about on foot, with a hammer hanging at his side by a leather strap. With this hammer he knocks in the forest. The God of Thunder, whose symbol the hammer was, seems here to be mixed up with the figure of Wodan. As to the Wild Chase being Wodan’s Host of the Departed Spirits, this fact

comes out also in the name of *Wute's Heer*—Wodan's Army. The *Wute's Heer*—sometimes pronounced *Muotes Heer*—is occasionally abbreviated into “'s Wuotas ;” softer, “s' Muotas.” Or it is made into a *Wüthendes Heer*, a Raging Host—another easy transition, even etymologically speaking ; for *Wuth* (that is, all-pervading spirit and passion, or rage) comes from the same root as the name of Wodan.

The Wild Chase is said to career along the Milky Way. It is Wodan's and Freia's well-known path. Germanic warriors, who boasted of Divine descent—as, for instance, Orry, the conqueror of the Isle of Man—therefore asserted that they had come from the Milky Way. A large fish is said to fly in front of the Wild Chase. It seems to me to point to Odin's character as a chief water-deity, or to that early Vana-cult which, after a struggle mentioned in the Edda, was merged in the Asa Religion—when the Water-, Sun-, and Love-Goddess Freyja, together with her nearest relations, was taken over into Asgard as a hostage. The Germanic race, too, has its wave-born Aphrodite.

Saxo describes Odin as riding on a white horse, covered with a white shield. In German tales of the sixteenth century, Berchtold—the male form of Berchta, that is, of Freia, the consort of Wodan—appears at the head of the Wild Chase, dressed in white, on a white horse, the pack of dogs being even of white colour. It is still the typification of the sky with which the celestial rulers are originally identical, as has been proved from Vedic, Greek, and Norse names of gods.

This white or grey horse (*Schimmel*, or *Grau-Schimmel*) again occurs in a Saxon tale of the Meissen district, which describes Hans Jagenteufel—the *Ans*, *As*, or God who has been “devilled” into a ghostly huntsman—as careering through the forest in a long grey coat, on a grey horse. Thus he roves and raves about until the crack of doom. The New Faith, in fact, could not do without this degraded form of the Old Faith. It positively wanted it as a foil and counterfoil—as something to be kept in the background ; to be continually abjured ; and yet to be believed in with a shudder, lest the zeal of the faithful should grow weak, if all danger of the return of the old “devilry” were removed. At the same time, however, the Wild Huntsman and his retinue were often represented as being decapitated forms, carrying their heads under the arm. The new religion struck at the head of the old creed, exhibiting it only as a horrid example.

## VI.

But it is time to return to that restless son of Israel who is also used as such a horrid example.

Perhaps one of the clearest proofs of the phantom figure of the Wandering Jew having been grafted upon that of the great Wanderer and World-Hunter, Wodan, is to be found in a tale of the Harz Mountains. There it is said that the Wild Huntsman careers "over the seven mountain-towns every seven years." The reason given for his ceaseless wanderings is, that "he would not allow Our Lord Jesus Christ to quench his thirst at a river, nor at a water-trough for cattle, from both of which he drove him away, telling him that he ought to drink from a horse-pond." For this reason the Wild Huntsman must wander about for ever, and feed upon horse-flesh. And whoever calls out after him, when his ghostly chase comes by, will see the Wild Huntsman turn round, and be compelled by him to eat horse-flesh too.

No allusion whatever is made, in this tale, to a Jew, though the name of Christ is pressed into it in a way very like the Ahasverus legend. We seem to get here a mythic rendering of the struggle between the old Germanic faith and the Christian religion. The "horse-pond" and the "horse-flesh" are, to all appearance, typical references to our horse-worshipping,<sup>1</sup> horse-sacrificing, horse-flesh-eating forefathers, who came to Britain under the leadership of Hengist and Horsa. To call out wantonly after the Eternal Huntsman entails the danger of being forced by him to eat horse-flesh—that is, to return to the old creed. The holy supper of the Teutonic tribes consisted of horse-flesh and mead. When Christianity came in, the eating of horse-flesh was abolished as a heathen custom. But at German witches' banquets—in other words, at secret festive ceremonies in which the pagan traditions were still kept up—there continued for a long time a custom of drinking from horse-shoes.

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus' *Germania*, x. :—"They are also in the habit of interrogating the voice and the flight of birds; and it is their peculiar custom to take counsel by means of presages and monitions from horses. In their woods and groves, white horses, not to be put to any work for mortal man, are kept at public cost. Attached to the sacred car they are accompanied, on foot, by the priest and the king, or by some other head of the community, who observe their neighing and snorting. No other kind of augury enjoys greater confidence, not only among the people, but also among the chieftains and the priests. These, indeed, look upon themselves as ministers of the Gods, but upon the horses as beings initiated into the divine will."

In the second Lay of Gudrun, in the Edda, a consultation of the horse is also mentioned. It refers to the death of Sigurd :—

Weeping I went	to talk to Grani ;
With wetted cheek	I prayed the steed to tell.
Then Grani his head	bowed down in the grass ;
Well knew the steed	that his master was dead.

In order fully to understand this custom, it ought to be remembered that both Odin and the horse which he gave as a gift to Sigurd were called Grani, which certainly means "him with the mane." (The Goths called their long locks *grans*. In the Nether German "Reynard the Fox," the bristles over the mouths of animals are designated by the same word. The beard of corn-ears is still called *Grannen* in German.)

I have no doubt that Germanic deities were at one time adored in the shape of animals, even as among nations so advanced in culture as the Hindoo and the Egyptians. Well may Odin-Wodan therefore have once been worshipped as a long-maned horse, or Grani; and this would all the more explain the high veneration in which the presages by the horse were held.

Thus the Harz tale of the horse-flesh-eating Wild Hunter and his septennial wanderings is a manifest link between the heathen mythology and the Christianised Ahasverus legend. A further link is to be found in a folk-tale of Southern Germany.

At Röthenberg, and other places in Swabia, as well as in the Black Forest, in Baden, people say that the "Everlasting Hunter" (*der ewige Jäger*) is the same person as the "Everlasting Jew" (*der ewige Jude*).<sup>1</sup> Both expressions are actually used there as identical. Of the Everlasting Jew it is fabled that he possesses a groat in his pocket, which never fails him, howsoever often he may spend it. This peculiarity strongly reminds us of similar "wishing things," or exhaustless treasures, of the great Germanic god, one of whose names was Oski, or Wunsch, that is, Wish.

Again, there goes a tale at Bretten, in Baden, that a forest in that neighbourhood is haunted by the Wandering Jew. It is a curious abode for a migrating son of Israel. The representative of a race which is nowhere held to have any romantic attachment to the woods, such as the Teutonic nations are known to feel, is thus localised in a manner perfectly fitting the wraith of the Storm-god, who has been transmuted into a Leader of the Wild Chase.

Besides Wodan, lingering recollections of another heathen deity seem to have contributed to the formation of the figure of the Wandering Jew. The heavy shoes of the latter are said, in some tales, to be "made up of a hundred pieces—the very masterpiece of a cobbler's painstaking cleverness." This strongly brings to recollection the colossal shoe of a Germanic god who represents the eternal Imperishableness of Nature—namely, of the Eddic Vidar. It was considered a religious duty for all men in the North to collect, during their lifetime, for

<sup>1</sup> *Deutsche Sagen, Sitten und Gebräuche aus Schwaben.* Von Prof. Ernst Meier.



sacrificial purposes, as it were, the leather stripes which they cut off from the parts of the shoe where the heels and the toes are.<sup>1</sup> In this manner an immense shoe was to be gradually formed for Vidar, so that, when at the End of All Things he has to battle with the wolf Fenrir, he should be well protected in trying with his foot to open the jaws of that monstrous beast.

Vidar is the symbol of an everlasting force. After the great overthrow of Gods and men, when the world is renewed, he still lives. Vidar's name means the Renewer—him who makes the world again ; from Gothic, *vithra* ; German, *wieder*. Ahasverus, the Everlasting, with his many-pieced heavy shoes, is at all events a curious counterpart of Vidar.

Why the name of "Ahasverus," which is that of Persian and Median kings, should have been chosen for the Wandering Jew, who, significantly enough, is said to have been a shoemaker, has baffled the interpreters of the myth. The name may have arisen from a learned whim ; indeed, among the common German people, it does not occur. In our folk-tales the mythical figure is only known as the *Ewige Jude*, and, as before shown, is often looked upon as identical with the *Ewige Fäher*. Of Vidar with the Shoe no trace has apparently been preserved in Germany. This, however, is no proof that a corresponding deity may not once have been believed in amongst us. A great deal of German mythology has been lost by the disfavour of time. Yet, unexpected finds—as, for instance, in the case of the Merseburg Spell-song, or of the discovery of the name "Friga-Holda" in a Latin document of the Gothic epoch of Spain—have repeatedly shown how much identity there was between the creed of the Scandinavian and the German Teutons.

If an "As-Vidar" (God Vidar) has once been believed in in Germany, it would not require too great an effort of the imagination to assume that by a lengthening of the word "As"<sup>2</sup> and by a contraction of "Vidar," the name might have been changed into Ahasver. *Wieder*, in some German dialects, is contracted into *wie'r* or *we'r*. An *As-Wer*, or *Ahasver*, could thus be easily formed. I throw out this hint as the merest indication of a possibility. The thesis of a gradual engrafting of the image of the Wandering Jew upon the form

<sup>1</sup> In ancient times, Germanic shoes appear, sandal-like, to have been open at the heel and the toe ; which, from a sanitary point of view, was certainly the better arrangement.

<sup>2</sup> The Osning mountain, Osnabrück, the "Oanswald" figure formed by Bavarian reapers from the last sheaf, and many names like Oswald, Osbrecht, etc., testify to the Asa name having been also that of German Gods.

of a German deity does not want that support. It fully stands by itself.

VII.

There is another name of the Wandering Jew which is held to have possibly an affinity with the Teutonic circle of gods. In a Latinised form it occurs, in Boulanger's *Historia Sui Temporis*, as "Buttadeus."

"Butta" is, by some writers on Germanic mythology, assumed to point to Wodan—to be only another pronunciation of the same name, by the law of letter-change. And indeed we find, in Germanic tales, the wife of the great God Perchta or Bertha—which is one of the cognomens of Freia-Holda—called *Pudel-Mutter*; and various ghost-like apparitions in German villages designated as *Dorf-Pudel*. Originally, this has, no doubt, nothing to do with the spectral dog in *Faust*. Remembering the present meaning of *Pudel* (poodle) in German, the word *Pudel-Mutter* looks like a tremendous and most laughable descent from a divine status. But the fall is not greater—to give but one instance out of a thousand—than that from *Cœur du Roi* to Cowderoy, when the cow takes the precedence of the king.

We have seen Odin changed, in a northern saga, into a pilgrim pointing out the paths to Rome. No wonder we should meet with a mythic figure, in Swiss tales, called "The Pilgrim from Rome," who is dressed in corresponding garments, and who has the broad hat, the large mantle, and the heavy iron-sheeted shoes common to the Germanic deities mentioned, as well as to the "Wandering Jew"—without, however, bearing that latter name.

Yet close by the locality where this tale is current in Switzerland, we find the same figure again called the *Ewige Jude*—namely, in parishes where there are Jewish communities, as well as in the Frick valley, which is mainly inhabited by Roman Catholics. To all evidence, religious antipathy has coloured the myth in these latter localities. The Wanderer, or grey-headed, broad-hatted pilgrim, was converted into a Jew, for the sake of pointing a moral and adorning a tale of bigotry.

The gradual transition from the heathen Germanic circle of ideas to the Christian legend is provable in many other ways. On Swiss and German soil, in places of close proximity, the same phantom form is alternately called the Eternal Hunter and the Eternal Jew, as well as the Pilgrim from Rome, or the Wandering Pilate. In the last-mentioned form, he is assigned a local habitation in the Pilatus Mountain of Switzerland. It is a well-known process of Germanic mythology to "enmountain," if I may say so, the deposed heathen



gods, to charm them away into hills and underground caves, where they are converted into kings and emperors, often with a retinue of twelve men, corresponding to the duodecimal number of the deities.

A forest-haunting or hill-enchanted Jew has clearly no meaning. But if the *Jude* was originally a Wodan, Godan, or Gudan—and, indeed, there is a Frankish form of the God's appellation, from which the Godesberg, near Bonn, has its name—then the mystery is at once dissolved. Godan may, by softer pronunciation, have been changed into a *Jude* or Jew—even as the "*Gütchen*," the German spirit forms, were converted into *Füdchen*, or little Jews.

Where the Wanderer is known, in the Aargau, as the *Ewige Jude*, it is related that in the inn where he asks for a night's lodging he does not go to bed, but walks about, without rest, in his room during the whole night, and then leaves in the morning. He once stated that, when for the first time he came to that Rhenish corner where Basel stands at present, there was nothing but a dark forest of black fir. On his second journey he found there a large copse of thorn-bushes; on his third, a town, rent by an earthquake. If—he added—he comes the same way a third time, one would have to go for miles and miles, in order to find even as much as little twigs for making a besom.

The immense age and everlastingness of the Wanderer are fully indicated in this description.

At Bern, he is said to have, on one occasion, left his staff and his shoes. In a "History of the Jews in Switzerland" (Basle, 1768), the Zurich clergyman, Ulrich, reports that in the Government Library at Bern a precious relic is preserved, namely, the aforesaid staff and a pair of shoes of the "Eternal, Immortal Jew;" the shoes being "uncommonly large and made of a hundred snips—a shoemaker's masterpiece, because patched together with the utmost labour, diligence, and cleverness out of so many shreds of leather." Evidently some impostor—who, however, kept to the floating ideas of the old Germanic myth, which had grown into a Christian legend—had thought fit, in order to maintain his assumed character, to present the town of Bern, as it were, with a diminished fac-simile of Vidar's shoe.

At Ulm, also, the Wandering Jew is said to have left a pair of his shoes. This persistent connection of a decayed divine figure with shoes and the cobbler's craft comes out in a number of tales about the Wild Huntsman. In Northern Germany, one of the many forms of the *Ewig-Jäger* is called Schlorf-Hacker—a ghastly figure in rattling shoes or slippers that jumps pick-a-back upon men's shoulders.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Kuhn's *Norddeutsche Sagen*.

In Glarus, the departed spirits of the Wild Chase are actually called "Shoemakers," as if they had been contributors to Vidar's shoe. A full explanation of this symbolism—for it can be nothing else—is still wanting. But the importance of the shoe, both in the Germanic creed and in the Ahasverus legend, is undeniable, and it clearly forms a thread of connection between the two circles of mythology.

### VIII.

When the real meaning of a myth is lost, popular fancy always tries to construct some new explanation. Even at a seat of English learning, the old Germanic Yule-tide custom of the Boar's Head Dinner—originally a holy supper of the heathen Teutons—is interpreted now as a festive commemoration of the miraculous escape of an Oxford student from the tusks of a bristly quadruped. Nothing can be made out more clearly than that the banquet in question is the remnant of a sacrificial ceremony once held in honour of Fro, or Freyr, the God of Light, whose symbol and sacred animal was the sun-boar, and who was pre-eminently worshipped at winter solstice.<sup>1</sup> But how few there are, even amongst the most learned, who know this simple fact, or who have ever been startled by the palpable impossibility of the modernising explanation of the Boar's Head Dinner !

We cannot wonder, therefore, that the restless chasing of the Wild Huntsman—though he still bears here and there the name of Wotn, or Wodan, and though he be replaced in other districts by a Wild Huntress, who is called after one of the names of Wodan's consort—should be explained now as the expiation of the crime of hunting on a Sunday, committed by some nobleman or squire in defiance of the orders of the Church. The details of this Christianising explanation vary in every locality. Men are always ready to explain, offhand, that which they do not understand in the least. Yet the great heathen Germanic traits of the Wild Chase are preserved without change in places lying far asunder. In the same way there has been a Boar's Head Dinner, until a comparatively recent time, in more places than one in England ; and at Court there is still, at Christmas, a diminished survival of the custom. But only at Oxford the impossible story of the student is told.

So, also, there are different tales accounting for the peregrinations of that mythic figure which is variously known as the horse-flesh-eating Eternal Hunter who insulted Christ, as the Pilgrim from

<sup>1</sup> See *The Boar's Head Dinner at Oxford, and a Germanic Sun-God*, by Karl Blind, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1877.

Rome, as Pilatus the Wanderer, as the Hill-enchanted and Forest-haunting Jew, as Ahasver, Buttadeus, and so forth. But again, the chief characteristics of the Restless Wanderer remain everywhere the same ; and in not a few districts this form is inextricably mixed up with that of the Wild Huntsman, who also dwells in a hill and haunts a forest, and whose Wodan or Godan name may in Germany have facilitated the transition to a *Jude*.

When we keep these things in mind, we shall see how useful it is to study the creed of our forefathers as a means of dispelling the dark shadows of present bigotry. Such fuller knowledge of a collapsed circle of ideas which often show so remarkable a contact with the Vedic religion, enables us to enjoy, as a weird poetical conception, that which otherwise would only strike us as the superstition of a contemptible religious fanaticism. For all times to come, a Great Breath, a *Mahan Atma*, will rustle through the leaves, rage across hill and dale, and stir river and sea with mighty motion. In so far, there will never be a lack of an Eternal Wanderer. If we understand the myth in this natural sense, a curse will be removed ; a feeling of relief will be created in bosoms yet heavily burdened with prejudices ; and evidence will have been furnished that a grain of sense, however overlaid with absurdities, is often to be found in cruel fancies in which the human mind seems to have gone most wildly astray.

KARL BLIND.

## *CAMPING OUT.*

**W**E were, originally, a party of six who courageously determined to leave the haunts of civilised men, and try our hands at the ancient custom of dwelling in tents. The expedition was planned after prolonged consultation, during which the most entrancing visions were indulged in of nomad life ; days and hours tipped with joy and illumined with peace ; and sport that was to be simply monotonous in the immensity of its success. Each member of the consulting party was enthusiastic. Nor wind nor weather should turn him from his purpose. Firm as adamant, we shook hands on the business, pledged to rally around each other to the end. It was almost a matter of course that, as the day of departure drew nigh, a goodly percentage backed out of the undertaking, leaving us, nevertheless, the benefit of their opinions as expressed on the night of consultation, and their contributions to that which often proves the most unalloyed pleasure of an expedition, namely, the anticipation and scheming of it. Finally, the half-dozen were reduced to three: and, as matters turned out, a party of six, however good and true the men might have been, would have proved a Mutual Nuisance Association, unlimited.

Under canvas I had been before, in the old country, at Shoe-buryness and at Autumn Manœuvres, and once I had spent two nights of amusing warfare with mosquitoes in the Ermagera Ranges, near Brisbane. But we were now bound to distant parts where no news from the outer world would be likely to disturb us, and where, if we so willed, we might wander in as primitive garb as the clothes-hating black-fellow. Reversing the orthodox process, we settled last upon the particular hare to be caught ; in other words, having decided to camp out and how to do it, we settled where to go. There was an endless choice before us ; but certain lakes were mentioned in a casual manner, and for a time rejected. A member of the party, who shall henceforth be known as Number One, however, plumped down the balance in favour of the Noosa Lakes by the astonishing statement that one of those prosaic Scotchmen who make the best of colonists had, in describing them, been betrayed into

fervidly quoting a couple of lines from Wordsworth. Apart from the imagery of the couplet, there was a knock-down force in the bare fact that compelled us on the instant to throw up our hands and surrender.

The committees of ways and means upon the question of supplies would have afforded intense amusement to an onlooker. Our original list of provisions and implements, necessities and luxuries, would have been not unreasonable for a journey to the Afghan frontier, but was ridiculous for a fortnight's outing, including a sea-voyage in a steamer of limited tonnage. Those of us who had wives called them into council, and were consequently overwhelmed with speedy shamefacedness, and brought to feel that the man who has not learned that woman is, in these affairs, a born manager has stopped short at an important stage of his education. Eventually, the supplies were arranged for, purchased or borrowed, and packed; and we set forth with a vague feeling that our equipments after all were at best but an unsatisfactory description of compromise, save in the item of ammunition, of which we took a formidable store, out of all proportion to what we by-and-by required. The executive minister, interviewed with becoming respect and humility, laughingly gave us an order on the government store for tent and blankets, and, out of the enormous stock which a government doing a vast amount of pioneering must keep on hand, we secured a serviceable canvas house fourteen feet by ten, and twelve pairs of excellent brown blankets manufactured in England for yearly distribution to the aborigines. The people on the steamer smiled when these substantial bales were delivered, and fancied we were bound on an exploring trip across the continent; but we afterwards found them to be the foundation of all our comfort. There was not a little smiling, too, at the appearance of Number Two of the party, who sported an umbrella, and added to the packs, colonially termed "swags," a large portmanteau. But Number Two was equal to the occasion, smiling upon the smilers, and effectively sweeping them with his eye-glass, as tent, blankets, and other impedimenta were lowered into the hold of the comfortable little vessel in which we were to pass the next fifteen hours.

Out of Moreton Bay the "Bulgoa" heads north, and hugs the land throughout the night. The steamer has been built primarily for the conveyance of timber from the richly wooded scrub country whither we are bound, and has a lighter draught, and flatter bottom, perhaps, than befits an orthodox passenger-boat. So, the tides and currents running very strong and contrary along this portion of the coast,

there is somewhat of a cross sea, and the "Bulgoa" soon becomes restive, while her feeble passengers are, in the too familiar manner, making signals of distress. Casting off from the wharf at Brisbane : about five o'clock in the evening, by daylight, we are some seventy miles distant, and running close to a line of weather-beaten rocks, adown whose grim wrinkles the creamy brine streams, tinged with the rosy blush of the rising sun. There are bald headlands with dark blue water deep up to their solid walls, and bays fringed with yellow sand and backed by steep mountain ridges, lightly timbered. Yonder is Laguna Bay, and, jutting into it, are Noosa Heads, at the entrance of the passage through which we enter the river. It is a fair scene in its new morning glory—the green of the grass, the grey and brown of the rocks, the blue of the ocean, the white of the soft foam, the ruddy gold of the strengthening light, and the shimmer of the dancing wavelets. During the night, a smart shower of rain had pattered upon the decks, but the clouds disperse at dawn, and we cross the bar and go round the tortuous bends of the Channel in high spirits at the prospect of that first essential in camping out, settled fine weather.

The voyage of the "Bulgoa" terminates at Tewantin, an infant port of rising importance. Here, the passengers for the great Gympie gold-field disembark to complete their travels along a new route now coming into fashion. Here is the dépôt of the timber-producing firm of M'Ghie, Luya, Goodchap, and Woodburn, who may be said to be monarchs of the country-side for miles, and without whose good graces we had better leave our baggage on board and return per next voyage to our respective homes. But happily we obtain those good graces, and our way is henceforth smooth. The firm, through its local representative, offers us tempting hospitality, which we stoically decline, explaining that we have come out to rough it and put aside the pamperings of home life. We are impatient to enter upon the next stage of our journey, for, if possible, we have resolved to sleep under canvas to-night. So we sit upon our baggage on the wharf waiting for the departure of a tiny steamer named the "Alabama," a home-made affair admirably adapted for river work, for which she was built, and in which we are to steam to the Cootharaba Mills, 18 miles up the river, and the centre of the firm's operations. "The firm" is the correct expression, as I find in conversation with the people about the landing-place. Dynasties and governments pass muster in other parts of the world ; here, everything revolves around "the firm."

Meanwhile, I unstrap my gun case on the wharf, and put a

double A cartridge into the barrels. Between the Heads and Tewantin we steamed past sandy spits that were covered with flocks of pelicans, curlews, and other water-fowl; and pelicans, we are assured, will be found in every reach of the upper part of the river. The captain of the "Alabama" has been requested to "stop her" whenever an opportunity offers for a bit of sport, and I hasten here and now to state that, though he is doubtless eager to reach his home and family in time to spend a long Saturday evening in their midst, he observes his instructions not more in the letter than in the spirit. Even now, before we start, he shows an anxiety to further our wishes. He looks enquiringly at me as I put the breech-loader together, and being informed by a jerk of the head that I have designs upon a couple of pelicans swimming slowly down the stream, about two hundred yards above, orders his boy to take me in the "Alabama's" dingy. The youngster is only too pleased to assist in the sport, and stealthily paddles towards the birds. We thus lessen the distance by a hundred yards, and the pelicans, though they evidently are aware of our approach, betray no alarm. They only change their course a point or two, perch their heads on one side, and swim a trifle faster. In this way we get to within sixty yards. Then, the gleam of the uplifted barrel, or some other movement, frightens them, and they heavily flap their wings for flight. One escapes; the other receives the charge, drops dead, and is duly seized by the neck and hauled into the dingy by the delighted youngster. We intend to shoot pelicans for the sake of their skins, and here is the first contribution, neatly delivered, without a single shot-hole in the broad, white, full-plumaged breast. Our supplies include a quantity of arsenical soap, a packet of iron tacks, and a hammer, designed for the preparation of the said skins, together with those of black swans, and any of the four-footed fry peculiar to this marsupial country.

We take up our position in the bows of the "Alabama" when she commences her upward voyage to look out for pelicans, and, in so doing, avoid the water which comes on board with every revolution of the paddles. The current being against us, our progress is leisurely—an accident that is favourable to us and proportionately unfavourable to the pelicans. No bag ever made would hold the big pile of game which, in the course of a couple of hours, lies heaped upon the deck. In truth, we eventually get rather ashamed of the ease with which the slaughter is effected. The pelicans scarcely trouble to get out of the way of the boat. They are cruising about, sometimes in company, sometimes alone; and as the noise of the



paddles becomes closer, they leisurely make for one of the banks, or fly lazily into a dead tree overhanging the river. The pelican is not an elegant bird, especially when standing on the bank ; but there is a certain grace in its movements in the water, and an expression of wisdom and confiding innocence, as, with neck slanting backwards, and big beak and pouch resting upon it, it pursues its harmless occupations, that appeal to us for mercy. For myself, the quality of mercy is subject to less strain after I have acquired my seventh bird. I have killed much more than I can carry, and more than can be comfortably skinned either to-day or to-morrow. We find that a charge of number four shot in the head of the bird is as effectual as the heavier ammunition, and that there is always time to complete the work with a second barrel if the first fails. Sometimes the dying pelican opens its strong bill—it is a foot long—and in its agony seizes the bow of the dingy when it touches the mass of white and black feathers circling in the crimson-tinged water ; but its clumsy construction renders it very defenceless.

The river opens out at intervals into expanses of water which are to all intents and purposes a chain of lakes. They are so shallow that a channel has to be staked for even the flat-bottomed “Alabama,” which only draws a few inches of water : once in the midst of what seems to be a sheet of water, in which a small fleet can ride at anchor, we run aground, and have to jump overboard to drag her clear of a sandbank. Arrived at Cootharaba, we find that we might have saved ourselves a good deal of trouble and discussion on the question of supplies, since, this being the headquarters of the Firm, there is a store at which we may procure anything we require, be it clothes, medicine, bakery, butchery, and grocery, or ironmongery. Here, again, cordial hospitality is offered us, and here, again, we maintain an invincible front against seducing influences.

The Firm, however, kindly places a first-rate four-oared boat at our disposal, and a couple of men attached to the mill undertake, not only to pilot us to the spot where we are recommended to erect our tent, but to assist us in putting it up. This is indeed a happy thought, for the day being far spent, and there being no moon, we shall have to hurry considerably if we would be under canvas by nightfall. So, straightway, our baggage is transferred to the gig and an attendant punt, the spritsail is hoisted, and away we go across the main lake of the Cootharaba, or, as it is more generally termed, the Noosa chain, the water rippling musically from the bows, the evening shades deepening upon the hills and darkening the woods, and all the world, so far as we can perceive it, holding a solemn silence that



no one for a time cares to break. Oars are necessary to get through a narrow waterway overhung with creepers and scrub trees and foddered with thickets of reeds in the heyday of verdant life. The sun here rarely falls upon the water, which accordingly seems black in comparison with the open sand-coloured lake over which we have sailed. While the Cootharaba sawmills, jetty, stacks of timber, and workmen's cottages were in sight, though before we struck sail they had diminished to Lilliputian size, we seemed to be in the society of our fellows ; but this quarter of a mile of shaded waterway brings us to what is actually an arm of the main lake, but what appears to us to be a distinct lake hemmed in by impenetrable woods ; and it induces the feeling that at last we are alone.

The sun has little of its fiery journey to complete when our gig grates upon the sandy shelf, where we land, to form camp upon a gentle eminence not more than two hundred yards distant. The spot is cleared, nicely grassed, and at its back and on either side the open forest closes in. The lakeward view, as we first look upon it, beautified with violet tints, the surface of the water unruffled as glass, fascinates us all ; and we stand upon the shore in silent admiration. But for this we have no time now. The three bales of canvas and blankets, the axes and tomahawks, the quart pots and pannikins are as speedily as may be taken up to the clearing, each working with a will. Then, the two Cootharaba men who have accompanied us shoulder their axes and disappear in search of tent-poles, while we unpack the bales, spread out the tent, and scatter the blankets abroad. Number One, by virtue of past experience in the bush, is appointed cook to the expedition ; and as, by this time, we are possessed of the hunger proverbially assigned to hunters, we watch his movements with watering mouths, and greedily listen to his theories upon frying in oil, a process in which he confesses himself an adept.

The back of the tent is protected by a gum-tree, in the fork of which one end of the sapling which forms the ridge-pole finds a secure resting-place. There is an abundance of young timber at hand, and we do not hesitate to sacrifice the strong young Eucalypti. Before we have done with them, a dozen have been felled ; and we are very proud of our tent when it is finished. The ridge and side poles and forked uprights quite justify the confidence reposed in them : the canvas stretches admirably to its place, is firmly secured, and is finally covered by the fly which is to temper the sun's rays or keep out the rain. We walk around our habitation in the dusk, tighten a rope here and hammer in a peg there, and, surveying the

whole a space or two removed, pronounce it very good. The Cootharaba men bid us good-night, and depart in their punt. I, appointed admiral of the fleet by unanimous consent, accompany them to the shore, haul up our gig, secure the painter to a log conveniently protruding from the water, carry the sail, mast, and sprit on shore, unship the rudder, and, generally speaking, make the navy ship-shape. Up the slope the camp-fire throws ruddy gleams upon Number One bending over his frying-pan and Number Two surveying a steaming billy of tea through his eye-glass. The background is peopled with weird shadows which seem to dance around the snow-white tent ; it is only, as I know full well, the effect of the blazing fire upon the trees ; but it, nevertheless, fills the brain with fancies.

Our first camp meal is in every way a success. It is eaten outside the tent. A solitary candle emits its feeble ray within. An empty box, in which some odds and ends had been packed, is our only table, and around this we lie or lounge upon the blankets not yet arranged for the night. Each man provides his own plate, pannikin, knife and fork, according to stipulation beforehand ; and I am regarded by my comrades as disgustingly luxurious, and utterly unworthy of rank amongst bushmen, because I have taken extra pains in these matters. For example, they bring common tin ware ; my plate and cup are of enamelled metal, whose glossy black and white certainly looks gorgeous by the side of their tin goods, which never seem to be thoroughly clean, and which do not feel happy in contact with knife and fork. The disgust of Numbers One and Two is increased when the conviction is forced upon them that I have exercised a wise discretion, combining economy in the long run with superior accommodation from the outset. From my hand-bag I also produce a neat circular leather case, five inches long, and two inches and a half in diameter, a lucky investment in a Brisbane pawnshop ; for, to the envy of the beholders, it yields a dainty electro-plated, ivory-handled knife, fork, and spoon, a corkscrew, and an ivory box whose unscrewed ends reveal perforated shields, through which to sprinkle pepper or salt at will. Knife, fork, and spoon shut up on the clasp-knife principle, and, as an inner lining to the receptacle, there comes forth, as a clincher, a handy drinking-cup. The three-pronged steel forks and murderous-looking sheath-knives of the others are felt to be contemptible alongside these elegant appointments.

The cook expects a modicum of praise for his first effort, and since Number Two and I are conscious that for the next week we are

in his power, we liberally baste him with flattery. And he merits it all. He dishes up in a strip of bark a dozen potatoes, hot from the ashes, and jackets intact; upon the regulation tin plate, crisp rashers of bacon, toasted upon pointed sticks; in their native tin, prime sheeps' tongues preserved to perfection; and in the everlasting "billy," dark-coloured tea, than which there is no better in the world. He has learnt the true trick of brewing quart-pot tea. Every bushman is supposed to be able to make quart-pot tea, just as every cook is supposed to be able to cook a mutton chop; but in both cases it too often ends with supposition. Our tea is the correct tap—clear, fragrant, and refined. It is easily made. Fill your "billy" with water (the lake below served our purpose); place it against a red-hot log till it boils; cast in a handful of tea, and, before it has time to simmer, pour upon the whole a table-spoonful of cold water. Then cover the top of the billy with the drinking-cup which fits into it, and let it stand, while in another cup you dissolve the sugar which is to sweeten the whole. The dash of cold water sends the leaves in a body to the bottom, and clears the beverage, and if tea thus made does not please the wayfaring man, let him be relegated to water dipped from a hole habitually infused with gum-leaves.

That first camp meal is a truly regal refecton. The loaf is being continually passed from hand to hand; the savoury rashers disappear at once; not a potatoe is left, and their jackets are scraped clean; the sheeps' tongues are reduced to the last layer; the quart pot is emptied, replenished from an outlying bucket, and boiled again in a trice. We heave sighs of repletion and content, fill our pipes and kindle them with a piece of burning stick, turn over lazily upon our blankets, and commune with the silver-pointed deep blue dome overhead. Probably we never knew so well as now the force of the familiar words—"pipe of peace." We smoke the veritable, the real original pipe of peace, without speaking to each other. The cook breaks the spell.

Having abandoned ourselves to fleshly delights, we must needs follow the fashion and grumble at the bill. If we repeat this performance, how long will our stores last? The cook dives into the sack-bag in which we had thrust the bread purchased at the Firm's general store, sounds another bag containing potatoes, checks off upon his fingers the tinned provisions, and declares that, if we are not prepared to live upon the produce of our fishing-rods and guns, we shall devour our supplies in a couple of days. Who cares? Let to-morrow take care of itself. Wherefore we solace ourselves with another pipe—semi-peace this time—and then bestir ourselves. We

clean our knives and forks by sticking them in the sandy soil—a simple and easy operation which not only cleanses the implements thoroughly, but gives them a high polish and keeps the edges and points in good working condition ; arrange our blankets, two pairs each to lie upon, one pair for coverlids, and one ditto for pillow ; and taking a final draught from the quart pot, and another long look upon the splendour of the night, settle down superbly tired and supremely satisfied. We talk ourselves to sleep in passing the following resolutions:—

Resolved—That each man, while this camp doth last, may do what seemeth good in his own eyes ; only that Number One doeth all the cooking, and Number Two hangeth out the blankets every morning, or spreadeth them upon the grass when the sun hath dried the same.

Resolved—That each camper removeth the refuse of his meals to a convenient distance from the camp, cleaneth his own utensils immediately after every meal, and taketh turns in the hewing of wood and drawing of water.

Resolved—That the camp-fire be kept burning day and night, and that every man passing casteth upon it a log when it requireth replenishment.

Resolved—That the cook acteth as bedmaker to the camp.

Resolved—That the camp be kept in faultless tidiness.

Resolved—That the camp to-morrow sendeth or fetcheth a black-fellow to fag miscellaneously and execute all the heavy work.

Resolved—That as Number One is snoring, and Number Two fast asleep (risking a severe cold by sleeping without his eye-glass), this meeting do now adjourn.—Adjourned accordingly. Tableau.

Number One is undoubtedly equal to his work. Daylight is faint in the tent when I awake from a grand sleep, but the cook is out and about. The fire is blazing, and the billy on the boil. Number Two must have missed something and found it during the night, for he now lies asleep wearing his eye-glass. It is as lovely a Sunday morning as sun ever shone upon, and we resolve, barring certain works of necessity which must be performed, to observe it as a day of rest. Just as the sun begins to clear the dappled sky, and the first breath of morning to ruffle, as with a coming shadow, the further end of the lake, Number Two with his eye-glass strolls down to the camp-fire, and joins us in paying our devotions to the quart pot. The works of necessity in which we agree to embark, and finish before breakfast, are a rearrangement of the tent, and the skinning of two pelicans shot on our passage across the main lake on the previous evening.

As to the tent, I protest against the placing of the open end or door on the higher ground, and therefore facing the bush instead of the lake. It was done, it is explained, on account of the wind ; and it shall be undone, I insist, on account of the ever-varying water pictures we may enjoy if we turn the canvas round. We are one upon the question after I have urged my point and protest that, had we been less hurried by advancing darkness last night, such an error should never have been made. The alteration involves the clearing out of everything ; but that is a decided gain, the packages, especially Number Two's enormous portmanteau, not being stowed away in compact fashion. Setting to work with energy, we have struck the tent and put it up again in an hour, the opening now facing the sparkling waters. Number One hangs his pelicans upon a tree branch cut off and sharpened to do service as a meat-hook, and tries his hand at skinning them, or, to be accurate, at taking off the breast portions only. It is a task requiring a little practice, and it is not for a day or two that we become proficient. The birds shot from the "Alabama" yesterday we have left at the mills to be dressed by one of the hands who is a good amateur taxidermist ; and they in the end, beyond question, prove to be the best prepared.

Four years have not sufficed to lessen my dislike of such vermin as snakes, scorpions, and centipedes. As a matter of fact, one very rarely sees them. The knowledge that they exist is, however, sufficient to keep one's consciousness alive. Notwithstanding that I have slept and moved about in scrub and bush, I have never seen a scorpion, never a centipede, except twice in the decayed wood brought into Brisbane, and very few snakes, though I am always looking for them. Old bushmen will recount a similar experience, and, as a rule, new-comers soon cease to think of what they never see. Still, I have heard of campers-out who have had strange bed-fellows of this ilk, and I have a fancy for rigging up something in the shape of a bedstead. Armed with a little American axe, I go to the flat and make a first venture in woodcraft with, I flatter myself, a skill that even a Gladstone would not despise. I require four forked uprights, and four strong but not too stout poles, and very pretty work it is to select the precise thing required, and shape and sharpen it before it is felled. A couple of bags, opened at the ends to slip over the side poles, furnish the sacking. However, it is labour thrown away. The contrivance does not answer. The saplings are too green, the frame is too narrow, and the encroachment upon tent-room too serious. Yet the labour is not altogether lost, because, abandoning the structure as a bedstead, we use it thenceforth as a

convenient receptacle of all our goods. So long as we remain in camp, I may here state, I sleep, as do the others, upon the ground, and, beyond some vagrant mosquitoes, which we defy under a large mosquito-curtain hung from the ridge pole, and ample enough to enclose the entire party, a nasty tarantula which without leave takes a night's lodging in my gun-case, a company of soldier ants foraging in the potato bag, and a small unrecognised quadruped which nocturnally purloins a beef-bone, we meet with no creature more obnoxious than ourselves.

After breakfast, as we lounge deliciously inside the tent, flaps fastened back, breeze direct from the lake soothing us with its whisper, and a faultless prospect stretching to the verge of human vision, the measured stroke of oars travels across the water, heralding visitors from the mills. They are anxious to know if we are camped satisfactorily, and whether we want anything. We do happen to want a black-fellow, a piece of boiled beef, to save the trouble of cooking after a hard day's work, and some other things the need of which we have already found out. For the rest of the day we are left to our solitude, to roam into the bush and along the water's edge, and to saunter about without any object, and without wishing to have any, further than to create an appetite, which we are not long in discovering we have ready-made in season and out of season. A dreamy afternoon on the shady side of the tent, discussion of plans for the days of activity that must follow, and an hour's reading by candlelight, find us sound asleep by eight o'clock.

From this time we have no more days of idleness until we have broken up camp and are in the settlements on the other side of the lake. Once, and once only, the waterproof capabilities of our tent are tested. Wet weather more than anything else alloys the pleasure of camping out. Nothing can be more wretched than to be under canvas during heavy rain and wind, and to realise the misery of sodden food, soaked clothes, and mud everywhere. Our tent does not let in a drop of water; the canvas, on the contrary, gets tighter, and it is a positive pleasure to hear the rain beating upon the fly, and to feel that we can bid defiance, at least for a day or so, to the elements. The weather, with the exception of this downpour, is most enjoyable. In the morning the grass is wet with dew, and the atmosphere exhilarating. Even the midday heat is June-like, and the evenings are a repetition of the mornings. There is the lake with clear, cold water, and hard sandy bottom to bathe in; the gig to sail to and fro; and some special expedition every day. The days, somehow, pass all too swiftly. Fearful of *ennui*, we have each



brought something in the shape of literature, but we take it home unread ; our occupations are pleasures and our pleasures occupation.

Not a dozen persons, it is likely, visit this camp site of ours in the course of a year. We stumble upon it by accident ; but if I could remove bodily to the old country the views obtainable from our tent opening, it would leap into fame. Close to shore the white boat rests in calm, and rocks when the breezes sweep over the lake. A hundred yards out there is a sandy shallow just showing its crest above the water, and upon this all day long an assemblage of pelicans stand in line, with sentinels on guard to warn them of danger. In the morning, just as the sun breaks, they preen themselves, and in the company of numerous divers fly away to feed, returning again in due time to take up their station for the day. In the middle of the lake there is a wooded islet which is always a picturesque addition to the scenery. It relieves the distance and prevents the monotony of unbroken space. As the atmosphere changes it also seems to shift its position ; to-day it is near, to-morrow far. Now, the distant mountains are distinct, the reedy margins of the lake bold and vivid in colour, and the woods distinguishable ; again, a purple veil shrouds hill and wood, and we look in vain for the well-known landmarks. It is a scene that assumes new characteristics a dozen times a day ; we never tire in looking upon it, and are ever glad to get back to camp to renew our acquaintance with features that grow dearer with familiarity.

It is something to be waited upon by two rival kings. Of no lower rank are the two sable camp-followers who present themselves in response to our message to the manager yonder, if the brass-plates suspended from their necks proclaim the truth. At the mills, on our route from the sea, we had interviewed a number of aboriginals encamped on the outskirts of the settlement, and, without knowing it, had promised King Brown our distinguished patronage. He had accosted us, and we, not understanding him, had given him, in our opinion, an evasive answer in pigeon-English. Our friends, upon being informed that we were anxious to encourage coloured labour, thought King Brady the more suitable henchman, and then it was that his Majesty Brown advanced a prior claim, and, further, accompanied Brady to our camp, bringing a young Brownlet with him.

The men, when they come to us, are keenly alive to their own interests, and know how to make a bargain. They require five shillings each for their week's service, and as they can row a boat, and are familiar with the whole country-side, we determine to indulge in them as a luxury. So we send Brown's boy back again, and retain the two kings, who, on the whole, are very willing, good black-

fellows, and who afford us much amusement. We, of course, have to supply them with rations—flour, tea, and sugar, and meat when fits of liberality seize us. In this latter item we are again indebted to our friends at the mills, who send us, by the frizzy-headed monarchs, a cut-and-come-again supply of cooked corn-beef. King Brady, the terms of the contract being decided, retires and lies down in the grass, the fact being that he is recovering from a festive orgie of the previous week. King Brown, on the other hand, pries around and into the tent, and intimates to Number One, who is an adept at pigeon-English, that a cast-off garment at the breaking up of camp, if not at the present moment, will be well bestowed upon him.

The boat is a source of untold pleasure to our party. Without it, that *ennui* which, by anticipation, we had dreaded, would probably have been felt ; with it, we are always moving without undue bodily exertion, landing whenever it suits us, and able to carry with us on our daily excursions accoutrements that would not be possible roaming in the bush. There is a roomy locker in the stern, sun- and dew-proof, and comfortable sitting-room for more than double our number. She carries a serviceable jib and mainsail, leaks nothing to speak of, pulls easily, and is stiff and fast in a breeze. Often do we enquire of each other what we should have done without her. As Admiral of the Fleet, this boat is my constant care. While breakfast is preparing, I saunter down to the sandy beach, barefooted and barelegged, through the springy dew-drenched grass, wade out to her, and dry her from stem to stern ; for, on these spring nights, the dew falls with steady copiousness. From me, by-and-by, will issue the order “All aboard,” and to me fall the rudder-lines, Brady pulling stroke, and Brown bow oar. The guns are kept under the seat, the fishing-rods and hand-lines lie along the thwarts, the luncheons are in the locker, and off we go in a new direction every day, a merry crew to the end.

Dress, after the first day, does not trouble us. The two kings arrived at the camp in decent jackets, trousers, shirts, and hats ; but within an hour of their attachment to our fortunes they resumed their normal costume, a scanty shirt girdled round the waist. Although the convenience of this array struck us at a glance, we could not bring ourselves to imitate it, deeming that something was due from us as representatives of advanced civilisation. Our Crimean shirts we accordingly retain, but leave them open at the throat ; and we remain loyal to our trousers, even if we forswear braces, and keep our boots handy to be used as required. The aborigines, sufficiently protected by their shock hair and thick skulls,



go about bareheaded ; with us a broad-brimmed hat is the one thing we are very careful not to cast aside. It is a luxury, indeed, to be able to do these things, and forget the bother of studs, solitaires, collars, scarfs, wrist-bands. We cast these superfluities aside by degrees, however, and, when a return to Cootharaba imposes upon us the resumption of ordinary clothes, we look with a half-contemptuous, half-pitying expression at our enforced departure from a lofty ideal.

The red-letter day of the camping-out period is not, in the common usage of the word, one of fine weather. Clouds scud across the sky in endless broken hosts ; and the bosom of the lake beyond the headland (which makes a bay of the corner upon which we are encamped) is ruffled by a stiff breeze. To forecast the weather in Australia is always a very risky affair ; the meteorology of the country, like others of its features, is apt to be independent of the specific rules by which every-day weather prophets work. But our black-boys assure us there will be no rain till night, and, ominous as all the appearances are to our eyes, we act upon the dictum—proof undeniable that we accept it. Our bay is out of the hurly-burly which whitens the wavelets yonder, and we make ready in the lee for a trip to the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a water-passage of some eight miles across the upper end of the large lake. Once or twice we ground, and all hands step overboard in not more than ten inches of water, and drag the gig over the shallow. Knowing that the lake is at no part in this direction more than waist-high, we feel courageous, and sail merrily along. No dishonest person will interfere with the boat and its contents : within a radius of ten miles there is not probably a living soul but ourselves. In confidence, therefore, we secure the painter to a tree, and wade ashore.

A tramp through a weary mile and a half of marsh, where the black slosh is knee-deep, and the reedy grass rank and very suggestive of leeches and other aquatic vermin, brings us to a sandy ridge. Here the aspect of the country entirely changes. The ragged-barked tea-trees, characteristic of the dismal Australian swamp, give place to shrub and tree that please the eye as much as the growths of the swamp repelled it. We have the bright green and picturesque heads of an occasional cypress pine, the blossoming banksia ; and we pass a specimen of the Moreton Bay Ash, token of indifferent land, of little use as timber, but reputed to indicate the presence of water, sometimes at a depth of forty feet. The strange absence of flowers in Australian pastures and forests strikes every visitor. To a flower-loving person it always

produces an "aching void." Upon this sandy ridge, however, and more especially upon the flat beyond its base, are numbers of flowers the like of which I had never met with. A discussion upon the flora of the country follows as we march in single file after Kings Brady and Brown. Number One sends them on in front, from an old habit impressed upon him in the north-western bush, where every strange Aboriginal is looked upon with suspicion, and where the white settler never allows a native to take the rear in travelling along a forest or scrub track, lest the temptation to tomahawk should be too much for the untutored savage. There are known instances of murder by black-fellows from no other cause than neglect of this precaution, the murderer acknowledging that he had no hatred to his victim, but that, seeing how easily he could tomahawk the unsuspecting European stalking ahead, he had yielded to an uncontrollable impulse, and struck the fatal blow.

This digression I commit, as does Number One upon the sandy ridge, and him also I imitate in returning to the flowers. We are so many, and are in opinions upon their customary dearth so much in unison, that we loiter to gather specimens, and at the end of our walk are able to display twenty-nine distinct varieties, a few of them lovely and even brilliant, but the majority humble and frail. Of course, the most highly favoured patch of this well-flowered bit of country would not bear mentioning in the same breath with an English copse, lane, or meadow. The roar of the Pacific informs us that we are nearing the beach ; so do the big white lilies, bold and beautiful in the midst of their glossy leaves, the native bread-fruit trees, and the plentiful mesembryanthemum, creeping over and covering the white sand with its fleshy stems and yellow or mauve blossoms newly opened to greet a passing hour of sunshine.

The Pacific has a hoarseness in its tone to-day, and scatters us with its flying foam-flakes. The gulls, terns, cormorants, and oyster-catchers, wheel, scream, and dip into the surf, shooting upwards with that well-known slanting, airy, fairy movement which is so much suggestive of exquisite enjoyment, and we cannot bring ourselves to use the guns which weighed so heavily in the dismal swamp, though stewed oyster-catcher would make a welcome variation to our camp bill of fare. Leagues right and left the hard sandy beach trends, and before us gloomily rolls the measureless expanse of ocean. Our black-fellows are animated by no sentiment, and, instead of posing in an attitude, surveying with poetical eye the truly grand scene, search for a bivalve called, in the aboriginal tongue, *Yugarie*, a delicate member of the mussel family, in much esteem by fishermen as bait, and by the

natives as a *bonne bouche* which makes the sea-side tolerable. To us this trudge across the dismal swamps and sandy ridge signifies a final spectacle of great, if melancholy, grandeur ; to Kings Brown and Brady it meant a heavy feed on *Yugarie*. They have brought a quart pot for the purpose, and when we are summoned to the fire which they have kindled under a bread-fruit tree (not the serviceable South Sea Island bread-fruit, but the rugged variety, *pandanus*), they have in readiness, in addition to the billy of tea, a steaming and savoury pile of their favourite shellfish.

On our return in the afternoon I am, as Admiral, deeply humiliated by the conduct of Numbers One and Two. It has been a grey day from the first, but in the afternoon there are signs of tempest. The wind blows something more than fresh from the north-east, and the clouds are flying, in confusion and haste, low upon the coastal range. Wild-looking the sky and waters reflecting it certainly are, but the wind is not too rough for our mainsail. Brown and Brady are satisfied to observe that I manage to overcome the objections raised by Numbers One and Two to the use of a sail. *They*, at least, have confidence in my skill. So up goes the mainsail and jib, and off we tear upon a splendid wind, and pretty closely hauled. Yoke lines, however, are not sufficient for this kind of work, and a strip of wood which Brady had allowed to fall overboard in the morning, I can now perceive was made to fit into the socket of the rudder. It is not therefore easy, without a tiller, to keep the boat up to her course, and my laboured efforts to do this fill Numbers One and Two with vague alarms. The sheet, moreover, which Number Two holds in his hand, does not run freely in the cleat, and I have to shout, "Ease off! Ease off, will you? Do you want to capsize us?" The sharp tone of command, and the reference to capsizing, terrifies him, and frightens even Number One (who ought to know better) much more than is good for him. Squalls come in quick, noisy succession from the hills and gullies, and the boat heels over and makes the water cream again as she races gallantly on, dashing the now considerable waves from her bows and behaving faultlessly, save when the inefficient rudder-lines produce a too tardy luff. On the whole, however, it is just the sailing which should make the blood tingle ; which has somewhat the effect of a smart gallop over a breezy prairie. But Numbers One and Two consult, their agitation increases, and they request me to have the sail taken down. They are, of course, not afraid of an upset, but think it would be a pity to subject the guns and fishing gear to the risk of damage by water. In my anger and amazement at this monstrous exhibition of no-confidence I certainly do become

guilty of negligence: I forget my luff, and a passing squall takes a mean advantage of my preoccupation. There is no harm done, but no thanks to Numbers One and Two, who leap to their feet and do their utmost to ensure the capsize of which they are in mortal dread. To shorten the story of my humiliation, they do not rest until sail is taken in. The contemptuous disgust of the blacks is openly expressed. They are indeed on the verge of rebellion at the prospect of pulling three miles that might have been flown over under canvas, but they forget their grievance in their keen relish of the merciless chaff which Numbers One and Two are forced to endure as they sit crest-fallen and ashamed in the boat. The chicken-hearted conduct of these white-fellows impresses them deeply, and we afterwards learn that they describe the craven fear of Numbers One and Two and the courage and anger of the Admiral in mirth-moving terms. Days after we happen to be passing a group of aboriginals of which King Brady is one, and pointing to my friends, I sarcastically say, "Down sail, Brady, down sail," whereupon Brady and all his cronies grin, roar, and writhe with laughter. They know all about it, it is clear.

At certain seasons of the year these lakes are covered with black swans, wild duck, and teal; and parties go out to capture the cygnets before they are strong enough to fly. Hundreds of black swans are killed, shot or knocked on the head, for the sake of the breast, which is covered with a fine down. The black swan is not so regal in bearing, nor in any way so majestic, as its tame brother; but it is a fine bird nevertheless, and in its sable garb, relieved by scarlet bill and cere, and white undertrimmings to the wings, sits and moves upon the water with a gracefulness all its own. Occasionally, the swans leave these Noosa lakes for a season or two, and they are absent now for the first time for seven years. We see, perhaps, only a dozen pairs, and they are evidently breeding, as are the ducks, of which we accordingly shoot not more than what we absolutely require for table purposes.

The most remunerative sport, I may here mention, is with the fishing rod. My first venture is a fat spotted eel, of five pounds weight, caught with gut bottom and small hook. Catfish of equal weight we catch in abundance. Spite of the frequent assertion that these slimy ugly creatures are admirable eating, we cannot bring ourselves to use them; but they afford a treat to the kings, who cook them to a turn in the ashes and gorge upon them. The black-fellow is a natural sportsman: Brady after one lesson can tell, by the working of the top of the rod, whether catfish, eel, or bream is coming up, and should the lethargic movements be of the former,

his white teeth stand out like tombstones. The bream are very plentiful, and they yield excellent sport. We often pull across to the shaded waterway previously referred to, moor the boat to a broad-leaved cotton tree, smoke our pipes, listen to the scrub birds, give Brown and Brady permission to roam the forest in quest of 'possums or any feasible game, and catch bream *ad libitum*, frequently giving up from sheer surfeit. The bream, however, are not nice to eat. They are the black bream, which in salt or even in brackish water eat white, firm, and sweet; here, where the water is fresh, they are flabby and tasteless. The eels, however, and the whiting are well flavoured; and as Number One, at fish-cooking, is as sound in practice as in theory, we are seldom without a dish of fish wherewith to flank our cold meats and bread.

During our stay in the district, I learn a good deal of its timber resources. In Queensland we have up to the present time 230 known timber-yielding trees, and amongst the most important is the *Dammara Robusta*, commonly known as the Noosa pine. One day we sail across to the Cootharaba mills, and, while Numbers One and Two devote themselves to pelican-shooting, I accept the invitation of the resident partner in the Firm to ride up into the scrub and see the habitat of the tree by which the district is becoming famous. The limits of the Noosa-pine-bearing district are not precisely known, but it is supposed that they are confined to a coast-line of 60 miles northward from Noosa heads, and a belt not exceeding ten miles wide.

We ride from Cootharaba mills towards the scrub, first over sandy country; then over black, treacherous, clayey land; next over sandy loam where the bracken thrives luxuriantly, and in which the dogwood is gay with yellow blossoms. This feathery-foliaged tree is not of good repute; as firewood, it gives forth an evil odour; and, as a living thing, it is said to sour the grass and monopolise too much space. My companion is, as he need be and should be, learned in the timber of the locality. He points out the Swamp Mahogany, sometimes called the Apple Tree, excellent for piles and sleepers, by reason of its powers of resistance against a dirty white worm called the cobra, which, in Queensland waters, is terribly destructive to woodwork. Bridges, piles, and boats are honeycombed by them in an incredibly brief space of time. The Swamp Mahogany has a fuller foliage than most of the Eucalypti, and grows on low flat country.

Soon we cross a creek, on the further side of which, as is the frequent rule here, the character of the country changes. It is a

change for the better, as trees and grass signify. *En passant*, I am told that the Moreton Bay Ash rots within six months after being felled, and that it must not be confounded with a mountain ash : superior to everything as dray-building material. The bullock and horse dray is the settler's great stand-by, and the severe strain sometimes put upon it could only be possible with the toughest of wood and strongest of work. The Mountain Ash is, therefore, held in high regard. We see specimens of the true Queensland Apple Tree, which bears no apple but whose blossoms and foliage do bear a distant resemblance to the English tree. Its timber makes the best of flooring ; it is, as the saying goes, white as a hound's tooth ; but the sawyers declare that it exudes an acid which plays havoc with the teeth of their saws.

A procession of bullock drays, six in number, each drawn by sixteen bullocks, comes along. The Firm have much of their timber drawn by contract, and some of the bullock-drivers, rough in speech, rude in manners, and uncouth in habiliments, make a fair income by their downright hard labour. One of the half-dozen in question, a grizzled weather-marked man, owns a selection of 1,200 acres of good land. To this fact may be added others of a similar description, showing what the careful working man may do in Queensland. The obliging skipper of the "Alabama," for example, has a 500-acre farm, and there are other workmen attached to the mills who have saved their two, three, and five hundred pounds.

The open forest, as we near the scrub, is gay with long-stemmed buttercups, and watered by creeks whose courses are marked by dense, dark foliage, and sometimes made known by sweet perfumes from climbing plants and native shrubs, meeting us a quarter of a mile off. For the first time I see the wild honeysuckle of the colony, a parasite on the Swamp Mahogany, bearing a red honeysuckle-looking flower. On the creek-margin there is a shrub spangled with jessamine like blooms. Quail rise out of the grass, and dart straight away with musical whirr. Blue mountaineers call shrill in the windy tree-tops. We ride into ravines rich with ferns. There are five-and-twenty square miles of this good forest land, but it is surrounded by country hopelessly impoverished with wallum brush, though, like other worthless soil, it grows wild flowers in unusual numbers and variety.

Through a narrow bridle-path we by and by enter a darkly shaded scrub, five miles deep. Dense thickets of prickly growth, the lawyer cane predominating, forbid divergence from the path without the aid of a tomahawk. Damp, cool mosses and beautiful ferns



spring out of fissures at the tree-roots. The Firm is absolute owner or leaseholder of this grand district. Its members were its pioneers in days when the Wide Bay blacks were fiercely hostile. Not far from the scrub in which we are riding in Indian file, my companion, years ago, was kept prisoner for four-and-twenty hours in a hut surrounded by blacks lying in wait for his appearance but afraid to face his rifle. Those days of peril are gone never to return, and the timber-getters follow their callings in peace.

Through the festoons of vines and other creepers which make the scrub so funereal and cool, I espy a stately, round, smooth, straight, brown column, eighteen feet or thereabouts in circumference, and rising high above all surroundings. It is the Noosa pine. The eye follows this apparently finished piece of gigantic lathe work, seventy feet upwards, without a break or fault of any description, until it rests upon the branches of its head. We dismount, and, without moving from one spot, can count twelve of these grand pine trees. One is a patriarch that cannot be less than twelve feet in diameter at the butt. The barrel is somewhat short in proportion, the branches, so far as one can judge, being not more than sixty feet from the ground. These columns are of solid timber, and they taper very little; the wood is free from knots, handsomely marked, and capable of taking a high polish. It is largely used in Queensland, and exported to the other colonies for linings to houses—an important consideration, indeed, in a country which has not emerged from the wooden era of architecture. I have seen furniture made of Noosa pine equal in richness of marking to the finest bird's-eye maple.

The Noosa pine district and the Firm who is developing it are worthy of the space I give it, if only as an illustration of the manner in which colonies are made. When the companion of my ride was pioneering for his co-partners, the country was inhabited only by hostile blacks, with here and there a settler. The Firm now have their mills at Cootharaba, a dépôt at Tewantin lower down, and large mills fitted up with costly machinery in Brisbane. They run their own steamers and schooner, have laid down tramways from the scrub to the mills, and give employment to about two hundred persons. It is impossible to say how many of these noble pine-trees await the axe in the district; but the Firm once began counting barrels in the big scrub, and, having counted up to 500, relinquished the undertaking. An average-sized Noosa pine contains six thousand feet of timber; and latterly the Firm has produced close upon three million feet of timber per annum.

One pleasant night we spend at Cootharaba after breaking up

camp, and next morning we are homeward bound. Numbers One and Two elect to voyage in the gig down the chain of lakes and river to Tewanin, the bundle of skins we have secured not being sufficient to satisfy them. Kings Brady and Brown, however, have been improving the shining hour after their own fashion with illicitly procured rum. One is too drunk to take his place at the boat, the other sober enough to make a start. Having pulled in an erratic manner for a couple of miles he droops, and has to be revived by a dose of weak rum and water. Number One, who is toiling at the other oar, administers this mixture every half-hour. The sun is blazing hot: the pelicans are wild and unapproachable. They accordingly have a trying time in the boat, and some eight miles out His Majesty swears he has pulled two thousand miles and collapses in the bottom of the boat. Number Two—who, from the stern sheets, has hitherto placidly surveyed the scene through his eye-glass, throwing in a word of advice and consolation now and then, and by his smiling nonchalance driving Number One to the verge of distraction—has now to finish the day at the oar, and pull hard too, until they catch the tide and subside into silent drifting.

The little “Alabama” departs in the afternoon, and I take passage in her, preferring the companionship of the skipper, his sharp blue-eyed boy, and the men and women who are going down to Brisbane to see the world. We, however, like our friends gone before, do not find everything plain sailing. The water in the lakes, since we have sojourned in the district, has fallen a few inches, so that when we reach the lower lake we begin to scrape the ground. We of the sterner sex get overboard and assist the “Alabama” over three sand-banks, and the skipper has to work like a slave, managing his engine, and piloting a couple of pontoons laden with sawn timber. It is the mission of the useful little steam drudge to tow the produce of the scrubs to port in this manner, and the convenience of the passengers is necessarily a secondary consideration. Towards dusk we run aground in earnest. The “Alabama” is backed and put at the bank in vain; in vain we use poles and get out and push; in vain the little engines snort and struggle; in vain the skipper perspires and transfers the coal to one of the pontoons. We are fast on the bank. Then the skipper adopts a bold resolution: he backs into deep water, puts the engines at very full speed, and literally makes the “Alabama” charge the bank. The gallant *tour de force* was deserving of better result.

There is no help for it after dark, for ahead is the river entrance,



and the channel can only be kept in daylight, and only then by a skilful navigator. A few of us, therefore, resolve to take the boat and try and feel our way into the river and so to Tewantin. After an hour of weary pulling, we get aground ; it is too dark to see the one stake that directs to the passage, and after continually jumping overboard and hauling the boat over bank and shoal we are left by the falling tide in four inches of water, unable to retreat or advance. And there we shiver and keep vigil from ten o'clock until dawn, dozing and damp, cramped and hungry, the sharks plunging around, the big stinging ray flapping, and the mullet leaping. Two young mothers with children are of the party, and they do not utter a word of complaint. The forced inaction of that miserable night in the darkness and cold is, with the inability to sleep, a terrible trial of patience.

That miserable night, however, cannot efface or dim the pleasant remembrance of our camping out—the fresh mornings when the grass glittered with dewdrops, the birds made the woods resound with their liquid notes, and the balmy breezes braced body and soul into a union of healthy vigour—the lazy gliding of our boat along the reeds, the noonday halt in some shady retreat, the tranquil employment of rod or gun when the fancy took us—and the peaceful evenings, with their wonderful exhibition of dissolving views illuminated by colours indescribable, their glorious stars, and their genial gatherings in the welcome tent. It was a perfect holiday.

REDSPINNER.

## *NETLEY HOSPITAL.*

**W**HEN great principles are finally established it is difficult to believe in the obstacles by which they were met in the beginning. The vested interests bound up with ignorance and obstruction, which had to be swept away, were terribly hard to dislodge ; and it probably took years of patient endeavour before a truth, so self-evident when demonstrated as to make it a matter of wonder why it was ever opposed at all, could gain a sullen hearing or grudging leave to prove its own existence. Science and class justice have always been thus opposed ; and it is not too much to say that every radical discovery in the former, every great principle of the latter, has had to make its way against doubt, derision, misrepresentation, and the unfailing cry of injury to the established order of things, religious or social, should this upsetting doctrine be received, this revolutionary change be effected.

The establishment of naval and military Hospitals, which, besides being healing places for the sick, should serve as training-schools for the medical officers of the army, is a case in point. The principle, now acknowledged to be one as important to the well-being of the service as a well-organised commissariat or a strict drill, was once fought against with the desperation of that kind of conservatism which fears all change and denies all need of improvement ; and nothing but the untiring energy of strong conviction ever enabled the reformers of the old bad system of military and naval hygiene to carry their point.

In this work France took the first step by establishing both military and naval hospitals, of which medical schools were an integral part, for the special training of military and naval surgeons. So long ago as 1715, M. Dupuy, "principal surgeon at the port of Rochefort, found manifold complaints made of the ignorance and inefficiency of the surgeons embarked on the ships," and to remedy the evil, wrote to the then minister, suggesting the establishment at the Hospital at Rochefort of a naval medical school, where young medical students destined for the navy might learn their special duties. His suggestion met the usual fate of all reforms. It

was snubbed by silence and shelved with contempt. Once again that same year he made a second attempt; another in 1716; another in 1717; and in 1719 "permission was given to make demonstrations of anatomy in the hospital, and of chemistry in the laboratory, but no assistance was given either in teachers or money." In 1720 M. Dupuy went in person to Paris to plead his cause before the authorities. "He represented that, by connecting a school of medicine with the hospital itself, students could become acquainted in advance with the various diseases and injuries received by mariners in all parts of the globe, in war and peace, and that this was a precious source of instruction, which it would be criminal not to utilise." He urged more than this, but this was the kernel of the argument, and common sense prevailed so far that he was empowered to open his naval medical school if he could.

When he returned to Rochefort he found that he could not do much. The commandant would give him for his own use but one small room, dark, inconvenient and partly filled with invalids; from which evil, however, resulted the good of the great naval Hospital at Rochefort, the first naval medical school established in France, and formally opened in 1722 with much pomp and circumstance. "So immediate and complete was its success that the minister wrote to M. Dupuy, to express to him how much the king was gratified with his zeal for the good of the service, and with the wisdom of his views for perfecting the institution he had created." He also gave him licence to improve his school, and a title of nobility; but the most valuable recognition was in the foundation of other schools at Toulon (1725) and Brest (1731). A royal ordinance establishing these three naval medical schools was issued in 1768; and during the most stormy times of the great revolution they were not only unmolested but were continued by a special decree of "17 Nivôse, An IX." "It is an interesting fact, which may be mentioned here, that the medical corps of the navy of France owe to the spirit of equality which prevailed at this epoch the concession of a right which they had long sued for in vain, that of being assimilated in all respects with the surgeons of the army. Perhaps never in any other place than before this decree appeared with more appropriateness the notorious motto of the Republic:—

" 'LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.'

" 12 Messidor, l'an troisième de la République Française une et indivisible (30 June 1795).

" Les officiers de santé de la marine seront assimilés aux officiers de santé

des armées de terre pour le classement et le traitement. Il en sera de même pour les accessoires, les indemnités, les congés, les retraites et autres attributions.

“ Signé

“ CAMBACÈRES, *Président.*

“ ROUX, VERRON, RABAUT, MARNE, *Comité.*”

“ How simply and easily such a law would have settled all the contentions which not long since disturbed the medical corps of our navy,” says Mr. Richard C. Dean, Medical Inspector, United States Navy, from whose report on the “ Naval Medical Schools of France and England ” the foregoing extracts have been taken.

Since then these medical schools have been carried on with ever-increasing success. The marvellous faculty of organisation possessed by the French has produced a system which seems to be almost faultless ; and the substratum was too good from the beginning to need anything but partial and bit-by-bit reforms as time went on and knowledge increased. The discipline is strict ; the examinations are sufficiently stiff ; the cost of the whole education is borne by the government ; but in return the medical men so educated engage to remain in the service for ten years, or to restore to the department the amount spent in procuring their degree ; and, according to Inspector Dean’s report, the wise liberality of the administration is felt in each department and in all the hospitals alike.

This naval medical Hospital had been established for more than a century at Rochefort before we in England recognised the importance of a like school for our own army and navy ; but that such a school was imperatively necessary became every year more evident. Still, new views find it hard to get a hearing, and Dr. Robert Jackson, Sir J. Ranald Martin, and Dr. Parkes urged the question long and warmly before the authorities would allow themselves to be stirred. The shortcomings of our military medical and hospital service brought to light in the Crimean war, the efforts of the three men referred to and of Lord Sydney Herbert, and the evidence given by the action of Miss Nightingale at last found their fitting response ; and in 1857 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the sanitary condition of the army. “ A new system of regulations was prepared by this commission,” says Dr. Parkes, “ which entirely altered the position of the army medical officer. Previously the army surgeon had been entrusted officially merely with the care of the sick, though he had naturally been frequently consulted on the preservation of health and the prevention of disease. But the regulations of 1859 gave him an official position in this direction, as he is ordered to advise commanding officers in *all matters affecting the*

*health of troops*, whether as regards *garrisons, stations, camps, and barracks*, or *diet, clothing, drill, duties, and exercises*.

“The commission also recommended that, to enable the army surgeon to do this efficiently, an *army medical school* should be established, in which the specialties of military medicine and surgery, hygiene and sanitary medicine, might be taught to the young medical officers of the army.”

The result of all this was that, on the establishment of the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley—the first stone of which was laid by the Queen in 1856—not only a noble healing place was provided for the sick and wounded, but also a grand medical school was set on foot for the better and more specialised education of the men into whose care they had to be given. “But,” again quoting from Inspector Dean’s report,

although it was on the recommendation of the Royal Commissioners that the army medical school was finally organised, the idea of such a school by no means originated with that body. It was Dr. John Bell, a distinguished surgeon and teacher of Edinburgh, one of a name and family that have given many honoured members to the medical profession, who, seeing the low state of surgical knowledge among the naval surgeons of the fleet when he visited their hospitals at Yarmouth, after the battle of Camperdown, first called the attention of the British Government to the necessity of establishing what he called a “great school of military surgery.” The effect of this memoir was the establishment of the “military surgery chair” in the University of Edinburgh. The first occupant of the chair was Dr. John Thomson, who was appointed in 1806, and was succeeded in 1822 by Sir George Ballingall, an army surgeon of experience, and author of the well-known “*Outlines of Military Surgery*.” In the year 1805 Dr. Robert Jackson, often styled the “Prince of Army Surgeons,” published his excellent treatise on the “*Medical Department of Armies*.” In this work Dr. Jackson unfolded an elaborate scheme for an “army medical practical school,” which he proposed to establish in connection with the invalid dépôt in the Isle of Wight. The plan of this famous army surgeon was, in all essential particulars, the same as that laid down in the present constitution of the army medical school; this remarkable man having on this, as on so many other subjects, ideas in advance of the age in which he lived. The only step taken in this matter, until after the Crimean war, was the establishment of another chair of military surgery in Dublin. This and the corresponding chair in Edinburgh were finally abolished when the army medical school was opened in 1860.

The institution was first placed at Fort Pitt, Chatham; but in 1863 the Royal Victoria Hospital was opened at Netley, and to it were removed the school, the pathological museum, and the two libraries connected with the medical department of the army, as it was believed that young medical officers would have there better advantages for the study of disease.

Nowhere in the world, at the present time, is there such an admirable military medical school as this at Netley Hospital; nowhere are the four subjects of military medicine, military surgery, military

hygiene, and pathology, taught with more thoroughness, more efficiency. Especially in the department of hygiene does it "stand unrivalled by any other similar institution in Europe or America," under the direction of Professor de Chaumont. The range of subjects taught in this department is of the most comprehensive kind. No subject in any way connected with health is omitted. From the influence of climate to the relative nutritive value of meats dried, smoked, salted and fresh; from the geographical distribution of disease and mortality to the art of cooking; from the transmissibility of disease to the science of ventilation—with every other conceivable question directly and indirectly affecting the health of armies and fleets—is taught through and through. Consequently, Netley turns out a set of military and naval hygienists superior to any to be found elsewhere; for it ought to have been said in its place that in 1872 the medical school at this Hospital was made to include the naval service as well as the military, and that the blue-jackets are represented and cared for all the same as the red-coats.

The Army Medical School is a kind of *imperium in imperio*, being governed by its own Senate which sits for the despatch of business as often as necessary, having a distinct and independent existence under the Secretary of State for War. The Senate consists of the Directors-General of the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy, who preside at its meetings; the Physician to the Council of India; the Professors of the School; and the Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Victoria Hospital *ex officio*. No act of the Senate is binding until it has received the approval of the Secretary of State for War; and the whole management of the School is entirely under its jurisdiction. There are four professors, teachers of the four subjects spoken of above; and the students, or, as they are called, candidates, are kept strict and sharp to work and time.

The spirit of discipline which informs the working of this Hospital, both in the sick wards and in the school, is one of the most noteworthy and individual features here. The absence of all slovenly looseness and of all spasmodic energy alike, the regularity, order, punctuality, method, and perfect training characteristic of a highly organised service and a highly disciplined body of men, make Netley Hospital a different thing altogether from the ordinary civilian hospital; and no student of large organisations should fail to make a careful study of this.

The Hospital, a grand red-brick building faced with Portland stone, and a quarter of a mile from end to end, is a conspicuous object as it stands on a little eminence overlooking Southampton Water.

Founded, as was said, in 1856, the foundation stone is visible in a small sunken space, railed round. The first public place visited by the Queen after the death of the Prince Consort was Netley Hospital. Her Majesty was profoundly affected when she read the legend on the stone, and recalled the fact that when she saw it placed in position and pronounced it "well and duly laid," her beloved husband was by her side. A monument in the grounds, raised to the memory of the medical officers who fell in the Crimea, speaks of other widows, other orphans, and the undying memory of respect and love ; and the fine repute of Surgeon-General Beatson is perpetuated by the memorial window given to the chapel by the officers who knew and loved him. Of this chapel, by the way, no sectarian narrowness can be alleged, as here are held the three services respectively of the English, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian churches ; each at its appointed time, and all without mutual bitterness or interference.

The medical visit round the wards is made with military precision, at 9 A.M. in summer, 10 A.M. in winter ; and the Orderlies, or male nurses, are paraded thrice a day to prove themselves sober, fit and competent for their duties. At 9 P.M. the Orderly Medical Officer "will be careful to see that all the orderlies are present, and that all the patients are in bed." There are female nurses, however, as well as the Orderlies ; six work by day and two by night, with two Sisters for sick officers. They attend to the sick and are chiefly told off for the more desperate or dying cases. They make all the poultices required, all drinks, arrowroot and the like ; they administer the medicines and apply the medical treatment ordered by the officer ; they help the Orderlies in their duties ; and they attend to such surgical cases as are fit for women to deal with. But the administration of Netley recognises modesty as a feminine virtue and suffers no female hand in such cases or circumstances as would outrage the natural modesty of a good woman. In this we venture to think the great military Hospital of the United Kingdom shows a wise resolve and supports a great principle. The Sisters are women of good class and thoroughly trained to their duties ; and the common failure of the order, their want of discipline, is here reduced to a minimum and rendered almost impossible.

What they are and what they can do when put to it was shown in the military promptness with which Mrs. Deeble and her six nurses made themselves ready for Zulu Land, in less than a week's notice. In a week's time substitutes to take their place at Netley were found, and all their own preparations were made ; stores, drugs, appliances were



all got together and packed ; but no finery, no toys, no useless incumbrances of any kind were included. All was strict, business-like, purposeful ; and the work that they did was as satisfactory as were the workers. They were away for eleven months, working cheerfully and well all the time.

The pay of these nurses is small—beginning at £30 per annum and ending at the maximum of £50 by a rise of £2 yearly. Besides this, they have food and washing found, and are given £4. 7s. yearly for uniform. After twenty years' service they are pensioned off ; but they receive a pension if they have been disabled in the service after five years' work. There are some among them who think their pay should be increased by £5 a year ; and certainly the greater the reward held out the better would be the class of woman secured to the service. But the just scale of class payment is one of those "burning questions" which generally scorch the fingers of those who handle them ; and too many considerations are involved in the fit remuneration of military nurses to be settled offhand in a couple of sentences.

What has been a more important, and even a more hotly burning question, is the relative positions to be held by the combatant and the healing branches of the service. For a long time, in spite of many improvements as regards rank, pay, opportunities for personal distinctions, and a fairer share of honorary rewards, the position of army surgeons was not satisfactory, causing high-class professional young men to hold back from the service. To such a large extent have the disabilities of army medical officers of late been removed, that the jealousy of combatant officers has been a little awakened. As old officers accustomed to the service as it was in their youth retire or die out, all this will disappear. Under any circumstances the authorities are not likely to make a retrograde step in this matter, nor, having opened an avenue to distinction which rightly honours those who take it, shall we fall back into the old error of degrading a noble profession by discrediting its professors. As things are, the medical branch of the service is one which any gentleman may enter with as much pride and more profit than he finds in the combatant branch. The rank awarded is parallel and the pay better.

In a very few years we shall see a total revolution of feeling in this matter ; and the sons of gentlemen, who once would have considered themselves *déclassés* had they studied surgery or hygiene in the service where the practice of gunnery and barrack-yard drill would have been an honour, will be glad to go through a course of instruction which of itself guarantees the working quality of their



brains, and will be proud to wear the uniform which *ex-officio* grants them distinction.

But all is not perfection even at Netley ; and the British public will learn with some surprise that in the opinion of the Horse Guards the military business of the Hospital, as distinct from the medical, cannot be carried on without the presence of two Colonels and one Major. This, to speak plainly, is a shameless job and an imposition on the taxpayers of the country. Mr. Childers, when First Lord of the Admiralty, dispensed with the services of Naval Captains in the great Naval Hospitals of the country ; and at no time in their history have they been so effective for the purpose for which they were intended as since that measure has been carried out. It is necessary that there should be a military officer to aid the military part of the invaliding and to take command of the "time-expired men," so long as the bad practice of sending them to Netley obtains. For all other purposes this large military establishment answers no good end, and serves only as so much patronage in providing places for men who cannot otherwise be provided for. None of them even pretend to know anything about hospital administration, and they are not chosen under any such pretence. The principal medical officer is always a Surgeon-General, with the relative army rank of Major-General. This officer has necessarily been trained from his youth upwards in military hospital administration. It often, indeed generally, happens that he comes direct from India, where he has been thought competent to administer, not only the affairs of one hospital, but all medical matters relating to an army of sixty or seventy thousand men. But when he comes to Netley, the Horse Guards think that one hospital cannot be governed without the two Colonels and the Major aforesaid. The amusing part of it is, that the principal medical officer is responsible for all the public property in the building and for every shrub in the park ; and that he has the command of the Army Hospital Corps, the only soldiers not sick who should be seen in the Hospital.

As things are, however, another great and crying abuse is put in practice by the authorities. In the winter time, one-half of this great and costly building, intended as it was solely for a Hospital and the grandest school of military medicine in the kingdom, is converted into a barrack, in which "time-expired men" arriving from foreign stations are quartered until they are discharged into the reserve. In no other country but this dear old patchwork and compromise-loving land of ours would such an anomaly as this be allowed—namely, a barrack and a hospital in one. "Time-expired

men" about to leave for the reserve, are not remarkable for high discipline; and their presence under the same roof with sick men is open to objections so obvious that it is useless even to state them. In the matter of care and cleanliness, too, the visitor has only to inspect that part of the building so used, or rather abused, to see how deteriorated, dirty and knocked about it is.

While touching on the shortcomings and defects of this great national establishment, we will give a list of those which occur to us, beginning with one of perhaps not much vital consequence.

This Hospital is, as we know, a fine imposing-looking building of red brick faced with Portland stone, standing well, and making a prominent object for miles around. About a hundred yards from the south end of the Hospital stand the officers' quarters, originally designed to correspond with the front of the main building. But for the sake of a few thousand pounds the design was changed at the eleventh hour, and, instead of being of red brick handsomely faced with stone like the rest, it is plastered over with hideous-looking cement, giving it the appearance of a workhouse that has lost its way and finally settled down, no one knows how or why, in the park of Netley Hospital.

Again, the plan of the Hospital is faulty according to modern sanitary science. It is built on the corridor system—the corridors, exactly a quarter of a mile in length, run from one extremity of the building to the other. This is an obvious defect in construction. If filled with wounded men, even with the advantage of the antiseptic treatment, it would be impossible to prevent any mischief that might arise from spreading with fatal rapidity throughout the wards of the entire building. To prevent this, it is proposed, in the event of a great war, to build up the arches of the corridors at convenient distances, so as to divide the building as much as possible into temporary blocks; and in the summer large numbers of wounded men might be treated with great advantage in tents, of which there is an ample supply. It is odd that, although the building is supplied with lifts for invalids, and the conveyance of coal and other heavy weights to the upper stories, they are never used. The fact is, their original construction was faulty and even dangerous, and the War Office authorities have never consented to have them properly repaired. It is melancholy, in a mechanical country like ours, to see the waste of time and labour entailed by defects so obvious and so easy of remedy!

Fronting the main entrance to the Hospital is a handsome tubular pier. The original intention was to carry this structure out to the edge

of the deep water ; but the courage of the Government failed, and the large sum of money spent in constructing the pier to less than a third of the distance required benefited no one but the contractors.

Each ward is furnished with fine luxurious baths made of that costly material, enamelled slate. These baths have been so made that they are useless and are consequently never used. When hot-water baths are required, old-fashioned wooden tubs have to be brought to the bedside, and with great expenditure of human labour filled and afterwards emptied. *En revanche*, on the ground floor is a spacious swimming bath, which is filled by a small steam engine with water from the sea. This is a great comfort to the Hospital establishment. In the same part of the building are vapour baths, but too far away from the wards to be of any use to the invalids. It was proposed to add a Turkish bath, but this has never got beyond the limits of good intention on the part of the authorities, although such an addition to the means of treatment would obviously be a great advantage to the sick.

A loop line from the main line of the London and South-Western Railway was constructed for the convenience of Government. The officers who were responsible for the proper carrying out of this necessary arrangement so contrived matters as to make the terminus nearly a mile distant from the Hospital, which necessitates the keeping up a detachment of the Army Service Corps, with wagons, horses, ambulance wagons, &c., to convey the sick and their baggage into the Hospital. By the exercise of a little common sense the railway might have terminated in the building itself, thus saving time, money, and much needless suffering to the sick brought from Portsmouth by rail. It is only in a British Government establishment that such absurd arrangements would be tolerated for an hour.

The Hospital was contrived for 1,080 beds, but only 1,002 can be occupied, and it is only for a few months in the year, when invalids arrive from India—that is, from the end of March to the beginning of July—that so many beds are in use for the sick. In the winter, as we have seen, one-half are appropriated to the time-expired men.

Still, with all these defects and shortcomings, which it is only fair and reasonable to state when dealing with the subject at all, Netley Hospital is one of those establishments of which we may be justly proud, and from which we may look for more than the mere direct result of healing the sick and wounded of the army. For being, as we have said, one of the finest military medical schools in the world, the education given there has raised the status of the army medical officer to a point of absolute equality with that of the combatant

officer, so that we may now hope to see the medical branch of the service as eagerly sought after by men of family with brains and the love of science, as formerly the fighting branch was affected by those who had neither.

We know of nothing more interesting than a visit to Netley Hospital. In Southampton itself we find such points of old-world charm as Anne Boleyn's house with its embayed and sunny windows where so many a whispered drama has been enacted, its thick oak door that has opened to so many hopes and shut against so many joys ; St. Michael's Church, where Philip of Spain gave thanks to God for the safe passage and happy landing which were to cost the lives and happiness of thousands ; the old Norman wall, with its sally ports and narrow winding streets built up against its huge girth, narrow and winding as those of an Italian village ; while the floating bridge, which cuts you off from the other side at eleven P.M., and where the noise of the steam and the clattering of their feet on the moving platform frighten horses of the sugarplum breed, leads you to Netley Abbey, one of the most beautiful ruins of the long past. At the Hospital itself countless objects full of pathos, of picturesqueness, of suggestiveness, of information, are to be found. There, sitting on the benches facing the sea and full in the sun, or wandering through the long corridors, are groups of the sick and wounded in their blue jerseys and lighter blue caps. Some are still pale and thin and bandaged ; some are coughing ominously ; but most are evidently "on the mend," if a few have that unmistakable look of the doomed who are waiting on time for death. Others, farther advanced on the good way and formed into a convalescent fatigue-party, are raking together the short sweet grass freshly mown on the banks. In the distance a red-coat makes a telling point of colour as he marches briskly down the long walk that leads between the green lawns ; while the tents pitched to the back of the Hospital, filled with men at dinner, give a curious picnic kind of air to the scene. In the wards the most noticeable thing is the extreme order that prevails. No squalor, no dirt, no poor bundles of private rags are to be seen, but everything is instinct with military precision—everything is clean and well set up, and the very sick are not unmindful of their old habits of discipline. Indeed, the order there is perhaps as perfect as anything human can be. A thousand men might be received without a moment's fuss or confusion ; and half an hour after a whole batch of sick have been admitted it is as though they had been, each in his place, for days. Yet if we wanted any evidence as to the enormous traffic there must be in this Hospital, we need only look at that

heavily cased iron frontage to the stairs, telling as it does of the many feet that continually go up and down.

The Orderlies, with the red cross on the arm for hospital duty, tell us one or two of the most striking cases. It is thrilling enough for us civilians to feel in the presence of those who were face to face with the Zulus and the Afghans, and who came out of the fray with such sorry proof of the foemen's force as this bright-faced cheery boy for one can show. He was shot right through the lung, and the Orderly rolled up his shirt to show where the bullet had gone in and come out of the firm, white, healthy flesh. The lad himself seemed to think nothing of it, but laughed and showed his clear small teeth—said he was all right—mending fast—and would have been sent on to his battalion to-day, but that the wound broke out afresh, and he was stopped. Another poor fellow had a far worse story to tell. A ball entered below the jaw and passed through the opposite temple, destroying both eyes, and his arm was shattered just above the wrist. A young fellow in bed, a strong, finely built man, was giving his surgeons and nurses grave anxiety. He had been wounded with an Afghan spear, and the wound would not heal. It almost looked as if the spear had been poisoned, for there was nothing in the mere wound itself, nor, so far as they could tell, in the lad's constitution to account for the persistent malignity of the sore. Three or four poor fellows were in bed with that sad, patient solemnity of dying men. For them that terrible question of time and death was narrowing to a very short span, and the hours might almost be foretold when all would be over with them for ever.

But far worse cases than were extant in the wards when we were there are to be seen commemorated in pictures and relics in the museum. Here is the ghastly picture of the torn stump of a man's arm. At the battle of Waterloo it was shot away and badly crushed and mangled ; but he galloped off to the hospital at Brussels and did *not* bleed to death. Here is the lance, broken and twisted, on which a lancer impaled himself. His horse was restive, and he was thrown forward on his weapon. When he looked behind him he saw the head of the lance sticking out at his back. They sawed off the shaft, drew out the head, and the man recovered and lived. Two men were at play fencing with sticks ; one thrust the other through the nostril, and the game stopped. The hit man complained of pain in his head ; he soon after became unconscious, and died in a few hours. No outward wound was to be seen, which made the strangeness of the thing, but after his death, on a post-mortem examination, the feruled end of the stick was found embedded in his brain. The most extraordinary

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case, however, is that of a sailor who fell from the mast-head and broke his skull. The bones kept continually coming away until he had no bony case left at all—only the brain and the soft scalp. There is a wax figure of him at the hospital where he sat with the small bones of his skull gathered together in his hands—like a second and instructive Glengulphus.

There are many other things to see. To us outsiders it is interesting to watch a number of smart, well set up, handsome young fellows, in undress military uniform, with sleeves and aprons over their buttons and lace, working in the laboratory at the analysis of flour—whereof four sacks making 700 loaves are used daily; and of each new batch supplied to the Hospital a new analysis is made; or at the demonstration of the circulation of the blood by means of a newt's tail and a powerful microscope; or learning how to find a bullet by electricity—a bell ringing when the probe touches metal and silent when it only touches bone; or studying the best method of carrying an ambulance stretcher, and tending the wounded in the field; or verifying by the spectroscope the yellow band of sodium and the red and yellow bands of calcium. The sixty chemical pupils in the school when we were there are learning to do good work in their generation, and we honoured their sleeves and aprons. After two o'clock they may be in mufti, but undress uniform is *de rigueur* up to that time.

Then there are models of all kinds of death-dealing missiles side by side with all kinds of healing appliances—including a model of the *ambulance volante*, the grandfather of all the tribe, and the stuffed carcass of a famous mule who kicked and bit and was a fury in his lifetime, but “a good one to go,” as we were told, and who died, happily before he had eaten a man—which was apparently the height of his ambition.

The pathological museum is very complete; the instruction given leaves nothing undone; the whole school reflects infinite credit on the professors and the profession alike; and in these circumstances would it not be wise in the Government to make the whole concern as complete as possible, so that this most important branch of the service might be filled by the best men, and the honour of saving life be as much coveted as that of destroying it?

E. LYNN LINTON.

## “*THE VENERABLE BEDE.*”

A SHORT time since, I laid before the readers of this Magazine<sup>1</sup> some account of that precious monument of our early history, the English Chronicle. To-day, I propose to follow up the subject by a brief sketch of the life and works of Beda, the only real authority for the very first epoch of our national existence. Almost every child is familiar with the name of “the Venerable Bede,” yet most persons even amongst the educated classes have apparently a vague notion that the bearer of that famous name was probably a mediæval archdeacon of about the twelfth or thirteenth century, like Geoffrey of Monmouth or Giraldus Cambrensis. But the real importance of Beda in the development of our literature and the transmission of our early history is so very great, that he well deserves to be better known by the ordinary English reader. And when we reflect that he is in all likelihood the first Englishman whose writings have come down to us—for the great epic which goes by the name of Cædmon is probably a spurious composition of later date—we can hardly fail to feel an interest in this “father of English learning,” as Burke truly called him—this “teacher,” as he seemed to the chronicler of Melrose, “not only of the English, but of the universal Church.”

Beda was an English monk of the eighth century, in the days when Teutonic Britain had not yet coalesced into the single kingdom of England. Three great powers, those of Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex—the north, the midland, and the south—still divided between them the overlordship of the various English, Jutish, and Saxon communities between the Frith of Forth and the coast of Dorset. Minor kings or *sub-reguli* still ruled over the lesser Teutonic principalities. The Kelt still held half of Britain. At the date of Beda’s birth the Northern Welsh still retained their independence in Strathclyde; the Welsh proper still spread to the banks of the Severn; and the West Welsh of Cornwall still owned all the peninsula south of the Bristol Channel as far eastward as the Somersetshire marshes. Beyond Forth and Clyde the Picts yet ruled over the greater part of the Highlands, while the Scots, who have now given the name of Scotland to the whole of Britain beyond the Cheviots, were a mere

<sup>1</sup> See *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1880.



intrusive Irish colony in Argyllshire, Skye, and the Western Hebrides. These ethnical facts give an immense value to Beda's writings, as his pages allow us to catch constant glimpses of the interaction between the Teutonic colonists and the still powerful Keltic aborigines. In his works, to put it briefly, we find Britain just in the act of becoming England.

Beda was born at Jarrow, in the county of Durham, in the year 674 A.D.<sup>1</sup> Only two hundred years had then yet elapsed since the landing of the first English colonists in Thanet. Scarcely more than a century had passed since the founder of the Northumbrian kingdom, Ida, as the English Chronicle quaintly puts it, had “timbered Bamborough, and betyned it with a hedge.” The memory of the Jutish leaders, Hengest and Horsa, must have been as fresh in the minds of the English in those days as the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers now is in the minds of rural New Englanders. The colonization of Yorkshire and East Anglia was almost as recent an event as the Declaration of Independence seems to a citizen of Massachusetts or Connecticut in our own days. The constant lingering warfare with the Welsh on the western marches was still as real and living a fact as the smouldering Indian wars of the American territories to a farmer in Iowa or Nebraska. Less than fifty years before Beda's birth, his native country of Northumbria was still a heathen land : only forty years had passed since the conversion of Wessex ; and Sussex was even then given over to the worship of Woden and Thunor. These facts again serve to show us how great is the value of Beda's *magnum opus*, the “ Ecclesiastical History of the English People,” as the account of a person who lived amongst or shortly after the chief events which he describes. Is it not extraordinary that we are content to remain ignorant of the works of such an Englishman, writing in such a strange and interesting England as that which these short notes disclose ?

Brief as had been the reign of the new faith in Northumbria, however, the church had already obtained considerable territorial influence. Establishment and endowment had begun in earnest. Benedict Biscop had founded two great abbeys near the mouth of the Wear, in towns which now bear the names of Bishop's Wearmouth and Jarrow. The neighbouring land, as we learn from Beda himself, belonged to the two monasteries, and on their estates the father of our historian was born. Beda has been kind enough, too, unlike the authors of the Chronicle, to give us a slight sketch of his

<sup>1</sup> In this paper, which is of course intended for the general reader and not for professed historians, I adopt throughout what seem to me the most probable dates and facts, without entering into any critical disquisitions as to the grounds upon which I prefer one authority to another.

own life at the end of the “*Ecclesiastical History*.” From it we learn that he was left an orphan, and was handed over, at the age of seven years, to the care of Abbot Benedict, after whose death Abbot Ceolfrid took charge of the young aspirant. “Thenceforth,” says the aged monk fifty years later, “I passed all my lifetime in the buildings of that monastery [Jarrow], and gave all my days to meditating on Scripture. In the intervals of my regular monastic discipline, and of my daily task of chanting in chapel, I have always amused myself either by learning, teaching, or writing. In the nineteenth year of my life I received ordination as deacon ; in my thirtieth year I attained to the priesthood ; both functions being administered by the most reverend bishop John [afterwards known as St. John of Beverley], at the request of Abbot Ceolfrid. From the time of my ordination as priest to the fifty-ninth year of my life, I have occupied myself in briefly commenting upon Holy Scripture, for the use of myself and my brethren, from the works of the venerable Fathers, and in some cases I have added interpretations of my own to aid in their comprehension.” Then follows a formidable list of the good monk’s writings, too long for insertion here, but interesting as showing the range of his knowledge and the tastes of his age. It begins with a work on Genesis in four books ; next follow three books on the Tabernacle, its Vessels and the Vestments of the Priests : then come commentaries on Samuel and Kings ; and so on through the whole of the Canonical Books down to the Revelation of St. John the Divine. After these exegetical treatises, we get his more general works—“A Book of Letters” (on the Reason of Leap Year, on the Equinoxes, and so forth) ; a “Life of St. Anastasius ;” a “Life of St. Cuthbert,” in prose and “heroic verse ;” a History of his own Abbey ; the “*Ecclesiastical History of our Island and People* ;” a “Book of Hymns in various Metres ;” a “Book of Epigrams in Heroic or Elegiac Metre ;” a work “*De Natura Rerum*”—on the Nature of Things (one would imagine that this comprehensive title might have rendered all the rest unnecessary) ; and others on Orthography, the Metric Art, and like subjects. It is clear that Beda’s life was at least not an idle one.

“The institutions of the monastery in which Beda was educated,” says Mr. Stevenson (to whose scholarly edition of the “*Ecclesiastical History*” I owe the deepest obligations), “must have tended in an eminent degree to supply him with that learning for which he was so eminently distinguished. Belonging to the order of St. Benedict, which, beyond all others, was calculated to promote attachment to literature, and possessing, as may be presumed, a

natural taste for study, he was fortunate in having access to a library of more than ordinary extent and value. Benedict Biscop, the first Abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, had paid at least four visits to the Papal Court, and had each time returned to England laden with the choicest manuscripts and works of art (?) which Rome could furnish.

. . . . A Benedictine monastery, consisting of more than six hundred monks, endowed with princely revenues,"—Mr. Miall and the Liberation Society will shudder to learn that Jarrow possessed no less than 15,000 acres of English land—"and governed by an abbot who was interested in the promotion of literature, must, in all probability, have produced many eminent men, whose studies and example were likely to have an influence on a young and enthusiastic scholar." It has been plausibly suggested that Beda may have learnt Roman music from John the Archcantor, whom Benedict Biscop brought with him from Italy : while his apparent knowledge of Greek—then a rare accomplishment in the West, as Mr. Green rightly notes—was perhaps due to "the school which the Greek Archbishop Theodore"—himself a monk of Tarsus in Cilicia—"founded beneath the walls of Canterbury."

Nothing more is known of our author's history, save the touching but twice-told tale of his peaceful death. I shall not retell the pretty pathetic story here, for abler pens have done it better justice elsewhere than I can pretend to do. Several manuscripts have preserved to us the letter of Cuthbert, afterwards Abbot of Jarrow, to his friend Cuthwine, giving us the very date of his death, May 27, A.D. 735, and also narrating the somewhat overdrawn picture, with which we are all familiar, of how he died just as he had completed his translation of St. John's Gospel. "Thus saying, he passed the day in peace till eventide. The boy [his scribe] said to him, 'Still one sentence, beloved master, is yet unwritten.' He answered, 'Write it quickly. After a while the boy said, 'Now the sentence is written.' Then he replied, 'It is well,' quoth he, 'thou hast said the truth: it is finished.' . . . . And so he passed away to the kingdom of heaven."

The great work which gives Beda a claim to our attention at the present day is his "Ecclesiastical History of the English People." This History consists of five books, divided into short chapters, and makes up about four hundred pages of an ordinary modern octavo ; it is written in very easy and fairly classical Latin, but often in a turgid style which strongly contrasts with the native English simplicity of the Chronicle. Five ancient manuscripts, one of them transcribed only two years after Beda's death, and now deposited in the Cambridge Library, give us the text in a very pure form. Mr.

Stevenson's edition for the English Historical Society renders the work thoroughly accessible to modern English readers. Indeed, there is no reason why everybody who knows enough Latin to make out the sense of Cæsar's "Commentaries" should not study Beda for himself in the original. For those who cannot, an excellent translation exists in the collection of English Church Historians.

The earlier portion of the "Ecclesiastical History" is taken up with the events which preceded the conversion of the English to Christianity, and therefore deals mainly with the Britons (or Welsh) and their Roman masters. This part of the work is a mere compilation from the writings of older authors, such as the "Universal History" of Orosius, and the doubtful lamentations of the Welsh monk Gildas. But from the arrival of St. Augustine of Canterbury, Beda ceases to be a second-hand narrator, and continues the story of the English church and people as an original investigator. For his materials he was apparently indebted to three sources: his own personal knowledge, verbal information from others, and written documents now lost. But of his general fidelity no doubt exists. Not only do his facts usually tally with those which we learn elsewhere, but the documents which he quotes are almost always correctly cited. In one interesting case, that of King Cædwalla's monument in Rome (of which I shall have more to say hereafter), the original epitaph still exists, and it differs from Beda's copy only in two or three unimportant verbal particulars. Such unimpeachable evidence affords us every ground of confidence in the historical accuracy of our author.

I propose to give a few selected extracts from the "Historia Ecclesiastica," as I have already done from the English Chronicle, in order that Beda may speak for himself to our modern ears. It will be clear from the passages here selected, that Beda's History is quite as valuable from a social and political standpoint as from the purely ecclesiastical point of view.

In Book I. cap. xxxiv. Beda thus narrates the exploits of Aethelfrith, king of Northumbria, who ascended the throne about the year 592, three-quarters of a century before Beda's birth. The chapter is headed, "How Aedilfrid, king of the Northan-hymbri, wasting the tribes of the Scots in battle, expelled them from the territories of the English."

In these times there reigned over the kingdom of the Northan-hymbri a most brave and ambitious king, Aedilfrid, who, more than all other nobles of the English, wasted the race of the Britons: so that he seemed comparable to Saul, formerly king of the Israelitish people, this only being excepted, that he was ignorant of the divine religion." (Observe, in passing, how meritorious an act it appeared to Beda that an English king should "waste the Britons,"—just as a

western American might talk to-day of *smashing the Indians.*) “For no one of our tribunes,”—the word is Beda’s, not mine ; perhaps he thought it the finest Latin for the English *ealdorman*—“no one of our kings, has rendered more of their lands either tributary to or an integral part of the English territory, whether by subjugating or by exterminating the natives. To whom we might rightly apply that phrase which the patriarch employed in blessing his son in the person of Saul, ‘ Benjamin, a ravening wolf, in the morning shall devour the prey, and at night shall divide the spoil.’ Whence, moved by his proceedings, Aedan, king of the Scots, who inhabit Britain”—to distinguish them from the other and original Scots who inhabited Ireland—“came against him with an immense and powerful army : but he fled, beaten, with a mere handful. Sooth to say, at a famous spot called Degsa’s-stán,” (that is, the stone of Degsa) “almost all his army was cut to pieces. In which battle, also, Theobald, brother of Aedilfrid, with all his detachment, was destroyed. Which aforesaid war Aedilfrid completed in the six hundred and third year from the incarnation of our Lord, but of his own reign (which he held for twenty-four years) the eleventh : furthermore, in the first year of Focas [Phocas], who then held the highest post of the Roman kingdom. From that time forward none of the Scottish kings has ventured to come against the English nation unto this day.”

This single passage sufficiently shows several characteristic marks of Beda’s style, and several of the lessons which we may learn from him. Note, first, the careful manner in which the dates are given and verified, so as to synchronize all the events with which the historian deals. Indeed, Beda was a terrible stickler for chronology, and was constantly writing upon that important mediæval question, the construction of the Kalendar. In times when a few days’ discrepancy as to the date of keeping Easter might imperil a man’s chance of eternal salvation, it was no wonder that the worthy monks kept a sharp look-out upon the moon’s phases. Then, again, observe the singular moral atmosphere in which Beda lived, when to waste the Britons was a deed almost sufficient to atone for paganism itself. And, lastly, notice the implications of that allusion to kings and ealdormen of the English who subjugated and rendered tributary the native Cymri. These few words are in themselves a satisfactory answer to those Teutonic dogmatists who will have it that the English conquerors utterly exterminated the aboriginal Kelts. The truth is, as I have endeavoured to show elsewhere, that more than half the population of Britain is at this moment of Keltic descent.

The following passage, which occurs after the history of the conversion of Kent, introduces the celebrated synod held by Augustine with the Welsh clergy :—

“ Meanwhile Augustine, aided by king Aedilberct, convened to a colloquy the bishops and doctors of the nearest province of the Britons, in the place which to the present day is called in the English language Augustinæ’s Ac, that is to say, the Oak of

Augustine, on the borders of the Huiccii (Worcestershire) and the West Saxons ; and he began to admonish them with a brotherly admonition to embrace with him the Catholic faith, and to undertake the common task of evangelizing the pagans. For they did not observe Easter Sunday at the proper period, but kept it from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon, which computation results in a cycle of eighty-four years ! Moreover they did many other things contrary to the unity of the church." For example, they insisted upon heretically cutting their tonsure in a crescent instead of a circle, which criminal practice all the eloquence of Augustine could not induce them to abandon. It is not surprising, after such obdurate conduct, that the Welsh Christians should have been afterwards "wasted" by the aforesaid pagan king, Aethelfrith of Northumbria, who "collected a great army at the City of the Legions [Chester] (which is called by the English Legacaestir, but by the Britons more correctly Carlegion), and made a terrible slaughter of the perfidious race." The unhappy Welsh, it must be remembered, besides being foreigners, were also heretics, and thus deserving of little pity at Beda's hands. Over two thousand Welsh monks of Bangor Iscoed were slain by the heathen invader. "And thus," concludes the pious and patriotic Northumbrian, "the prediction of the holy pontiff Augustine was fulfilled, although he himself had long since been raised to the heavenly kingdom ; so that even in this world the wicked heretics might know by the vengeance which overtook them how wrongfully they had slighted the counsels of eternal salvation offered to their acceptance." It will be seen that to the mediæval mind it was no light matter to trifle with the date of holidays. Nevertheless, Beda explains that Aethelfrith killed the monks because, though they bore no arms, they *prayed against him* : whence we may conclude that the English did not usually put to death non-combatant Welshmen.

The next great king of Northumbria whom Beda celebrates is Eadwine, under whose auspices his country embraced Christianity. "At this time," says Beda, "the nation of the Northan-hymbri, that is, the tribe of English who dwell on the northern side of the river Humber, received the word of the faith, with their king Aedwin, by the preaching of Paulinus, whom I have already mentioned. As an earnest of this king's future conversion and translation to the heavenly kingdom, even his temporal power was permitted to increase greatly, so that he did what no other Englishman had done before—that is to say, he united under his own rule all the provinces of Britain, inhabited either by English or Britons. Moreover, he subdued to the empire of the English the Mevanian islands [Anglesey and Man],



the first and southernmost of which (being also the largest and most fertile) contains a sufficient space for nine hundred and sixty families, according to English measurement, while the second holds over three hundred." The first-named island has ever since borne the appropriate name of Angles' Ey,—the Isle of Englishmen. But it must be remembered that the population of Man is still mainly Keltic. Here too we see that even in pagan times the Teutonic invaders did not utterly destroy the native Kelts, as has been often asserted.

The historian goes on to narrate the causes which led to the conversion of Eadwine, amongst which we may mention, first, the fact that he had married Aethelburgh, a daughter of Aethelberht, the Christian king of Kent. Paulinus, the first apostle of the North, accompanied the Kentish princess to her new home. But it was a semi-miraculous escape from an assassin, and the safe birth of a daughter, which convinced Eadwine of the efficacy of Christianity. "In the succeeding year" [626], says Beda, "there came into the province a certain cut-throat, named Eumer, sent by Cwichelm, king of the West Saxons, and hoping to deprive the king at once of his kingdom and his life. He had with him a two-edged poisoned sword, so that if the wound itself was not sufficient to kill the king, he might perish of the venom. This man arrived at the king's palace on the first day of Eastertide [April 17th], near the river Deruventio [Derwent], where was then the royal city." It still bears the name of Coningsborough, "the king's town," like our later Kingstons. "He entered as though bearing an embassy from his own lord, and after delivering his pretended message, he rose suddenly, unsheathed his dagger, and made an attack upon the king. Lilla, a faithful servant [thegn] of the king, saw the intended blow, and having no shield at hand to defend his master from death, at once interposed his own body before the thrust. But with such force did the assassin drive home his dagger, that even through the body of the murdered soldier he wounded the king. . . . On the self-same blessed Easter night," continues the good chronicler, "the queen bore the king a daughter, by name Eanfled : and when the king, in the presence of Bishop Paulinus, offered up thanks to his gods for the safe birth of his daughter, the bishop on the other hand began to offer up thanks to the Lord Christ, and to assure the king that he by his prayers had obtained from the Lord the safe and painless delivery of the queen." Eadwine, however, though smitten with conviction, was determined not to act precipitately ; so, instead of being at once baptised, he first went on an expedition against the faithless Cwichelm, and utterly overthrew the West Saxon king. After this further proof of the



power of the faith, he returned to Coningsborough, and put himself as a catechumen under the care of Paulinus. The pope himself was induced to interest himself in so promising a convert, and he wrote a couple of letters to Eadwine and his queen. These letters, the originals of which were doubtless carefully preserved in the royal archives, are copied in full by Beda, as are many other official documents throughout the whole of the "Ecclesiastical History." They are superscribed respectively "To the glorious Ædwin, king of the English, Bonifacius the Bishop, servant of the servants of God," and "To the glorious lady, our daughter, Queen Ædilberg, Bonifacius, &c." The letters are rather hortatory than argumentative ; but no doubt the honour of receiving such an epistle from the Bishop of the Eternal City was not without its full influence upon Eadwine's semi-barbaric mind.

Still, the prudent king held back. He took advice of his witan, and first of the high priest Coifi. That candid pontiff delivered himself after this fashion—or at least Beda does so on his account, much as Herodotus narrates the argument of the Persian conspirators on the relative advantages of democracy and despotism:—"I advise you, king, to look into the new religion which is now preached to us ; but I will tell you what I have learnt by experience—that this religion which we have hitherto held is of no practical use or value whatsoever. None of your subjects has given himself up more studiously than I have to the culture of our gods, and yet there are many who receive greater benefits and higher rewards from you than I do, and who prosper more in all their social and commercial arrangements. But if the gods were worth anything, they would rather choose to assist me than those who serve them less carefully." No doubt the monks of Jarrow, with their 15,000 acres of land, could fully appreciate the force of this truly English and practical argument. At any rate, Coifi acted up to his professions, for he instantly profaned the temple of his gods by flinging a lance at it in derision, as Laocoon did at the Trojan horse. The gods, strange to say, did not avenge this insult to their abode. Thereupon, "King Æduin, with all the nobles and most of the common folk of his nation, received the faith and the font of holy regeneration, in the eleventh year of his reign, which is the year of our Lord's incarnation the six hundred and twenty-seventh and about the hundred and eightieth after the arrival of the English in Britain. He was baptised at York on Easter-day, the first before the Ides of April (April 12), in the church of St. Peter the Apostle, which he himself had hastily built of wood, while he was being catechised and prepared for

baptism ; and in the same city he gave the bishopric to his prelate and sponsor Paulinus. But after his baptism he took care, by Paulinus's direction, to build a larger and finer church of stone, in the midst whereof his original chapel should be enclosed." To this day York Minster, the lineal descendant of Eadwine's wooden church, remains dedicated to St. Peter, and Archbishop Thomson sits (metaphorically) in the bishop-stool of Paulinus. Part of Eadwine's later stone cathedral was discovered under the existing choir during the repairs rendered necessary by the incendiary Martin.

As to the heathen temple, its traces still remained even in Beda's day, just as old Hawaiians still point out the sites once sacred to Pelé. "That place, formerly the abode of idols, is now pointed out not far from York to the westward, beyond the river Dornuentio, and is to-day called Godmundingaham [the home of the men under the gods' protection], where the priest himself, through the inspiration of the true God, polluted and destroyed the altars which he himself had consecrated." So close did Beda stand to these early heathen English times. It may not be uninteresting to compare the case of a modern Rájá of Nipál who, enraged because a beautiful wife had been disfigured by smallpox, paraded all his gods in a line and annihilated them for ever with a "whiff of grape shot." A somewhat similar story of a Tahitian queen is doubtless familiar to many of my readers.

Another stray passage in the same book shows the like nearness to the events commemorated. Eadwine "built a basilica at Campodonum ['the field of Don,' probably Doncaster], where the royal residence then was ; and this basilica was afterwards burnt with all the town by those pagans [the Mercians under Penda] who slew King Æduin ; wherefore later kings made themselves a palace in the district of Loidis [Leeds]. But the altar escaped the fire because it was of stone, and is still preserved in the monastery of the reverend abbot and priest Thrydwulf, in the forest of Elmet."

Shortly after these events, Pope Honorius sent a congratulatory letter to Eadwine upon his Christian zeal, and this letter is also copied in full. Indeed, Beda is fond of incorporating such original documents in his text, and he has thus preserved us the very words of many earlier writers. The letter is superscribed "To the most excellent and noble lord, our son Æduin, King of the English, Honorius the bishop, servant of the servants of God, sends greeting." Last time, when Boniface wrote, Eadwine was still only a promising enquirer, and therefore he was not addressed as a son of the Church,

though Æthelburh was rightly called "our daughter." But now Eadwine had approved "the integrity of his Christianity," and was fairly entitled to the Pope's benediction. Observe, too, that Beda is quite innocent of the word Anglo-Saxon. To him Eadwine is simply "king of the English," the people are "the English race," and the language is "the English tongue." He would as soon have thought of applying that mongrel phrase to Eadwine as we should think of calling Mr. Gladstone an Anglo-Saxon statesman, or Mr. Osborne Morgan an Ancient Briton with Silurian views upon the Burials Bill.

After the conversion of Northumbria, Beda goes on to detail the great revival in the Welsh and Irish church, and the missions of the Pictish clergy to northern and central England, which succeeded the pagan reaction under Penda. He admires Aedan, the apostle of the North, for his Christian zeal; but, says he, "*quod pascha non suo tempore observabat, canonicum ejus tempus ignorans . . . . non approbo nec laudo.*" Beda, indeed, often reminds us of Longfellow's mediæval disputant, with his cry of "May the Lord send your soul to perdition, for your treatise on the irregular verbs!" Pernicious views on Easter are to him the red rag of orthodoxy, like the question of the big or little end of eggs to the metaphysicians of Lilliput. He is tolerant enough to admire a muscular heathen who can hit hard knocks against the Welsh, but his Christian charity cannot go the length of embracing those heretical believers in the cycle of eighty-four years.

The early bishops of Lichfield, then the capital of Mercia, are commemorated in the following passage:—

"The first bishop in the province of the Mercians, and also of the Middle English and of the Lindisfaras [the inhabitants of Lindisse or Lindsey, one of the three divisions of Lincolnshire] was Diuma, as I before mentioned, who died and was buried amongst the Middle English. The second was Cellach, who abandoned his bishopric and returned during his lifetime to Scotland [Argyllshire, or perhaps Ireland]. Both of these were by birth Scots [that is, Irish]. The third was Trumhere, by race an Englishman, but educated and ordained by the Scots. He was abbot of the monastery which is called Ingetlingum [Gilling]. That is the place where King Oswin was slain. For Queen Aeanfled his relation, to avoid the retribution of his unjust death, begged from King Oswy that he should give a site to construct a monastery to the aforesaid servant of God, Trumhere, who also was a relation of the murdered king: in which monastery perpetual prayers might be offered up for the eternal salvation of both kings, the murderer and the murdered. The same King Oswy, three years after the fall of King Penda, assumed the overlordship of the Mercian people, and also of the people in the other southern provinces. He likewise subdued the race of Picts in great part to the kingdom of the English. He then gave to Peada, son of king Penda, because he was his kinsman, the kingdom of the Southern Mercians, who consist, they

say, of five thousand families, separated by the river Treant [Trent] from the Northern Mercians, whose land holds seven thousand families. But this Penda was wickedly slain in the next spring, by the treachery (as report goes) of his own wife, and that too *on the very day of Easter* ! But at the end of three years after Penda's death, the chiefs [ealdormen] of the Mercian nation—Immin, Eafha, and Eadberci—rebelled against King Oswy, raising up as their king Wulfhere, a young son of Penda, whom they had secretly hidden away : and expelling the princes of the alien king, they bravely recovered their freedom and their country ;” [Well done, Beda, seeing that the oppressor was your own Northumbrian countryman ! Not many Germans would congratulate a brave Frenchman on the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine]. “ Thus the Mercians, now a free people, under their own king, rejoiced to serve Christ, the true king of the sempiternal heavenly kingdom.”

It seems a strange idea to us at the present day that the great ecclesiastical organizers of England should have been an African Moor and a Cilician Greek; yet such is in fact the case. I shall extract the greater part of the story in which Beda narrates these events.

“The apostolic Pope, taking counsel on this matter, carefully sought out a man whom he might send as primate of the English churches. Now there was in the monastery of Hiridanum, not far from Neapolis (Naples) in Campania, an abbot, by name Hadrian, an African by race, diligently imbued with holy literature, well instructed both in monastic and ecclesiastical literature, and equally skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. The Pope summoned him and ordered him to accept the primacy and go to Britain.” But it was no light task in those days to undertake the archbishopric of an island which seemed to the cultivated Italians a sort of Iceland or Greenland in the cheerless North. Hadrian pleaded a genuine *Nolo episcopari*, though he was ready to undertake the less onerous duties of coadjutor. “There was at that time in Rome a monk known to Hadrian, by name Theodore, born at Tharsus in Cilicia”—mediæval copyists, like the Arrius of Catullus and our own 'Arry, can never resist the temptation to insert an extra aspirate gratis, as in Anthonius, Tharsus, and Samuhel—“a man skilled in literature, sacred and profane, Greek and Latin, distinguished for high morality, and venerable in age—that is,” explains the accurate historian in a side whisper, “being sixty-six years old. Hadrian offered this brother to the pontiff for ordination as bishop, and obtained his request, but only on condition that he should himself conduct him safely into Britain, because he had already twice visited the region of Gaul, for divers reasons, and was therefore well acquainted with the route and possessed a sufficient body of men of his own,”—much as Dr. Moffat might now offer to conduct a bishop of Zululand through the friendly

country of the Bechuanas. “Moreover, being his fellow-labourer in doctrine, he would be able to take special care that Theodore should not, after the fashion of the Greeks, introduce anything contrary to the verity of the faith into the church over which he was to preside. The archbishop designate, being ordained sub-deacon, waited four months till his hair grew, that it might be shorn into a *round* tonsure; for at that time he had only the tonsure of St. Paul, the blessed apostle, after the fashion of Eastern people. He was ordained by Pope Vitalian, in the year of our Lord’s incarnation 668, on Sunday, the 7th of the kalends of April [March 26th]; and on the 6th of the kalends of June [May 27th] he was sent with Hadrian into Britain.”

Their journey from Rome to Canterbury was not so expeditious as the modern route *viâ* Mont Cenis and Paris. “They proceeded together by sea to Massilia [Marseilles], and thence by land to Arhelas [another superfluous aspirate, Arelas being the classical form of the existing Arles]. They gave to John, archbishop of that city, letters commendatory from Pope Vitalian, and were detained by him till Ebrinus, Mayor of the Palace [to Clothair III.], granted them leave to go whither they would. Having received this permission, Theodore betook himself to Agilberct, bishop of Paris, and being kindly received by him remained with him a considerable time. Hadrian first went to Emme, bishop of the Senones [Sens], and then to Faro, bishop of the Meldi [Meaux], with whom he spent a long and pleasant visit; for the approach of winter had compelled them to remain quietly where they were. But when trustworthy messengers informed King Ecgberht [of Kent, not the famous West Saxon] that the bishop whom they had sought from the Roman pontiff was in the realm of the Franks, he at once sent Rædfrid, his prefect [gerefa or reeve, I suppose] to conduct him over. He, on his arrival, took possession of Theodore, with Ebrinus’ leave, and escorted him to a harbour named Quentavic”—notice the Norse or Teutonic name; already northern pirates must have been scouring the coast of Picardie; it is now called Etaples—“where he rested for a while, worn out with fatigue; and as soon as he was convalescent, sailed for Britain. But Ebrinus detained Hadrian, since he suspected him of carrying some embassy from the Emperor [Constantius the Bearded] to the kings of Britain, contrary to the interests of the [Frankish] kingdom, whose highest administrative office he then filled. When, however, he had credibly learnt that Hadrian had no such mission, he released him and allowed him to follow Theodore. As soon as he arrived, the archbishop bestowed upon him the monastery of the

blessed apostle Peter, where the Archbishops of Canterbury are usually buried." Is not this a graphic picture of continental travel, as performed by two peaceful monks, in the end of the seventh century?

I should be giving a somewhat one-sided view of Beda's great work, however, if I confined myself to such comparatively historical quotations as these. The element of the marvellous enters largely into the "Ecclesiastical History," as into all other mediæval monastic chronicles. But this peculiarity does not at all destroy the general historical credibility of the narrator. We must remember that miracles then formed part of the general mental atmosphere, and that the most trivial coincidences, or the most ordinary recoveries from illness, were easily magnified into special interpositions of the local saint. Beda relates these events in good faith as they were told him ; but he is just as much an accurate historian in this as in other particulars. The true want of fidelity to nature would have been to suppress such incidents of everyday life. We want a picture of early England as it really was ; and miracles formed a part of its common experience, just as they still do in Spain, in Sicily, or in India. The headings of a few chapters are sufficient to show us, in a general way, "How, in the monastery of Barking, a heavenly light pointed out where the bodies of the holy women ought to be buried ;" "How, in the same monastery, a little boy called upon a maiden who was to follow him ; and how a girl on the point of leaving her body, beheld some small portion of the future glory ;" "How a blind woman, praying in the cemetery, was restored to sight ;" "How Cuthberct, the man of God, living an anchorite's life, obtained a spring from dry ground, and raised a crop out of due season ;" "How the same priest, after his elevation to the bishopric, foretold his own approaching death to the anchorite Hereberct ;" "How one was cured of a palsy at his tomb ;" and "How one in the province of the Northan-Hymbri rose from the dead, and related many things which he had seen, both terrible and delightful." Those who try to rationalise such accounts may explain the first case by supposing the presence of an *ignis fatuus*, or the second by a mere delirium ; but most of them are clearly simple instances of the growth of legend. It is better to accept them frankly, as so many indications of the popular genius, than to explain them away by arbitrary suppositions. Wherever the belief in miracles exists, miracles exist in plenty ; and their occurrence in Beda no more invalidates the trustworthiness of his historical facts than the portents mentioned in Livy invalidate our belief in Roman history.



Perhaps the most interesting of all Beda's stories is that which relates to Cædwalla, king of Wessex, to whom I have already alluded. The narrative runs as follows :—

In the third year of the reign of Aldfrid [of Northumbria], Cædwalla, king of the West Saxons, after ruling most powerfully over his own nation, abdicated his sovereignty for the sake of the Lord and the eternal kingdom, and went to Rome, desiring to gain for himself this singular glory, namely, that, at the threshold of the blessed apostles, he might be washed in the font of Baptism, in which alone he had learned that the entrance to the heavenly life lay open to the human race; and at the same time hoping that soon after his baptism he might lay aside the flesh, and pass, a pure soul, to the eternal delights. Both which things, by the Lord's aid, he accomplished as he had desired. For arriving at Rome during the papacy of Sergius, he was baptised on the holy day of Easter Saturday, in the 689th year of our Lord's incarnation; and while he still wore the white garments [of baptism], he fell ill of languor [no doubt from the fever of the Campaigna], and was freed of his flesh on the 12th of the Kalends of May [April 20], and associated with the kingdom of the blest in Heaven. On his baptism Pope Sergius had given him the name of Peter, in order that he might be the namesake of the blessed Prince of the Apostles, to whose holy body he had come from the ends of the earth, drawn by pious veneration. He was buried in his [St. Peter's] church, and, by order of the pontiff, an epitaph was written on his tomb. It ran after this fashion:—

Culmen, opes, subolem, pollentia regna, triumphos,  
Exuvias, proceres, mœnia, castra, lares,  
Quæque patrum virtus, et quæ congesserat ipse,  
Cædual armipotens liquit amore Dei,  
Ut Petrum sedemque Petri rex cerneret hospes,  
Cujus fonte meras sumeret almus aquas,  
Splendificumque jubar radianti carperet haustu,  
Ex quo vivificus fulgor ubique fluit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sospes enim veniens supremo ex orbe Britanni,<sup>1</sup>  
Per varias gentes, per freta, perque vias,  
Urbem Romuleam vidit, templumque verendum  
Aspexit Petri, mystica dona gerens.  
Candidus inter oves Christi sociabilis ibit;  
Corpore nam tumulum, mente superna tenet.  
Committasse magis sceptrorum insignia credas,  
Quem regnum Christi promeruisse vides.

In themselves, Pope Sergius' elegiacs are not much better than most other monumental effusions, though the last couplet contains a pretty conceit enough; but they are interesting to Englishmen, at least, from the subject to which they relate. I have quoted half of them in the original Latin, because some people may still retain Dr.

<sup>1</sup> [Query, Britannus or Britanno?]



Johnson's prejudice against an English epitaph, and, indeed, they are scarcely worth the labour of translating. But, lest the fairer half of my readers should think me lazy, I will venture on a free transcript of the above-quoted lines, in which I cannot pretend to do much better than my original.

“ Cædwalla's realm, his kin, his castled walls,  
His foeman's spoils, his hearth, his smiling land,  
Won by his fathers' or his own strong hand,  
He leaves when heaven calls.

Peter and Peter's throne our royal guest  
Fain would behold, deep draughts of faith to drink  
From that eternal fountain's radiant brink  
That gilds his furthest west.

Safely he came from Britain's utmost shore,  
Through many an alien race and distant plain,  
To Rome's high towers and Peter's lordly fane,  
And mystic gifts he bore.

Snow-white he mounts to join Christ's happy fold :  
Heaven holds his soul, this tomb enshrines his corse.  
'Twas but to change a crown of earthly dross  
For one of purer gold.”

Having thus thanklessly sacrificed to my native politeness—for I do not profess myself a poet—I may go on to transcribe the prose portion of the inscription.

Here was buried Cædwall, called also Peter, king of the Saxons, on the 12th of the kalends of May [April 20], second indiction. He lived thirty years, more or less, and died during the imperial reign of our Lord Justinian, pious, Augustus, in the fourth year of his consulship, in the second year of the pontificate of our Apostolic lord, Pope Sergius.

Interesting as this inscription is in itself, it derives still greater interest from the fact that its original actually exists at St. Peter's, Rome. A copy of the epitaph, taken from the stone itself, is printed by Fabretti in his “*Antiquæ Inscriptiones*,” and it differs from Beda's version only in such minor points of transcription as *albatum*, where Beda has the obvious blunder *ablatum*, and *ejus* for Beda's *et*. We know that several of Beda's brother-monks visited Rome in 701, and it is probable that one of them brought back a somewhat careless copy of this epitaph for his friend at Jarrow. Another side-allusion to Cædwalla's pilgrimage is found in Paul Warnefrid, the historian of the Lombards, who mentions that the West Saxon prince, on his way to Rome, spent a short time with Cunibert, king of Lombardy.

Such minute facts of early English life may still be recovered by diligent study of the existing materials.

I know nothing more curious in history than the collocation of names in this Roman inscription—Justinian, the younger, one of those last Byzantine emperors whose phantom authority was still recognised at Rome as that of a successor of Augustus ; Sergius the First, one of the earliest Popes who enjoyed practically temporal power in the eternal city ; and Cædwalla of Wessex, the collateral ancestor and predecessor of Queen Victoria. For Cædwalla was the descendant of Cerdic, and from his father was descended Ecgberht, so-called first king of all England, who transmitted his claim to the family of Edward the Confessor, through which the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs trace back their blood to Cerdic and Woden.

Is it not extraordinary to think that we can find out so much of what was passing in England and in Western Europe generally in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries? To most people, the history of England before the Norman Conquest seems a mere phantasmagoria of the "Saxon Heptarchy," the "Ancient Britons," and those painted kaleidoscopic figures, the Picts and Caledonians. But in reality, we can trace a pretty constant succession of kings and bishops in all the great royal towns of York, Lichfield, Winchester, and Canterbury. We can discover even minute details with reference to the daily life and gossip of the West Saxon and Mercian Courts. I do not say that it would be worth any man's while to learn by heart the dry lists in the Chronicle—"Cædwalla was Cæn-brihting, Cænabriht was Cading, Cadda Cuthaing, Cutha Ceawling," and so forth :—but it is certainly well worth while to read Beda and the Chronicle for the graphic side-picture which they give us of early pagan and Christian England—a mere strip of Teutonic colony on the east coast of Britain, engaged perpetually in a desultory border warfare with the unconquered Welsh upon the western marches. Nothing but the first-hand study of these primitive English annals can ever enable us properly to understand the later history of our country : and first amongst these precious documents of our national birth-time may be reckoned Beda's "Ecclesiastical History." From it, and from it only, we get the one original and contemporary record of Britain as it was in the very act of becoming England.

GRANT ALLEN.



## *AËRIAL EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.*

**O**N our own hemisphere, and separated from our own coasts by only a few days' journey on our own element, there remains a blank circle of unexplored country above 800 miles in diameter. We have tried to cross it, and have not succeeded. Nothing further need be said in reply to those who ask, "Why should we start another Arctic Expedition?"

The records of previous attempts to penetrate this area of geographical mystery prove the existence of a formidable barrier of mountainous land, fringed by fjords or inlets, like those of Norway, some of which may be open, though much contracted northward, like the Vestfjord that lies between the Lofoden islands and the mainland of Scandinavia. The majority evidently run inland like the ordinary Norwegian fjords or the Scotch firths, and terminate in land valleys that continue upwards to fjeld regions, or elevated humpy land which acts as a condenser to the vapour-laden air continually streaming towards the Pole from the warmer regions of the earth, and returning in lower streams when cooled. The vast quantities of water thus condensed fall upon these hills and table lands as snow crystals. What becomes of this everlasting deposit?

Unlike the water that rains on temperate hill sides, it cannot all flow down to the sea as torrents and liquid rivers, but it does come down nevertheless, or long ere this it would reach the highest clouds. It descends mainly as glaciers, which creep down slowly, but steadily and irresistibly, filling up the valleys on their way; and stretching outwards into the fjords and channels, which they block up with their cleft and chasmed crystalline angular masses that still creep outward to the sea until they float, and break off or "calve" as mountainous icebergs and smaller masses of ice.

These accumulations of ice thus *formed on land* constitute the chief obstructions that bar the channels and inlets fringing the unknown Polar area. The glacier fragments above described are cemented together in the winter time by the freezing of the water between them. An open frozen sea, pure and simple, instead of

forming a barrier to Arctic exploration, would supply a most desirable highway. It must not be supposed that, because the liquid ocean is ruffled by ripples, waves, and billows, a frozen sea would have a similar surface. The freezing of such a surface could only start at the calmest intervals, and the ice would shield the water from the action of the wave-making wind, and such a sea would become a charming skating rink, like the Gulf of Bothnia, the Swedish and Norwegian lakes, and certain fjords, which, in the winter time, become natural ice-paved highways offering incomparable facilities for rapid locomotion. In spite of the darkness and the cold, winter is the travelling season in Sweden and Lapland. The distance that can be made in a given time in summer with a wheeled vehicle on well-made post roads, can be covered in half the time in a *pulk* or reindeer sledge drawn over the frozen lakes. From Spitzbergen to the Pole would be an easy run of five or six days if nothing but a simply frozen sea stood between them.

This primary physical fact, that Arctic navigators have not been stopped by a merely frozen sea, but by a combination of glacier fragments with the frozen water of bays, and creeks, and fjords, should be better understood than it is at present, for when it is understood, the popular and fallacious notion that the difficulties of Arctic progress are merely dependent on latitude, and must therefore increase with latitude, explodes.

*It is the physical configuration of the fringing zone of the Arctic regions, not its mere latitude, that bars the way to the Pole.*

I put this in italics because so much depends upon it—I may say that all depends upon it—for if this barrier can be scaled at any part we may come upon a region as easily traversed as that part of the Arctic Ocean lying between the North Cape and Spitzbergen, which is regularly navigated every summer by hardy Norsemen in little sailing sloops of 30 to 40 tons burden, and only six or eight pair of hands on board; or by overland travelling as easily as the Arctic winter journey between Tornea and Alten. This trip over the snow-covered mountains is done in five or six days, at the latter end of every November, by streams of visitors to the fair at Alten, in latitude  $70^{\circ}$ ,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  degrees N. of the Arctic circle; and the distance, 430 miles, is just about equal to that which stands between the North Pole and the northernmost reach of our previous Arctic expeditions. One or the other of these conditions, or an enclosed frozen Polar ocean, is what probably exists beyond the broken fjord barrier hitherto explored; a continuation of such a barrier is, in fact, almost a physical impossibility; and therefore the Pole will be ultimately reached, not by a repetition of such

weary struggles as those which ended in the very hasty retreat of our last expedition, but by a bound across about 400 miles of open or frozen Polar ocean, or a rapid sledge-run over snow-paved fjelds like those so merrily traversed in Arctic Norway by festive bonders and their families on their way to Yule-time dancing parties.

Reference to a map of the circumpolar regions, or better, to a globe, will show that the continents of Europe, Asia, and America surround the Pole and hang, as it were, downwards or southwards from a latitude of  $70^{\circ}$  and upwards. There is but one wide outlet for the accumulations of Polar ice, and that is between Norway and Greenland, with Iceland standing nearly midway. Davis's and Behring's Straits are the other openings; the first may be only a fjord, rather than an outlet. The ice-block, or crowding together and heaping up of the glacier fragments and bay ice, is thus explained.

Attempts of two kinds have been made to scale this icy barrier. Ships have sailed northwards, threading a dangerous course between the floating icebergs in the summer, and becoming fast bound in winter, when the narrow spaces of brackish water lying between these masses of land ice become frozen, and the "ice foot" clinging to the shore stretches out seaward to meet that on the opposite side of the fjord or channel. The second method, usually adopted as supplementary to the first, is that of dragging sledges over these glacial accumulations. The pitiful rate of progress thus attainable is shown by the record of the last attempt, when Commander Markham achieved about one mile per day, and the labour of doing this was nearly fatal to his men. Any tourist who has crossed or ascended an Alpine glacier with only a knapsack to carry, can understand the difficulty of dragging a cartload of provisions, &c., over such accumulations of iceberg fragments and of sea-ice squeezed and crumpled up between them. It is evident that we must either find a natural breach in this Arctic barrier or devise some other means of scaling it.

The first of these efforts has been largely discussed by the advocates of rival routes. I will not go into this question at present, but only consider the alternative to all land routes and all water routes, viz. that by the other available element—an aërial route—as proposed to be attempted in the new Arctic expedition projected by Commander Cheyne, and which he is determined to practically carry out, provided his own countrymen, or, failing them, others more worthy, will assist him with the necessary means of doing so.

To reach the Pole from the northernmost point already attained by our ships demands a journey of about 400 miles, the distance between London and Edinburgh. With a favourable wind, a balloon

will do this in a few hours. On November 27, 1870, Captain Roher descended near Lysthuus, in Hitterdal (Norway), in the balloon "Ville d'Orléans," having made the journey from Paris in 15 hours. The distance covered was about 900 miles, more than double the distance between the Pole and the accessible shores of Greenland.

On November 7, 1836, Messrs. Holland, Mason, & Green ascended from Vauxhall Gardens at 1.30 P.M., with a *moderate breeze*, and descended 18 hours afterwards "in the Duchy of Nassau, about two leagues from the town of Weilburg," the distance in a direct line being about 500 miles. A similar journey to this would carry Commander Cheyne from his ship to the North Pole, or thereabouts, while a fresh breeze like that enjoyed by Captain Roher would carry him clear across the whole of the unknown circumpolar area to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, and two or three hours more of similar proceeding would land him in Siberia or Finland, or even on the shores of Arctic Norway, where he could take the Vadsö or Hammerfest packet to meet one of Wilson's liners at Trondhjem or Bergen, and thus get from the North Pole to London in ten days.

Lest any of my readers should think that I am writing this at random, I will supply the particulars. I have before me the "Norges Communicationer" for the present summer season of 1880. Twice every week a passenger excursion steam packet sails round the North Cape each way, calling at no less than twenty stations on this Arctic face of Europe to land and embark passengers and goods. By taking that which stops at Gjesvaer (an island near the foot of the North Cape) on Saturday, or that which starts from Hammerfest on Sunday morning, Trondhjem is reached on Thursday, and Wilson's liner, the "Tasso," starts on the same day for Hull, "average passage 70 hours." Thus Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, is now but eight days from London, including a day's stop at Tromsö, the capital of Lapland, which is about 3 degrees N. of the Arctic circle, and within a week of London. At Captain Roher's rate of travelling Tromsö would be but 23 hours from the Pole.

These figures are, of course, only stated as *possibilities* on the supposition that all the conditions should be favourable, but by no means as *probable*.

What, then, are the *probabilities* and the amount of risk that will attend an attempt to reach the Pole by an aërial route?

I have considered the subject carefully, and discussed it with many people; the result of such reflection and conversation is a conviction that the prevalent popular estimate of the dangers of Commander Cheyne's project extravagantly exaggerates them on

almost all contingencies. I do not affirm that there is no risk, or that the attempt should be made with only our present practical knowledge of the subject, but I do venture to maintain that, after making proper preliminary practical investigations at home, a judiciously conducted aërostatic dash for the Pole will be far less dangerous than the African explorations of Livingstone, Stanley, and others, that have been accomplished and are proposed. And further, that a long balloon journey, starting in summer time from Smith's Sound, or other suitable Arctic station, would be less dangerous than a corresponding one started from London ; that it would involve less risk than was incurred by Messrs. Holland, Mason, and Green, when they travelled from Vauxhall Gardens to Nassau.

The three principal dangers attending such a balloon journey are : 1st. The variability of the wind. 2nd. The risk of being blown out upon the open ocean beyond the reach of land. 3rd. The utter helplessness of the aëronaut during all the hours of darkness. I will consider these seriatim in reference to Arctic ballooning *versus* Vauxhall or Crystal Palace ballooning.

As regards the first danger, Vauxhall and Sydenham are in a position of special disadvantage, and all the ideas we Englishmen may derive from our home ballooning experience must tend to exaggerate our common estimate of this danger, inasmuch as we are in the midst of the region of variable winds, and have a notoriously uncertain climate due to this local exaggeration of the variability of atmospheric movements. If instead of lying between the latitudes of  $50^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$ , where the N.E. Polar winds just come in collision with the S.W. tropical currents, and thereby effect our national atmospheric stir-about, we were located between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $30^{\circ}$  (where the Canary Islands are, for example), our notions on the subject of balloon travelling would be curiously different. The steadily blowing trade-wind would long ere this have led us to establish balloon mails to Central and South America, and balloon passenger expresses for the benefit of fast-going people or luxurious victims of sea-sickness. To cross the Atlantic—three thousand miles—in 48 hours, would be attended with no other difficulty than the cost of the gas, and that of the return carriage of the empty balloon.

It is our exceptional meteorological position that has generated the popular expression "as uncertain as the wind." We are in the very centre of the region of meteorological uncertainties, and cannot go far, either northwards or southwards, without entering a zone of greater atmospheric regularity, where the direction of the wind at a given season may be predicted with more reliability than at home. The



atmospheric movements in the Arctic regions appear to be remarkably regular and gentle during the summer and winter months, and irregular and boisterous in spring and autumn. A warm upper current flows from the tropics towards the Pole, and a cold lower one from the Arctic circle towards the Equator. Commander Cheyne, who has practical experience of these Arctic expeditions, and has kept an elaborate log of the wind, &c., which he has shown me, believes that, by the aid of pilot balloons to indicate the currents at various heights, and by availing himself of these currents, he may reach the Pole and return to his ship, or so near as to be able to reach it by travelling over the ice in light sledges that will be carried for the purpose. In making any estimate of the risk of Arctic aërostation, we must banish from our minds the preconceptions induced by our British experience of the uncertainties of the wind, and only consider the atmospheric actualities of the Polar regions, so far as we know them.

Let us now consider the second danger, viz. that of being blown out to sea and there remaining until the leakage of gas has destroyed the ascending power of the balloon, or till the stock of food is consumed. A glance at a map of the world will show how much smaller is the danger to the aëronaut who starts from the head of Baffin's Bay than that which was incurred by those who started from Vauxhall in the Nassau balloon, or by Capt. Roher, who started from Paris. Both of these had the whole breadth of the Atlantic on the W. and S.W., and the North Sea and Arctic Ocean N. and N.E. The Arctic balloon, starting from Smith's Sound or thereabouts, with a wind from the south (and without such a wind the start would not, of course, be made) would, if the wind continued in the same direction, reach the Pole in a few hours; in seven or eight hours at Roher's speed; in 14 or 15 hours at the average rate made by the Nassau balloon in a "moderate breeze." Now look again at the map and see what surrounds them. Simply the continents of Europe, Asia, and America, by which the circumpolar area is nearly land-locked, with only two outlets, that between Norway and Greenland on one side, and the narrow channel of Behring's Straits on the other. The wider of these is broken by Spitzbergen and Iceland, both inhabited islands, where a balloon may descend and the aëronauts be hospitably received. Taking the 360 degrees of the zone between the 70th parallel of latitude and the Arctic circle, 320 are land-locked and only 40 open to the sea; therefore the chances of coming upon land at *any one* part of this zone is as 320 to 40; but, with a choice of points for descent such as the aëronauts would have unless the wind blew precisely down the axis of the opening, the chances would be far

greater. If the wind continued as at starting, they would be blown to Finland; a westerly deflection would land them in Siberia, easterly in Norway; a strong E. wind at the later stage of the trip would blow them back to Greenland.

In all the above I have supposed the aëronauts to be quite helpless, merely drifting at random with that portion of the atmosphere in which they happened to be immersed. This, however, need not be the case. Within certain limits they have a choice of winds, owing to the prevalence of upper and lower currents blowing in different and even in opposite directions. Suppose, for example, they find themselves N. of Spitzbergen, where "Parry's furthest" is marked on some of our maps, and that the wind is from the N.E., blowing them towards the Atlantic opening. They would then ascend or descend in search of a due N. or N. by W. wind that would blow them to Norway, or W.N.W. to Finland, or N.W. to Siberia, or due E. back to Greenland, from whence they might rejoin their ships. One or other of these would almost certainly be found. A little may be done in steering a balloon, but so very little that small reliance should be placed upon it. Only in a very light wind would it have a sensible effect, though in case of a "near shave" between landing, say at the Lofodens or Iceland, and being blown out to sea, it might just save them.

As already stated, Commander Cheyne believes in the possibility of returning to the ship, and bases his belief on the experiments he made from winter quarters in Northumberland Sound, where he inflated four balloons, attached to them proportionally different weights, and sent them up simultaneously. They were borne by diverse currents of air in *four different directions, according to the different altitudes*, viz. N.W., N.E., S.E., and S.W., "thus proving that in this case balloons could be sent in any required direction by ascending to the requisite altitude. The war balloon experiments at Woolwich afford a practical confirmation of this important feature in aërostation." He proposes that one at least of the three balloons shall be a rover to cross the unknown area, and has been called a madman for suggesting this merely as an alternative or secondary route. I am still more lunatic, for I strongly hold the opinion that the easiest way for him to return to his ship will be to drift rapidly across to the first available inhabited land, thence come to England, and sail in another ship to rejoin his messmates; carrying with him his bird's eye chart, that will demonstrate once for all the possibility or impossibility of circumnavigating Greenland, or of sailing, or sledging, or walking to the Pole.

The worst dilemma would be that presented by a dead calm, and it is not improbable that around the Pole there may be a region of calms similar to that about the Equator. Then the feather-paddle or other locomotive device worked by man-power would be indispensable. Better data than we at present possess are needed in order to tell accurately what may thus be done. Putting various estimates one against the other, it appears likely that five miles an hour may be made. Taking turn and turn about, two aëronauts could thus travel fully 100 miles per day, and return from the Pole to the ship in less than five days.

Or take the improbable case of a circular wind blowing round the Pole, as some have imagined. This would simply demand the working of the paddle always northwards in going to the Pole, and always southwards in returning. The resultant would be a spiral course winding inwards in the first case, and outwards in the second. The northward or southward progress would be just the same as in a calm if the wind were truly concentric to the Pole. Some rough approximation to such currents may exist, and might be dealt with on this principle.

Let us now consider the third danger, that of the darkness. The seriousness of this may be inferred from the following description of the journey of the Nassau balloon, published at the time: "It seemed to the aëronauts as if they were cleaving their way through an interminable mass of black marble in which they were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before them, seemed to soften as they approached in order to admit them still further within its cold and dusky enclosure. In this way they proceeded blindly, as it may well be called, until about 3.30 A.M., when in the midst of the impenetrable darkness and profound stillness an unusual explosion issued from the machine above, followed by a violent rustling of the silk, and all the signs which might be supposed to accompany the bursting of the balloon. The car was violently shaken; a second and a third explosion followed in quick succession; the danger seemed immediate, when suddenly the balloon recovered her usual form and stillness. These alarming symptoms seemed to have been produced by collapsing of the balloon under the diminished temperature of the upper regions after sunset, and the silk forming into folds under the netting. Now, when the guide rope informed the voyagers that the balloon was too near the earth, ballast was thrown out, and the balloon rising rapidly into a thinner air experienced a diminution of pressure, and consequent expansion of the gas.

"The cold during the night ranged from a few degrees below to the freezing point. As morning advanced the rushing of waters was

heard, and so little were the aëronauts aware of the course which they had been pursuing during the night, that they supposed themselves to have been thrown back upon the shores of the German Ocean, or about to enter the Baltic, whereas they were actually over the Rhine, not far from Coblentz."

All this blind drifting for hours, during which the balloon may be carried out to sea, and opportunities of safe descent may be lost, is averted in an Arctic balloon voyage, which would be made in the summer, when the sun never sets. There need be no break in the survey of the ground passed over, no difficulty in pricking upon a chart the course taken and the present position at any moment. With an horizon of 50 to 100 miles' radius the approach of such a danger as drifting to the open ocean would be perceived in ample time for descent, and, as a glance at the map will show, this danger cannot occur until reaching the latitudes of inhabited regions.

The arctic aëronauts will have another great advantage over those who ascend from any part of England. They can freely avail themselves of Mr. Green's simple but most important practical invention—the drag rope. This is a long and rather heavy rope trailing on the ground. It performs two important functions. First, it checks the progress of the balloon, causing it to move less rapidly than the air in which it is immersed. The aëronaut thus gets a slight breeze equivalent to the difference between the velocity of the wind and that of the balloon's progress. He may use this as a fulcrum to effect a modicum of steerage.

The second and still more important use of the drag rope is the very great economy of ballast it achieves. Suppose the rope to be 1,000 feet long, its weight equal to 1 lb. for every ten feet, and the balloon to have an ascending power of 50 lbs. It is evident that under these conditions the balloon will retain a constant elevation of 500 feet above the ground below it, and that 500 feet of rope will trail upon the ground. Thus, if a mountain is reached no ballast need be thrown away in order to clear the summit, as the balloon will always lift its 500 feet of rope, and thus always rise with the up-slope and descend with the down-slope of hill and dale. The full use of this simple and valuable adjunct to aërial travelling is prevented in such a country as ours by the damage it might do below, and the temptation it affords to mischievous idiots near whom it may pass.

In the course of many conversations with various people on this subject I have been surprised at the number of educated men and women who have anticipated with something like a shudder the terrible cold to which the poor aëronauts will be exposed.

This popular delusion which pictures the Arctic regions as the abode of perpetual freezing, is so prevalent and general, that some explanation is demanded.

The special characteristic of Arctic climate is a cold and long winter and a short and *hot summer*. The winter is intensely cold simply because the sun never shines, and the summer is very hot because the sun is always above the horizon, and, unless hidden by clouds or mist, is continually shining. The summer heat of Siberia is intense, and the vegetation proportionately luxuriant. I have walked over a few thousand miles in the sunny south, but never was more oppressed with the heat than in walking up the Tromsdal to visit an encampment of Laplanders in the summer of 1856.

On the 17th July I noted the temperature on board the steam-packet when we were about three degrees north of the Arctic circle. It stood at 77° well shaded in the saloon under a deck; it was 92° in the "rök lugar," a little smoking saloon built on deck; and 108° in the sun on deck. This was out at sea, where the heat was less oppressive than on shore. The summers of Arctic Norway are very variable on account of the occasional prevalence of misty weather. The balloon would be above much of the mist, and would probably enjoy a more equable temperature during the twenty-four hours than in any part of the world where the sun sets at night.

I am aware that the above is not in accordance with the experience of the Arctic explorers who have summered in such places as Smith's Sound. I am now about to perpetrate something like a heresy by maintaining that the summer climate there experienced by these explorers is quite exceptional, is not due to the latitude, but to causes that have hitherto escaped the notice of the explorers themselves and of physical geographers generally. The following explanation will probably render my view of this subject intelligible:—

As already stated, the barrier fringe that has stopped the progress of Arctic explorers is a broken mountainous shore down which is pouring a multitude of glaciers into the sea. The ice of these glaciers is, of course, fresh-water ice. Now, we know that when ice is mixed with salt water we obtain what is called "a freezing mixture"—a reduction of temperature far below the freezing point, due to the absorption of heat by the liquefaction of the ice. Thus the heat of the continuously shining summer sun is *at this particular part of the Arctic region* continuously absorbed by this powerful action, and a severity that is quite exceptional is thereby produced. Every observant tourist who has crossed an Alpine glacier on a hot summer day, has felt the sudden change of climate that he encoun-

ters on stepping from *terra firma* on to the ice, and in which he remains immersed as long as he is on the glacier. How much greater must be this depression of temperature, where the glacier ice is broken up and is floating in sea-water, to produce a vast area of freezing mixture, which would speedily bring the hottest blasts from the Sahara down to many degrees below the freezing point. A similar cause retards the *beginning* of summer in Arctic Norway and in Finland and Siberia. So long as the winter snow remains unmelted, *i.e.* till about the middle or end of June, the air is kept cold all the solar heat being expended in the work of thawing. This work finished, then the warming power of a non-setting sun becomes evident, and the continuously accumulating heat of his rays displays its remarkable effect on vegetable life, and everything capable of being warmed. These peculiarities of Arctic climate must become exaggerated as the Pole is approached, the winter cold still more intense, and the accumulation of summer heat still greater. In the neighbourhood of the North Cape, where these contrasts astonish English visitors, where inland summer travelling becomes intolerable on account of the clouds of mosquitoes, the continuous sunshine only lasts from May 11 to August 1. At the North Pole the sun would visibly remain above the horizon during about seven months—from the first week in March to the first week in October (this includes the effect of refraction and the prolonged summer of the northern hemisphere due to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit).

This continuance of sunshine, in spite of the moderate altitude of the solar orb, may produce a very genial summer climate at the Pole. I say "may," because mere latitude is only one of the elements of climate, especially in high latitudes. Very much depends upon surface configuration and the distribution of land and water. The region in which our Arctic expedition ships have been ice-bound combines all the most unfavourable conditions of Arctic summer climate. It is extremely improbable that those conditions are maintained all the way to the Pole. We know the configuration of Arctic Europe and Arctic Asia, that they are masses of land spreading out northward round the Arctic circle and narrowing southward to angular terminations. The southward configuration and northward outspreading of North America is the same, but we cannot follow it as we may that of Europe and Asia, both of which terminate remarkably like Scandinavia in the Arctic Ocean. Greenland is a narrow island between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Baffin Sea. The Gulf of Bothnia, and the Baffin Sea, are on its



western side, and the present condition of Greenland corresponds to that of Norway during the milder period of the last glacial epoch. If the analogy is maintained a little further north than our explorers have yet reached we must come upon a Polar sea, just as we come upon the White Sea and the open Arctic Ocean, if we simply travel between 400 and 500 miles due north from the head of the frozen Gulf of Bothnia.

Such a sea, if unencumbered with land-ice, will supply the most favourable conditions for a genial Arctic summer, especially if it be dotted with islands of moderate elevation, which the analogies of the known surroundings render so very probable. Such islands may be inhabited by people who cannot reach us on account of the barrier wall that has hitherto prevented us from discovering them. Some have even supposed that a Norwegian colony is there imprisoned. Certainly the early colonists of Greenland have disappeared, and their disappearance remains unexplained. They may have wandered northwards, mingled with the Esquimaux, and have left descendants in this unknown world. If any of Franklin's crew crawled far enough they may still be with them, unable to return.

In reference to these possibilities it should be noted that a barrier fringe of mountainous land like that of Greenland and Arctic America would act as a condensing ground upon the warm air flowing from the south, and would there accumulate the heavy snows and consequent glaciers, just as our western hills take so much of the rain from the vapour-laden winds of the Atlantic. The snowfall immediately around the Pole would thus be moderated, and the summer begin so much earlier.

I have already referred to the physical resemblances of Baffin's Bay, Smith's Sound, &c., to the Baltic, the Gulf of Bothnia, and Gulf of Finland. These are frozen every winter, but the Arctic ocean due north of them is open all the winter, and every winter. The hardy Norse fishermen are gathering their chief harvest of cod fish in the open sea around and beyond the North Cape, Nordkeyn, &c., at the very time that the Russian fleet is hopelessly frozen up in the Gulf of Finland. But how far due north of this frozen Baltic are these open-sea fishing banks? More than 14 degrees—more than double the distance that lies between the winter quarters of some of our ships in Smith's Sound and the Pole itself. This proves how greatly physical configuration and oceanic communication may oppose the climatic influences of mere latitude. If the analogy between Baffin's Bay and the Baltic is complete, a polar sea will be found that is open in the summer at least.



On the other hand, it may be that ranges of mountains covered with perpetual snow, and valleys piled up with huge glacial accumulations, extend all the way to the Pole, and thus give to our globe an Arctic ice-cap like that displayed on the planet Mars. This, however, is very improbable, for, if it were the case, we ought to find a circumpolar ice-wall like that of the Antarctic regions, and the Arctic Ocean beyond the North Cape should be crowded with icebergs instead of being open and iceless all the year round. With such a configuration the ice-wall should reach Spitzbergen and stretch across to Nova Zembla; but, instead of this, we have there such an open stretch of Arctic water, that in the summer of 1876 Captain Kjelsen, of Tromsø, sailed in a whaler to lat.  $81^{\circ} 30'$  without sighting ice. He was then but 510 geographical miles from the Pole with open sea right away to his north horizon, and nobody can say how much farther.

These problems may all be solved by the proposed expedition. The men are ready and willing; one volunteer has even promised £1,000 on condition that he shall be allowed to have a seat in one of the balloons. All that is wanted are the necessary funds, and the amount required is but a small fraction of what is annually expended at our racecourses upon villanous concoctions of carbonic acid and methylated cyder bearing the name of "champagne."

Arrangements are being made to start next May, but in the mean time many preliminary experiments are required. One of these, concerning which I have been boring Commander Cheyne and the committee, is a thorough and practical trial of the staying properties of hydrogen gas when confined in given silken or other fabrics saturated with given varnishes. We are still ignorant on this fundamental point. We know something about coal gas, but little or nothing of the hydrogen, such as must be used in the forthcoming expedition. Its exosmosis, as proved by Graham, depends upon its adhesion to the surface of the substance confining it. Every gas has its own speciality in this respect, and a membrane that confines a hydrocarbon like coal gas may be very unsuitable for pure hydrogen, or *vice versâ*. Hydrogen passes through hard steel, carbonic oxide through red-hot iron plates, and so on with other gases. They are guilty of most improbable proceedings in the matter of penetrating apparently impenetrable substances.

The safety of the aëronauts and the success of the aërial exploration primarily depends upon the length of time that the balloons can be kept afloat in the air.

A sort of humanitarian cry has been raised against this expedition,

on the ground that unnaturally good people (of whom we now meet so many) should not be guilty of aiding and abetting a scheme that may cause the sacrifice of human life. These kind friends may be assured that, in spite of their scruples, the attempt will be made by men who share none of their fears, unless the preliminary experiments prove that a balloon cannot be kept up long enough. Therefore the best way to save their lives is to subscribe *at once* for the preliminary expense of making these trials, which will either discover means of travelling safely, or demonstrate the impossibility of such ballooning altogether. Such experiments will have considerable scientific value in themselves, and may solve other problems than those of Arctic exploration.

Why not apply balloons to African exploration or the crossing of Australia? The only reply to this is that we know too little of the practical possibilities of such a method of travelling when thus applied. Hitherto the balloon has only been a sensational toy. We know well enough that it cannot be steered in a predetermined *line*, *i.e.* from one *point* to another given *point*, but this is quite a different problem from sailing over a given *surface of considerable area*. This can be done to a considerable extent, but we want to know definitely to what extent, and what are the limits of reliability and safety. With this knowledge and its application by the brave and skilful men who are so eager to start, the solution of the Polar mystery assumes a new and far more hopeful phase than it has ever before presented.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## *A SCOTCH HOLIDAY.*

**C**ARE'S fardel flung away—how sweet  
 To climb once more a slate-jagged mount,  
 Mistwrapped, and muffled at its feet  
 In ruddy firs, to track the fount  
 Of some torn river from the moor  
 That plunges tow'rds a quiet shore!  
 The sense of liberty, the breath  
 From wind-swept peak and dew-dashed flow'r's—  
 These animate that living death  
 Which holds in bondage our best hours,  
 Where fashion, use, and wont combine,  
 Enslaving man to Mammon's shrine.  
 And then the gleaming thread which flings  
 Its life adown the stern rock-wall,  
 The mighty pine which heav'nward springs,  
 Where most the silver spray-show'rs fall,  
 The turf-heaped shieling, old grey farm,  
 Lone sheepfold—these ne'er cease to charm!  
 Here long cool eves and larger stars,  
 More lustrous moons, withdraw the gaze  
 From meaner things ; the prison bars  
 Which caged the soul in evil days  
 Snap, as good influences shed  
 Their blessings on the soul instead.  
 He was not wrong, that Attic sage,  
 Who bade men search for Beauty's self,  
 For she would ope true wisdom's page  
 To save from sordid lusts of pelf ;  
 My father ! on this ruder shore  
 Thy scholar thanks thee for the lore !  
 The poet with his eyes unsealed  
 Feasts where a common mind finds nought,  
 And mountain mysteries revealed  
 To him creative wealth have brought ;  
 Strong colours glow, the sun's swift glints  
 Illume his verse with changeful tints.  
 Nature for him grave knowledge keeps,  
 Meanings undreamt by meaner men,  
 Where the moon's shadowy vastness sleeps,  
 Where lake and corrie strike his ken ;  
 Each peak a wizard's sceptre wields,  
 Rivers transport to Fancy's fields.

E'en we more humble wooers joy—  
Sworn subjects we of Beauty's reign—  
At her delights ; here never cloy  
The smiles her wilfulness may deign ;  
At opening morn from soft grey skies,  
From pink-flushed clouds as daylight dies.

At eve by Tummel's roar to stray,  
To watch Schehallion's mist-wreathed crown,  
Or greater giants in shadowy grey,  
That o'er their sleeping brethren frown ;  
To hear the curlew's scream, the reed  
Shiver—were happiness indeed !

An old renown broods o'er this land ;  
Here shattered castle, abbeys pale,  
And quaint historic palace stand,  
Mute guardians of the gallant tale  
How men here hunted, gay dames smiled,  
And none their liberty beguiled.

Here Peace has fixed her stable throne  
On rocks as firm, and discontent  
May chafe afar—no jarring tone  
With Scotland's kindly voices blent ;  
The dark sea sparkling into white,  
With silver girds her ancient might.

Still, like their thistles, quick to tear  
A proud aggressor, Scotia's sons  
With thrift a hardy offspring rear  
Where heath-tufts blaze or trout-stream runs ;  
And bare-legged lads, and lassies shy,  
In home-love with their fathers vie.

For friendly deed and welcome word  
A stranger oft must thank this land ;  
The gentle accents here once heard,  
Burnt in his heart will life-long stand ;  
And memory turns with wistful gaze  
To Caledonia's long bright days.

Adieu ! From Berwick winding slow,  
With Tweed's fair valley overpast,  
Steam speeds me ; but one look I throw—  
A lingering look—not then the last—  
To Scotland ; nor can words now tell  
My thankful heart ; kind land, farewell !

Adieu ! my holiday is dead !  
Its wild-flowers will not bloom anew ;  
Fancy and poetry have fled,  
The loved hills fade in tender blue ;  
But close at hand are wife, babes, home,  
And English working days have come.

M. G. WATKINS.

## TABLE TALK.

FOR many reasons—among which may be counted the fact that a different course would convert into a mere obituary the pages now assigned to Table Talk—I do not ordinarily chronicle the death of men of eminence. So closely connected, however, during a long and honourable life, with the kind of studies it has been a special object of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to foster, with the magazine itself and with those responsible for its management, was the late James Robinson Planché, that some allusion to his life and labours is demanded. Foremost among modern antiquaries, not only in research and in that exactitude which it is the special province of antiquarianism to inculcate, but in the power of co-ordinating details and in the quality of quickening into vitality what in other hands is mere archæological lumber, Mr. Planché did much to fix the bases of modern research, and supplied materials out of which, with little or no acknowledgment, more than one high-class reputation has been established. To the knowledge of heraldry which he acquired in early years, he owed his successive appointments in the Herald's Office, the final dignity awarded him in that mysterious branch of the public service being Somerset Herald. To the public generally he was best known as a dramatist, the list of his plays approaching in length that of Heywood or some other writer of the Shakespearean epoch. During many consecutive years he supplied the stage with a series of extravaganzas which, in elegance of diction, happiness of treatment, and quaintness and pleasantness of humour, have never been surpassed. Besides these works, which constitute a class in themselves, he wrote, adapted, or translated comedies without number, and he even succeeded in the remarkable feat of rendering acceptable to the English play-goer a drama of "Aristophanes."

His long life enabled him, in a period which most men assign to repose, to see through the press the three works by which he is likely to be best remembered, the "Recollections," for the production of which he was specially fitted by his social popularity, no less than by his curious experiences and his fine memory; the collection of his Ex-

travaganzas, the chief trouble of which was taken off his hands by his friends Mr. Stephen Tucker, Rouge Croix, and Mr. Dillon Croker; and his "Cyclopædia of Costume." The work last named, which is at once a dictionary and a general history of costume in Europe, is his *magnum opus*, a book which no other writer could have written. Its value is attested, not only by the verdicts pronounced in the organs of critical opinion, but by its incessant employment by the student, and by the fact that to its pages, in the case of theatrical revivals and other like matters, constant reference is made. A mere chronicle of his contributions to general literature would fill more pages than are at my disposal, and I abstain from the attempt to supply particulars which will be found in all subsequent works of biographical reference. To his French descent, for he came of Huguenot parentage, Planché owed probably his vivacity and the animal spirits that kept him in a green old age a cherished companion of youth. In literary and social circles the spare form, which only in very late years became bowed, and the white venerable head were familiar, and his stories and jokes and memories were welcome in all companies. For him proverbial lore seemed reversed. None found tedious the "old man fallen into the tales of his youth," and none in his presence was disposed to enquire, "What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?" During the last year or two Mr. Planché withdrew from his familiar haunts, and last autumn he entirely disappeared from society. At the time of his death he was in his eighty-fifth year.

A POINT with which science might well concern itself is the use of small birds in farm and garden. In spite of all that is said by scientists, and in spite of the proof which is afforded that in countries in which, as in France, small birds are all but destroyed, new and mysterious forms of insect plagues develop themselves; farmers and gardeners persist in regarding the ordinary species of birds as enemies. If you live in the country and possess a gardener who takes an interest in his garden, he will treat as sickly sentimentality all you say about small birds, and when you forbid him to use a gun, he will find less evident but not less effective means of destruction. Take him to task, and he will point to trees and vegetables out of which the birds fly in swarms, and will show you the insects untouched upon leaf and twig, while the pod or the shell is ransacked. There are, of course, thousands of us to whom the robbery of a little fruit is wholly inconsiderable, and who find in the song of the bird a payment far more than

commensurate with its depredations. Such of us will doubtless say with Burns :

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
And never miss 't.

This, however, is not sufficient if we wish to preserve the few remaining species of small birds which human industry of destruction has left us. What is necessary is to furnish an unanswerable proof that birds do more good than harm. Gardeners are not seldom Scotchmen, and as such are as accessible to the logic of facts as they are inaccessible to the appeals of sentiment.

**A**MONGST the new material in the lately published volume of State Papers for 1653-54 (Domestic Series) I find some curious and interesting details of the troubles of those who had served the Commonwealth faithfully, but had great difficulty in procuring even the necessaries of life immediately before and after the assumption of power by Cromwell as Lord Protector. Early in July 1653, the bailiffs of Ipswich, Southwold, and other places, where sick and wounded seamen were quartered, complained bitterly of non-payment for the quarters of the men, so that the inhabitants "begin to weary of them." The Prize Commissioners would do nothing, and General Monk, who was riding near Southwold, being appealed to, was obliged to pledge his personal credit for payment of the money due for looking after the sick in that town, the bailiffs having spent £200 of their own money, and being unable to advance more. From Harwich, Major Bourne wrote on July 6 that, having taken up £400 or £500 on bills of exchange which remained unpaid, he could not carry on affairs without money. On the 31st, he renewed his request, having had to take up £200 from the Assessment Commissioners on his own engagement ; and he begged that money might be raised on the sale of prize goods, some of which were perishing. The case of a navy officer, thrown into prison in the Poultry Compter for debts which he was unable to discharge for want of pay, was a pitiable one. He declared that he had only had one bit of victuals in three weeks, and that his friends mocked him by saying, "What have you gotten by serving the State?" Col. Simon Rugeley pleaded that he lost an estate of £800, and his mansion worth £3,500, by the Royalists ; and that, though he had been compelled to sell land worth £500 a year (a considerable sum in those days), his discontented family was still "within the jaws of ruin." The State owed him an immense sum, viz., £11,280. 12s., for which he had vainly petitioned Parliament, and £4,454. 17s. 11d.



was due to him for service. This sum, however, he was ordered to be paid out of concealments of Crown lands to be discovered by him. The authorities, in fact, being in terrible pecuniary straits at this juncture, could only suggest one plan for the supply of additional funds, viz., that of countenancing discoveries to be made by private individuals, either of fresh means of raising moneys, on promise of reward, which were not unfrequent, though apparently futile, or of mines, or concealed Crown, bishops', deans and chapters', or delinquents', property; the allowance to the discoverer being one-fourth or one-fifth of what was realised on his discovery, or more if the State was already indebted to him ; and Parliament appointed a special committee on the business of discoveries. The Protector himself was so impressed by this condition of general bankruptcy, that one of his first remedial measures was the nomination of a new committee to inspect the treasuries. He further appointed five members of his Council as a committee to consider the fittest and quickest way for raising and bringing in money, and the most exact method of managing the public treasury, exhorting them (as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in more recent times, has been exhorted) "to be very careful of this important matter."

NO parallel to the advance which has been made during recent years in histrionic art is afforded in modern experience. Ten years ago the stage in England was in such evil odour that no form of entertainment was able to lure into a theatre the intellectual portion of the public. With a rapidity that seems scarcely explicable, a complete change of front has been brought about, and theatrical representations are now a favourite form of entertainment with the most cultivated sections of society. Here and there an individual of the hyper-æsthetic school can be found who affects to deride all modern effort that does not run down the grooves with which he is familiar. The reading of the barometer of public feeling is, however, conclusive, and the drama is once more installed in the position it held in the reign of Elizabeth or of Anne. It is just that this should be so, since there has never been a time in the history of art when any European capital, or any centre of intelligence, has exhibited so much admirable acting as may now be seen in London. It might seem invidious to select from many competent performances by English actors one or two impersonations as worthy of exceptional praise. Dismissing, then, for the present, all consideration of English acting, there is a display of foreign art such as London has not witnessed even during

the two memorable visits of the Comédie Française. While France has sent us Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, one of the most spoiled and petted, but also one of the most brilliant, products of what is supposed to be the finest school of acting in existence, America has furnished a rival actress in Madame Modjeska, an artist of altogether exceptional powers and endowments. An entire company, meanwhile, from Rotterdam has appeared in our midst ; and, besides disclosing in Mdlle. Beersman, its "leading lady," an artist in no sense inferior to either of those previously named, or indeed to any woman on the stage, has evinced a general excellence that must make the Comédie Française look to its laurels. It is, of course, natural that a centre of commerce and civilisation like London should attract from the four corners of the world whatever is most worthy of cognisance in art, and the fact that it does so is in itself scarcely worth chronicling. What, however, is worthy of note is, in an art which seemed almost lost, so sudden a bound has been made into excellence that, a decade after a period of all but total collapse, the favourable verdict of London is the most coveted of artistic distinctions.

AT a period when the revival of which I have spoken set in, proof of renewed interest in the drama was furnished by the manner in which an audience "damned" a piece of the late John Oxenford, at that time the dramatic critic of the *Times*. Such an explosion of popular wrath had not for many years been heard. "How they hissed !" exclaimed subsequently the author, who from a private box contemplated the proceedings ; "it was like the revival of a lost art." Hissing appears to have been at one period a lost accomplishment, if not a lost art. Horace, in a well-known passage, shows that the practice must have been current in Athens, since he makes the Athenian miser exclaim—

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ—

lines which Sir Theodore Martin not too happily translates—

Like that rich knave who met the jeers  
Of the Athenian mob with this :  
"The people hoot at me and hiss,  
But I at home applaud myself  
When in my chest I view my pelf."

Cicero and Terence both state that unsuccessful pieces were hissed. It is told that Æschines the orator, who was also an actor, was hissed off the stage by the spectators ; and it is gathered from a statement

in Athenæus that, in addition to such uncomfortable but harmless demonstrations, stones were sometimes employed as a means of chasing an incompetent performer from the theatre. Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, makes Casca, speaking of Cæsar, declare, "If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man." Be this as it may, the practice seems at least to have fallen into disuse. A manuscript of I. N. du Tralage, a friend of Molière, which, after long search, was found in recent years, and has been this summer published by Bibliophile Jacob, speaks of "Aspar," a piece by M. de Fontenelle, the nephew of M. de Corneille, as being the first piece ever hissed in France. "C'est-là," says he, "l'origine des sifflets. Avant ce temps, on bâilloit et on s'ennuyoit quelquefois aux pièces de Pradon et d'autres poètes à la glace." The Pradon of whom he speaks is, of course, the poet whom the Hôtel de Bouillon set up as a rival of Racine.

AN admirable piece of satire by Mr. Hollingshead in his recently published volume, "Plain English," affords an indirect and amusing evidence as to the truth of the views concerning the revival of a taste for things dramatic which I have put forth. Describing, at the commencement of his "Tale of Two Chimneys," the amenities in practice at Edendale, the seat of his action, a town which stands in two central and manufacturing counties of Kickingshire and Gougingshire, Mr. Hollingshead declares: "Its population was rough and its amusements were coarse and revolting. The latter consisted of dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and occasional bull-baiting six days a week, and prize-fighting on the top of the moors on Sunday. Fighting in those parts meant kicking, biting, and gouging, as well as pummeling, and few working men in Edendale were without physical traces of these encounters. The bishop of the diocese, the clergy of the district, and the parochial magnates of the town, all knew of these brutalities, but, *instead of stopping them, they formed a society for the Reform of the Stage and the Elevation of the Drama in London.*"

A FEW of Mr. Hollingshead's "explanations" deserve a place in a new Philosophical Dictionary. Among such are "Dry wine—physic in a convivial bottle"; "History—one side of a question"; "Education—a little rowing and less Greek"; "Dyspepsia—the punishment of prosperity"; "Workhouse—a terminus for third-class passengers." The whole series of definitions is full of humour.

Nothing so bitter and so good in its way has been seen since the time of Cobbett.

MY friend the director of the New Shakspeare Society sends me the following. Sympathising as I do in his objects, I have much pleasure in printing his letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* :—

IN the Prospectus of the NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY issued in the autumn of 1873, I said,

“It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer SHAKSPERE's than that ; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less.”

Accordingly, all the editions of Shakspeare's single plays issued by the NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY—*Romeo and Juliet*, by Mr P. A. Daniel ; *Henry V.*, by Mr. W. G. Stone ; *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (? partly Shakspeare's), by Mr. Harold Littledale—have kept the spelling of the Quarto or Folio on which they were respectively based. But the handsome Quartos of the Society, with their full Introductions and Notes, cost so much, that most likely all our present Members will be dead before our Society's edition of Shakspeare's Plays in old spelling can be completed. Now I, for one, want such an edition, and have long wanted it, every day of my life—a handy, working, clear-type edition, with Acts, Scenes, Lines duly numbered, with Text corrected—though only where such correction is absolutely necessary—so that I may be able (as far as possible) to read and quote Shakspeare's words in the spelling in which his contemporaries of Elizabeth's and James I.'s days read them. To see Shakspeare's words in Victorian dress is just as offensive to me as it would be to see his bust or picture in Victorian dress. The latter offence, being one against the history of Costume and Art, would meet with such shouts of contempt that it has never yet been tried, and never will be ; but the former offence, being one only against the history of the English Language—which the general reader does not care one brass farthing about—is received with the utmost complacency and approval ; and self-satisfied ignorance even pours scorn on the proposal to familiarise Shakspeare-students with the look and spelling of their master's words as they appeared to his contemporaries, and as they are necessary for the due appreciation of his text. For instance, if the *Hamlet* put into student's hands had always been founded on that Second Quarto which first gave the real play to the world, and by the side of its “dram of eale” (sign. D, back, p. 19), men had always read the line in which *devil* is twice spelt “deale”—

“The spirit that I haue feene  
May be a deale, and the deale hath power  
T' affume a pleafing fhape,”

sign. G (page 42), II. ii. 627-9—

who can doubt that the parallel *deale*, *devil*, *eale*, *evil*, would have gone far to settle the meaning of *eale*, and have spared us nearly all the emendations of that word ? Again, if the text of the *Tempest* had always printed its

“*Gon.* But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

*Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are.”

as the First Folio, p. 6, col. 2, stands, we should surely have been saved the recent

assertion that *rarity* was "Another word undiscoverable in any genuine play of Shakespeare."

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, the editor of the noble new Variorum edition of Shakspeare, has said in his last volume—*Lear*, Preface, p. vi.—

"Happily, the day is fast declining when it is thought necessary to modernise Shakespeare's text. *Why should it be modernised?* We do not so treat SPENSER. Is SHAKESPEARE'S text less sacred?"

Surely as the stage has banished Garrick's long wig and George II. coat and ruffles, in *Hamlet*, from its boards, we Shakspeare-students should turn our absurd Victorian spelling out of Shakspeare's text.

I do not say that, for the benefit of people who cannot spell, or whose brains get muddled by old spelling, or to whom it is a hindrance, there should not be a modernised Shakspeare always on sale; but I *do* say that for folk who *can* spell, and who know that the English language has a history, with every phase of which they wish to be familiar, a handy working edition of Shakspeare in the spelling of his time should be provided. *And I am resolved to provide it*, for the first time since Shakspeare's death.

After many unsuccessful tries to find a Publisher, I have at length found one in Mr. GEORGE BELL, who, as an old member of the Philological Society, naturally takes no mere trade view of the proposed edition. But I promised him money-help in it, either from the New Shakspeare Society or myself.

He has offered to sell the Society 500 large-paper copies of an old-spelling *Shakspeare's Works* (edited by me, with such help from fellow-workers in the Society as I can get), in the style of his Singer's edition in 8 vols, bound in cloth, for 35s. a copy, to be issued at not more than 2 volumes a year, so as to suit the Society's funds.

FREDK. J. FURNIVALL.

FEW subjects inspire more interest than dreams, and the kind of relation between the thoughts which are the direct outcome of observation and reflection, and those

That nature  
Gives way to in repose.

In various journals and other periodicals I have read particulars of dreams showing the kind of divorce from his own individuality, so to speak, of which a sleeper is capable. One case of the kind mentioned some time ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette* bore a strong resemblance to a dream of my own, but was, I think, in several ways less remarkable. No apology is necessary for introducing in the case of so impersonal a being as Sylvanus Urban an actual experience, if it may be so called, where it is likely to be of service towards framing psychological theories, however profitless these may remain. In my dream, then, one day I paused at the top of Grosvenor Place, to look at a funeral procession that was turning eastward from that street up Piccadilly. A slight sense of interest was aroused by observing that those within the carriages were my nearest of kin, but this disappeared as I

bethought me that the day was that of my own obsequies. Such attention as I was able to pay was directed to the driver of the hearse, who was tormenting the horses in a way that I felt sure would lead to an accident. As I surmised things fell out. The horses, tortured past endurance, broke into a gallop. Piccadilly, in the bright mid-day, was full of carriages, and the driver made the attempt to steer through the opposite gateway into Hyde Park. His effort was successful so far as concerned the horses, but the wheel of the carriage came into collision with the stone-work at the side. As a consequence the inanimate freight was hurled against the door with such force as to carry it off its hinges. The fall which followed broke to pieces the frail shell, and its tenant, in the dismal appareling of cere-cloth, rolled placidly into the street. I, meanwhile, or *what I felt to be* I, had crossed Piccadilly, and gazed upon these proceedings contemptuously—the individual, so to speak, bending over its eidolon. A feeling that this was rather humiliating and indecent treatment arose, but it seemed no concern of mine; the annoyance could only fall upon my relatives and those in charge of the proceedings. Incuriously, accordingly, and uninterestedly I turned away and the dream ended. For the absolute exactitude of every detail of this grim vision, I pledge myself.

EVIDENCE that we are only at the commencement of our knowledge of electricity is daily supplied us. I take no credit to myself that a suggestion, made many months ago in Table Talk, as to the value of the electric light for purposes of illuminating ships has been acted upon in America, since the invention of the electric light must have conveyed similar impressions to all who took the trouble to think. A vessel has now been launched at Chester. U.S., which is fitted with no fewer than one hundred and twenty lights. These are employed for the purposes of signalling and denoting the position of the ship, and for that of illuminating the saloons and the residential portions generally. It seems probable that one of the worst features of a long sea voyage in winter, the gloom that renders difficult all forms of intellectual recreation and condemns the disheartened traveller to hours of sleepless and uncheered misery, may now be remedied. Since so little of danger attends the employment of electric light, there can be no reason to condemn it. Anyone who has passed a sleepless night in the Mediterranean in blank darkness, with rats holding “high jinks” in his cabin, and with “cockroaches” and other nameless abominations swarming over his pillow, is in a position to contribute a new chapter to the “Purgatorio” of Dante.

Nor do the advantages already promised by electricity end here. Its use as a locomotive agent may free us from the risk of asphyxiation on our underground railways, or may perhaps enable us to substitute for these unsavoury subways, overhead railways such as exist in New York and are in contemplation at Berlin. "Out of heaven's benediction . . . to the warm sun" is the change which, according to Kent, befalls Lear. A change both more pronounced and more gratifying will attend the substitution of open air for subterranean locomotion.

REMARKABLE efforts are being made towards removing from London the reproach of sombre monotony of colour under which it has long laboured. It is not possible to substitute at once for the mean and pitiful structures which degrade our principal thoroughfares, buildings impressive in height and effective in decoration. Still, in many parts of London, and notably in the City, edifices which would not shame a foreign capital have been recently erected. Many of these, moreover, are in such secluded streets that few except those who have business occupations near at hand are aware of their existence. Meanwhile, in addition to the system of window gardening, and the planting of creepers where it is possible, the practice of painting the exterior of houses colours deeper and more effective than the dingy greys and drabs which have long had a monopoly, and which under the influence of rain and soot produce an irresistibly depressing effect, is being pretty frequently adopted. It is not necessary that effort should stop here. I have seen suggestions in the *British Architect* and other journals by which occupiers and owners may profit. In a time when heresy in art is followed by the kind of anathema which used to be reserved for theological controversy, and when it may almost be said there are more schools of art than artists, it would be worse than rashness for one who is not an expert to venture a recommendation. I am safe, however, in saying that a journey to Holland or Flanders would suggest some modifications and improvement in our exterior decorations. The wish for further advance does not prevent "thankfulness for small mercies." It is a pity we have so little sun that the erection of ornamental sun-blinds, which in Marseilles and other Southern cities furnishes a superb means of decoration, seems almost an incongruity.

AMONG the more remarkable stories which are narrated concerning Honoré de Balzac is one to the effect that in the middle of the night he once aroused a friend with the admonition



to put on his clothes and come with him to Italy to take possession of an enormous fortune which awaited them. The source of the wealth amounting to millions which they were to garner he declared to exist in the scoria of the silver mines worked by the ancients. So inadequate compared to modern means were the resources of the early miners to express the ore, that there was not, he held, any doubt as to the fortune to be reaped by those who passed once more through the furnace the huge heaps of recrement which, needing no costly machinery, stood in mounds by the side of the disused mines. Balzac profited no more by his brilliant conception than do the majority of discoverers. Without his aid, however, the scheme was carried out to the notable advantage of somebody. It is curious to see that a further application of the same theory is proffered us by Mr. Edison, who, with the aid of electricity, promises to make men rich—some men, that is—rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and to realise the wildest imaginings of Trismegistus or any of the Rosicrucians.

THE question of the Water Supply of London is of enormous and of growing importance. Now that the idea of purchasing at an extravagant rate the interests of the London Water Companies is, it is to be hoped, dismissed, and the Londoner is to be freed from the fear of having to drink in perpetuity the drainage of all the riparian towns, villages, hamlets, and houses the Thames can boast, it is to be anticipated that the effort to obtain a complete and trustworthy supply will be commenced in earnest. As no supply can be adequate and unfailing except such as is drawn from mountain ranges, it is not likely that the present decade will witness the accomplishment of the task. The magnitude of the operation is a reason for commencing it at once, and not waiting until some attack of pestilence comes to

Spur the jaded sides of our intent.

This is but one of many tremendous tasks that is forced upon us. It is no discredit to the sagacity of our ancestors that they did not foresee the development that London was to receive. Longer continuance in the *laissez-faire* principle which was commenced when England was a sparsely populated country, or of the “tinkering” schemes that have of late been adopted, is no longer possible. The needs of four million inhabitants are imperative, and the first of all needs is a supply of pure water. When we take into account the drinking habits of the Englishman, we forget the difficulty he experiences in obtaining pure water. Reluctant as is, with just cause, the Londoner to drink water, he is less reluctant than the

Parisian or the foreigner in general. Can any of my readers recall having seen a Frenchman at any time drinking a glass of pure water? Not altogether slight is my own experience of the Gaul, yet I cannot remember once seeing a glass of water unmixed with wine drunk anywhere except at the taps which are placed in the railway stations, and I have seldom seen it there. I have myself, meanwhile, both in France and Italy, been warned of the risk I ran in drinking water wholly unqualified with wine or spirit, and once or twice, notably in the Pyrenees, I have suffered for my neglect of friendly counsel. It is useless to mock us with water that is only fit to drink after boiling has rendered it unpalatable. At the present time the Londoner is worse off than Mynheer Van Dunck himself. That bibulous worthy confined himself, as regards water, it is stated, to what

A rose supplies  
When a dew-drop lies  
On its bloom in a summer morning.

Roses will no longer grow in our suburban garden, and the famous imprecation of Caliban,

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both,

scarcely suggests a liquid

To life *less* friendly or *less* cool to thirst

than the dew which falls through the inky pall of London. "Heaven bless the man who first invented pure water!" Sancho Panza might have said, had he not preferred to bless the inventor of sleep. "Heaven bless the man who first secures us pure water!" thousands of thirsty Londoners are ready to cry.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1880.

## *QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

### CHAPTER XX.

For Thou, quoth he, shall be my Wife,  
And honoured for my Queen :  
With Thee I mean to lead my Life,  
As surely shall be seen.  
Our Wedding shall appointed be,  
And every Thing in its Degree :  
Come on, quoth he, and follow me—

. . . . .  
She was in great Amaze :  
At last she spoke with trembling Voyce,  
And said, O King, I doe rejoyce  
That you will take me for your Choyce,  
And my Degree's so base.

*King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.*

MRS. REID had lost no time in moving with her daughter into other and cheaper quarters, sending notice of their removal to the office in Fleet Street, with a letter for Alan to be forwarded thence at the first opportunity. It was at last becoming a little strange that no letter for home had come from Alan. But no mother was ever cleverer at making excuses for her son than Mrs. Reid. Helen's faults had always been sins, and Alan's, virtues. If Helen had been away from home and had not written to her for a month, she would have made up for her real indifference by irritating herself into anger. But if Alan had been silent for a whole year, she would have somehow managed to make it perfectly clear that

nothing could be more natural in a young man than to be heedless ; and that if her heart wore itself out with anxious waiting, it would be no fault of Alan's. It had not always been with her quite like this. But Helen's secret walk with Gideon, and her lie to cover it, had brought about an atmosphere of watchful mistrust and suspicion between the mother and daughter ; while the deep-lying consciousness, which would now and again rise up to trouble her, of the desperately well-meant wrong she was doing her son, forbade her any longer to be less than exaggeratedly over-just to him in all other things. She refused to complain of, or even to see, his silence. She never spoke of it to Helen ; and if Helen ever mentioned it, she defended him eagerly. No doubt there were difficulties in the way of private correspondence which they at home could not divine. Very likely he was not allowed to make use of Field-posts except for public correspondence. Even if he were, it was not likely he would have time for writing more than he was obliged. No doubt, considering all things, his official letter-writing would take up every spare minute he could find out of the saddle. No news must always be good news. If anything happened, they would be sure to hear. At any rate, whatever was the cause, Alan might be unambitious, but nobody could charge him with so much as the barest capacity for being unkind—and to his own mother ! Why, except in taking this wretched newspaper work at all, he had been only too tender-natured. A little more hardness—short of absolute selfishness—was what she wished to give him. And so, in short, his silence must be right, because he was he ; and if he was ceasing to be quite the same he, then his silence must be even more right still. Her having to put all this before Helen obliged her, for conscious consistency's sake, to tell herself the same things when alone.

But were her arguments likely to satisfy Helen, who certainly did not yield to her mother in fancying that she was the only person on earth who really knew Alan ? Probably not—if she, like Gideon Skull, had not found means to know more of her brother's doings and movements than her mother might share with her, it was a fortunate thing that Mrs. Reid was so determined to be satisfied on merely general grounds.

Gideon, we know, had arranged with Mr. Crowder to receive Alan's home letters. And Mrs. Reid, while shifting her quarters to escape from Gideon, had not forgotten to send her new address to the office where he now called almost daily. She could hardly have done better than send it to the *Argus* had she wished the very man to know it on whose account she had made the change. But still,

how should that affect Helen? Whatever letters there might be from Alan, she had received none of them.

It was certainly time for her to take matters into her own hands. Justice and Copleston might have drifted away into dreamland. But it was no dream that her mother was drifting and sinking into that worst slough of poverty which pride makes hopeless, and that, if she herself did nothing, Alan must be dragged down and kept down by the weight of two women in addition to his proper burdens. She had not more than half thought of all this while dreaming of winning back Copleston for Alan, for one cannot think while one is dreaming. And, unless she took her own life into her own hands, fully and once for all, she must make up her mind to surrender herself to the shame of helplessness all her days. Twenty times, at least, she had tried to bring round her mother to her views. Every time her answer had been the same—"You must not disgrace Alan by making him the brother of a servant or a shop-girl." To Helen, who did not know that, in the natural course of things, everything was to be made right again in little more than six years, and that nothing was really required but the exercise of patience and content—for Alan's sake—her mother's eternal answer began at last to look like the very insanity of pride. One afternoon, she did what I suppose not more than one girl in a hundred would have waited half so long to do. She wrote to her brother's best friend—a man who could help her if he would, considering his place in the world, and who would if he could, she felt sure. He who had found a crust for Alan, might find a crumb for her. It was not his fault that her mother objected to him on the score of his being some sort of a tradesman, nor was it hers that she was driven once more to deceive and to disobey. As for her own pride, she had parted with that at Temple Bar. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in disobeying and deceiving for their good the sick, the insane, the unreasonable, the obstinate, the proud, and all other weak creatures to whom only worse weakness allows their own way.

It was not much of a letter. It made no mention of Copleston, and merely spoke of her pressing need to be put in the way of doing something to relieve Alan by supporting herself and, if possible, her mother also. Any girl might have written it to any man whom she had no reason for mistrusting—and everybody always trusted Gideon. After all, as she said to herself as she wrote it, if there was anything in the matter unlike the lady that Alan's sister ought to be, it was natural enough, seeing that she was not a lady. Ladies have

surnames, and she had none. She would not allow herself the right to blush when she added, in a postscript, that she was obliged to act without her mother's knowledge, and that he must direct his answer to a post-office. In spite of the postscript, there are men enough who know the world too well to have been taken in by such a letter. But Gideon knew but a quarter of the world. It was just what he had expected—nay, was it not just what he had been planning for? So his rather reckless bid of ten thousand a year in the bush for Helen Reid, and possibly for Copleston, had not been made in vain. She had spread out her net for him a little sooner than he had looked for—that was all. All the better. The golden bird desired nothing better than to be caught in any net she might choose to spread for him. He was pleased with himself; and he let himself enjoy the sensation of feeling his heart beat almost like a boy's at the prospect of a secret *rendezvous* with Helen. It was certainly first love in its way. He had not always looked forward to marriage as a condition of his purchasing a lady to add to his collection. But his actual knowledge, not only of the existence, but of the very place, of her father's will, had now made a regular and indisputable marriage a matter of business which justified his readiness to go even to such a length for the sake of Helen. Some people try to cover interest with romance, and make believe that they are marrying for true love when it is really for money. Gideon, on the contrary, tried to defend his first romance by good financial reasons, and made believe that he was going to marry for money's sake, when it was in truth for just as much love as he could feel. And, for that matter, his sort of love will go a great deal further than love of the sentimental sort ever dreams of going.

Naturally, when Helen called at the post-office two days afterwards in hopes of finding an answer, she found none. But Gideon knew that women live very much in grooves, and that her hour for calling one day would be her hour for calling on the next day also. And so it happened that, when she called at the post-office on the next day, she again found no answer. But, when she had left the counter, she met Gideon himself at the door.

He had not, thanks to Patience, seen her since their walk along Thames Bank, and he was not ill pleased to see her looking rather thin and worn. Victor Waldron, who had, after all, seen her but twice in his life, would have found it difficult to recognise in her either the girl overrunning with health, youth, and high spirits with whom he had been shut up in Hillswick church, or the scornful enemy who had declared war upon him in the churchyard. She

certainly did not expect to meet Gideon Skull; but she did not start; and if she had, he would only have admired her the more for her acting.

“You see,” he said abruptly, and with an entirely new incapacity for remembering, or saying without remembering, what he had meant to say, “I am come.” He had the air of a slave of the lamp who has received a summons.

It is only too easy to be hard on Helen. I own that I have given her up ever since she passed through Temple Bar. Henceforth, if any excuses are to be found for her, it is not I who make them. It is not to coin excuses, but simply to string facts, when we go out of our way to remember all that had happened in her inner life since she left Copleston—all the less that had happened in her outer life; how, save from Gideon, she had not touched a hand that seemed friendly or heard a word that was kind. Life had become a harsh tyranny—a close hedge presenting a face of iron thorns towards her on all sides, against which she felt herself being goaded to rebellion. After all, she was young—not one of her powers for life and joy, or her inborn thirst for them, had been destroyed: distortion makes such things more strong. Gideon’s eagerness and hurry to serve her touched her keenly. She had been made to think of him as her knight—a rough and discourteous Sir Orson, it might be, but, therefore, all the trustier, according to the belief that you may know a true heart by a heavy hand and a rough tongue as surely as you may tell a false one by the signs of a Victor Waldron. She could not help the glow of a new sort of pride. Suppose that this man’s coming to meet her instead of writing meant that he felt something more than friendly towards her—what then? At any rate it meant that, whatever had happened, there was a man in the world who cared for her, all poor, and friendless, and unhappy as she was; it meant something that she could never feel sure of so long as she had been the sister of Alan Reid of Copleston. She felt very much like a woman, and very little like an avenger, just then. Nobody could ever look down upon Gideon: and a woman who needed strength above all things, and had none of her own, could very easily learn to look up to him. She should have been angry at his coming, but she could not find it in her heart to remember to be angry. She almost felt tears in her eyes at so suddenly feeling that she was not wholly alone.

He saw her eyes grow brighter, and a faint glow come into her cheeks; and he felt himself more in love with her than ever. And, at the same time, his hunger to have Helen for himself, without



much care whether she married him for love or money, appeared to pass into a new phase. There seemed something so new and so simply human and womanly to-day, that a sort of real knightliness towards her came over him—the sensation was so utterly new and strange, that it simply bewildered him. When one has waited till over forty years old to feel anything of that kind, self-knowledge becomes rather hard. That must needs be a strange sort of day in which the sun does not rise until the afternoon.

“*Is there anything I can do?*” asked she.

“I—I don’t know,” said Gideon absently. “What do you mean by ‘anything’? Of course I have been thinking. I haven’t been thinking of much else, for that matter. You’re in no hurry to go home, I hope? All this wants talking over. We can take a long round homeward, and talk as we go. What do you mean by ‘anything’?”

“I must be home soon. Anything—anything that will earn money. That is what I mean. We shall soon have nothing left at all—till Alan comes home; and then—how can I be a useless burden upon him? If I must give up the battle for him, I must not tie his hands. And Alan—you know those people at the office: we have not heard from him, or of him, almost ever since he went away.”

“Oh,” said Gideon, “*he’s* all right! They get his copy, and that’s all right, so he can’t possibly be wrong. Why should he be? I take it, if he does his duty, he must give up writing home. You can’t expect a man who isn’t made of cast iron to be about in the saddle all day, and to be talking and drinking all the evening, and to be writing half the night, and then, instead of getting a few hours’ sleep, to take up his pen again and spin out more copy for his mother and sister. You’d know soon enough if anything went wrong—why, it would be public news. I’m at the office every day, so I should be the first to hear—and you the second. Men may go without rest and sleep to write to their sweethearts, but to nobody else that I ever heard. No—the question is about you. But I can hardly hear for all this noise. We’ll cross the park—we can talk better there.”

“I suppose it must be as you say—about Alan. . . . *Is there anything I can do for us all?*”

“Honestly—No.”

“You mean that I can do nothing—nothing in the whole world? That I am only fit to look on and see my mother starve? I cannot.

Sooner than that, I must do anything—the lowest and meanest thing: anything, right or wrong.”

“I—I’m afraid you don’t know what a girl is taken to mean, when she talks that way.”

“It is what I said when I talked of doing something else for Alan. This is for Alan too.”

“Oh—of course—for Alan! Yes. You did say that. I don’t forget what you say. And there was no way, neither a right nor a wrong. And there is none now.”

“Hundreds of girls——”

“Yes—hundreds of girls do hundreds of things well that you can’t do at all.”

“Is that all you came to tell me? I thought——”

“No. It is not all. There is something—well, that you *can* do, that no other girl can do at all. Listen to me.”

“What is it? I will do it, whatever it may be.”

“You have no means left—no means at all?”

“I don’t know how little—or how long what we have will last: but not for long; and then——”

“You will be absolutely without a penny in the world? Is that what you mean?”

“Utterly without a penny in the world.”

“Yes—and then your brother will come back: wars don’t last for ever, worse luck: I wish they did, with all my heart and soul. I suppose he will have some money due to him——”

“And it must be his. He must not come back to find he has to spend it all in paying his mother’s and sister’s bills for food and lodging. Alan—Alan *must* be rich—I alone know why. Do you think it was for the sake of the land that I wanted Copleston back for Alan?”

“You won’t listen. You don’t know what I mean. I mean that whatever money is due to him will hardly keep him till he earns more. You don’t know what these times are—talk of a girl earning enough to keep herself and her mother like ladies, when thousands of men, with brains and with muscles too, think themselves lucky if they can make some seventy pounds a year! Of course, I might be able to do something for *him*—but——”

“But—for me, you were going to say? What is the one thing that you say even I can do?”

“And that you say you will do, whatever it may be. Be my wife.”

He said “Be my wife,” in so grave and simple a fashion, that

she was almost surprised at not feeling surprised. She certainly had no wish to become the wife of Gideon Skull, or of any man. But it was impossible to doubt that he was perfectly serious. And even if he had really understood her, he could not have done better than make his offer in that manner, without any of the conventional sentiment which can only become poetry by being shared. In truth, Gideon had been forced to bring out his question in that rough and almost savage fashion because he had a sort of a suspicion that there must be some fit and appropriate way of making love to ladies, if he only knew it; but that, not knowing it, instinct preferred the straight line to the risks of taking any haphazard and probably altogether misleading curve. If he had begun by talking to her like a lover, so as to lead up gracefully and poetically to its climax, she would have known how to answer him very well: but the more delicate style, though it had been beaten out over days and weeks of wooing, would not have had half the effect upon a girl who did not love him of this sudden command. There must needs be more heart and strength in one of three words than in ten of three thousand. If a woman loves, she prefers the three thousand, for the sake of prolonging the pleasure. But Helen would not have listened to the three thousand; and she could not help listening to the three.

She did not answer him at all. What is there about plain questions that always makes it impossible to answer them plainly? It was not a common case of the proverb about the Castle that speaks and the Woman who does not know what to say. She was neither lost nor won. But she could not say a plain "No" that might serve once for all. He deserved more than the most grateful "No" that her heart could spell. He was rich: she was poor. He was an absolutely free man; her husband must take, with her, the accompanying burdens of an unmanageable mother and a brother whose fortune had to be made. He was certainly not a man of birth or rank: but had he been a ragpicker, and the son—if only the lawful son—of a ragpicker, he would have had to stoop to the hand of a girl with no birth, no honest calling, and no name. He *must* care for her, or his "Be my wife" would have been the words of a madman. She had come to feel so low, and so helpless, and so contemptible in her own eyes, that any man who could possibly want her seemed to have a sort of right to her. Not every man may lawfully take possession of a pearl that comes in his way: but the common broken shell cannot say to any chance finder with a fancy for its worthless fragments, "No: you have no right to me; I don't belong

to you." The pearl can belong to one only, but its shell to anybody in the world.

"Yes. Be my wife," said Gideon again : this time more humbly, and with some tone of pleading. And, though he believed that she was drawing him deliberately into her net, the humbler and more pleading tone was no mere form. He had felt to-day as if there were something about her which she could not sell him : and he wanted this too.

"I shall never marry anybody," said Helen—quite quietly, and as if an offer of marriage were as common as a Good Morning. For that matter, with her it had really become as common a thing. "I suppose you *are* sorry for me, as strong men always are for creatures that can't help themselves. I have felt like that for broken-winged birds ; but I haven't wanted to marry them.—Oh, you don't know how grateful I am ! Much too grateful to thank a friend who cares for me and mine by giving him a bad wife, such as I should be."

"That is all nonsense," said Gideon roughly, in the tone he used when brought face to face with any form of the hypocrisy which he despised. "I dare say you would make a bad wife to ninety-nine men out of a hundred. That's nothing to me. I'm the hundredth man. And if I wasn't, I know what I want : I always know what I want, and I mostly get it too."

They were not alone in the park, but love-making like this might have been made in the public streets—he might have been a heavy father who was making the course of true love as rough as he could for some troublesome and obstinate daughter, so far as any passer-by could tell. His last words, so far as they implied a boast beforehand, gave a little prick to the pride that Helen chose to think was dead and buried in her.

"I have said my say," said she. "Thank you with all my heart and soul for giving me a new belief—if you say you care for me, it must be true, seeing what you are, and what I am. But—I am married to Alan, you know. I am glad you are his friend."

"So, she wants to drive a bargain?" thought Gideon. "Well, with all my heart—that's only natural and fair. Only, confound that eternal brother of hers, all the same . . . . Of course," he said, "I don't expect you—yet awhile—to care a straw for me, except as for a man who can help *you*. As for the rest—well, I'm not afraid—everything in its own time. I shall never let you hate me, anyhow. As a man who can help you, then—can, yes, and will, while he has a shilling or a drop of blood left to spend for you ; for you and yours. Why, I wouldn't feel jealous if you married me only to climb by. What else do women marry men for? They get to like the ladder

for its own sake, afterwards, often enough to make the risk worth running. Do you suppose any man, who isn't quite an idiot, thinks a woman wants to marry him for the sake of his beauty, or his wisdom, or his virtue, or the way he does his hair? Why, a woman might just as well think that a man wants to marry her best gown. I don't ask you to care for *me*—I'm content to run that chance—Helen. I know it isn't like blockade-running, where it's eleven to one against winning, but where, to win once, it's worth while to lose ten times. One can't marry eleven wives. But I swear I'd rather lose ten times over with you than win a hundred times running with any woman in the world. . . . Think. Think what it would be for that conf—— for Alan to have a sister married to a man worth at least ten thousand a year, and a man, too, who could put him in the way of making ten thousand a year of his own. Why, he might buy back Copleston—who knows? And, if he didn't, Copleston isn't the only place in England. There's your mother, too—think of her. She'd be angry at first, of course, but she'd thank you in a year. And you—who would do anything for Alan, right or wrong—stand thinking and doubting as soon as a real chance comes to you! . . . It's not as if I were old enough to be your grandfather, or a sick man whom you'd have to nurse, or a miser, or any worse than his neighbours in any way. How many men can say, as I can, that I never loved a woman till I saw *the* one, the first that I ever wanted to be my wife—and the last too? . . . I want you in my life; that's enough for me. I can do all things that you want done; that should be more than enough for you."

This see-saw between real but uneloquent passion and the most prosaic bargaining contained many coarse touches which Gideon might have avoided had he kept to few strong words, and which a girl who had ever been brought into contact with real coarseness in any shape could hardly have failed to see. But a woman must have the too late experience of many years before she can tell when and how a man is not a gentleman, however well she can tell by instinct when he is one. As it was, he had said many things that jarred upon her; but no more than all romantic prejudice must needs be jarred upon by inexorable prose.

"You mean—that you want to marry me for Alan's sake?" she asked. "No—it is impossible——"

"No," said Gideon. "It is not for Alan's sake that *I* want to marry *you*. It is for my own sake, as selfishly as you please. It isn't even for yours; it's for my own. But if it is only for Alan's sake *you* would marry *me*—let it be for Alan's sake. Any sake will

do. I shall know why you marry me, never fear. I shall try to make you care for me a great deal ; but, if you can't, I will remember why you married me—Alan shan't lose. In spite of himself, he shall be as rich as a Jew. As his friend and well-wisher, I can help him to a crumb or two ; but how can I do what a rich sister can ? When Waldron bursts up—as he must—I'll find the money to buy back Copleston. Helen—I only want you."

It certainly did feel to her like a piece of miserable weakness that she, who had once gone so far as to dream, for Alan's sake, of bringing to her feet a villain like Waldron, should feel the least scruple about taking advantage of Gideon Skull. "All for Alan," indeed, when she was hesitating over the only thing that was left her to do for him—a great thing for him—and in that case, what could it matter what it would be for her ? The sacrifice, if it were one, ought to be only too easy. There was simply no sort of intelligible objection to Gideon, except a certain want of polish and of refinement in thought—and even this was a wholesome contrast to the smooth ways which she had learned to associate with all things false and mean. He was a strong and true man ; one on whom, as on a tower of strength, any woman or any man might safely lean. It was not as if he were one by whom, even if no love ever came, a wife would find it hard to do her duty, while it would be easy to give him respect, gratitude, and honour. There was something almost touching, and certainly balm-like to her pride, in his eagerness to give her all things for the sake of a chance of liking in return. And, above all, it was not as if he asked her to come to him on false pretences, professing, either by words or silence, a love which she could not feel. There was no first love to stand in her way ; she was called upon to be false neither to him nor to any man—how could she pause twice before such an All for Alan ?

She was even ashamed of pausing. But she did pause ; and Gideon, wondering what he could possibly have omitted to urge, had to leave her that morning disappointed, anxious, and hardly answered. But her No had not been a real No—certainly not such a No as she could bring back to her mother. Helen had wholly learned that, whatever she did, she must take her whole life into her own hands. It was in spite of herself that her mother must be saved.

## CHAPTER XXI.

. . . . . If I the Sun  
 Had placed on high to guide this errant star,  
 I had not made him fitful, faint, and far :  
                     But he had shone

Nigh, strong, and constant. And if I the Rose  
 Had made, who is the garden's liege and Queen,  
 Thornful and fit for fading had not been  
                     Her transient glows.

What need I but one life wherein to give  
 The touches God forgot? Ah God, that I,  
 Who would make good Thy flaws, am bound to die  
                     Before I live !

No letter came from Alan. But his mother had at last cultivated obstinate faith in her own opinions into a severe system of self-defence. If she gave up one inch of her system, she must give up her whole plan. She had determined that nothing which Alan could possibly do or leave undone could possibly be wrong. It was part of her system that he was very much too tender-natured ; and if she was wrong in one least point, she might just as well own that she had been mistaken from the beginning. And she had certainly not gone through all this for nothing.

And so it happened that her resolute satisfaction with things as they ought not to be relieved Helen's mind from the weight of knowing that all was well with Alan, without being able to share her knowledge with her mother. She did once or twice summon up courage to mention Gideon's name, but it would have been the height of folly to mention it a third time. To escape from Gideon was also part of the system, or at any rate had become so. Helen knew that her mother, with her proud Welsh blood stung and sharpened by Pride's twin-sister, Poverty, would far rather see her in her grave than the wife of Gideon Skull. To inflame monomania by argument is worse than absurd. It was not good to go against her mother in so great a thing ; but obedience would be worse and more selfish still, and whatever had to be done for Alan must be done. It must even be without Alan's knowledge ; for she much feared that he would be one with his mother in this matter. They must be able to reap the harvest without the shame and labour of having had to sow the seed for themselves. All the labour and all the shame must be hers alone. They would forgive her when it was too late for anything but pardon ; and, even if they could not, she would be able to help them in spite



of their pride. And as for Alan, if his pride could stand against her, it would surely melt before Bertha.

But how, in ten books, can one trace Helen's whole heart and mind? Sense and folly, heroism and weakness, pride and self-scorn, recklessness and duty, cowardice and courage, romance and necessity—who may end such an infinite catalogue?—were all confused and tangled into a kind of chaos infinitely beyond her own comprehending. And, then, things were getting worse and worse at home. She could not make out how it was that they had not reached the end of their resources long ago. Literally, there was only one thing left, and that must be done without any of the helpless, and worse than useless, talk which only disturbs decision, and hinders and defeats action.

It must not be supposed that, with all her confusion about the rights and wrongs of life, she could go on, day after day, in an atmosphere of the wretched little secrets which are the detestable spawn of great ones, without the consciousness, deformed and distorted as it was, that she was doing something heroic, and was only doing and bearing evil that good might come to him for whom she had bound herself to do and to bear all things. But she could not always keep herself up to the needful pitch of heroic zeal. Often and often she felt very unlike a heroine, and very like a very mean sort of schoolgirl who is trying to act a novel. On such occasions, she had often written half a letter to Gideon to tell him that she was too weak to do even thus much for Alan, and to ask him to forget that there was a Helen Reid in the world. But the letter never got finished. Even for so much as that she was too weak or else too strong. She could not write, "There is something that I cannot do for Alan." And her will had become sadly weakened, which was certainly not the case with Gideon's. She knew well enough that he did not mean to let her go. If she could make the only man who loved her happy enough with a tenth part of a heart, she could do so much, at least, for somebody in the world.

But at last came one morning when she never felt less like a heroine, and never more miserable. It was a fine, bright day, too, such as girls and girls' friends like to have for a wedding day. Between Helen and the weather there was generally a very close sympathy. It was mostly on dull days that she had written those half-letters to Gideon. But to-day, it was as if there were thunder in some inner air. She came down purposely late to breakfast, for she dreaded to meet her mother and to talk about everyday things. There was as

little sympathy between Helen and her mother as between Helen and the sunshine. Mrs. Reid had already looked at the two empty plates, on which no letter was ever laid, and, for the first time, she saw something in her daughter's pale cheeks and heavy eyes that obliged her, at last, to think of somebody besides Alan. No doubt, Helen's want of courage and patience had terribly disappointed her. But she had not reckoned upon the chance of illness for one who had never been really ill since she was born, and to whom headaches were things unknown.

"Don't you feel well, Helen?" she asked, half gently, half reproachfully. "What has made you so late? And you are not eating, I see——"

Helen gathered her strength together. "I am well—quite well. There, mother——"

"Well, Helen?"

Nothing could be more discouraging than Mrs. Reid's way of saying "Well, Helen?" It was especially discouraging to-day.

"If there were any great thing I could do for Alan, something very great indeed——"

"You can do something—something very great indeed; the greatest thing in the world."

"What is that?"

"You know."

"Oh, to be patient—and brave. Of course—I try to be that; but I'm not patient for him; and I'm not brave like you. I don't mean those things. I mean something real—something that one can do——"

"Helen, I will not hear one word of your governess scheme again. *That* is not being patient—nor brave. When Alan becomes what he will become——"

"You still think he would be ashamed of my having to do something while he was poor?"

"It is not what he would feel, but what you ought to do. Don't speak of it again."

"Suppose I found some man—some very rich man—who would marry me for myself, and help Alan for my sake——"

"Are you mad, Helen? Is it such a chance as *that* that makes you want to leave home? And if there was such a man, is it like Alan's sister to——"

"But suppose there were such a man, who could, and would, do all things that I say?"

"Who can answer such a question? If you loved him, and if he

loved you, and if, as well as rich, he *was* well born and a gentleman, and if he *was* a good man besides, and not in trade, and one of whom Alan and I could approve—well, I suppose you ought to marry him for your own sake, and not for Alan's. But if you married him *only* for Alan's sake and without loving him, or if he was of birth and rank lower than you would have looked for when we were at home, or if he *was* not a good man, or not religious, or not moral, or if he *was* a tradesman—why, you might as well talk of marrying—Gideon Skull! I should have thought you would know that as well as I."

Helen flushed crimson. Why should her mother have dragged in the name of Gideon as the type of the man whom she ought not to marry? No—it was clear that she might as well try to make a confidante of a rock as of her mother. Apart as they were, Helen felt as if they must be living in different worlds. There was something her mother loved better than Alan, after all—her own pride. And then, that wretched prejudice against Gideon for being Gideon, and against trade for being trade—she could only sigh and say no more.

But Mrs. Reid had seen the blush, and had by no means spoken at hazard when she mentioned Gideon. Could it be possible that the walk of long ago had meant even more than she had dreaded at the time?

"Never let me hear that man's name again," she said.

"It was you mentioned him, mamma—not I."

"Then, *I* will not mention him again."

It was quite clear that Helen must find sense and strength for both, and must turn heroine at last—once for all.

Helen might look ill, and even feel ill: but Mrs. Reid, without showing a single sign of illness, had become conscious of certain symptoms which not alarmed her—but troubled her. Nothing had gone as she wished thus far, and her suppressed anxiety about Alan's silence was amply enough to bring about one kind of heart-sickness. Her sudden change of life and her self-imprisonment at her time of life, in what to her was the unnatural atmosphere of London lodgings, was as bad for her health as anything could be: and the bare fact of her sharing the same roof and the same table with Helen did not save her from living absolutely alone. She was living for her secret: and who can live for a secret without being worn out by inches? In short, she was torturing herself by a prolonged martyrdom: and nothing but its hardness prevented her from giving way. She still

believed that she had done what was right, and was the last woman on earth to let herself be turned aside by any trouble or suffering which it might bring to her. In Helen's place she would not have doubted, even for an instant, whether she ought to marry Gideon : the two were, after all, far more fully mother and daughter than she and Alan were mother and son. But none of these things wholly accounted for the exact manner in which her health, or at any rate her strength, was beginning to fail her. She had never been active in her ways, like her husband and her children ; but still it was a new thing to her to feel it needful to sit down and rest after going up or down stairs, and she had become subject to alternate numbness and burning of the feet and hands, which often extended nearly to the shoulders, and was sometimes accompanied by a sense of general oppression and pain. She was certainly not nervous about herself ; and the Hoels of Pontargraig had always been a tough race, and famous, within their narrow circle, for length of life in a country where life runs longer than in any other country in the world. Besides, it was out of the question that anything should go seriously wrong with her before the end of the seven years. Nobody is ever permitted to die—she had read on high authority—until his or her allotted task on earth is fulfilled. It was only just and rational that it should be so : and certainly the most sceptical may be defied to find any convincing evidence to the contrary. But, without wanting either faith or courage, one may be prudent. And it so happened that on this very day she had planned to get rid of Helen for an hour or two in the morning, so that she might consult a physician without letting her errand be suspected. For her going out alone would have been a very noteworthy event in such a life as she and Helen led in London.

And it so happened that Helen was so anxious to leave the house alone that morning, that no common excuse or errand seemed good enough to suit her. They had become shy of one another, indeed, when Helen and her mother sat lingering over the breakfast-table ; Helen vainly seeking a good reason for going out alone, her mother trying to think of an errand upon which to send her—both anxious for the same thing, both for a secret reason, and neither able to think of an open and commonplace one.

But, "You *are* ill, Helen," said Mrs. Reid, at last. "If you have no headache now, you will have : you seem all nervous and unstrung. I cannot afford to have you ill. It is such a fine morning—go and take a walk in the air. It is the best thing you can do."

"Yes," said Helen. "I suppose it is the best thing I can do

with myself to-day." But she felt that she had never known what shame meant until then. To have the door opened for her like that, in kindness and in trust, and to take advantage of it, felt worse a hundred times than telling a lie. Disobedience and deceit might be right: but this felt like treachery. But—to-day, at least—she had not the right to do as she pleased. She could only change her answer. "No—I have no headache, and I don't feel ill. But I will go out——"

"Yes—go out: what is the use of our being so near the park, if you lose the fine mornings?"

"Mamma——"

"Well, Helen?"

"If—if I ever did—anything—that seemed—that might seem—very strange and wrong—for Alan—to help Alan—if I ever do—*only* for him—would you remember that I think nothing wrong that I do for him? Oh, mamma, if you only knew what he has lost, *you* would think nothing wrong for Alan!"

"Good gracious, Helen! What do you mean? He has lost Copleston—he will gain something far better and higher, I trust and believe. How can *your* doings, right or wrong, help him to get back the worse or gain the better? Who has ever dreamed of your doing wrong?" But Mrs. Reid was growing really anxious at last. She did think her daughter capable of disgracing herself—had not that been proved? But she had not thought her capable of developing morbid or nervous humours like these. It had been part of her scheme that Helen should accept everything that came, without questioning or breaking down. And now she seemed ready to turn hysterical. "Do go out, and take a good brisk walk," she said. "And—Helen——"

A new thought had come to her. What could Helen do for Alan that could look half so wrong in surface-reading eyes as what she herself had already done, and was doing still? It was a new light; there are days and hours for us all when the nature of our eyes seems to change. Often enough the change has no meaning but for the moment; but sometimes—well, there is a relation between souls and bodies which it is waste of time to try to understand. All who have ever chanced to behold the courage of the coward, the cowardice of the brave, the justice of the unjust, the illumination of the blind, will know something of what such things mostly mean.

"My dear Helen," she said, as tenderly as her long repression of all tender ways allowed, "we both of us live for our boy, you as well as I. Some day all will be well, never fear. Only, we must give

our boy time to become a man. Meanwhile, nothing that is done for him, really and truly for him, can be wrong. If it is wrong, it is not done truly and really for him. There are many right things that nobody will ever be able to understand. But we must do them all the same. What others may think of them, what does that matter to us a straw?" She had forgotten her text, and was thinking only of the defence that she herself would need. "We have only to do what we know *must* be right, cost us what it will. It is all we women are made for, it seems to me."

"Mamma, one thing more."

"Well, Helen?"

"We think the same. If ever *I* do wrong—what seems wrong—for Alan, *you* will understand."

Mrs. Reid could not help starting. Could her own secret have been divined? Was all this talk only Helen's way of saying to her what Nathan said unto David? It was impossible, but it seemed as if the tables were somehow being turned. She looked at Helen, but saw nothing that she could read. But what she had said had been life and strength to Helen, who, moved by a long-forgotten impulse, suddenly knelt down and put her forehead to the lips of her mother.

"Say," said Helen, "that you know that all I want to do is that one thing—all for *him*."

"Surely I know that," said her mother, both with earnestness and with anxious wonder at what Helen could mean. But it was the earnestness alone that Helen heard. Sympathy would be better than pardon. She could go out now with courage for all things that might come. It was unlucky that these two were so much alike. Sympathy would have been easy and full, if Helen had been like Alan.

Mrs. Reid waited quietly till Helen had left the house. The talk, which had almost grown into one of those scenes which she disliked and avoided, had tried her already; it was certainly one of her bad days. So she went to the sofa, and was not sorry that Helen went out without coming back to the parlour. It was horribly annoying, this trick of being made to feel almost faint with the least exertion. She was as much ashamed of it as if it were something wrong. It was impossible that anything could be the matter with her heart, because such a thing as heart disease, in any form, had been utterly unknown among the Pontargraig branch of the Hoels, who never went out of their way to get anything, from money upwards, which did not come to them by nature. And then, she had

read, or been told, that diseases of the heart are rarely accompanied by pain. It was of heart disease that her husband had died, and he had felt as well when he went out fishing as he had ever been—she remembered his good spirits when he left her, and how nothing had been further than the shadow of sudden death from their minds. It was not likely that a husband and wife should have the same trouble ; still less likely that the hearts of the Reids, who were, after all, but people of the day before yesterday, should have anything of so much consequence in common with the hearts of the Hoels, who were at least three times as old as the Waldrons themselves.

Still, it would be as well to see a doctor, and it might be as well to see a lawyer also : for that will in the Reverend Christopher Skull's bankers' custody had given her certain powers of bequest which she ought not to leave unused. Though she might be as hale and sound as her husband had seemed on the day of his death, and though her heart might be as strong as her will, still, every minute of every day brings chances of sudden death with which the state of the heart, or of any other organ, has nothing to do. What is a heart out of order but one chance of sudden death the more added to ten thousand others ?

But, now that she had got her daughter out of the way, she still felt unwilling to move. She seemed to have to think of so many things—her great scheme for making Alan all over again would perhaps never have had birth could she have foreseen all its turns and details. Her faith had not waned : she still told herself that she was glad she had not foreseen. It had not proved so easy as she had thought it, and as rich and comfortable people always think it, to give up for the sake of principle the comforts which we never heed while we have them.

"I wish Alan were home again," thought she. And so, having touched the centre of her pain, she at last got ready to start on her own errand. It was already later than she ought to start if she wanted to be sure of being home again before Helen.

She was almost in the passage on her way to the street-door when she was delayed by a knock ; and presently she was told that a gentleman wished to see her. It sounded impossible—and that her first visitor should have chosen the first hour when she really cared not to be delayed ; it seemed as if everything were going wrong. But she dared not say she was not at home. People with secrets are denied the luxury of feeling indifferent about the business of unseasonable callers. It might be the Reverend Christopher Skull, or—the hope leaped up in her—might it be Alan himself



come home, and amusing himself with a minute's mystery ? But it was neither ; only a tall, lean, pale, more than solemn-faced man whom she had never seen before.

"Mrs. Reid ?" asked he. She bowed.

"My name is Crowder," said he. And that was all that he appeared to intend to say. Mrs. Reid felt that she ought to have some sort of association with the name, but could not remember how, or when, or where. She had never taken the smallest heed of the details of Alan's engagement ; and the name of his employer, if it had ever entered at one ear, had immediately gone out at the other. She could only wait for him to tell his business. But he remained dumb.

"I cannot remember"—she was obliged at last to begin——

"I represent the *Spragville Argus* in this city," said he. And again he was dumb.

"The newspaper that my son—well—you have news of him ? A letter——"

She stopped short. It was not Mr. Crowder's natural solemnity that startled her. She had never set eyes on the man before ; and yet she was able to recognise a look in his eyes that she knew was not always in them, perhaps had never been in them before.

"He is ill ?" she said suddenly. "Where can I find him ?—how soon can I reach him ? What has happened ?"

Still Mr. Crowder was dumb.

"What has happened to Alan ?"

Mr. Crowder looked away. He was equal to facing most things, and believed himself capable of facing all. But, without any reason, Mrs. Reid was not the sort of woman whom he had come to tell what he had to tell. If he had come prepared with speech, it was gone ; and for once he felt that the *Argus* was not the heart of the whole world. Was it even the whole of his own ?

How (with those anxious eyes supplicating, nay, commanding news that might be borne) was he to say what he had come to say ? His eyes could only fall before hers ; and that told her all. He had come to break the news to her tenderly : he had left Mr. Sims in sole charge, that a stranger to him might not be startled by a certain double-leaded paragraph in the *Argus* which of course she read faithfully ; and now he almost wished he had not come. He felt he had done a braver thing than if he had led a charge against a regiment of Prussian Grenadiers. And it was true.

"Alan is dead !" said she.

It was not a cry, but a most desolate moan. For an instant, her

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common people.

HIDES, who represented the respectable side  
water in very good style, and, out of business

If he had said with the Emperor of Tartary, it would have meant the same to her. Since Alan was dead, it was as likely as not that Gideon Skull, or anybody else, should be mentioned to her by Mr. Crowder.

"I thank you," she said again. "I am not alone. If you will leave me, I shall be much obliged. Miss Reid will be home soon now——"

He had to leave her : there was a spasm about her lips while she spoke which showed that a strange presence was becoming more than she could bear. But, even when he was gone, she did not give way. She only went back to the sofa, and turned her face to the wall.

What must be done, must at times be done in haste, for fear lest the strength we have to do it should fail.

Alan's mother was not thinking of her daughter, God knows. If she had been—now—she would only have thought herself lost in another dream.

She would have seen the interior of a strange church, twice as large as that of Hillswick, nearly as worn out, and three times as dark and dusty—a wilderness of huge galleries and baize-lined pews, into which the sun, unsoftened by colour, seemed to stare sullenly and only because he was obliged. At the east end she would have seen a communion table fenced in by thick wooden railings like dwarfed bed-posts ; and, flanked on the right by a well-dressed young gentleman and on the left by a clerk and a pew-opener, she would have seen, standing before a surpliced clergyman, Gideon Skull and Helen. It might have seemed natural to her—in a dream. She would have seen the giving of the ring that was to transform Alan Reid of Copleston into the brother of Gideon Skull.

Helen and her husband parted at the church door. She was certain she had done what was right, and indeed it was needful for her to be certain, henceforth and for ever. The door for compunction and regret had been closed for her—she could fancy, without the help of her own hands. She had certainly driven an excellent bargain ; for so long as she allowed him to be her husband, Gideon had been perfectly ready to give way to her in all things, even in what he must have thought her idlest whims. Not only had he been made clearly to understand that it was for her brother's sake alone that she had brought herself to allow him to marry her—she was not even to be asked to leave her mother until she pleased ; and her dread of having to make her confession met with such complete sympathy and acquiescence from Gideon, that she had resolved to put it off until

to-morrow. It did seem strange to her that doing right should always seem so hard—first the doing and then the telling. Well: it was all for Alan, and her mother would understand.

So—half wondering that she felt in no wise stronger or better than half an hour ago—she first kept Gideon to his promise by bidding him good-bye till at least to-morrow, and, as soon as she could, got rid of Lord Ovoca, who had been Gideon's best man, and who insisted on seeing the bride at least part of the way home. The young man never saw anything odd in anything that was out of the common; his own life ran so much out of the groove, that he had no surprise left for any but common ways. The secret marriage, and the parting at the church door, must needs be right, because they tasted in his mouth like sawdust flavoured with orange-peel. He was rather obtrusive in his attentions to Helen, but his brogue and his general easiness of going always saved him from offending anybody; but even he was made to feel at last that the bride wanted to be left alone on her wedding-day. His chief reflection on the whole matter was, "Fancy the feelings of a girl who's had a decent name of her own when she hears herself called for the first time—Mrs. Gideon Skull!"

But neither to-day nor to-morrow—that day which never comes!—was Helen to tell her mother her new name. By the time she reached home, her mother had died, without moving from where she had lain down.

## CHAPTER XXII.

I read it in a strange old book,  
When hours were long and sunny,  
How some one from a Fairy took  
A purse for making money.  
No more than half a pair of shakes  
Would bid a bag of leather  
Snow down, like Mother Carey's flakes,  
Ten thousand pounds together.  
How oft I wish, nor wonder why,  
That fairies still were common,  
Nor bade each girl and boy Good-bye  
Who turns to man or woman!  
For, just as clearly as I see  
The cock on parish steeple,  
I know they'd give that purse to me,  
And not to common people.

MR. DEMETRIUS ARISTIDES, who represented the respectable side of his firm, lived at Bayswater in very good style, and, out of business

hours, held very little social communication with his junior partner, Mr. Sinon. Many people, judging by the very different view of their house presented by the two partners, both in business and society, mistook it for two different houses, whereas it was in reality entirely the same, and scarcely differed from a hundred others in having two different doors. Mr. Sinon, his partner himself felt compelled to confess, was far too much of a *roué* and a gambler for a merchant of the City of London. On the other hand, Mr. Sinon was exceedingly fond, behind his partner's back, of girding at him as a pedant, a miser, and a humbug, who, though born in the Levant, was no better than a common Englishman. Mr. Sinon seemed to throw away, with both hands, all the profits that Mr. Aristides made. But one advantage they had, which presumably worked well. The foes of one were the natural friends of the other, so that either partner could afford to lose a personal friend without necessarily costing the firm a client or customer. And then, their divergence of character enabled them to carry on many very opposite forms of business which greater harmony of nature must have made impossible. In short, Mr. Sinon was the sharp, dashing, bachelor partner; Mr. Aristides the honest, respectable, domestic one. And they were of perfect accord in considering each other indispensable. They were seldom seen together, even at their joint office in the City, and Mr. Sinon did not pay his partner's family more than one visit a year—that is to say, when he brought Madame Aristides an offering of sugar-plums on Old New Year's day. But they had never been known to have a dispute, except very publicly indeed, and when it was a matter of policy as well as of temper to hurl at one another those magnificently resonant epithets of Eastern Greece which are to our noisiest Billingsgate what thundering rocks are to clattering pebbles. And they never bore malice, but forgave one another instantly as soon as they were alone.

Mr. Demetrius Aristides was really, and without the faintest tinge of sarcasm at the expense of a most respectable word, a highly respectable man. He was even a good Christian, of the orthodox Levantine school, and hated Jews like poison. So orthodox was he, that this was the second, if not the very first, article in his creed. He felt it his duty to attack them in business at every turn, and almost always came off the winner. He was a cosmopolitan steeped in national prejudices. Thus he objected to Scotchmen, on principle, because it wastes time and ruins temper to deal with people who will consider, one by one, every one of the four hundred thousand sixpences in ten thousand pounds. He was cynically indifferent to

Irish wrongs, as affecting a country which has more to gain than to lose ; but he liked England, and he adored America as the land of a spending, speculating, and, above all, impulsive and confiding people who gave him a great deal of pleasure and no trouble at all. Ten Yankees to beat one Jew, ten Jews to beat one Scotchman, ten Scotchmen to beat one Genoese, ten Genoese to beat one Greek, ten Greeks to beat one Demetrius Aristides, was one of his multiplication tables, and he found it fairly accurate on the whole. The match for ten of himself he had not yet found—not even in Mr. Sinon, who had many genuine weaknesses, while his own armour had proved hitherto without a flaw.

His wife, Madame Aristides, with splendid black eyes that had once made her beautiful, but with a degree of stoutness that no longer allowed her to be graceful, and with an imperfect knowledge of English that happily concealed her nearly perfect ignorance of everything, was an ex-ballet-dancer whose father had been a brigand of some note in his day ; but she passed very well in London as a foreign lady. He was an art patron—especially in the matter of paintings, which are always worth money, while a song, once sung and heard, is as unprofitable as a cab that has once been ridden in. However, he by no means bought pictures and bric-à-brac merely to sell again. He liked his house in Bayswater, overlooking the gardens, to be one of the æsthetic show-places of London, and spent hundreds of cards a year upon enthusiasts who were told it was the wrong thing not to have seen some Brown or Jones in the possession of Mr. Aristides. He spent little upon feasting, because that was in his partner's department ; but whenever he gave dinners they were at least as great works of art as his paintings, and invitations to Madame's occasional receptions, where people were always allowed plenty of room to dance in, were things to be fought for. And all this came out of that little back office in —— where nobody ever seemed to do anything, or to have anything to do, but consume sherry and cigars.

It was one of Madame's receptions to-night. It would have been easy to find more distinguished company under much humbler roofs ; but there were quite enough good people with good reason for being there to attract still better people there also. And, at any rate, it had the merit of variety, for Mr. Aristides had the good sense to mix his guests well, without caring in the least who might meet whom. He might lose a few exceptionally strait-laced people that way, but not many, and hardly any worth keeping ; and, for the rest, the more mixed the company, the more safe they are to enjoy them-

selves in their hearts, whatever they may think it right to say when the time comes for talking things over. Lord Ovoca, for instance, would not have enjoyed himself very much in the society of his peers, nor many of them very much in his; while by bringing him together with half-a-dozen æsthetic republicans, seven people were equally pleased. Fine ladies were enabled to flatter themselves that they might be mistaken for foreign singers, while they in their turn made the *haute noblesse* of Bohemia feel charitable towards those poor creatures of whom no stories can be told. For the true Bohemian longs in his or her inmost soul for the Philistine plains far more truly and honestly than the adventurous Philistine for the imaginary charms of Bohemia. Whenever you hear Bohemia praised and glorified, be sure that the praiser has never been really and truly there—unless, indeed, he be a Philistine fox who has lost his tail.

It was good of Mr. Aristides to amuse and interest his titled and moneyed friends by giving his artistic *clientèle* a respectable holiday. It was easy to account for the presence of most of the company. The connection of Mr. Aristides with many kinds of speculation, and his patronage of almost every branch of art—save only that of the *ballet*, which was strictly in the department of Mr. Sinon—were amply sufficient reasons for an infinite number of individual cases. But, still, there were a few flies in amber even there—people whom nobody knew, who interested nobody, and perhaps could hardly themselves have given an account of how or why they were there.

There was, at any rate, one man who seemed to be in this position. He was near the door, looking about him as a mere stranger would, and without joining in the confused chatter, perpetually rising higher and higher in pitch, which on such an occasion reminds a cynical listener of nothing so much as his last visit to a collection of cockatoos and macaws. He was a tall man, made lean and strong, with a grave, straight-featured, sun-browned face, and a large brown beard. Nothing about him told of what he was, or in what part of the world he was born, except that he was certainly not a countryman of Mr. Aristides. He looked as much, or as little, like one of the artists there, or one of the stockbrokers, as like a soldier, which is giving a tolerably wide margin. Without looking particularly interested or at all amused, he seemed entirely and unaffectedly at his ease, and quite content to be talking to nobody. But in that house it was next to impossible for anybody who had ever known anybody in his life—even if he was a stranger to London—to get through a whole evening without being run across by somebody whom he had



known somewhere, for there was somebody there from almost everywhere.

"Holloa!" said a little man, otherwise unnoticeable, who was rather roughly rubbing the heat from his forehead on his way towards the door—"you here? Rather different from the last place we met in, eh? Hotter in one way, but not in another?"

The silent man in the doorway smiled slowly and pleasantly, and held out his hand. "Yes, I'm here. And so, if I'm not mistaken, are you. Yes, it's different here, as you say. What brings you into this galley?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders, almost like a Frenchman, though he was certainly not one. "That's a long story. And you?"

"That's a longer, Doctor. I wonder if anybody's here without some sort of a why. It's almost like the *Légion étrangère*. If I wanted plots for plays, I'd hang about this house, and make a fortune in no time."

"Or lose one," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders again. "But it's true you might make one, if you had none to lose. I hope you're not a man of property. If you're not, I'm glad to meet you. If you are——"

The other frowned deeply for an instant, and then smiled again. "You seem to know the country, Dale. I like the look of it, rather. Standing in this doorway, it's like taking a bird's-eye view of the world."

"How long have you been in town? And if you've been long, why didn't you look me up long ago, and have a good big talk about blood and bones?"

"I'd have liked it, and I'll have it, too. But I've not been long over. I've been seeing how they do things in Spain. Why didn't you come?"

"Ah—you fellows have all the luck!" sighed Dr. Dale. "As if I'd let Sark make war on Scilly, if I could help it, without my being there to have a finger in the fun. But I'm a bandaged man. I've dropped into music, you see, since the good old times."

"Into music—you? If you sing the old songs in the old way, you would make one sort of sensation: no doubt of that. But perhaps it's the cymbals or the drum?"

"Pooh! I mean I've got to look after the throats of twenty-seven opera-women, and it's no sinecure, I can tell you. I'd rather saw off twenty legs a day."

"Why don't you, then? We hadn't a man who could cut off so

much as a head properly where I've been : though we've had a good bit of throat-cutting, it's true."

"I shall cut somebody's throat some day—and it will be a woman's. You see that fat old woman talking to Lord Ovoca? Her confounded pharynx gives me more bother than life's worth living for. If she fancies she feels a tickling for a minute, she goes to bed and sends for me ; and before I'm at her house she's up again, and forgotten all about the matter. Some day she'll be found with her throat cut—and I shall be hanged."

"Then cut it, or hang her, and come."

"I've done my best. I make a point of going to all my prettiest patients oftener than I need, just to make my wife order me to give up the theatre practice, and to insist on my going off to Spain, just to be out of harm's way. I've told her I've been to attend an alderman's gout, and then taken care to let her find out I've been lying, and that I've been with some fascinating *soprano* all the while. But it's no use. She *won't* be jealous, do what I will."

"Oh, if you're married—then I'll congratulate you with all my heart ; and don't be a humbug, Dale. I conclude your long story means that you've got a wife whose company you prefer even to that of Carlist brigands, and that she doesn't want to get rid of you, and is too sharp to be jealous of women that aren't fit to tie the shoes of women like what Mrs. Dale is sure to be. Is she here?"

"*She*—Mrs. Dale?"

"Why not?"

"Do you think I'd bring my wife among my patients and my host's customers? I'd sooner take her with me to Spain. No, no. Practice is practice : but one's wife's one's wife, and home's home."

"Are they such a bad lot, then, that you and I have got among?"

"Bad?—No. No worse than you and I. But—well—when *you're* married, you'll know what I mean. No : they're not bad. My patients are very good : but then their good isn't just everybody's good, you know. In short, it's another world that goes round just as rightly as ours, only the opposite way. And with the city people it's the same : the sort, I mean, like Aristides, and Sinon, and Skull."

"Skull? What Skull?"

"I forgot—you can't know the ins and outs as we do who live behind the scenes. Do you know the name? It isn't a common one. No? Well, Gideon Skull's a sort of a dark horse—something in the city, you know—I know him pretty well by meeting him here. He's not what I call good form, you know. He's rich. There are queer stories of his dealings in French stock and English rifles and

army stores in our war—but I don't understand those things myself, so I can't say. Some people think he's a sleeping partner in Aristides and Sinon. Some say they're only his agents: some say he's only theirs. There are one or two people, besides myself, who say openly that they don't know. And that 'don't know' is just the very point, you see. That's what it comes to with just nine-tenths of the people here. They've all got stories—nine-tenths of them. Very likely most of the stories are lies. But then, lies aren't told of people who haven't got some real story, which may, as likely as not, be worse than the real one."

"You're a charitable sort of a doctor, Dale, I must say."

"Compared with others, I am."

"Is Gideon Skull here to-night? I think it's quite possible he may be a man I used to know."

"No; but you know him, do you? I didn't know that, you see, when I brought him in by way of example. He may be a saint—I don't know; perhaps you do. But that's it, after all. *I don't know*. It's nothing to me whom I visit as a patient; but Practice is Practice, and Home's Home, you see. And it don't so much matter, after all, of course, between a man and a man. I've been hail-fellow-well-met with scores of men I know nothing of——"

"Such as I, Doctor?"

"Well, say such as you. But it's the women. If I brought Laura—that's Mrs. Dale—into the set—she'd have to know Mrs. Skull."

"Mrs. Skull? Do you mean to tell me that there is a woman in the world called Mrs. Gideon Skull?"

"I do, though."

"And who, in the name of wonder, is she?"

"Ah, you see, that's just the point! *I don't know*. And nobody knows."

"Lots of money, no doubt?"

"Not a penny, they say."

"That's simply and absolutely impossible, Dale. Skull was always a bit of a rake, and of course he might take up with any woman, money or no money; but marry her without a cent—No!"

"Did I say he *had* married her?"

"Didn't you?"

"No; you asked if there was a woman *called* Mrs. Gideon Skull, and I said, There is. That's all."

"Isn't he really married, then?"

"There it is again—*I don't know*."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes; pretty well."

"Is she here to-night?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I haven't a Laura to think of, and because I have a great curiosity to see a woman to whom Gideon Skull has given his name. If she has made him marry her without a penny, she must be a wonder. Which is she?"

"That young woman in black velvet, sitting near the piano. Some people think her a beauty; but I don't know. Of course I'll introduce you, if you please."

"If *you* please. I should like it very much indeed. She doesn't look particularly wonderful, though, after all."

He followed Dr. Dale to the piano, and was duly introduced to the young woman in black velvet.

"Mrs. Gideon Skull—allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Walter Gray."

*(To be continued.)*

## *A PERISHED KERNEL.*

“ I think it be true that writers say, that there is no pomegranate so fair or so sound, but may have a *perished kernel*.”—*Sir Francis Bacon on the Trial of Lady Somerset.*

TOWARDS the autumn of the year 1609 there arrived in London a young Scotchman who, after a few years of dazzling prosperity, was to be cast down to the lowest depths of shame and reproach. Upon our happily limited list of royal favourites the name of Robert Carr occupies a prominent position. Endowed with all the advantages of youth, a handsome figure, a face, if somewhat effeminate, yet full of charm, and possessed of the most winning manners, the lad had quitted his native town of Edinburgh to seek his fortunes at the Court. He was sprung from a good old stock, and his father, we now learn, had been actively engaged in supporting the cause of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; for amongst the State Papers there is a petition addressed to Carr, when he was supreme in the favour of his sovereign, from one James Maitland, soliciting permission to sue in the Scottish courts for revocation of the attainder passed upon William Maitland, of Lethington, for services to the King's mother, and the petitioner apologises for his intrusion upon the favourite on the ground that “ our fathers were friends, and involved in the same cause and overthrow.”<sup>1</sup> Protected by his kinsman, Lord Hay, young Carr, shortly after his arrival in London, was introduced to the gay company which then daily crowded the galleries and antechambers of Whitehall. It was known that James, who piqued himself upon being indifferent to the fair sex, was strangely susceptible to handsome looks and a graceful figure in young men. Lord Hay, as he took the young adventurer by the hand, and examined his well-knit limbs, his delicate features, his large expressive eyes, and the brilliant complexion, which had a frequent trick of blushing, felt sure that his *protégé* had only to be seen by the King to be at once ingratiated in the royal graces. An opportunity soon offered itself. At a tilting match Lord Hay ordered Carr, according to ancient custom, to carry his shield and device to

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic, July 17, 1613.*

the King. James was on horseback, and as Carr advanced to perform the duties entrusted to him, he was by a sudden movement of his charger thrown from his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, breaking his leg. The accident was turned to excellent advantage. James at once dismounted, bent over the lad, and was struck with admiration at the girlish beauty of his features. He gave orders for the young sufferer to be removed to apartments in Whitehall, and to be attended upon by the Court physician. The King, who made friends as quickly as he dropped them, was soon on the most intimate terms with the fascinating Carr. He visited him daily, and spent hours in close conversation with him in his chamber. He introduced the Queen to him. He brought him fruit and gifts calculated to cheer the monotony of a sick bed. Finding him indifferently educated, the King, who was never so happy as when instructing others, began to teach him Latin and other subjects, the better to fit him for the honours to which it was intended he should be advanced. A ribald ballad of the time alludes to these attentions :

“ Let any poor lad that is handsome and young,  
 With *parle vous France* and a voice for a song,  
 But once get a horse and seek out good James,  
 He'll soon find the house, 'tis great near the Thames.  
 It was built by a priest, a butcher by calling,  
 But neither priesthood nor trade could keep him from falling.  
 As soon as you ken the pitiful loon,  
 Fall down from your nag as if in a swoon ;  
 If he doth nothing more, he'll open his purse ;  
 If he likes you ('tis known he's a very good nurse)  
 Your fortune is made, he'll dress you in satin,  
 And if you're unlearn'd he'll teach you dog Latin.  
 On good pious James male beauty prevaieth,  
 And other men's fortune on such he entaileth.”<sup>1</sup>

On recovering from his accident, Carr became the constant companion of the King and his chief adviser in all affairs of State and pleasure. “The favourite,” writes Lord Thomas Howard, “is straight-limbed, well-favoured, strong-shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of show of modesty. He is so particular in his dress to please the King that he has changed his tailors and tire-men many times. And he is so decidedly the Court favourite that the King will lean on his arm, pinch his cheek, smooth his ruffled garment, and when directing discourse to others nevertheless still will keep gazing on him.” Honours and dignities were showered on the fortunate youth in quick succession. He was appointed keeper of

<sup>1</sup> *Ben Jonson*, by W. R. Chetwood, 1756.

sary remedies. I have written a long discourse on the subject, but I fear he will throw it aside unread. I beg your lordship to read it to his Majesty and urge on him the necessity of attending to it." The Company of East India Merchants, anxious for future favours, presented Carr with a piece of gold plate valued at six hundred pounds. The town of Rochester, hearing that the King intended to call a Parliament, wrote to the favourite offering him the nomination of one of their two burgesses.<sup>1</sup> Whilst the famous College of Christ Church, at Oxford, forwarded him a petition desiring him "to become their patron and a member of their college, which boasts a regal foundation, and has the Duke of Lennox, Lord Aubigny, the Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Sydneys as members." Yet this homage and recognition of absolute power do not appear to have turned the young man's head. He was courteous, urbane, and not too difficult of access. "Many people," writes Lord Northampton to him,<sup>2</sup> "noting your lordship's skill in answering letters, and your urbanity, wish to see you Secretary." Nor did the favourite place a price upon the service he was called upon to render. It was his boast, as he wrote to Northampton, that he was a courtier whose hand never took bribes. In one of his despatches to Madrid, the Spanish Ambassador, after giving a few particulars of the English Court—that the King grows too fat to hunt comfortably, and eats and drinks so recklessly that it is thought he will not be long lived; that the Queen leads a quiet life, not meddling with business, and is on good terms with the King; that the Prince Henry is a fine youth, of sweet disposition, and, under good masters, might easily be trained to the religion his predecessors lived in; that the Council is composed of men of little knowledge, some Catholics, but most schismatics or atheists; and the like;—winds up by saying: "The King resolves on all business with Viscount Rochester alone. His chief favourites are Scotchmen, and especially Viscount Rochester."<sup>3</sup>

The young man was now at the very meridian of his splendour; as a subject, it was almost impossible for him to attain to higher honours. We have now to trace the causes which ushered in his overthrow. Among the beauties of the Court was Frances, Countess of Essex, a daughter of the family of Howard—a house then noted for the unscrupulous ambition of its men and for the open frailties of its women. Poets raved about her wealthy auburn locks, her dazzling complexion, her small ripe mouth, her perfectly chiselled features; whilst her wondrous hazel eyes were scarcely felicitously described as "wombs of

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, Feb. 13, 1614.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Aug. 12, 1612.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Sept. 22, 1613.



stars." The married life of this "beauty of the first magnitude in the horizon of the Court" had not been a happy one. At the age of thirteen she had been wedded to the Earl of Essex, who was then but a mere boy. On account of their tender years, the young couple for a time were separated; but, if we are to believe the evidence before us, when their union was permitted, their relationship still continued on its former footing. The Countess, after a trying interval, prayed for a divorce on the ground of nullity of marriage. She declared she was a virgin-wife, and satisfied a jury of her own sex of the truth of her assertion; but as her ladyship, during this Platonic alliance with her husband, had amply avenged herself for all marital shortcomings, the gossip of history declares that, to prevent any unpleasant disclosures, "another young gentlewoman (the Countess was closely veiled during the investigation) was sobbed in her place." The trial was the great topic of the hour. The Court was divided in opinion; some of the judges, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaring that those whom God had joined together could not be divided, whilst others held the views on the subject which at the present day prevail. The King, however, was the warm friend of the petitioner, and used all his authority to obtain a verdict in her favour. He browbeat the judges who differed from him, he laid down the law with his usual travesty of wisdom and erudition, and declared that none should entertain opinions which were opposed to those of their sovereign. "If a judge," he writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you, that are so far '*my creature*,' can use towards me is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed." The royal wishes carried the day. Save a few dissentient voices, the Court declared the marriage between Robert Earl of Essex and the Lady Frances Howard void and of none effect, "and that the Lady Frances was, and is, and so ought to be free and at liberty from any bond of such pretended marriage *de facto* contracted and solemnised. And we do pronounce that she ought to be divorced, and so we do free and divorce her, leaving them as touching other marriages to their consciences in the Lord."

The Lady Frances was not slow to avail herself of the freedom granted to her. Ever since the handsome face of Robert Carr had been seen in the galleries of Whitehall, the young Countess had

been smitten with the favourite. At balls and masques she had crossed his path, and her words and looks had revealed the feelings that had been awakened within her. She visited a noted astrologer in Lambeth, and begged him to give her potions which would cause the object of her attachment to respond to her passion. Yet there had been no need for philters and magic arts. Young Carr was neither cold nor obdurate ; at first the amorous Countess was the one who loved, whilst her gallant was the other who allowed himself to be loved ; but soon the sprightly gaiety and beauty of his mistress brought the favourite to her feet, and he vowed that life unshared by her was robbed of all its sweetness. And now it was that Lady Essex brooded over the thought of divorce. The King, who but re-echoed the wishes of Carr, cordially approved of her resolve, and, as we have seen, strongly prejudiced the Court in the interests of the young wife. "The divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex," writes Chamberlain to Carleton,<sup>1</sup> "is soon to be decided, and is as important as opening a gap which would not soon be stopped. It is said that Rochester is in love with her." The report was fully justified. A few weeks after the divorce had been pronounced, Lady Essex was led a second time to the altar, to be united now to no mere boy, but to a powerful peer, the fondly cherished friend of his sovereign, and one of the handsomest men of his day. The ceremony was attended with every sign of homage and rejoicing. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the bench of bishops, and all the leading peers of the realm were present at the marriage. The bridegroom, in order that there should be no disparity between him and the late husband, was created Earl of Somerset. The young Countess, as she walked up the aisle of the Chapel Royal on the arm of the King, allowed her hair to fall unfettered to her waist as a proof of the innocent character of her former union, for to be "married in their hair" was a privilege only accorded to maidens. The Bishop of Bath and Wells performed the ceremony, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to pay all expenses. In the evening "a gallant masque of lords" took place in honour of the occasion. Every attention that servility and respect could inspire was lavished upon the newly-wedded Earl and Countess. They were the recipients of the most magnificent presents. They were lavishly entertained by the Lord Mayor and aldermen at a splendid banquet in the City, their carriage was escorted through Cheapside by torchlight, amid the cheers of the mob, and their healths were drunk with vociferous applause. The members of Gray's Inn, disguised as hyacinths,

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, June 23, 1613.

jonquils, daffodils, and other flowers, performed a masque, especially written in their honour by the great Lord Bacon, before the King and a brilliant company. Masques, plays, and "wassailles," in commemoration of the event, followed each other in quick succession. Indeed, the national rejoicings could scarcely have been more marked had the heir-apparent to the throne taken unto himself a princess. Shortly after the honeymoon the Earl of Somerset settled himself in London, taking Sir Baptist Hicks' house in Kensington, which he sumptuously furnished.<sup>1</sup>

But a cloud was slowly springing up, which was to cast its black shadows over all this prosperity, and turn the future into hopeless gloom. Among the eminent men who then adorned the court of James, the name of Sir Thomas Overbury takes high rank. Though eclipsed by the fame of his more splendid contemporaries, his works were much read and admired; and even at the present day his poem of the "Wife" and his "Characters" will repay perusal by the curious. But apart from his literary fame, Overbury exercised considerable influence in the circles of the Court from the soundness of his judgment, his knowledge of men and affairs, and his decision of character. He had, shortly after Carr's introduction into the society at Whitehall, struck up a warm friendship with the favourite. He was the young man's adviser-in-chief, his father-confessor, and the instigator of most of his actions. It was said that, indirectly, the knight was the sovereign of the country: for though Rochester ruled the King, it was Overbury who ruled Rochester. To the intrigue with the Countess of Essex, Overbury had raised no obstacle. Nay, he had even facilitated matters by helping the untutored Rochester to indite the love-letters he sent to his mistress. But in the eyes of Overbury, there was a wide distinction between an intrigue with a divorced woman and a passion which would be satisfied with nothing less than honourable marriage. The keen man of the world was no stranger to the antecedents of Frances, Countess of Essex, and he felt assured that his friend would bitterly rue the day he made so fickle a dame his wife. Accordingly, he essayed all his efforts to dissuade the infatuated youth from his purpose, but in vain. Rochester was enslaved by the charms of the fascinating Countess, and swore that nothing in her past history should be regarded by him as an obstacle to marriage. High words broke out between the two friends. "Well, my lord," cried Overbury at the close of a discussion, "if you do marry that filthy base woman, you will utterly ruin your honour and yourself. You shall never do it by my advice

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, Nov. and Dec, 1613; Jan., 1614.

or consent." Hot with rage, Rochester replied, "My own legs are straight and strong enough to bear me up, but in faith I will be even with you for this," and he indignantly turned upon his heel. The conversation took place in one of the galleries at Whitehall, and was overheard by two persons in an adjoining chamber, whose evidence became afterwards of importance. On quitting his mentor, Rochester went straight to the King and begged that Overbury might be appointed to the vacant embassy at St. Petersburg. We now learn that James, whether from jealousy of the influence exercised by the knight over Rochester, or from jealousy of the reputation that the author of the "Characters" enjoyed, or from whatever other cause, cordially disliked Overbury, and had long wanted to get rid of him at Court.<sup>1</sup> He had refrained, however, from giving expression to this dislike, in order not to pain his cherished Carr, who he saw was devoted to the knight. But when he heard that it was the favourite himself who was suggesting the absence of Overbury from the country, he gladly acceded to the request, and at once made out the appointment. The treacherous Rochester, playing a double part, now resumed his intimacy with his former friend, pretended that he had forgotten the words that had passed between them, and when the offer of the diplomatic post was mentioned, strongly advised Overbury not to accept it. "If you be blamed or committed for it," said he, "care not, I will quickly free thee." Accordingly, the knight, who at first had been willing to go abroad, declared that "he could not and would not accept a foreign employment."<sup>2</sup> The King, worked upon by Rochester, vowed that such disobedience should meet with its deserts, and committed Overbury to the Tower. Here the unhappy man languished for months; he ardently begged for liberty; he implored the promised aid of the favourite. "Sir," he wrote to Somerset, "I wonder you have not yet found means to effect my delivery; but I remember you said you would be even with me, and so indeed you are. But assure yourself, my lord, if you do not release me, but suffer me thus to die, my blood will be required at your hands." All prayers and remonstrances were, however, useless. The health of the prisoner gave way; he was seized with frequent vomitings, and, after a confinement which lasted from May to the following October, he passed away in agonies. No one was permitted to view the corpse. A pit was dug within the precincts of the Tower, and into it the body, with the burial of a dog, was hastily thrown. "Nobody pities him," writes Chamberlain, of the dead man, who was noted for his arrogant and

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, May 19, 1613.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

imperious demeanour to all with whom he came in contact, "and his own friends do not speak well of him."<sup>1</sup>

We pass over an interval of two years. The Earl and Countess of Somerset had been made man and wife, and were spending their time in the amusements of the hour, in frequent sojourns at their country seat of Chesterford Park, whither the King sometimes went, and in buying paintings of the old masters for their town house at Kensington. My lord of Somerset was still the special favourite of his sovereign, though there were signs that his power was on the wane. Success and prosperity had made him insolent, and his enemies were longing for his downfall. His former vivacity had deserted him, his face looked worn, and those charms and graces which had been so specially attractive to James were now on the decline. He became dull, morose, and imperious. A handsome Leicestershire lad had lately been appointed cup-bearer to the monarch, and the courtiers recognised in the new arrival the successor to the favourite. And now dark rumours began to be circulated of foul play in the Tower. It was said that Overbury had not met with his death honestly; that one of the accomplices had confessed that the knight had for months been systematically poisoned, and that certain noble persons, deep in the intimacies of the throne, were gravely implicated in the matter. It was impossible that the affair could be hushed up. The King issued instructions to inquire into the case, the law officers of the Crown set to work with their investigations, and soon every detail touching the terrible deed was laid bare. It now transpired that the Countess of Somerset, infuriated against Overbury for the manner in which he had spoken of her, and, above all, for his having attempted to prevent the marriage between herself and her lover, had resolved to surround him when in the Tower with her creatures, and put him to death by poison. Her agents were examined, denied the charge, then fully confessed, and suffered penitently the extreme penalty of the law. Four persons were pre-eminently implicated—Richard Weston, Anne Turner, Sir Gervais Helwys, and James Franklin. Franklin was the apothecary who sold the poisons; Helwys was the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was privy to the proceedings; Mrs. Turner—the introducer of starch into England—was the confidante of the countess, who procured the poisons from Franklin; whilst Weston, as the gaoler of the unhappy Overbury, was the agent appointed to administer the drugs to the prisoner. As none of these persons had any cause of resentment against Overbury, it was evident that they were only the instruments

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, Oct. 14, 1613.

of others. Warrants were now issued for the arrest of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Lady Somerset was at her town house, and at once was taken to the Tower, where she implored her keepers not to confine her in the same cell as that in which Overbury had breathed his last. The King was at that time at Royston on a royal progress, and accompanied by Somerset. As the messenger arrived with the warrant, his Majesty, according to his custom, was lolling upon the favourite's neck and kissing him. "When shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again," he asked Somerset, who, unconscious of the writ issued against him, was on the point of quitting Royston for London. The favourite replied that he would return in a few days. The King then lolled about his neck and kissed him repeatedly. At this moment Somerset was arrested by the warrant of the Lord Chief Justice Coke. He started back indignantly, exclaiming that never was such an affront offered to a peer of England in the presence of his sovereign. "Nay, man," said the King, "if Coke were to send for me I should have to go." Then, as Somerset quitted the royal presence, the crafty James, who had been mainly instrumental in obtaining the warrant for the arrest of the favourite, and who now, wearied with the intimacy, was only too glad of an opportunity of effectually breaking it off, said aloud, "Now, the devil go with thee, for I will never see thy face any more!" Shortly after the departure of Somerset, the Lord Chief Justice arrived at Royston. The king took him on one side and told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife that was ever committed; that they had made him their agent to carry on their amours and murderous designs, and therefore he charged the Chief Justice with all the scrutiny possible to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, however great, who was implicated in the affair. "God's curse," he cried passionately, "be upon you and yours if you spare any of them! And God's curse be upon me and mine if I pardon any one of them!"<sup>1</sup>

The trial created the greatest sensation. All places of public business and amusement were deserted during the proceedings. Westminster Hall was crowded in every part from floor to roof. Seats were sold at enormous prices. Three hundred pounds of our money were given for a corner which would scarcely contain a dozen persons. Sixty pounds for the two days during which the trial lasted was no unusual sum to be paid for the accommodation doled out to a small family party. No seat could be obtained for less than three

<sup>1</sup> *Court and Character of King James*, by Sir A. Weldon, 1651.



pounds. The Court opened at nine, but by six o'clock in the morning the doors in front of Westminster Hall were thronged by eager competitors for unreserved places. Beneath a cloth of estate at the upper end of the hall sat Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, as the Lord High Steward. Close to him stood Garter King-at-Arms, the Seal-Bearer and Black Rod, supported by the Sergeant-at-Arms. On either side of the High Steward sat the peers who constituted the Court. The judges, clad in their scarlet robes, were collected in a row somewhat lower than the peers, the Lord Chief Justice occupying the most conspicuous position on the bench. At the lower end of the Hall were the King's Counsel, with Sir Francis Bacon, who then held office as Attorney-General, at their head. Separated from the counsel by a bar was a small platform on which the prisoners were to stand. In front of it stood a gentleman porter with an axe, who, when sentence of death was pronounced against a peer or peeress, turned its edge full upon the condemned.

Lady Somerset was the first to be put upon her trial. She was dressed "in black tammell, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs." She was deadly pale, but her terror only the more enhanced her bewitching beauty, which made a great impression upon the Court. As she took her place she made three reverences to her judges. The Lord High Steward then explained the object of the proceedings, and it was noticed that during the reading of the indictment, when mention was made of the name of Weston and of the part that he had played in the crime, the prisoner put her fan before her face, nor did she remove it until the reading of the indictment was ended. This preliminary over, the Clerk of the Crown, amidst the most painful silence, asked :—

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, art thou guilty of the felony and murder, or not guilty?"

In a low voice, "but wonderful fearful," the Countess, bowing to her judges, answered, "Guilty."

The Attorney-General now rose up and addressed the Court in a few words. He congratulated the prisoner upon freely acknowledging her guilt; he eulogised the conduct of the King in seeking only the ends of justice; and he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess by quoting the words, "mercy and truth be met together." The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury were then read, the Lord Chief Justice declaring that they were so masterly that they "deserved to be written in a sunbeam." Again, the Clerk of the Crown put a question to the prisoner :—



"Frances, Countess of Somerset, hold up thine hand. Whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty as accessory before the fact of the wilful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

"I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault," was the reply, in such low tones as scarcely to reach the ears of the High Steward. "I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the King."

There was a pause whilst the white staff was delivered to the presiding judge.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Lord High Steward solemnly, "whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, pleaded guilty, and that thou hast nothing to say for thyself, it is now my part to pronounce judgment; only thus much before, since my lords have heard with what humility and grief you have confessed the fact, I do not doubt they will signify so much to the King and mediate for his grace towards you; but in the mean time, according to the law, the sentence must be this, 'That thou shalt be carried from hence to the Tower of London, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul.'" She was then removed to her quarters in Raleigh's house in the garden of the Tower.

The proceedings had been very rapid. The Court had opened at nine, and by eleven the prisoner had been condemned.<sup>1</sup> On the whole, the impression made by the Countess had been favourable. "Her carriage hath much commended her," writes one to Sir Dudley Carleton, the English Ambassador at the Hague,<sup>2</sup> "for before and after her condemnation she behaved so nobly and worthily as did express to the world she was well taught and had better learned her lesson." Chamberlain writes to the same: "She won pity by her sober demeanour, which in my opinion was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress, and yet she shed or made show of some tears divers times. She was used with more respect than is usual, nothing being aggravated against her by any circumstance, nor any invective used but only touching the main offence of murder; as likewise it was said to-day to be the King's pleasure that no odious or uncivil speeches should be given. The general opinion is that she shall not die, and many good words were given to put her in hope of the King's mercy."<sup>3</sup> One Pallavicino, with the enthusiasm

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, May 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

of his nation, comments upon the trial in quite an excited strain. "The first Friday wherein the lady was tried," he writes to our Ambassador at the Hague,<sup>1</sup> "imagine you see one of the fairest, respective (*sic*), honorable, gracefulest proceedings for judgment, reverence, humbleness, discretion that ever yet presented itself to public view ; the prisoner's behaviour truly noble, fashioned to act a tragedy with so much sweetness, grace and good form, as if all the Graces had heaped their whole powers to render her that day the most beloved, the most commiserated spectacle, and the best wished unto that ever presented itself before a scene of death. The modesty of confession in her shortened all legal openings of the cause ; wrought the most courteous language from the attorney Sir Francis Bacon that his eloquence, favour, modesty and judgment might afford ; all consequently exacting from the Lord High Steward a judgment and sentence (harsh truly according to the law) but so sweetened by the deliverer that it is certainly affirmed death felt not her sting nor she knew at her departure to have been of the condemned."

Still, no little disappointment had been created by the course pursued by the fair culprit. It had not been expected that she would at once criminate herself by pleading guilty, and the Attorney-General, on the presumption that she would avow her innocence, had prepared an elaborate speech, which can be read in his works, eloquently inveighing against her sinful conduct. The proceedings, instead of being eminently sensational, had been dull and commonplace in the extreme. From the testimony of the accomplices who had recently expiated their crimes upon the gibbet, the public were well aware that the case presented features full of excitement. It was anticipated that the whole past life of the Countess would be laid bare—how she had flirted with Prince Henry; how, before her divorce, she had arranged stolen interviews with her lover in Paternoster Row; how she had availed herself of the philters and potions, the charms and immodest emblems of the fashionable astrologer to attain her ends; how she had intrigued to surround Overbury in the Tower by her paid creatures; how she had sent him poisoned tarts and jellies: in short, it was expected that every detail in this drama of love and murder would be disclosed. And yet nothing fresh had been divulged ; the vast audience had been gratified by a sight of the notorious criminal, but no highly spiced incident, as had been fondly hoped, had been brought forward for their horror or amusement. Those who had paid large sums for their seats did not consider they had received their money's worth.

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, May 29, 1616.

Matters, however, looked more promising with the husband. On his imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, the Earl of Somerset assumed a threatening attitude. He declined to acknowledge the jurisdiction of his peers. He swore that he would not plead before the Court. He had been advised to follow the example of his wife, to confess his guilt, to bow to the verdict, and to trust to the King for pardon. These he sternly refused to do ; nay, he threatened that if he were brought face to face with his peers he would disclose matters which would prove most injurious to his Majesty. For a whole week frequent were the negotiations that were entered into between Somerset and the Crown, the King imploring the favourite to admit his crime, and to have no fear of the consequences ; but still the prisoner maintained his morose and defiant air. At last, by a trick of the Lieutenant of the Tower, Somerset was induced to appear before his judges. He was told that if he only would present himself at Westminster Hall he would be permitted to return instantly again “without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.” By this shallow device he allowed himself to be entrapped, and on finding that he had been overreached, “recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his trial, where he held the company until seven at night.” He was dressed in deep mourning, as if the sentence of the Court had already plunged him into the grief of a widower. He wore “a plain black satin suit, laid with two satin laces in a seam ; a gown of uncut velvet, lined with unshorn, all the sleeves laid with satin lace ; a pair of gloves with satin tops ; his George about his neck, his hair curled, his visage pale, his beard long, his eyes sunk in his head.” On being called, he pleaded not guilty. It was feared that in his temper he would divulge matters which might gravely compromise the King. Two servants were accordingly placed on either side of him, with cloaks on their arms, and the prisoner was warned that if he uttered but a word against his Majesty these men had orders to muffle him instantly, drag him down, and hasten him off to the Tower. He would then be sentenced in his absence, and at once be put to death.

Into the details of the trial we shall not enter ; never was the machinery of the law more flagrantly put in motion to bring in a verdict against a prisoner. Stripped of all technicalities, Somerset was accused of having incited the keeper of Sir Thomas Overbury to administer poison to his prisoner. The administering of the drugs was thus stated:—“Rose-acre, May 9, 1615; white arsenic, June 1; mercury sublimate in tarts, July 16 ; and mercury sublimate in a clyster, Sept. 14,

all in the same year." The Lord Chief Justice, with a partiality not often exhibited on the Bench, employed his talents to prejudice the jury against the accused. Testimony that would have been of service to the prisoner was rejected. Hearsay evidence of the loosest character was freely admitted. The most important witnesses against Somerset were men who had been hanged for their crimes, and whom he could not cross-examine. After a whole day thus passed in burlesquing justice a verdict of guilty was brought in, and the quondam favourite was sentenced to death. Contemporary opinion was strongly opposed to the finding of the Court. "The least country gentleman in England," writes the French Ambassador at the Court of London, "would not have suffered for what the Earl of Somerset was condemned, and that if his enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty, for there was no convincing proof against him." "Some that were then at Somerset's trial," says another, "and not partial, conceived in conscience, and as himself says to the King, that he fell rather by want of well defending than by force of proofs." He was prosecuted, writes a third, because "King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place." The most probable view of this *cause célèbre* is that Somerset was perfectly innocent of any attempt at poisoning Overbury. He had been instrumental in confining his former friend in the Tower, and it had been his intention that the knight should be kept prisoner for some time; but we have no evidence that Somerset knew anything of the terrible vengeance which Lady Essex (for she was not then his wife) was wreaking upon the prisoner; on the contrary, what trustworthy evidence we possess is in his favour, for we find him giving orders that physicians were to see Overbury and report upon his health. Had he been cognisant of the plot to poison the prisoner, he would scarcely have despatched those who, on investigation, might have detected the conspiracy. "Many believed," writes Weldon,<sup>1</sup> "the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be of the soundest opinion."

It is unfortunate that the reports we possess of this famous trial are open to question. In the version in Howell's State Trials we are referred to no authorities, nor have we any evidence to the contrary that we are not studying a garbled account, furnished by those interested in condemning the prisoner. The reports of our earlier State Trials were often prepared under the inspection of the Law Officers of

<sup>1</sup> *Court and Character of King James.*

the Crown, and sometimes were even revised by the Sovereign himself; hence they give only a partial and one-sided view of what took place. "The course of proceeding in ancient times," writes Amos, who has made the legal aspect of this trial a special study,<sup>1</sup> "for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a Sovereign, was somewhat after the following manner:—Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only, as were criminative, were read before a judge removable at the will of the Crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under terror of fine and imprisonment. Speedily the Government published whatever account of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to 'press the consciences,' as it was called, of the condemned, in their cells and on the scaffold; and the transaction terminated with another Government *brochure*, full of dying contrition, and eulogy by the criminal on all who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows. In the meanwhile the Star Chamber, with its pillories, its S. L.s branded on the cheeks with a hot iron, its mutilations of ears, and ruinous fines, prohibited the unauthorised publication of trials, and all free discussion upon them, as amounting to an arraignment of the King's justice." Such compulsory testimony certainly does not inspire confidence.

Among the State Papers of this period is an account of this famous trial, which differs in many respects from the report to be found in the pages of Howell. In the manuscript we read nothing of that dispute between Somerset and Overbury in the galleries at Whitehall, relative to Lady Essex, which is so circumstantially related in Howell. From the manuscript we learn that Somerset relied greatly in his defence upon a letter written to him by Overbury to the effect that "a powder which he had received from the Earl had agreed with him, but that, nevertheless, he did not intend to take any more powders of the same kind." In Howell there is no mention of this letter. According to the manuscript, the apothecary in his examination is made to state that Somerset ordered him to write to the King's physician touching physic to be given to Overbury. This is a circumstance favourable to Somerset, but is not to be found in Howell. The speech of the prisoner in his defence is given variously in the two accounts. In the manuscript Somerset attacks the credit of the witnesses hostile to him, and desires that "his own protestations on his oath, his honour, and his conscience should be weighed against the lewd information" of such miscreants. In Howell we

<sup>1</sup> *The Great Oyer of Poisoning*, by Andrew Amos. A most curious and able work.

have no trace of these observations. "It is obvious," writes Amos, "that such passages would be the most likely to be struck out by persons desirous of publishing a version of the proceedings which might diffuse an opinion among the public that one of the wickedest of men had been condemned after one of the fairest of trials and by one of the justest of prosecutions."

We have now to deal with the strange conduct of the King throughout this affair. What was the nature of the secret he feared Somerset might reveal? Why should orders have been given by the Lieutenant of the Tower to silence the prisoner and drag him away did he say a word against the King? We learn that James was so nervous and restless throughout the day on which the favourite was tried, that he sent to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, and cursed all who came without tidings. He refused all food. What was the occasion of this anxiety?<sup>1</sup> One reason has been given which appears to answer the question more conclusively than other guesses. It has been suggested that the King himself had a share in the murder of Overbury. We know that James had a "rooted hatred" towards the knight; that he had been a co-operating party in the persecution; that he had enjoined the Privy Council to send Overbury to the Tower, and that he had turned a deaf ear to all petitions from the prisoner for release. He may have been cognisant of the plot of the Countess to poison Overbury, though unknown to her, and may have employed her guilt to screen his own purposes. We know that his own physician had attended upon Overbury during the latter part of his confinement, that this doctor was never called as a witness, and that the prescriptions he made out for the prisoner were never produced. We know that when foul work had been suspected, the King was among the busiest, the better to conceal his own agents, in prosecuting those accused of poisoning Overbury. We know that the proceedings against the Countess of Somerset were far from harsh, and that, in spite of the royal oath to the contrary, she received a full pardon. We know that the King used all his arguments to force the Earl of Somerset to plead guilty and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Crown, when he would have nothing more to fear. If Lord and Lady Somerset were guilty, and the King not implicated in the matter, what is the meaning of those communications between James and Carr when the latter was in the Tower? What is the meaning, in the face of the solemn promise to Coke, of a full pardon being granted to the guilty couple? But if the King had given instructions, independently of and unknown to Lady Somerset, to make an end of

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, May 31, 1616.

Overbury, nothing is more probable than that the favourite, at that time the bosom friend of the Crown, would have been informed of the design. Acquainted with this plot within a plot, Somerset on the day of his trial might have disclosed matters which would have caused a far bolder man than James to tremble. It is not surprising, therefore, if the surmise be correct, that the King was terribly nervous throughout the hours the favourite was before the court. Nor is there anything in the life of James to render this suspicion unjustifiable. The first Stuart on the English throne was a true son of the vicious beauty, his mother. He was a hard, cruel, weak, degraded creature. In the opinion of several of his sober contemporaries, he was addicted to heathenish practices. There were dark stories about his having poisoned his own son, the popular Prince Henry. He immured Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, under the harshest restrictions. He proved himself utterly destitute of feeling in his conduct towards his kinswoman, the ill-fated Arabella Stuart. A career thus sullied is capable of any crime; and when suspicion points the finger, and raises its accusing voice, saying, "Thou art the man," posterity cannot be considered hasty or vindictive in giving credence to the charge.

After an imprisonment of some years in the Tower, a full pardon was granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset.<sup>1</sup> The guilty beauty and the exiled favourite passed the remainder of their life in seclusion, and it is said in mutual estrangement. One daughter was born to them, the Lady Anne, who afterwards became the mother of that Lord William Russell who, endowed with virtues his grandparents never possessed, met the fate from which they had been spared.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

<sup>1</sup> *State Papers, Domestic*, Jan. 17, 1622.



## THE MOON AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

**A**N interesting relic of a primeval superstition of the Aryan race survives in the fanciful conception that the lunar spots are not meaningless specks, but representations of human beings. Everyone, says Mr. Baring-Gould,<sup>1</sup> knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. Dante calls him Cain ; Chaucer speaks of him as undergoing punishment up there for theft, and gives him a thorn-bush to carry ; whereas Shakespeare,<sup>2</sup> whilst assigning to him the thorn-load, by way of compensation allows him a dog for his companion. From general account, however, his offence seems not to have been stealing, but Sabbath-breaking—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he was caught gathering sticks on a Sunday, and for this act of disobedience, and as an example to mankind, was condemned to reside for ever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. A further legend identifies him with the figure of Isaac in the act of carrying a bundle of sticks for his sacrifice ; while the Jews have a Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is occasionally visible. This belief in the moon-man is found in most countries, and under a variety of forms. Thus the Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once kidnapped and carried up to heaven—a legend existing also in Icelandic mythology. According to one German tale, a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man, because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning ; the woman, because she made butter on that day. The woman carries her butter-tub, and the man his bundle of thorns.<sup>3</sup> The Dutch myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon,

<sup>1</sup> *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, 1877, 191.

<sup>2</sup> Fiske's *Myths and Myth-makers*, 1873, 27. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. sc. 1 ; *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 57.

instead of a man, have placed a hare in the moon, and it is reported to have got there in the following manner<sup>1</sup>:—Their great deity Buddha, when a hermit on earth, lost himself one day in a forest. After wandering about in great distress, he met a hare, who thus addressed him—"It is in my power to extricate you from your difficulty; take the path on your left hand, and it will lead you out of the forest." "I am greatly obliged to you," said Buddha, "but unfortunately I am very poor and very hungry, and have nothing to offer you in reward for your kindness." "If you are hungry," returned the hare, "I am again at your service. Make a fire, kill me, roast me, and eat me." Buddha made the fire, and the hare at once jumped into it, where he has remained ever since. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jut-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet. The period of this animal's gestation is thirty days, which, Douce suggests, may typify the moon's revolution round the earth. If the nursery rhyme is to be credited, the man in the moon once visited this earth,<sup>2</sup> and took a fancy to some pease-porridge, which he was in such a hurry to devour that he scalded his mouth :—

The man in the moon  
Came tumbling down,  
And asked his way to Norwich ;

but whether he ever reached his destination we are not told. According to the classic tale,<sup>3</sup> the figure in the moon is probably Endymion, beloved of Selene. The Egyptian representations of the moon, with a figure in the disk, represent the little Horus in the womb of his mother Isis. Plutarch tells us Sibylla is placed in the moon; and Clemens Alexandrinus quotes Serapion in proof of the same notion. Many other myths of a similar nature are associated with the moon, most of which attribute to it animate life.<sup>4</sup> Thus, an Australian legend says that originally the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with someone else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since.<sup>5</sup> Among the Esquimaux, the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his

<sup>1</sup> Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, 1839, 10.

<sup>2</sup> Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes*.

<sup>3</sup> Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, p. 199.

<sup>4</sup> See Clodd's *Childhood of Religions*, 1875, 87.

<sup>5</sup> Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 354; Stanbridge, "Abor of Australia," in *Trans. Eth. Soc.* i. 301.

mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots.<sup>1</sup> The tribes of the Malayan Peninsula believe that the moon is a woman, and the stars are her children ; whereas in South America there is a legend that the moon is a man, and the sun is his wife. As may be seen from the above illustrations, these nature-myths, while of animistic origin, differ in the sex they assign to the moon ; but at the same time they are interesting and curious survivals of the early philosophy which tried to account for, and explain, the mysteries of creation.

Another form of the many myths which invest the moon with animate life is seen in the moon worship—a superstition found in most countries from the earliest times, and even in our own country not wholly forgotten at the present day. The Jewish law ordered the man or woman to be stoned with stones till he died, who “hath gone and served other gods, and worshipped them, either the sun or moon, or any of the host of heaven.” In Egyptian theology, too, the moon was regarded as a personal divinity of enormous sway ; and in Aryan theology we find the moon the object of adoration. Among savage tribes it is still worshipped, and numerous omens are sought from its changes. Dr. Tylor tells us how the negro tribes welcome the new moon, and with what droll gestures the Guinea people greet it, flinging themselves about, and pretending to throw firebrands at it. In prehistoric times moon worship was practised in this country ; and formerly, we know, too, how the moon was worshipped by the Britons in the form of a beautiful maid. In Europe<sup>2</sup> in the 15th century it was a matter of complaint that many were in the habit of paying obedience to the new moon with bended knee, or hat removed ; and even nowadays, to quote the words of Dr. Johnson, “it has great influence in vulgar philosophy,” some, in superstitious reverence, still raising their hat to it. According to Vallancey, the Irish, on seeing the new moon, immediately knelt down and repeated the Lord’s Prayer, at the conclusion of which they exclaimed, “May thou leave us as safe as thou hast found us !” Even now<sup>3</sup> they make the sign of the cross on themselves, and repeat the words, “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen”—as by this act they imagine that they will obtain anything they may wish for. In days gone by, it was a common practice among the lower classes of this country to say when the moon was full, “It is a fine moon, God help her !” Various forms of moon worship survive in the divinations and super-

<sup>1</sup> J. D. Hooker, *Himalayan Journals*, ii. 276.

<sup>2</sup> *Primitive Culture*, ii. 302.

<sup>3</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser. v. 364.

stitious rites still associated, here and there, with its changes, many of which are supposed to influence the affairs of daily life. Thus, the peasant considers it unlucky to have no piece of silver money in his pocket to turn for prosperity when he first sees the new moon. In Yorkshire, the only way of averting this ill-omen is at once to turn head over heels. "I have known persons," says Mr. Hunt,<sup>1</sup> speaking of Cornish superstitions, "whose attention has been called to a clear new moon, hesitate : ' Hey I seed her out-a'-doors afore ? ' If not, they will go into the open air, and, if possible, show the moon ' a piece of gold,' or at all events turn their money."

In Cornwall, too, the first money taken on market-day is frequently spit on for good luck ; and if silver, kept for "luck money," to be shown to the next moon, and turned three times towards the person who shows it. Three wishes are made whilst showing the money, which the wisher turns three times from the moon towards himself. To see the new moon through glass is an indication that one will break glass of some kind before the month is out ; and Mr. Henderson<sup>2</sup> quotes the case of a maid-servant in the North of England who was in the habit of shutting her eyes when closing the shutters, for fear of accidentally catching a glimpse of the new moon through the window-pane. Mr. Rayson, also, in his notes in the *East Anglian*, says :—"I have just been told by a lady, who has resided for some months with a Norfolk family at Kentish Town, that, when the new moon first appears, all the family (including the servants) are accustomed to hasten out of the house, in order that they may not see the new moon through glass, which is believed to be very unlucky. A respectable tradesman's wife, in my own village, gravely assured a lady, who visited her in her illness, that she knew she would have nothing but travail for a month to come, as she had unfortunately seen the new moon through a glass window. She added that she always dreaded such warnings, as her husband then was sure to spend most of his time at the public-house." On the other hand, various love omens and divinations are derived from the moon's phases : thus, in Berkshire and other counties, at the first appearance of a new moon, young women go into the fields, and, whilst looking up at it, repeat the following rhyme :—

New moon, new moon, I hail thee !  
By all the virtue in thy body,  
Grant this night that I may see  
He who my true love is to be.

<sup>1</sup> *Popular Romances of West of England*, p. 429.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, 114.

After this, they return home under an implicit conviction that, before the following morning, their future husbands will appear to them in their dreams. There are several varieties of this superstition—one consists in looking at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, at the same time making use of this invocation:—

New moon, new moon, I hail thee,  
New moon, new moon, be kind to me ;  
If I marry man, or man marry me,  
Show me how many moons it will be.

As many moons as the person sees through the handkerchief—the threads multiplying the vision—betoken the number of years she will remain unmarried. Again, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*<sup>1</sup> tells us that, being on a visit in Yorkshire, he was much amused one evening to find the servants of the house excusing themselves for being out of the way when the bell rang, on the plea that they had been “hailing the first new moon of the new year.” This mysterious and eventful salutation was effected by means of a looking-glass, in which the first sight of the moon was to be had, and the momentous object to be gained was the all-important secret as to how many years were to elapse before the marriage of the spectators. If one moon was seen in the glass, one year ; if two, two years, and so on. In the case in question, the maid and the boy only saw one moon apiece. An old Devonshire admonition tells those who are anxious to gain an insight into futurity, to take off one of their stockings when they first see the new moon of the new year, and to run to the next stile. On their arrival, they will find between two of their toes a hair, which will be the colour of their lovers'. In the North of England and Scotland<sup>2</sup> it was a prevalent belief that, if a person on first catching a glimpse of the new moon were instantly to stand still, kiss his hand three times, and bow to it, he would find something of value before that moon was out. In many places, too, it is considered lucky to see the new moon over the right shoulder, but unlucky over the left ; whereas, when straight before one, it is said to prognosticate good fortune to the end of the month.

Again, one of the most popular notions in vulgar philosophy is that of the sympathy of growing and declining nature with the waxing and waning of the moon. In Tusser's “Five Hundred Points of Husbandry,” under February, we find the following agricultural directions:—

<sup>1</sup> First Series, i. p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> Napier's *Folk-lore of West of Scotland*, 1879, p. 98.

Sow peas and beans in the wane of the moon ;  
 Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soon ;  
 That they with the planet may rest and rise,  
 And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise :

showing, as Dr. Tylor<sup>1</sup> points out, neatly in a single case the two contrary lunar influences. In Devonshire, it is a common idea that apples “shrump up” if picked when the moon is waning ; and it is a Cornish notion that timber should be felled on the “bating” of the moon, because the “sap is then down,” and the wood will be more durable. In the same county, also, herbs for drying are gathered at the full of the moon ; as likewise apples and pears, in order that they may retain their plumpness. Many, also, prefer to sow their garden and other seeds during the moon’s first quarter, from the idea that they will then germinate quicker and grow stronger than on the decrease. In some parts it is a prevalent belief that the growth of mushrooms is influenced by the changes of the moon, and, in Essex, many a farmer pays strict attention to this rule :—

When the moon is at the full,  
 Mushrooms you may freely pull ;  
 But when the moon is on the wane,  
 Wait ere you think to pluck again.

In addition to agricultural operations, the moon has been supposed to exert great influence on human birth, and the killing of animals for the table. In Cornwall, when a child is born in the interval between an old moon and the first appearance of a new one, it is said that it will never live to reach the age of puberty. Hence the saying, “No moon, no man.” In the same county, too, when a boy is born in the wane of the moon, it is believed that the next birth will be a girl, and *vice versâ* ; and it is also a prevalent belief that when a birth takes place on the “growing of the moon” the next child will be of the same sex. In many places eggs are set under the hen at new moon ; and, in Suffolk, it is considered unlucky to kill a pig on the waning moon, lest the pork should waste in the boiling—a superstition we find alluded to in Macready’s “Reminiscences” (vol. i. p. 475)—“Elstree, December 14th, 1835.—Phillips hoped the pig would not be killed on Wednesday, as the fulling of the moon was not good for the bacon.” Dr. Tylor,<sup>2</sup> too, amusingly remarks that the Lithuanian precept to wean boys on a waxing, but girls on a waning, moon, no doubt to make the boys sturdy and the girls slim and delicate, is a fair match for the Orkney islanders’

<sup>1</sup> *Primitive Culture*, 1873, i. 130.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* i. p. 130.

objection to marrying except with a growing moon, while some even wish for a flowing tide. Another piece of folk-lore associated with the moon is its supposed influence in healing certain diseases. In the south of England,<sup>1</sup> the May new moon is said to have a share in curing scrofulous complaints. Mr. Henderson relates an interesting case of a man residing near Chichester who twice travelled into Dorsetshire with different members of his family to place them under a "cunning man" residing there. His charms were only potent in the month of May. He further required his patients to have their eyes fixed upon the new May moon while they received from his hands boxes of ointment made from herbs gathered when the moon was full. On one occasion as many as two hundred persons waited to be charmed. In Staffordshire, a remedy for whooping cough consists in taking out the child to let it see the new moon, at the same time rubbing its stomach and repeating the following invocation:—

What I see, may it increase ;

What I feel, may it decrease ;

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

In Cornwall, the club-moss, if properly gathered, is considered "good against all diseases of the eyes." The gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any man ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more. In spite of this, however, Mr. Hunt<sup>2</sup> has boldly revealed to us this wonderful secret, the mystery of which, to quote his own words, consists as thus:—On the third day of the moon, when the thin crescent is seen for the first time, show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and say:—

As Christ heal'd the issue of blood,

Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good.

At sun-down, having carefully washed the hands, the club moss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapt in a fine linen cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation, or the club-moss may be made into an ointment, with butter made from the milk of a new cow. In Devonshire, the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and persons troubled with corns are recommended to cut them after the moon has been at its full—a superstition alluded to in the "British Apollo:"—

Pray tell your querist if he may

Rely on what the vulgar say,

<sup>1</sup> Henderson's *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*, 1879, p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1871, p. 415.



That when the moon's in her increase,  
 If corns be cut they'll grow apace ;  
 But if you always do take care  
 After the full your corns to pare,  
 They do insensibly decay  
 And will in time wear quite away.

It is a very prevalent notion that the moon exerts an extraordinary influence on the insane, increasing the symptoms of madness. This originates, according to some,<sup>1</sup> from the fact that the insane are naturally more restless on light than on dark nights ; and that their symptoms are consequently more aggravated through loss of sleep. Dr. Forbes Winslow,<sup>2</sup> in summing up the various theories on the subject, says it is impossible to ignore altogether the evidence of such men as Pinel, Daquin, Guislain, and others. Yet the experience of modern psychological physicians is to a great degree opposed to the deductions of these eminent men. He adds: "May not the alleged changes observed among the insane at certain phases of the moon arise, not from the direct, but the indirect influence of this planet? It is well known that the rarity of the air, the electric conditions of atmosphere, the degree of heat, dryness, moisture, and amount of wind prevailing, are all more or less modified by the state of the moon. In the generality of bodily diseases, what obvious changes are observed to accompany the meteorological conditions referred to? Surely those suffering from diseases of the brain and nervous system affecting the mind cannot, with any show of reason, be considered as exempt from the operations of agencies that are universally admitted to affect patients afflicted with other maladies." In a note, he further tells us that an intelligent lady, who occupied for about five years the position of matron in his establishment for insane ladies, has remarked that she invariably observed a great agitation among the patients when the moon was at its full. Shakespeare<sup>3</sup> informs us that the moon makes men insane when

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont.

Another popular idea is that the weather changes with the moon's quarters, although, of course, there is no truth in this piece of vulgar astrology. That educated people, as Dr. Tylor<sup>4</sup> has truly pointed out, to whom exact weather records are accessible, should still find satisfaction in this fanciful lunar rule, is an interesting case of intellectual survival. Yet, however, the fact remains, and in every-day

<sup>1</sup> See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Ser. xii. 492.

<sup>2</sup> *Light: its Influence on Life and Health*.

<sup>3</sup> *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 2.

<sup>4</sup> *Primitive Culture*, 1871, p. 118.

life one of the most frequent remarks appertaining to wet weather is, that it will no doubt change with the moon. In many parts of the country great attention is paid to the day of the week on which the change of the moon occurs. Thus, if the moon change on a Sunday, we are told "there will be a flood before the month is out;" whereas a new moon on a Monday is nearly everywhere welcomed as being a certain omen not only of fair weather, but good luck. A change, however, on Saturday, seems universally regarded as a bad sign, and numerous proverbs to this effect are found, scattered here and there, in most parts of England as well as Scotland. Some of the most prevalent are the following :—

A Saturday's change and a Sunday's full moon  
Once in seven years is once too soon.

In Norfolk, the peasantry say :—

Saturday new and Sunday full  
Never was good and never wull.

The same notion exists on the Continent; Wednesday in Italy, and Friday in the south of France, being regarded as unfavourable days for a change of moon. Again, various omens are made from the aspect of the moon. At Whitby, for instance, when the moon is surrounded by a halo of watery clouds, the seamen say there will be a change of weather, for the "moon-dogs" are about. This halo is called in Scotland "brugh"<sup>1</sup>—the early Teutonic word for circle, as in the following rhyme :—

About the moon there is a brugh,  
The weather will be cauld and rough.

A pale moon, too, is equally unfavourable: a piece of weather-lore to which Shakespeare alludes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act ii. sc. 2) :—

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

When the moon's horns appear to point upwards it is said to be like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain—a superstition which George Eliot describes in "Adam Bede:"—"It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin': there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." According to sailors, when the moon is in this position it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase, "You

<sup>1</sup> Swainson's *Weather Lore*, p. 186.

might hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. The Scotch proverb expressive of the same fancy inculcates the following admonition :—

The honey moon is on her back ;  
Mend your shoes and sort your thack.

Whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon, it is said by seafaring men to prognosticate boisterous weather, for, to make use of their term, "A big star is dogging the moon." Some years ago, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, a fisherman of Torquay told me after a violent gale that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her. Many other superstitious fancies are associated with the moon's supposed influence on the weather, varying, of course, in different localities. Thus, a clear moon is generally supposed to augur bright weather in summer, and frost in winter. One proverb tells us :—

If the moon show a silver shield,  
Be not afraid to reap your field :  
But if she rises haloed round,  
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

In winter time, according to a popular adage,

Clear moon, frost soon.

The moon's eclipse has been from the earliest times held as ominous ; and hence just as unlucky for lawful enterprises as suitable for evil designs,—a superstition graphically described by Shakespeare in "Othello" (act. v. sc. 2) :

O heavy hour !  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

Most readers, too, are doubtless acquainted with Milton's<sup>1</sup> description of this inauspicious season :—

As when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations.

When the moon was eclipsed, the Romans supposed it was from the influence of magical charms ; to counteract which, they had recourse to the sound of brazen implements of all kinds. Shakespeare, too,

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Lost*, Bk. i. l. 597.

in the "Tempest"<sup>1</sup> (act v. sc. 1), mentions the notion of witches being able to influence the moon by their incantations:—

His mother was a witch : and one so strong  
That could control the moon.

The Chinese believe that during eclipses of the sun and moon these celestial bodies are attacked by a great serpent ; to drive away which they strike their gongs or brazen drums ; an opinion shared also by the Turks. Brand<sup>2</sup> quotes an old authority, who says that in former times the Irish and Welsh, during eclipses, ran about beating kettles and pans, thinking that their clamour might be available in assisting the higher orbs.

Among the many other superstitions connected with the moon may be mentioned the conception of the mooncalf, an inanimate shapeless mass supposed to be engendered by the influence of the moon. Thus, in the "Tempest" (act. ii. sc. 2), Trinculo supposes Caliban to be a mooncalf, and says : "I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine." Drayton's mooncalf, in his poem so called, is there supposed to have been produced by the world itself in labour, and engendered by an incubus. It is intended as a satirical representation of the fashionable man of his time.<sup>3</sup> Hecate, again, in "Macbeth" (act iii. sc. 5), tells the witches:—

Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,

efficacious in the invocation of spirits. This "vaporous drop" was probably the same<sup>4</sup> as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was believed to shed on particular herbs or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erichtho using it. It seems to have been customary to swear by the moon—a practice alluded to more than once by Shakespeare. Thus Juliet reproves her lover for availing himself of this mode of testifying his affections:—

O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable :

evidently considering the inconstant moon a far from safe object upon which to ground the fidelity of his word.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, 1839, p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Popular Antiquities*, 1849, iii. 153. Sir Thomas Brown's Works, 1852, i. 87.

<sup>3</sup> Nares' *Glossary*, 1872, ii. 580.

<sup>4</sup> Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1875, ix. 72.

*RACHEL FELIX.*

FOR some years there figured as lessee and manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, one M. Laporte, a French actor of a certain distinction, whose knowledge of the English tongue had even enabled him to appear with credit upon the London stage. At Drury Lane, in 1826, he had impersonated Sosia in "Amphitryon," Wormwood in "The Lottery Ticket," La Nippe in "The Lord of the Manor," Blaisot in "The Maid and the Magpie," and some other characters. M. Laporte underwent in full the customary trials and experiences of an operatic director in England. A cloud of Chancery suits lowered upon his house; he became greatly embarrassed; he was arrested for debt, and incarcerated in the Fleet—to encounter there by chance as his fellow prisoner Mr. Chambers, an earlier manager of the theatre; he filed his petition, was relieved of his liabilities, and duly passed through the Court of Bankruptcy. At liberty again, he returned to the cares of management, which during his term of duress had been undertaken by his father. But the old unfortunate times came back again, or a new sea of troubles seemed to rise and rage about him. His expenses were enormous, yet his receipts steadily declined; he quarrelled desperately with his singers, whose demands grew more and more exacting; he raised his prices, he shortened his seasons; his patrons and subscribers were loud in their expressions of discontent. The year 1841 was the last of M. Laporte's management of the opera; it was, indeed, the last of his life; in the autumn, at his house on the banks of the Seine, near Corbeil, he expired suddenly of disease of the heart, leaving his executor, solicitor, and agent, Mr. Benjamin Lumley, to succeed him as impresario. The year 1841 was the year, too, of the famous "Tamburini Row," of the first performance on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre of French plays alternately with Italian operas, and of M. Laporte's resumption of his old profession, and reappearance in characters he had been wont long since to sustain in "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Le Dépit Amoureux;" moreover, it was the year of the first introduction to the English public of the greatest of French actresses—Mdlle. Rachel Felix.

Laporte had with little difficulty secured the services of the lady in England for the term of one month. There had been subsidence for a while of the enthusiasm with which her performances during some three years had been received in Paris. Absence, it was thought, would make the hearts of her critics and the public grow fonder. No pains were spared to accord the actress a fervent welcome in London. Laporte had introduced certain foreign arts of management; he lavished attentions upon the press with a view to the conciliation of critical opinion, and he laboured hard to force the public judgment by means of fabricated applause. A chronicler of the operatic proceedings of forty years back writes: "Men and women, as notoriously hired for such mystification as the howlers at an Irish funeral, began to be seen in known places every night, obtruding their stationary raptures, which were paid for, at the serviceable times and places. The extent to which this nuisance grew was one, among other causes, of the decay of the old Italian opera, &c." It was decided that Rachel should make her first appearance in England on May 14, as Hermione in the "Andromaque" of Racine. To support her performance, certain players of very inferior quality had been gathered from the minor stages of France. At that period our playgoing public boasted little acquaintance with the French classical drama. It was not generally known in Her Majesty's Theatre that, while Andromaque appeared in the first act of the tragedy, the entrance of Hermione was deferred to the second act. So the audience rose with one accord, in their anxiety to greet Mdlle. Rachel in Hermione, and wasted a whirlwind of mistaken applause upon the subordinate actress who represented Andromaque. Poor Mdlle. Larcher was said to be completely overcome by the ardour and uproar of her welcome: she was quite unaccustomed to such turbulent expressions of public regard. And, as a result of this misdirection of enthusiasm, Rachel was allowed to steal almost unnoticed upon the scene: but the faintest plaudits attended the entrance of Hermione. Of course the error was rectified as soon as possible. The genius of the actress soon made itself felt, forced its way to the hearts of the audience. Her eventual success was indeed supreme. "The new idol," writes a biographer, "was hailed with fanatical admiration." On each night of her performance the theatre was crowded to excess. Fashion flew into the wildest raptures on her account: Rachel became the rage. Society, asking no questions or listening to no answers, threw wide open its arms and the doors of its drawing-rooms. The actress was received everywhere. She was invariably accompanied by her father and her elder sister, Sarah.

"Her unaffected and even dignified simplicity," we are told, "her modesty, and the perfect decorum of her conduct, made her a great favourite with the fastidious English aristocracy." The aunts of the queen "condescended to notice her;" she was invited to perform at Windsor Castle; was presented by the Duchess of Kent to her Majesty, and received most graciously. She appeared in the first act of "Bajazet," the third act of "Marie Stuart," and the fourth act of "Andromaque." When she seemed to suffer from cold, the Duchess of Kent removed her own magnificent yellow Indian shawl and wrapped it round the actress. The Queen presented her with a costly bracelet, composed of entwined diamond-headed serpents, and bearing the inscription, "Victoria to Mademoiselle Rachel." Her every movement was chronicled by the press. A slight illness afflicted her, and frequent bulletins were issued informing the public concerning her state of health. Reappearing upon the stage, the Queen and the Queen Dowager being present, she was greeted and congratulated as though she had escaped from the tomb. She took leave of her London admirers on July 20, when she appeared as Camille in the "Horace" of Corneille. "Every formula of praise was exhausted by the press upon this occasion." According to one report, "her triumph had even extended to the heart of the manager, who was said to have offered her his hand!" This was probably but one of the many forms of puffing which the wily Laporte was wont to employ.

Rachel reappeared in London during the following season, engaged by Mr. Lumley, the new director of Her Majesty's Theatre. She brought with her a more efficient company of performers, including the accomplished Mademoiselle Rabut, afterwards known as Madame Fechter. Her success was still brilliant, if she found rival candidates for the favour of London in the famous comedians Bouffé and Déjazet. Moreover, Mr. Lumley is careful to record that banks of the Seine, near Co rather to the good will of the general public the heart, leaving his execution and exclusive. He adds that his own Lumley, to succeed him as in always of the pleasantest, and that the too, of the famous "Tamb" she was so often charged with was the stage of Her Majesty's manager. Between 1846 and 1853 Italian operas, and of M. L. agements with Mr. Mitchell at the and reappearance in characters in all the more important chain in "Les Précieuses Ridicules" not be concealed, however, that moreover, it was the year of the first in 1841. The drawing-public of the greatest of French actresses—was not again the guest of of. It is fair to say that



in this matter London was but following the example of Paris. In the first instance, the most aristocratic *salons* had welcomed her entrance, the stateliest ladies of the Faubourg had sought her out to caress and adore her, the most distinguished personages in France had paid her exceeding homage, not less in private than in public. It was not only that she was the leading representative of an intellectual art : she was an upholder of the classic drama in its contest with the romantic ; she had restored Racine and Corneille, after long years of neglect and exile, to their legitimate home on the boards of the Français. Moreover, she was charming in her own right, because of her graces of aspect, her charming repose and reserve of manner, the readiness of her wit, the sweetness of her smile, her desire and her absolute power to please. Never, it was said, did a new stage queen present herself in private life with such instinctive tact as she. Her friend Dr. Véron writes of her : “ Son esprit vif et brillant, ses reparties promptes, plaisantes, jamais blessantes, se gardent bien cependant de se trop montrer et de prendre trop de place ; jamais je ne vis tant d’art caché sous une simplicité si naïve, sous une réserve de si bon goût.” But the actress was playing a part which she soon found to be wearisome and oppressive, and which she at length completely abandoned. The honours of high and learned society, however flattering, were found tiresome enough after a year or so. She ceased to prize the social position to which she had been advanced. She could not be for ever acting : leading one kind of private life to please the *salons*, and another to please herself. It was sufficient if she played her part well upon the stage. Gradually the miseries of her early life became publicly known ; and then there oozed out scandals touching her career and her character away from the theatre and the drawing-rooms. “ Her grand reserved manner, snatched up as a dress,” writes one of her critics, “ could be flung down by her as such at any moment.” And the same authority adds, “ She grew up to be a grasping, sensual, selfish woman.” To one thing only was she true—not her art, for of that she was willing to make sacrifice upon occasion, and for due consideration. But her family she served with a curious constancy ; her good fortune was ever shared with them ; they clung together—father and mother, sisters and brother—with strong animal affection, uniting always in their efforts to spoil the Egyptians and to make money by whatever means, but faithful and tender to each other in sickness, in sorrow, and in death. When Rachel grasped, as grasp she did, it was that the Felix family might profit equally with herself.

A correspondence exists between the careers of Rachel and of

Edmund Kean, while their methods of acting present many curious points of resemblance. Both were born in obscurity, of humble origin, and passed through a childhood of suffering, a severe novitiate, before arriving at good fortune. The actress, however, triumphed at seventeen ; Edmund Kean was twenty-seven when the memorable night came for his success as Shylock at Drury Lane. There was even likeness, or trace of likeness, in minor respects, such as the Oriental character of face, slightness of form, dark brilliancy of eye, natural grace of gesture, and hoarseness of voice. Against each alike the doors of comedy were securely closed ; they could find parts to play only in the more ruthless and passionate of tragedies. As Mr. G. H. Lewes has written : " Those who never saw Edmund Kean may form a very good conception of him if they have seen Rachel. She was very much as a woman what he was as a man. If he was a lion, she was a panther. . . . With a panther's terrible beauty and undulating grace she moved and stood, glared and sprang. . . . Her range, like Kean's, was very limited, but her expression was perfect within that range. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust, and merciless malignity she could represent in symbols of irresistible power ; but she had little tenderness, no womanly, caressing softness, no gaiety, no heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable ; but somehow you always felt in her presence an indefinite suggestion of latent wickedness." Few new parts of lasting worth were given to the stage by either Rachel or Kean. To neither was a prolonged histrionic career permitted : Kean died at 46 ; Rachel at 37. Success brought to both maddening and deleterious influences ; both sought diversion in irregularity, disdained the restrictions of refined society, and offended the public by the frequent scandals and frailties of their lives in private—it being understood, of course, that Kean is not to be charged with Rachel's avarice and rapacity, nor Rachel with Kean's vices of intemperance. Their sins were alike only in that they were sins. " Que j'ai besoin de m'encanailler ! " Rachel would exclaim as she quitted the *salons*. In a like spirit Kean hurried from Lord Byron's dinner-table to take the chair at a pugilistic supper ; courted rather than fell into evil company, accepted tribute indeed most willingly of the noble and intellectual who heaped rich gifts upon him, but he scorned or feared their society.

Those who would find excuse for Rachel's trespasses must look to the corroding misery of her early vagabond life—misery of which it has been said that, while it pinched and withered her frame, it may well likewise have starved, contracted, and deadened the heart within

it. Almost she was trained to become what she became. Conscious to her finger-tips of her own genius, and yet to feel the urgent want of food and fuel and sufficiency of clothing! As a child she had been starved alike in body and mind—squalor and penury had schooled her into enmity and mutiny against society and its prescriptions. She was, as some beautiful creature of prey, only treacherously tame, prompt to return to the old wild ways, to hunt and combat for the means of livelihood, to turn fiercely against and to rend those who but seemed to block the pathway, and to regard all around as natural foes and proper victims. The opportunity she yearned for was so long denied her, seemed at times so completely past her praying for, no wonder she was sickened and soured by disappointment and deferred hope. When success really came, it found her unprepared to bear it becomingly; her nature was perverted, her heart was warped and cramped; it was as though some cruel poison already pervaded her system, or some rank corruption, mining all within, infected her unseen.

The Parisians adored her for a while. She was irresistible; they could not but flock to her, crowding the theatre every night she played, and overwhelming her with applause. She made them her slaves, not her friends. They revenged upon her their servitude by reviling her. She was not an amiable woman: she did not conciliate. She knew her value, and at last she was able to make others know it: she exacted it, indeed, to the last farthing. She was unsympathetic, hard, cynical, avaricious, sordid, unscrupulous. An actress of unsurpassed genius, she soared high indeed; a woman, she grovelled very low. It is the Paris manner, perhaps, to shatter the old idols, the better to pave the roadways leading to newer objects of worship. Rachel was savagely satirised, libelled, and lampooned. The grave had scarcely closed over her when scandalous chronicles of her life, reprints of her least eligible letters, all kinds of damaging reports, were issuing from the press, and efforts were made on every side to assail her memory and tear her fame to tatters. Yet she was probably the greatest actress France has ever known.

It is told that Rachel Felix was born on March 24, 1821, at Munf, near the town of Aarau, in the canton of Aargau; the burgomaster of the district simply noting in his books that upon the day stated, at the little village inn, the wife of a poor pedlar had given birth to a female child. The entry included no mention of family name or religion; and otherwise the event was not registered in any civil or religious record. The father and mother were Abraham Felix, a Jew born in Metz, but of German origin, and Esther Haya,

his wife. They had wandered about the Continent during many years, seeking a living and scarcely finding it. Several children were born to them by the wayside, as it were, on their journeyings hither and thither; Sarah in Germany, Rebecca in Lyons, Dinah in Paris, Rachel in Switzerland; and there were other infants who did not long survive their birth, succumbing to the austerities of the state of life to which they had been called. For a time, perhaps because of their numerous progeny, M. and Madame Felix settled in Lyons. Madame Felix opened a small shop and dealt in second-hand clothes; M. Felix gave lessons in German to the very few pupils he could obtain. About 1830 the family moved to Paris. They were still miserably poor. The children Sarah and Rachel, usually carrying a smaller child in their arms or wheeling it with them in a wooden cart, were sent into the streets to earn money by singing at the doors of cafés and estaminets. A musical amateur, one M. Morin, noticed the girls, questioned them, interested himself about them, and finally obtained their admission into the Government School of Sacred Music in the Rue Vaugirard. Rachel's voice did not promise much, however; as she confessed she could not sing, she could only recite. She had received but the scantiest and meanest education; she read with difficulty; she was teaching herself writing by copying the manuscript of others. Presently she was studying elocution under M. St. Aulaire, an old actor retired from the Français, who took pains with the child, instructing her gratuitously and calling her "ma petite diablesse." The performances of M. St. Aulaire's pupil were occasionally witnessed by the established players, among them Monval of the Gymnase and Samson of the Comédie. Monval approved and encouraged the young actress, and upon the recommendation of Samson she entered the classes of the Conservatoire, over which he presided with Michelot and Provost as his co-professors.

At the Conservatoire Rachel made little progress. All her efforts failed to win the good opinion of her preceptors. In despair, she resolved to abandon altogether the institution, its classes and performances. She felt herself neglected, aggrieved, insulted. "Tartuffe" had been announced for representation by the pupils; she had been assigned the mute part of Flipote the serving-maid, who simply appears upon the scene in the first act that her ears may be soundly boxed by Madame Pernelle! To this humiliation she would not submit. She hurried to her old friend St. Aulaire, who consulted Monval, who commended her to his manager M. Poirson. She entered into an engagement to serve the Gymnase for a term of

three years upon a salary of 3,000 francs. M. Poirson was quick to perceive that she was not as so many other beginners were ; that there was something new and startling about the young actress. He obtained for her first appearance, from M. Paul Duport, a little melodrama in two acts. It was called "La Vendéenne," and owed its more striking scenes to "The Heart of Midlothian." After the manner of Jeanie Deans, Gèneviève, the heroine of the play, footsore and travel-stained, seeks the presence of the Empress Josephine to implore the pardon of a Vendéan peasant condemned to death for following George Cadoudal. "La Vendéenne," produced on April 24, 1837, and received with great applause, was played on sixty successive nights, but not to very crowded audiences. The press scarcely noticed the new actress. The critic of the *Journal des Débats*, however, while rashly affirming that Rachel was not a phenomenon and would never be extolled as a wonder, carefully noted certain of the merits and characteristics of her performance. "She was an unskilled child, but she possessed heart, soul, intellect. There was something bold, abrupt, uncouth, about her aspect, gait, and manner. She was dressed simply and truthfully in the coarse woollen gown of a peasant girl ; her hands were red, her voice was harsh and untrained, but powerful ; she acted without effort or exaggeration ; she did not scream or gesticulate unduly ; she seemed to perceive intuitively the feeling she was required to express, and could interest the audience greatly, moving them to tears. She was not pretty, but she pleased," &c. Bouffé, who witnessed this representation, observed "What an odd little girl ! Assuredly there is something in her. But her place is not here." So judged Samson also, becoming more and more aware of the merits of his former pupil. She was transferred to the Français to play the leading characters in tragedy, at a salary of 4,000 francs a year. M. Poirson did not hesitate to cancel her agreement with him. Indeed, he had been troubled with thinking how he could employ his new actress. She was not an *ingénue* of the ordinary type ; she could not be classed among soubrettes. There were no parts suited to her in the light comedies of Scribe and his compeers, which constituted the chief repertory of the Gymnase.

It was on the 12th of June, 1838, that Rachel, as Camille in "Horace," made her first appearance upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. The receipts were but 750 francs ; it was an unfashionable period of the year ; Paris was out of town ; the weather was most sultry. There were many Jews in the house, it was said, resolute to support the daughter of Israel, and her success was unequivocal ; nevertheless, a large share of the applause of the night was confessedly carried off by

the veteran Joanny, who played Horace. On the 16th June Rachel made her second appearance, personating Emilie in the "Cinna" of Corneille; the receipts fell to 550 francs. She repeated her performance of Camille on the 23rd; the receipts were only 300 francs! —the poorest house, perhaps, she ever played to in Paris. She afterwards appeared as Hermione in "Andromaque," Aménalde in "Tancrède," Eriphile in "Iphigénie," Monime in "Mithridate," and Roxane in "Bajazet," the receipts now gradually rising, until in October, when she played Hermione for the tenth time, 6,000 francs were taken at the doors, an equal amount being received in November when, for the sixth time, she appeared as Camille. Paris was now at her feet. In 1839, called upon to play two or three times per week, she essayed but one new part, Esther in Racine's tragedy of that name; the public was quite content that she should assume again and again the characters in which she had already triumphed. In 1840 she added to her list of impersonations Laodie and Pauline in Corneille's "Nicomède" and "Polyeucte," and Marie Stuart in Lebrun's tragedy. In 1841 she played no new parts. In 1842 she first appeared as Chimène in "Le Cid," as Ariane, and as Frédégonde in a wretched tragedy by Le Mercier.

Rachel had saved the Théâtre Français, had given back to the stage the masterpieces of the French classical drama. It was very well for Thackeray to write from Paris in 1839 that the actress had "only galvanised the corpse, not revived it. . . . Racine will never come to life again and cause audiences to weep as of yore." He predicted: "ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched, and be-periwigged, lies in the grave, and it is only the ghost of it that the fair Jewess has raised." But it was something more than a galvanised animation that Rachel had imparted to the old drama of France. During her career of twenty years, her performances of Racine and Corneille filled the coffers of the Français, and it may be traced to her influence and example that the classic plays still keep their place upon the stage and stir the ambition of the players. But now the committee of the Français had to reckon with their leading actress and pay the price of the prosperity she had brought them. They cancelled her engagement and offered her terms such as seemed to them liberal beyond all precedent. But the more they offered, so much the more was demanded. In the first instance, the actress being a minor, negotiations were carried on with her father, the committee denouncing in the bitterest terms the avarice and rapacity of M. Felix. But when Rachel became competent to deal on her own behalf, she proved herself every whit as exacting as her sire. She became a *sociétaire* in 1843, entitled



to one of the twenty-four shares into which the profits of the institution were divided ; she was rewarded, moreover, with a salary of 42,000 francs per annum ; and it was estimated that by her performances during her *cong  * of three or four months every year she earned a further annual income of 30,000 francs. She met with extraordinary success upon her provincial tours ; enormous profits resulted from her repeated visits to Holland and Belgium, Germany, Russia, and England. But, from first to last, Rachel's connection with the *Fran  ais* was an incessant quarrel. She was capricious, ungrateful, unscrupulous, extortionate. She struggled to evade her duties, to do as little as she possibly could in return for the large sums she received from the committee. She pretended to be too ill to play in Paris, the while she was always well enough to hurry away and obtain great rewards by her performances in the provinces. She wore herself out by her endless wanderings hither and thither, her continuous efforts upon the scene. She denied herself all rest, or slept in a travelling carriage to save time in her passage from one country theatre to another. Her company complained that they fell asleep as they acted, her engagements denying them proper opportunities of repose. The newspapers at one time set forth the acrimonious letters she had interchanged with the committee of the *Fran  ais* ; finally she tendered her resignation of the position she occupied as *soci  taire* ; the committee took legal proceedings to compel her to return to her duties ; some concessions were made on either side, however, and a reconciliation was patched up.

The new tragedies "Judith" and "Cl  opatre," written for the actress by Madame de Girardin, failed to please ; nor did success attend the production of M. Romand's "Catherine II.," M. Soumet's "Jeanne d'Arc," in which, to the indignation of the critics, the heroine was seen at last surrounded by real flames ! or "Le Vieux de la Montagne" of M. Latour de St. Ybars. With better fortune Rachel appeared in the same author's "Virginie," and in the "Lucr  ce" of Ponsard. Voltaire's "Oreste" was revived for her in 1845 that she might play Electre ; she personated Racine's "Athalie" in 1847, assuming long white locks, painting furrows on her face, and disguising herself beyond recognition, in her determination to seem completely the character she had undertaken. In 1848 she played Agrippine in the "Britannicus" of Racine, and, dressed in plain white muslin, and clasping the tri-coloured flag to her heart, she delivered the "Marseillaise" to please the Revolutionists, lending the air strange meaning and passion by the intensity of her manner, as she half chanted, half recited the words, her voice now shrill and



harsh, now deep, hollow, and reverberating—her enraptured auditors likening it in effect to distant thunder.

To the dramatists who sought to supply her with new parts Rachel was the occasion of much chagrin and perplexity. After accepting Scribe's "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*" she rejected it absolutely, only to resume it eagerly, however, when she learnt that the leading character was to be undertaken by Mdlle. Rose Chéri. His "*Chandelier*" having met with success, Rachel applied to De Musset for a play; she was offered, it seems, "*Les Caprices de Marianne*;" but meantime the poet's "*Bettine*" failed, and the actress distrustfully turned away from him. An undertaking to appear in the "*Medea*" of Legouvé landed her in a protracted lawsuit. The courts condemned her in damages to the amount of 200 francs for every day she delayed playing the part of Medea after the date fixed upon by the management for the commencement of the rehearsals of the tragedy. She paid nothing, however, for the management failed to fix any such date. M. Legouvé was only avenged in the success his play obtained, in a translated form, at the hands of Madame Ristori. In lieu of "*Medea*," Rachel produced "*Rosemonde*," a tragedy by M. Latour de St. Ybars, which failed completely. Other plays written for her were [the "*Valéria*" of MM. Lécroix and Maquet, in which she personated two characters: the Empress Messalina, and her half-sister Lysisca, a courtesan; the "*Diane*" of M. Augier, an imitation of Victor Hugo's "*Marion Delorme*;" "*Lady Tartuffe*," a comedy by Madame de Girardin; and "*La Czariné*," by M. Scribe. She appeared also in certain of the characters originally contrived for Mdlle. Mars, such as the heroines of Dumas' "*Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*" and the "*Louise de Lignerolles*" of MM. Legouvé and Dinaux, and La Tisbe in Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*."

The classical drama of France has not found much favour in England. We are all, perhaps, apt to think with Thackeray disrespectfully of the "old tragedies—well-nigh dead, and full time too—in which half a dozen characters appear, and shout sonorous Alexandrines for half a dozen hours;" or we are disposed to agree with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that, their drama being fundamentally insufficient both in substance and in form, the French, with all their gifts, have not, as we have, an adequate form for poetry of the highest class. Those who remember Rachel, however, can testify that she breathed the most earnest life into the frigid remains of Racine and Corneille, relumed them with Promethean heat, and showed them to be instinct with the truest and intensest passion.

When she occupied the scene, there could be no thought of the old artificial times of hair-powder and rouge, periwigs and patches, in connection with the characters she represented. Phèdre and Hermione, Pauline and Camille, interpreted by her genius, became as real and natural, warm and palpitating, as Constance or Lady Macbeth could have been when played by Mrs. Siddons, or as Juliet when impersonated by Miss O'Neill. Before Rachel came, it had been thought that the new romantic drama of MM. Hugo and Dumas, because of its greater truth to nature, had given the *coup de grâce* to the old classic plays ; but the public, at her bidding, turned gladly from the spasms and the rant of "Angelo" and "Angèle," "Antony" and "Hernani," to the old-world stories, the formal tragedies of the seventeenth-century poet-dramatists of France. The actress fairly witched her public. There was something of magic in her very presence upon the scene. None could fail to be impressed by the aspect of the slight, pallid woman, who seemed to gain height by reason of her slenderness, who moved towards her audience with such simple natural majesty, who wore and conducted her fluent classical draperies with such admirable and perfect grace. It was as though she had lived always so attired in tunic, peplum, and pallium—had known no other dress,—not that she was of modern times playing at antiquity. The physical traditions of her race found expression or incarnation in her. Her face was of refined Judaical character, the thin nose slightly curved, the lower lip a trifle full, but the mouth exquisitely shaped, and the teeth small, white, and even. The profuse black-brown hair was smoothed and braided from the broad, low, white, somewhat overhanging brow, beneath which in shadow the keen black eyes flashed out their lightnings, or glowed luridly like coals at a red heat. Her gestures were remarkable for their dignity and appropriateness ; the long, slight arms lent themselves surprisingly to gracefulness ; the beautifully formed hands, with the thin tapering fingers and the pink filbert nails, seemed always tremblingly on the alert to add significance or accent to her speeches. But there was eloquence in her very silence and complete repose. She could relate a whole history by her changes of facial expression. She possessed special powers of self-control ; she was under subjection to both art and nature when she seemed to abandon herself the most absolutely to the whirlwind of her passion. There were no undue excesses of posture, movement, or tone. Her attitudes, it was once said, were those of "a Pythoness cast in bronze." Her voice thrilled and awed at its first note, it was so strangely deep, so solemnly melodious, until, stirred by passion as it were, it became

thick and husky in certain of its tones ; but it was always audible, articulate, and telling, whether sunk to a whisper or raised clamorously. Her declamation was superb, if, as critics reported, there had been decline in this matter during those later years of her life to which my own acquaintance with Rachel's acting is confined. I saw her first at the Français in 1849, and I was present at her last performance at the St. James's Theatre in 1853, having in the interval witnessed her assumption of certain of her most admired characters. And it may be true, too, that, still resembling Kean, she was more and more disposed, as the years passed, to make "points ;" to slur over the less important scenes, and reserve herself for a grand outburst or a vehement climax, sacrificing thus many of the subtler graces, refinements, and graduations of elocution for which she had once been famous. To English ears, it was hardly an offence that she broke up the sing-song of the rhymed tirades of the old plays and gave them a more natural sound, regardless of the traditional methods of speech of Clairon, Le Kain, and other of the great French players of the past. Less success than had been looked for attended Rachel's invasion of the repertory of Mdlle. Mars, an actress so idolised by the Parisians that her sixty years and great portliness of form were not thought hindrances to her personation of the youthful heroines of modern comedy and drama. But Rachel's fittest occupation, and her greatest triumphs, were found in the classical poetic plays. She, perhaps, intellectualised too much the creations of Hugo, Dumas, and Scribe ; gave them excess of majesty. Her histrionic style was too exalted and ideal for the conventional characters of the drama of her own time : it was even said of her that she could not speak its prose properly or tolerably. She disliked the hair-powder necessary to Adrienne Lecouvreur and Gabrielle de Belle-Isle, although her beauty, for all its severity, did not lose picturesqueness in the costumes of the time of Louis XV. As Gabrielle she was more girlish and gentle, pathetic and tender, than was her wont, while the signal fervour of her speech addressed to Richelieu, beginning "Vous mentez, Monsieur le Duc," stirred the audience to the most excited applause.

Rachel was seen upon the stage for the last time at Charleston, on the 17th December, 1856. She played Adrienne Lecouvreur. She had been tempted to America by the prospect of extravagant profits. It had been dinned into her ears that Jenny Lind, by thirty-eight performances in America, had realised 1,700,000 francs. Why might not she, Rachel, receive as much ? And then, she was eager to quit Paris. There had been strange worship there of Madame Ristori,

even in the rejected part of *Medea* ! But already Rachel's health was in a deplorable state. Her constitution, never very strong, had suffered severely from the cruel fatigues, the incessant exertions, she had undergone. It may be, too, that the deprivations and sufferings of her childhood now made themselves felt as over-due claims that could be no longer denied or deferred. She forced herself to play, in fulfilment of her engagement, but she was languid, weak, emaciated; she coughed incessantly, her strength was gone ; she was dying slowly but certainly of phthisis. And she appeared before an audience that applauded her, it is true, but cared nothing for Racine and Corneille, knew little of the French language, and were urgent that she should sing the "*Marseillaise*" as she had sung it in 1848 ! It was forgotten, or it was not known in America, that the actress had long since renounced revolutionary sentiments to espouse the cause of the Second Empire. She performed all her more important characters, however, at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Nor was the undertaking commercially disappointing, if it did not wholly satisfy expectation. She returned to France possessed of nearly 300,000 francs as her share of the profits of her forty-two performances in the United States ; but she returned to die. The winter of 1856 she passed at Cairo. She returned to France in the spring of 1857, but her physicians forbade her to remain long in Paris. In September she moved again to the South, finding her last retreat in the villa Sardou, at Cannet, a little village in the environs of Cannes. She lingered to the 3rd of January 1858. The Théâtre Français closed its doors when news arrived of her death, and again on the day of her funeral. The body was embalmed and brought to Paris for interment in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the obsequies being performed in accordance with the Jewish rites. The most eminent of the authors and actors of France were present, and funeral orations were delivered by MM. Jules Janin, Bataille, and Auguste Maquet. Victor Hugo was in exile, or, as Janin announced, the author of "*Angelo*" would not have withheld the tribute of his eulogy upon the sad occasion. By her professional exertions Rachel was said to have amassed a sum of £100,000 sterling.

Dr. Véron, who, with French frankness, wrote of the actress in her lifetime, doubted whether he had secured for her the more of censure or of esteem. But he urged that her early life should be taken into account: "*Il faut se rappeler d'où elle est partie, où elle est arrivée, pour lui tenir compte du long chemin semé de ronces et d'épines, plein de périls et d'abîmes, que dans son enfance et sa première jeunesse elle eut à parcourir presque sans guides, sans le nécessaire*

et sans appui. A côté de quelques mauvais sentiments qu'elle réprime, restes impurs d'une vie errante à travers d'épaisses broussailles et de pernicious marais, on trouve en elle de nobles instincts, le sentiment des grandes et belles choses, une passion ardente pour les plaisirs de l'esprit, une intelligence supérieure, une aimable philosophie, et toutes les séductions d'une élégance et d'une distinction naturelles."

DUTTON COOK.

## *FROM CREMORNE TO WESTMINSTER.*

NOWHERE does "Eyes and No Eyes" apply better than in this great city. We miss Mr. Barlow sadly. Dwellers in London, who go staring round Paris, see nothing to stare at in London. Yet there is a vast amount to be seen and inwardly digested; particularly if there be some *cicerone* to play showman and take the trouble of study and thinking off one's hands. When the country cousin comes on a visit to town—a diligent explorer, with the work cut out for every day—is not the host often entertained and surprised at the accounts, rehearsed with a rustic enthusiasm, of the day's adventures?

This great city is as stored with all kinds of old treasures, old associations, old houses, old buildings, old "bits," as a San Donato museum. Here motley is your only wear. In an hour you may see "no end," i.e. dozens, of curious things. The late Walter Thornbury, or, better still, the remote Peter Cunningham, could have pointed out the strangest objects. But this would be trespassing on antiquarian bounds.

The River from Battersea to Greenwich is ever attractive—a very different river from the one that meanders at Kew and Putney, and sleeps so languidly at Maidenhead and Henley. The town river is full of brightness; the air is fresh and inspiring; there is bustle, change, and vitality. A Sentimental Journey from, say, Cremorne to Wapping would be highly interesting.

Cremorne! Already the lawful prey of the Walfords and Cunninghams is brought within the range of practical antiquaries. See the erst gay enclosure, the fair gardens, now one of the most rueful wanton wrecks that can be conceived. So it has lain for some years now. It is as though an army of navvies had been turned in—perhaps they had—to level, wreck, and spoil, or, as the gentleman in "The Wolf" sings, to "rifle, rob; and plunder;" then go their way. The ground dug up as with a plough; a stray shattered vase tumbled down; a bit of the old wall; a bit of the painted scenery jumbled together,

all gives token of the piteous ruin—judgment, some men call it—that has overtaken this place of “enjoyment.” It has been razed. So pretty a garden did not exist near London, and there was a quaint old fashion somehow preserved, suggesting Ranelagh and Vauxhall. Of a summer’s evening, it was pleasant to glide down by steamer, touch at the crazy pier, now passed away, walk by the river’s edge to where the old trees rose high, thick, and stately—you expected rooks—through which came the muffled sounds of music and glittering flitting lights. Even the gate was old and stately, and its ironwork good. Within, the blaze of light at the platform ; the old-fashioned hotel—nobody, surely, ever boarded or lodged there, or could do it—its low windows all ablaze with lamps ; the “boxes” running round for suppers ; the not unpicturesque bars ; the capital theatres, for there were several dispersed about here and there and everywhere ; the sort of procession headed by an illuminated placard announcing the name of the next show. Then would the band strike up a stirring march, the drums clattering, the brass braying, and in military array lead the way, attended by all the rout and crowd who fell in behind, and tramped on cheerfully to renewed enjoyments. The dancing was always an amusing spectacle, from the rude honesty with which it was carried out ; not the least amusing portion the dignity of the M.C.’s. The people sitting under the good old trees—the glaring booths—even the fortune-teller sitting retired ;—all this, in a deep grove, made up a curious entertainment never likely to be revived. We cannot go back to these things. The Surrey Gardens went before, as these have gone. Now these elements are gathered into aquariums, great halls, perhaps “hugely to the detriment” of the public. Peace be with the manes of Cremorne !

Turning out of Cheyne Walk, we find ourselves in Cheyne Row, which seems still and old-fashioned as some by-street in a cathedral close. Here are small, sound, old red-brick houses of the Queen Anne period, or so-called Queen Anne period. And here, at No. 24, lives Thomas Carlyle, of whom neighbours and neighbourhood may well feel proud. A compact dwelling, next to the one with a verandah and substantial porch ; it has been much restored. Its neighbour on the other side boasts the good old eaves which it has lost—but *en revanche* it has “jealousies.” Within, there is a strange air of old fashion, and the furniture as antique. It is pleasant to find how much the sage is regarded in this appropriate district. The inhabitants, or vestry perhaps, have honoured him. For close by is a rather imposing square—yclept Carlyle Square—a nice and unusual shape of compliment. Anyone will point out his house, and at the photographers’ and print shops you can buy photo-



graphs of it, as also of the sitting figure modelled by Boehm—really one of the finest and most characteristic bits of portrait sculpture. This has not yet been done in bronze; the good lieges of Dumfries might surely set it up in their market-place. It is singularly powerful; a likeness in all parts—in dress, mode of sitting (in the old Chippendale arm-chair), in the curious robe which drapes the lean figure, the nervous or delicate fingers, and the grave, judicial air of expectancy. It is not unlikely that, if the traveller lingers about, he will encounter the sage himself—a curious but interesting figure, in the well-known broad-leafed hat and cloak, taking his walk with some faithful friends, who are proud to attend him. Only a few are allowed the privilege, and one may envy them their promenade. Few can guess how grimly and Scottically humorous can be our philosopher.

At the end of the “walk” we reach the river. There is nothing more picturesque in London than old Chelsea Church, with its grimed old red brick or brown brick tower, and its tablets and tombstones fixed outside high in the walls of the church, up and down, like framed pictures—an unusual adornment; whose effect, as may be conceived, is the quaintest. So, too, with the little appendix, or round house, attached to it, with the odd figures, and the Hans Sloane tomb under a sort of shed. The tower, however, is the attraction, suggesting something Dutch, and rising sadly and solemnly. Indeed, the view here is quaint and pretty, and recalls a bit of the Scheldt; the wooden bridge kept together with clamps and bits of framing, with that high hunch-back look we see on the bridges over the Rhine. This rickety structure adds to the picturesque effect; but it will not be for long, and by-and-by will be replaced by a new one. Here the visitor to Battersea will perceive a number of columns and granite stones strewing the bank near New Chelsea Bridge, lying derelict—a sort of Tadmor. Few recall how these came here; how they once formed the fine colonnade of Burlington House in Piccadilly, which used to be the admiration of architects. It ran within the great dead wall which stretched in front, for the delectation of its noble owner merely. There was a beatific vision in the minds of some hopeful people that it was to be set up again in some suitable place, and the fragments were left here temporarily. But years have rolled by. Temple Bar was thus carted away, and was to be also set up somewhere. Both are mere heaps of stones, or rubbish, and command no respect.

Cheyne Walk half a dozen years ago was one of the most original and welcome bits in London—a true morsel of a Dutch town. There was the river with the pleasure boats moored in gaudy show; the

rugged bank, with its picturesque old trees, full of shade, overhanging ; the pleasant walk underneath, and, a few feet beyond, the row of old mansions, of good brickwork, with fine ironwork in their gates. The tall, well-proportioned piers should be noted, signifying the entrance to a once imposing mansion. One of them—No. 5, I think—was the late Maclise's till he died ; he had the good taste not to modernise it, but to keep it in sound repair. His successors have not had the same restraint. A little lower down is a good specimen of the Gothic which at the beginning of the century was thought to be the purest style—a place called "Gothic House." A good deal of this stuff, evolved out of the imagination of the architect, is distributed about the country, even including Royal Windsor. Farther on, towards Cheyne Row and the church, used to run a little narrow street of a highly nautical or waterman-like complexion, with crazy galleries overhanging the water, for the enjoyment of the air and river. All this was pulled down and swept away. The Embankment pushed its way all in front of picturesque Cheyne Walk, and thrust it back a long way from the river. However, it has not suffered so much as might have been expected.

We now pass from the genuine antique to its imitations, and reach the curious cluster of modern-old houses to which the new Embankment has furnished ground. These strike one as extraordinarily wild in conception, as if the owners or designers had suffered from a sort of brick nightmare. Some, however, are bold and effective, and the whole group, which has gradually extended down the Embankment for a long distance, is worth a special visit. They bear quaint names, such as the Old Swan House, Garden Side, the White House, Carlyle House, Shelley House, River View, and the like. Farnely House and its neighbours are good imposing monuments of brick. Shelley House contains a theatre. The house with the curious white bow windows, set in something that looks like the stern of an old man-of-war, will attract attention ; likewise the house at the corner, with its elaborate *grilles* over most of the windows. But turning down Tite Street—we have heard of Short Street and Queer Street, but Mr. Tite was an eminent architect of a few years back, now of course almost forgotten—we come to the White House, a curious, gaunt structure, stiff as an American's dress-coat about the shoulders, and until lately the dwelling of a well-known American artist, celebrated for his "nocturnes in green" and "symphonies in blue," which caused jesters such merriment ; to say nothing of the Peacock Chamber, one of those absurd two- or ten-days' wonders, which furnish a vacuous society with something to talk of. Now,

probably, the Peacock Chamber is tarnished, the greens are faded, and the owner, it may be, is thinking of some other mode of decoration. The catastrophe, associated with a collision with the ship John Ruskin, was not long in coming. There was a sale at the White House, and the artist is or was lately on the lagunes of Venice bent on an etching tour. But it was truly ominous that he should have chosen Tite Street for his *locale*. In the little square or tongue of ground near Cheyne Row will be noticed an elaborate lamp, supported by contorted boys. This was one of the competing patterns for the series that was to decorate the Embankment. The one chosen consists of contorted dolphins, and is not very effective. It may be added that the Chelsea Embankment is considered far more correct in its lines than the one that begins at Westminster.

Just at Vauxhall Bridge we come to a curious conceit, that would have "arrided"—Lamb's word—the heart of Mr. Dickens. Here is a large yard devoted to the sale of ship timber, for which old vessels of course are bought and broken up. But there remain always the old figure-heads—strange, curious gigantic efforts, that make one wonder what manner of man the designer was. Nor are they without merit or spirit. They rise towering with a strange stark air, and look over the wall much as the animals did in Charles Lamb's copy of Stackhouse's Bible. There are Dukes of York with a fatuous expression, the Janet Simpson, or Lady Smith, Iron Dukes—all, it must be said, wrought rather vigorously, and looking with eternal solemnity over the wall, each some six or eight feet high, to the surprise of the stranger; the natives are familiar with them. At Bangor there is a curious little museum collected by a worthy of the place, who, among other curios, has secured the "figure-heads" from various wrecks, and disposed of them—where will it be supposed? He planted them in his garden, where, as you walked, they left an uncomfortable effect, something like promenading in a lunatic asylum.

From here we can see Milbank Prison, forlorn and gloomy, with an air of standing in a swamp. Turning up the Queen's Road from the Embankment, we pass a very antique row of houses, with its heavy-browed eaves, with grimed tiled roofs and little gardens in front, a general decay over all. This curious row of buildings, which is in Wren's style, is worth a few moments' inspection, especially the one with the effective bit of old iron gateway, as well as the strange institution which forms the last house, entitled "The School of Discipline," which, it seems, has been flourishing—for it would not have endured fifty-five years otherwise—since 1825. What the

discipline is, what the school, and who submit to the "discipline," are things not generally known, but no doubt could be ascertained. It was hard by here that a few years ago a ghastly bit of sensation engaged the attention of the penny papers, and their special reporters who invaded these sleepy precincts. Two young men arriving from the country, flush of money, took up their abode in some disreputable house, where they revelled for a week till their resources were exhausted, when both attempted suicide, one succeeding. It proved that they had embezzled the moneys of their employer, and then fled to London, burying themselves in this obscure region, where they escaped detection. Farther on, we reach the green in front of the Hospital. This must have had a fine effect when the Hospital could only be seen from the bottom of this great expanse ; but now the high road has been ruthlessly cut across it, with no effect but that of convenience. The old overhanging public-house, the "Duke of York," is curious, and gives the *locale* a sort of rural air. But this, indeed, is shared by the King's Road, which has a sort of special country-town air, as distinct as what merry Islington offers. There is an air of retired and retiring simplicity in the shops and little by-streets.

The quaint old gardens belonging to the Apothecaries—a benefaction of Sir Hans Sloane—next attract the eye, were it only for the magnificent old yew which rises grim and sepulchral in the centre. Whether the apothecaries walk in this piece of ground and peep over the rails at the passing boats on the river—they surely do not "cull simples," for they can buy them cheaper than grow them—is a mystery. We certainly never have seen apothecaries promenading there. But it is a pleasing enclosure—a surprise, considering its position—suited to calm tranquillity and meditation.

To steam down the river in one of the penny boats, to those who make a habit of it, is entertaining enough. For one with a headache, or overdone with work on a hot day in a "stuffy" office, it is a pleasant restorative to zigzag across from pier to pier for half an hour. The company aboard is in itself a fruitful source of study ; good humour is the characteristic, and during some years' voyaging now, when they have been often crowded to inconvenience, I have never seen a dispute about a seat. The faces and manners of the different persons who travel are in themselves a study. I have seen a peeress and a "noble lord" seated at the bows, inhaling the breeze, with 'Arrys and Jemimas about them "thick as peas," unconscious of "the wind of nobility" that was wafted by 'em. In this there was a pleasant Bohemianism. Members of Parliament occasionally embark

at Westminster bound for the City. It is a pity, however, that the "Express Boats," which went straight to their journey's end without stop or stay, have been abolished, so far as I know. It may be said that frequent journeys by this mode of conveyance might develop a promptness and readiness of mind, as everything is done without loss of a second—the gangways are thrust on board, the passengers file out, the voyagers embark, and away snorts "The Citizen," after a delay of three-quarters of a minute. A strict hierarchical advancement is maintained in this "service," as it may be called; and the urchin who sings all day long down to the engine-room "ease her," "turn astarn," &c., rises surely, if he remain long enough, to be seated on the camp stool as the commander, whose ingenious code of telegraphy often excites one's admiration—the whole being conveyed by peculiar but significant motions of the fingers and hands.

Coming to Chelsea Hospital, on its river side, we reach an open space close to the Suspension Bridge, which a few years ago presented on Sunday evenings a most entertaining form of diversion. Numbers of persons on their way to visit Battersea Park were turned from their purpose by the spectacle that here met their eyes. A number of atheistical, or infidel, or, to speak more politely, "Free Thought" preachers, made this their hunting- as well as their battleground, and the Free Thought often led to free fight. There were sometimes a dozen animated discussions going on, and presently extemporised pulpits were introduced, to give a better vantage. The air rang with the sounds of "Charles Bradlaugh," "Free Thought," "Christian Imposture," and the like. A foreigner named Kaspary, a strange dark-looking being, used to argue on these themes with much dramatic humour and energy; and it was amusing when some orthodox Scotchman or City Missionary, moved to burning indignation by these heresies, would step forward to assail the lecturer. The latter was supported by aides, male and female, and the general wrangle became truly interesting to the bystanders, who used to shriek with enjoyment of the scene. All this again led to discussions among the listeners. Roman Catholics, Jews, &c. would take part, with much loss of temper, and all would be "hounded on" by scoffing listeners. At last the police were compelled to interfere. One Sunday the leading lecturer was seen to be led off in custody, his pulpit being grotesquely carried behind him. The lectures were put down as an obstruction of the thoroughfare, and order now reigns at Battersea.

Crossing the strange if not positively ugly suspension bridge, we may stroll into Battersea Park—that excellent and successful attempt

at providing a recreation-ground for the people. Not much can be said for the grounds and floral decoration, but there is an artistic work which is worth a long walk to see. It is a drinking fountain under a canopy of elaborate ironwork, originally suggested by the Quentin Matsys work at Brussels. It is really excellent for its freedom and lightness of tracery, and is rather thrown away here. To see the crowd here on a Bank Holiday playing at "Kiss in the Ring," and otherwise enjoying themselves, suggests a sort of Flemish merry-making, so rough and broadly conceived are the sports. But what always strikes the spectator is the comparative squalor of the men, women, and children when thus assembled; clean as they are, there is a shabbiness of apparel that contrasts with the gaiety and even picturesqueness of foreign crowds, with their costume, &c. Then there is the unseemly accompaniment of the invariable bits of newspapers which enwrap portions of bread and other food, and the medicine bottles for brandy and beer, which, with the scraps of newspapers aforesaid, strew the grass. This attendant symptom is an unpleasant drawback to English mob festivity. Not so long since, a homely sort of band used to occupy the orchestra on Sunday evenings, and gave great entertainment to orderly crowds, who sat upon chairs in an enclosure and listened. But, possibly for the reason of its offering a rational entertainment apart from the public-houses, it did not thrive and is now extinct.

At Westminster Bridge opens out one of the most commanding views, of which London may well be proud. The Thames, broad, and now happily silvery, on a sunny day displays its noble bridges stretching across, its stately buildings, rising in a winding line, far down. The animation of the swift steamers as they puff by, the trains crossing, make up a most cheerful and brilliant panorama. In twenty years' time, when the projected buildings which have been planned—the new Mint, the new Opera House, and others that will presently be taken in hand; when the trees, already a fine and substantial ornament, have attained to double their size; and when the traffic has trebled or quadrupled—the spectacle will be magnificent, and the real attractions and glory of the metropolis will lie along this route, and the meaner Strand, Fleet Street, and the rest be left to hucksters. But, indeed, it may be prophesied that, by the time ten or twenty years of next century shall have gone by, London will have been renewed and rebuilt after the pattern of the solid mansions and warehouses in the City. It will be noted that almost every new building, shop, hotel, or house of business is being reared in stone, and reared also some stories higher. Hence it is easy to foretell what character the change will assume.



Magnificent and successful as the Thames Embankment is as a great modern work, much more remains to be done to make it thoroughly successful. There is nothing more delightful to look on than the noble row of trees, whose careful and admirable treatment during the ten years or so of their infancy has now ended triumphantly in placing them securely beyond the reach of all natural casualties. Never was an operation of the kind more successful. Week after week, careful nurses watched over their pruning, trimming, bending, tying; they were mere saplings at first, so that the dictum of Pope, "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," seemed to be strictly carried out—the stems were carefully lopped so as to enrich the foliage. The result is that, as they are at this moment, they form a noble row—sturdy and shapely—almost sufficiently developed. What they will be in another ten years may be conceived. This success contrasts singularly with the attempt that has been made to decorate in similar fashion another great thoroughfare, namely, Sackville Street, Dublin. There the trees have been planted and replanted—but only to die, with a perverseness that nothing can obviate—something in the soil or the air interferes and "forbids the banns," and the attempt has at last to be abandoned. This is the more hard, as, within the memory of living persons, there were rows of great stalwart trees lining the centre of the street—thick-trunked and shady—making what was then known as "The Mall." The Corporation of the day, however, found them inconvenient, and ruthlessly cut them down. However, it may be said that trees in their earlier stage are more agreeable to the eye in street adornment than when they reach the great girth and shade of full-grown trees. This may be seen in Paris Boulevards, where the trees planted by the late Napoleon took the place of the old full-grown ones cut down during the Revolutions—as, indeed, the present ones are certain to be, as being "handy"—too handy—for barricades; nay, positively inviting the construction of such things. The great trunks and branches stand in the way of cabs and carriages, and impede the light to windows. Pessimists will doubtless make the same forecast for the Embankment trees.

The little gardens or squares are pleasing in their way and heartily appreciated. But there is a vast deal more to be done to make the whole harmonious. As the late Mr. Brown would say, "there are great capabilities." The iron railing gives a meanness, as it amounts to no more than a frail iron fencing. A bold railing of bars, with some gilding, would have imparted dignity, and made us think more highly of the enclosures. But, above all things, a word for the poor, neglected, needlessly abused monument—Inigo Jones's fine



Water Gate—erst one of the most picturesque objects in form and situation, but now, unhappily, sunk in a sort of pit—the object of scorn and contempt. Till the Embankment was formed, this fine work stood at the water's edge, with steps down to the edge, and here ferry-boats and wherries would touch and land their passengers. You will notice in front of it a sort of alley or lane before the houses, with a few decaying trees. Now, this, a few years ago, was picturesque—a sort of river-side terrace; indeed, it had attracted the admiration of painters, for Canaletto painted it several times with cavaliers and dames promenading, and there are also some brilliant engravings. When the land, created artificially, spread away in front, its function was gone as well as its picturesqueness. But even now there can be seen what a pretty terrace it once was. The “incuriousness” that could neglect such a monument, by such a master, and despise an arch ready to hand, is strange, not to say barbarous. It should be moved at once to the Embankment and restored to its original function of a Water Gate.

But a far greater improvement than this—because a social and moral one—might be made. Let us think what a promenade of a summer's evening this Embankment might become—the view of the river, the cool breezes, the open air, the flowers. But there would be more than this. We see the rough men and boys and the working women tramping up and down the hard flags and the uninviting *trottoir* without any purpose, indulging in horse-play and vacuous laughter. Now, some enterprising First Commissioner of Works might gain a cheap immortality if, with little expense and some trouble, he were to set himself to a plan for developing or utilising these elements. We could easily conjure up the scene under the new dispensation: a portion of the ground devoted to the gardens, either at Northumberland Avenue, or lower, near Waterloo Bridge, and cleared for an open place—all asphalted and marked round with lamps, with a sort of Café de la Rotonde at the top, where coffee and good beer and ices should be sold by competent caterers; a vast number of little tables with innumerable chairs ranged round; an orchestra in the centre, in which the band—say, one of the Guards regiments—might perform two or three times a week. How pleasant would be the picture—an easy, rational, civilising amusement! The crowd listening, smoking an honest pipe, the boats on the river drawing close to hear, the day declining, the fine evening air! The expense, if undertaken by the City or Government, would be a thousand times recouped in the saving from prosecutions for intemperance and the offences arising from intemperance, and in the increased rates paid by

thriving members of the community saved from the public-houses, and civilised by music and rational amusement. One would wish also that a tramway ran along the Embankment from Westminster to the City or Mansion House station. Indeed, it might reasonably be pushed on to the very Bank, going along Queen Victoria Street. It would be a delightfully exhilarating drive—or ride, as it would be called. But the interests below-ground and on the river are too strong to be overcome or propitiated. Here, at Westminster, we can pause to look round us a moment. A year or two ago used to lie off the Houses of Parliament a handsome steam yacht, belonging to one of the members—who, when exhausted by his labours, would embark and give his brother legislators an invigorating trip up or down the river. Here we find the St. Stephen's Club, remarkable for having its kitchen in the roof; to say nothing of the unfinished new Opera House—a disastrous venture—which, even if completed, will hardly “pay” during the present generation. In five-and-twenty or thirty years, when the Embankment will be as crowded as the Strand, then the tide of life will pour into the theatre. It must be a painful reminder for those who pass by, and whose money is sunk below-ground in foundations “to the tune” of some £30,000 or £40,000. The Duke of Buccleuch's palace inspires some useful reflections: a pretentious pile after the fashion of a French château, Mansard roof, &c., but all spoiled by the hideous economy of ground, which set the stables in front, and projected the hall and porch far forward on what should have been a clear open approach. When this costly building was commenced it rose from the water's edge, and the great and opulent Thane calculated on his terrace by the river-side and overhanging garden, with his “water-gate,” perhaps. As it rose slowly, however, the Embankment was projected, and, of course, it was determined virtually to thrust the château back by some hundred yards from the water, by adding the created and embanked land that was necessary. It may be conceived how the potentate was afflicted by this cruel disappointment. It may be said, indeed, that the whole *raison d'être* of the new building was destroyed, for its front is comparatively ineffective. Instantly began a course of litigation between the Duke and the Board of Works. It was, I believe, seriously proposed that the line of the great new public work should be diverted there, and go round the house. A storm of indignation arose, and the press was filled with denunciations of the arrogant noble. The matter was fought out in the courts of arbitration, where he claimed some enormous sum for the injury done to his castle, and was forced to content himself with some

moderate amount. The whole, however, was a characteristic incident.

The district at the back of Victoria Street, the line taken by the omnibuses plying to "The Monster," is a curiously old-fashioned one, with a suburban air. "The Monster," as if in shame, has adopted the more genteel style of "The Clarendon." Here reign King Gas and all his "works," and the factory of the eminent Broadwood, remarkable for its intelligent workmen. In Horseferry Road stands an old-fashioned chapel, served by the Jesuits, where once in the year a school procession, but thoroughly ecclesiastical in its air and adjuncts, sets forth down the long street. This curious and unusual spectacle, which recalls what may be seen in a foreign town, is regarded with much interest and pride by the whole neighbourhood.

How strange to stand at the door of Westminster Hall, as the flood of suitors, counsel, &c., pours in, and recalls the days of the lagging Tichborne trial, when the rather shabby brougham was called over, two lines of spectators formed, and, the obliging Inspector Denning leading the way, the fat impostor laboured out and heaved himself into the carriage, a faint and artificial cheer following him. That same Denning, who was so obsequious during those weary months—no doubt "Sir Roger"-ing him like the rest—was the first to roughly collar him when the verdict was pronounced, hurrying him down those stone corridors that lead under the Embankment. As we look at the end of the Hall, it will be noticed that the great Flamboyant window at the end rises too high, and is interfered with by the old roof. But Pugin and Barry had arranged that in due time the roof should be elevated, so as to form an harmonious line. One would have thought that it would have been easier to have adapted the new window to the old roof. Architects are thus mysterious in their ways. Nor is it generally known that the design of the Houses of Parliament is to make a complete square of buildings round the area where the cabs now stand and the pigeons feed so prettily, with a tower and archway for entrance at the corner where people now cross and enter from Parliament Street. All that mass of dark stone buildings which form the present Law Courts are to be removed, and Westminster Hall is to be furnished with a new front and side in the Gothic style of the rest.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## *THE CZARINA ANNE.*

ON the 9th March, 1730, the Northern Lights were dancing brilliantly in the Russian skies, deepening over the lately founded city of St. Petersburg into blood-red lines, which faded into fainter colours in the dim distances and darkness of the South. The superstitious populace, who saw in this atmospheric phenomenon a presage of terror, baptised it by the name of "The Bloody Aurora"—a name which the course of events justified, and clothed with a prophetic character. On that day the only attempt that has ever been made to establish a limited monarchy in Russia was upset, as the result of a joint conspiracy on the part of the Empress and the discontented nobility, whose chances of power and fortune the limitation of the royal prerogative had lessened. On the death of Peter II. the Senate, the Army, and the Council, expecting to find in Anne, Duchess of Courland, a weaker and more tractable sovereign, passed over her elder divorced sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, then residing in Moscow, and offered her the throne on conditions which obtain in all limited monarchies, viz., that she relinquish the power of levying taxes, taking life, and confiscating property at the caprice of her own autocratic will. Having deputed six hundred gentlemen to wait on her and invite her to declare herself a despot, she summoned her council; and then followed a scene, every word and movement of which had been carefully rehearsed in secret. The Empress, facile as long as she was not required to act in person, hesitated at the door of the Council Hall and wanted to withdraw, when Bieren, her favourite, grasped her roughly by the arm, and dragged her into the chamber. Count Mattweof rose, and in the name of the nation asked her to resume the powers and prerogative of her ancestors. Anne, as previously instructed, affected surprise, and said:—

"How! was it not with the will of the nation that I signed the act presented to me at Mittau?"

The whole assembly answered, "No."

Turning to one of the noblemen who had presented the paper for her signature, she said:

“How came you, sir, to impose on me so?”

She then ordered the writings to be brought, and, reading over the clauses *seriatim*, asked the assembly if this was for the good of the nation. She then tore the documents, saying, “These writings, then, are not necessary,” amid loud applause.

It was an episode which not only the active wire-pullers in it, who expected to reap from it an inheritance of power and wealth, had early cause to mourn, but which the Russian nation laments even unto this day.

The slim fragile type of beauty is not popular in Russia. Above all things the ladies of St. Petersburg desire to be plump; and if nature “cover their faces with fatness and hang collops of fat on their flanks,” they find colour and complexions for themselves in the rouge-pot. Beauty is measured by the *avoirdupois* standard, and no lady can lay the least claim to it unless she turns the scale at two cwts. with ease. Therefore Anne, whose proportions were most massive, was regarded by her subjects as a very beautiful woman. Her head was buttressed on either side by a pair of the chubbiest vermilion-painted cheeks, which trembled like a jelly at every motion she made. Mr. Carlyle compares them to a pair of Westphalia hams for size; and he might have added, for expression. Certainly they were so self-asserting as to dwarf all her other facial features. Her big bones were well-padded with flesh—flesh that on the whole was rather quiescent and unobtrusive for a Russian Empress. She had a brown complexion, black hair, deeply embedded dark blue eyes, which in so far as they were visible sparkled with satire and shrewdness. For so large a woman, her motion and carriage were easy and graceful; and her twenty-stone-weight glided among her courtiers without much snorting or grating of the machine, and, if we are to credit some of her admirers, we might add, almost as silently and lightly as a sunbeam. In spite of her weight, she was a distinguished pedestrian. She showed herself exceedingly affable and gracious at her receptions; smiles “inexpressibly sweet,” says one who was favoured with a few, hovered over her mouth and lit up a countenance, which the same gossip says had something awful in it,—and doubtless there is something solemnising in abnormal bulk. “Her affability is such,” says Mrs. Vigor, “that you seem talking to an equal; and yet she does not for a moment drop the dignity of a sovereign.” Others found it safer to talk to her in monosyllables. There is a story told of Euler, who taught in the Academy of Science, established in St. Petersburg by Peter the Great, during the whole of her reign. In 1741 he accepted from Frederick the offer of the

Professorship of Mathematics in Berlin Academy. On his arrival in Berlin he was invited by the Queen Mother to visit her at her palace. Euler trembled in her presence, and, in spite of her kindly efforts to put him at his ease, was quite unable to overcome his terror. The Queen, simple, gentle, and unassuming, knowing that there was nothing of the bogie about her, asked him why he answered her in monosyllables and trembled. "Madam," said he, "it is because I have come from a court where, if one speaks at greater length and with more freedom, the chances are that he will be hanged."

Anne was the younger daughter of Peter the Great's elder brother Ivan. At the age of seventeen she was married to the Duke of Courland. It was with much reluctance, and only under pressure from the overmastering will of Peter, who freely applied threats of dethronement to stimulate his wooing, that this titled weakling took her to wife. A few days after his marriage he fell sick and died, having for several weeks before the happy event been kept by his bride's relations in a state of chronic drunkenness, and forced to drink to excess on his wedding-day. In the early years of her widowhood Comte de Saxe, afterwards Maréchal Saxe, backed by the moneys he had cajoled from an infatuated French actress, made a hard effort to fall in love with her wealth and her prospects of the Russian throne. Anne's heart and imagination quickly capitulated to the grace and soldier-like bearing of this the most distinguished of the King of Poland's three or four hundred bastards ; and he gallantly affected to return her passion. They made love by words and sighs and grimaces at first, for Anne knew only Russian, and Saxe did not know a word of it. She placed at his disposal rooms in her palace of Mittau, where he was free to come and go as he liked, and entertained him with truly royal magnificence. But Anne's face and figure, both "spread out many a rood," did not satisfy his sense of the beautiful ; and very soon she discovered that what charms she possessed would never fix his inconstant heart ; and that, while his lips were pouring forth words of idolising devotion, his disgusted stomach was rising up in protests hard to be suppressed. She found out that he kept a harem at Dantzic with the money with which she supplied him, and had several intrigues going on simultaneously at Mittau. The sovereignty of Courland and the influence of Anne in the election was worth bushels of those perjuries at which Jove laughs ; and Saxe, by solemn protestations that he had no eyes for any fair but her, coaxed the soft, fat, kindly lady into forgiving him. Anne's aunt, however, Catherine I., the widow of Peter the Great, was opposed to his election to the throne of Courland, for which he was a candidate. A detachment of Russian



soldiers were sent to seize him during the night. Saxe had no great aversion to be taken prisoner and transported to St. Petersburg, where he might make a conquest of even the haughty Empress's heart ; but he had no wish to let it reach Anne's ears that a frail and fair companion was passing the night with him. He hastily summoned his valet and ordered him to dress the girl in men's clothes and send her away, which he did, disguising her in one of his master's suits. The girl was seized. The Russian captain recognised the suit, and, thinking that its rightful owner was within it, conducted the poor girl to the general, announcing her as the Comte de Saxe. She told her story ; the general laughed heartily at his subordinate's confusion ; and with true Russian humour, worthy of Peter the Great himself, compelled the captain to atone for his blundering and blindness by marrying her. The loud laughter with which the nobility of Courland received the story of the loves of Anne's *protégé* was wormwood to her. She hurled bitter and angry reproaches at him ; and then her rage melted and quenched itself in tears. The brilliant rascal pleaded so persuasively for forgiveness that again he stole away her wrath. To keep him safe from temptation she fixed his permanent residence in her own palace. Saxe and his suite lived on one side of the court, she and her ladies on the other. The sense of the nearness of his *fiancée* did not overawe his rebellious appetite. He formed an intrigue with one of her ladies who lived conveniently on the ground floor, and who frequently visited his apartments at night, returning in the morning before the palace was astir. One morning there was a heavy fall of snow on the ground. Saxe gallantly carried his friend on his shoulders across the court to her window, that her dainty feet might not be chilled. An old woman with a lit lantern passed, and seeing the dim shadowy outlines of the strange procession screamed out in alarm. Saxe tried to kick the lantern out of her hand, but in doing so his foot, unexpectedly called on to resist the whole force of the law of gravitation, slipped ; and he and his precious burden were buried in the snow. In their fall they knocked down the old woman, who redoubled her cries, waking the echoes of the court, bringing the sentinels to the spot and the ladies and gentlemen of the palace to their windows. In the morning Saxe was dismissed by the Duchess, and told to think of her no more. After she became Czarina he bribed her chamberlain to try to rekindle her old affection for him ; but the attempt failed. Anne dismissed the audacious official, and never forgave him. Another candidate for the hand of the Empress was Don Manuel of Portugal. She received him at St. Petersburg with great distinction, but would not



so much as permit him to mention the object of his visit. Horace Walpole tells of a Sir Francis Dashwood who in early life made a voyage to Russia, dressed like Charles XII., in hopes of making the Czarina fall in love with him. Surely the Swedish misogynist was an improper hero to copy when a woman's heart was to be captivated. This exhausts the list of Anne's legitimate lovers, whose intentions, if mercenary, were strictly honourable.

The short reign of Peter II. intervened between the demise of Catherine I. and the accession of Anne to the throne. Peter's father was the murdered Prince Alexis, son of Peter the Great and his divorced wife Eudoxia. In her will Catherine declared him a minor till he reached the age of sixteen, and appointed a regency of ten persons, over whom Prince Menzikoff retained the overmastering power which he had wielded under Catherine, who, before her marriage to the Great Czar, had been his mistress. This great statesman sprang from the gutter of Moscow. He was an itinerant vendor of gingerbread, and carried his tray before him, strapped round his shoulders; some even aver that he sang in the streets for a living. The young Czar and the waif, each aged fifteen years, had a trial of wit; and his Majesty was so captivated by the impudent face and facile tongue and knowing leer and preternatural intelligence of the City arab, that he appointed him to some menial office in his palace, and resolved to make a man of him. At the time of his disgrace, during the reign of Peter II., he was found possessed of a fortune of eight millions sterling. To the day of his death he could neither read nor write. He had considerable intellect of the vulpine type. His faculties were all apprenticed to himself; but he had the wit to know that to be a true reformer and a wise administrator was the shrewdest form of selfishness he could choose. He was quite ready to stoop to conquer; like Sir Pertinax McSycophant, he might have said of himself that he had got on by "cringing and booing." When the Czar was in a frenzy of rage, and could get no other person to kick, Menzikoff had no objection to Peter relieving his feelings on his faithful body. He flattered the Czar by repeating his vices. Once, when His Majesty punished a rebellious regiment by chopping off the heads of its ring-leaders with his own royal hands, he justified his act on the pious plea that "there was no victim more acceptable to the Deity than a wicked man;" on which Menzikoff, conviction being carried to his reason, jumped up with a shout of approval, and beheaded a few more. Again and again the Czar replenished his purse by fining his favourite, who he knew had frequent opportunities, and indeed *carte blanche* from his Majesty, to embezzle, and no conscience to restrain

him. Menzikoff's ambition was boundless; the ex-street minstrel was within an ace of settling his posterity on the throne, for a despotism seems as favourable to the rise of talent of a certain type as a republic, especially when the despot does not sit coddling himself on his throne, and is of a roving disposition and "hail-fellow-well-met" with his subjects. The prince had cajoled the Czarina, who during her short reign was seldom sober, and who indeed drank herself to death, to decree in her will that the young Emperor should marry his daughter; and he intrigued to get his son wedded to the Emperor's sister Natalia. He set such restrictions on the free movements of the youthful sovereign, that no malcontent had a chance of sowing a suspicion in his mind. By a stroke of great imprudence, however, Menzikoff brought about his own disgrace.

"Where are you going with that money?" said he to a gentleman of the court whom he saw carrying a well-filled purse through the hall of the palace.

"His Majesty sends it as a present to his sister," was the reply.

"Take it into my room; the Emperor is too young to know how to dispose of money."

A few days after, the Princess came to visit the Emperor, who asked her indignantly if the present he had sent her was not worth thanks. Inquiries were at once made, and Menzikoff was ordered to attend his Majesty.

"How did you dare, sir, to stop my servant and take that money from him?"

The prince was thunderstruck at the peremptory and rebellious tone of the Czar; and answered that the State was in want of money; that he had a plan ready to submit to His Majesty for the better disposal of it. "If, however, your Majesty commands it, I will restore the 9,000 ducats, and also lend you a million roubles (£220,000) out of my private purse." The Czar stamped his foot, and answered, "I will let you know that I am Emperor"—(aged 12!)"—"and that I will be obeyed." There must be a sense of the ridiculous, a deep love of fun, in the powers that regulate the providential affairs of men. What a quiet inward chuckle they must have indulged in when they planned such an incongruity as this scene is! Menzikoff was banished by this child to the remotest region of Siberia. His poor old wife, grown blind with weeping, died by the way. His family was exiled. Out of his liberal allowance of ten roubles a day, he built a church at which he himself worked hatchet in hand, recalling, I doubt not, the old Zaandam days when the Great Czar

and he toiled together; and died in the second year of his expatriation. The history of the next three years is a weary chronicle of intrigue and self-seeking on the part of the Russian nobility—of conspiracies to monopolise the ear and regard of the Emperor. Prince Dolgorucki, who Marshal Keith says was only fit to direct a pack of hounds, was about to marry him to his sister, a pretty little girl with large liquid blue eyes, witty and sweet-tempered, and with whom Peter fell violently in love; when Peter caught small-pox, and persisting in his own wilful, royal way in sitting at an open window during his convalescence—and there being no one daring or unselfish enough to chastise him—had a relapse, and died in the fifteenth year of his age, on the day fixed for his marriage. In him the male line of the Romanoff became extinct.

Anne was a dummy sovereign, covering a real sovereign who pulled the strings and worked her from behind. Duke Bieren of Courland was her proprietor—body as well as soul. “Sit a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to destruction;” and the groom’s grandson, on his elevation to the seat of sovereignty, showed a cruelty of disposition which made his name a terror. The ambassadors deputed to announce to Anne her elevation to the Russian throne found a boorish-looking fellow lounging in the apartment into which they had been shown, and concluded from his manners and deportment that he had not been born to move in such a sphere. They requested him to retire; which he declined to do. Prince Dolgorucki was about to turn him out by force, when Anne entered and commanded him to desist. Bieren, for it was he, was present during the whole of the interview, and heard Anne’s assent to the conditions of her election, one of which obliged her to leave him behind. Many years before, he had fled from Courland to St. Petersburg to avoid being arrested for several serious crimes; an official hint was given him that his departure from the Russian capital would be a prudential movement. He returned to Mittau, and found means to ingratiate himself with Bestucheff, the High Chancellor, who introduced him to the Duchess Anne. She was so charmed with him that she made him her—what? The nobility of Courland despised him, and had no difficulty and very little compunction in letting him see that they did not know him; when the throne of Courland became vacant he appeared as a candidate, and persuaded his mistress, now Empress, to support his claims by force. While the nobility were canvassing the merits of the rival competitors in the Cathedral of Mittau, her general, Bismarck, posted some companies of horse in the churchyard that surrounds it, to secure a free and unbiassed

election. On the restoration of the despotic power of the throne, Anne summoned her favourite to St. Petersburg, ennobled him, appointed him gentleman of the bed-chamber, and lord high chamberlain. During the whole of Anne's reign he governed Russia with a rod of iron. He was handsome, ignorant, vindictive. What intellect he had was developed on the side of the low animal faculties of cunning, audacity, and dissimulation. The Austrian Ambassador said "that he talked like a man when he spoke of horses, and like a horse when he spoke of men." His bearing towards the Empress was most arrogant and disrespectful. He would burst into her presence in the middle of a reception, and declare with oaths and curses that he would no longer be persecuted by her servants, but would retire to Courland; and, rushing out of the room, would slam the door with violence. After such an outburst the poor Empress has been known to lift her clasped hands to heaven and go into hysterics. For the contumely with which Prince Dolgorucki had treated him at Mittau, he had that prince and his brother broken on the wheel; two others of the family were quartered; three lost their heads on the scaffold; the property of the rest was confiscated. Count de Hordt says that daily he shed rivers of innocent blood. His presence inspired so much alarm, that when he rode along the streets the people ran off, exclaiming, "Away! away! Bieren is coming." Foot-passengers sought cover in the first open door; while those in carriages jumped out and prostrated themselves before him. Perhaps it is better to flatter a bully than to fight him; but subserviency was carried too far when foreign ministers gave such a toast as this: "Cursed be he who is not the true and sincere friend of His Highness the Duke of Courland." He lived in a style of more than royal magnificence, and his imperial mistress was almost a boarder at his table; she had no table of her own, and used to dine *en famille* with him. He compelled her to declare him regent during the minority of her successor. The weak, kindly soul, with tears in her eyes, said: "You are running on your destruction," but complied. As Regent, he paid a visit of state to the French Ambassador, and here is the order of procession:—(1) An officer on horseback, (2) Two servants on horseback, (3) Three carriages, drawn by six horses, containing six cavaliers, (4) Twenty-four servants on horseback, (5) Six running footmen, (6) Two blacks, (7) Thirty lackeys on foot, (8) Twelve pages, (9) Nine noblemen, (10) His master of horse, (11) The Duke in a splendid carriage, drawn by six horses, followed by two servants in Turkish dresses. He aspired to seat his own posterity on the throne. His project

was to marry his eldest son to the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Empress, and his daughter to the Duke of Holstein, afterwards Paul III.; and, if the Empress had lived a few years longer, he would probably have accomplished his design. As regent, his haughtiness, bloodthirstiness, and greed grew unbearable. He gave himself the title of Imperial Highness ; fixed his salary at half-a-million roubles a year ; and condemned to the knout or to the mines of Siberia all whom his army of spies reported to be inimical to him. He treated the parents of his sovereign with such brutality that they placed themselves at the head of a conspiracy for his overthrow. Several stormy scenes occurred between them and Bieren. The Regent accused them of fostering disaffection, although they had vowed to be loyal to him.

“There is no agitation that I know of that will hurt either the Emperor or the Empire.”

“It is my business,” said Bieren, “to place the Empire in such a situation that nobody will be able to hurt it, and I alone in Russia am able to do it.”

“The nobles must assist you,” was the retort ; “and you and they alike must answer to the Emperor.”

“What !” exclaimed the Regent ; “have I not unlimited power ? Such opinions as yours, sir, will foment commotions,—and if these arise, do you know what will happen ?”

“Yes !” said Prince Anthony, small of stature yet full of impulse and daring, drawing his sword ; “somebody will be massacred ! You are Regent by forgery ! The Empress never signed the testament you produced.”

“I will report your language to the Cabinet, sir,” said the Duke, leaving the room. He summoned the Cabinet, the Senate, and the nobility, and acquainted them with this conversation, furiously denouncing the Prince as a liar. A fortnight later, Duke Bieren was on his way to Siberia. In the dead of the night, a band of soldiers with loaded muskets, led by Marshal Munnich, repaired to the Summer Palace, where the Regent was residing. Colonel Mannstein, at the head of twenty men, was told off to enter the palace and seize the Duke, and assassinate him in case of resistance. Without awaking suspicion he passed the guards, who knew him well, and got as far as the bed-chambers without difficulty. Not daring to ask any of the servants to point out the Duke’s bedchamber, he tried all the doors till he came to a locked one. It was a folding one, and, the bolts at top and bottom being left unsecured, was easily forced. In this room he found the Duke and Duchess asleep, and whispered

low in the Duke's ear that he was wanted. Alarmed, the Regent jumped up and tried to creep under the bed. Mannstein sprang round and seized him and summoned his soldiers, while the Duke struck out savagely with his fists. The soldiers knocked him down with the butt-end of their muskets, gagged him, tied his hands behind, led him naked to the guard-room, where they threw a soldier's cloak round him, and then hurried him off. The Duchess in her shift followed as far as the street. A soldier was ordered to carry her back to bed ; he threw her into a snow-drift and left her there. The Regent was tried and condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted into banishment to Siberia. A house designed by Marshal Munnich was built there specially for him. Within a year he was recalled, and poetic justice sent Munnich to occupy it, where he eked out his allowance of sixpence a day as a dairyman and infant-school teacher. Count de Hordt saw Bieren in St. Petersburg during the reign of Catherine III., and found him, though upwards of eighty years, "preserving a fresh ruddy complexion and a presence of mind rare at his age." He had been the cause of countless deaths—about 15,000—and innumerable cruelties, yet he was happy, untroubled, with a conscience as peaceful as that of a sleeping child. No pang of remorse ever gave him a bitter hour. In what a small degree is conscience an attribute of man ! We impose on ourselves when we conceive the guilty haunted by the avenging spirits of those they have murdered. It is questionable if Shakespeare's representation of the couch of the Hunchback as surrounded by the ghosts of his victims is true to fact. They that are guilty know not of their guilt, but only they that are good.

The enormities of her reign are undoubtedly to be ascribed to the bloodthirsty disposition of the Duke of Courland, but that she allowed herself to become an instrument of evil in his hands is no palliation of her guilt. Of the 30,000 souls banished to Siberia during her short reign of ten years, no trace of 5,000 could be found at her death, and these are supposed to have been secretly murdered in Russia. Her womanly feelings often rose in protest against the cruel decrees her lover extorted from her. "I have often seen her," said Count Munnich, "weep bitterly when she interceded with Bieren, who stormed and raved at her reluctance to sacrifice his enemies." The gentle, compassionate creature could not bear the thought of human suffering ; her queenly pride and reserve broke down, and her breast heaved with many sobs. She often told Bieren that he was making her name infamous in history, and—as history confesses to no feelings of chivalry, and calls



crimes crimes, even though a woman in love do them, her prophetic estimate of her reign has proved true. Here is a story or two illustrative of what is called her "clemency," from which the temper of her cruelty may be inferred. Count Wolinski, a member of her cabinet,—impetuous, reckless, and defiant,—born with a wit that was a little too caustic and biting for a despotism, for having incurred the Duke's displeasure was sentenced to have his tongue cut out, his right hand taken off, to be broken alive on the wheel, and to have his head fixed on a pole. Anne graciously commuted the sentence to amputation of the right hand and decapitation, weeping bitterly as she signed the death-warrant. The day after Wolinski's execution the Duke accused Count Puskin of a similar offence—of having publicly said that the favourite and his mistress would not always live, and that their tyranny would come to an end. This bold statement of an unquestionable fact of nature almost cost him his life. This time Her Majesty affixed her signature to the death-warrant without the wonted tribute of a tear. When the sentence was announced to him, Puskin uttered such invectives that he had to be gagged. A messenger from the Czarina told him that she had resolved to spare his life, that he should only lose his tongue and be banished to Siberia. The executioner arrived before the retreating footsteps of the messenger had re-crossed the threshold. Puskin used his mischief-making member in discoursing freely on the moral relations of the Empress and the Duke before he lost it for ever. Here are an incident and an extract which offer the reader a contrast on which he can make his own reflections. They give an estimate of Anne from antipodal points of view—the one that of her subjects, whose lives were as breath in her nostrils, the other that of the wife of a British resident, far beyond the reach of her cruelty. To the former she was a death's head; to the latter, an earthly Providence. The incident is the following:—Some mischievous persons broke into her Winter Palace, and, selecting some of the finest pictures in her collection, cut them out of their frames and tore them in pieces, putting in their stead representations of racks, gibbets, and other instruments of torture. With the impression created by this fact fresh on the imagination, read the following:—"I have often seen her Majesty melt into tears at a melancholy story, and she shows such unaffected horror at any mark of cruelty, that her mind seems composed of the most amiable qualities that I have ever observed in any person, which seems a particular mark of the goodness of God, as she is possessed of such power." We make from within us the people we see, and deck them out in attributes that exist nowhere but in our



own imaginations. This lady's nearness to the throne had evidently bewildered her moral perceptions, and thrown her eyes off the straight line of moral vision. The fierce light that beats upon a throne beats, it is to be feared, not to bring its shadows into clearer outline, but to blind those that gaze upon it.

The grim humour of her uncle—in which, however, there was a scintilla of cruelty, a suspicion that the fun was more delicious from the fact that the feelings or flesh of others was lacerated—was on one or two occasions manifested by Anne. As a punishment for his religious apostasy, she nominated Prince Gallitzin, a nobleman of middle age and the wearer of an historic name, court page and court buffoon. There are few men heroic enough to prefer death to life on dishonourable conditions when one or other of the alternatives must instantaneously be chosen ; and this prince was of opinion that even the life of a public butt was better than life in Siberia or no life at all. Indignant that he wore the cap and bells with a smiling face and showed no sense of humiliation, the royal humourist, with a broad grin on her broad face, and a malicious twinkle in her blue eye, ordered him to marry a girl of low degree, promising to superintend and pay the expenses of the marriage festivities, and to present him with a palace of great brilliance and beauty. The one she gave him was brilliant enough when the sun shone on it ! The festivities were conducted on a scale of national magnificence. More than 300 men and women were ordered up from the several provinces of the empire to St. Petersburg to attend the nuptials of the prince, and commanded to come in the peculiar dress and costume of their districts. On the wedding day the motley mob was assembled in the courtyard of the palace, where the babblement of many tongues and the want of a common dialect almost drove the responsible managers of the rejoicings to distraction, and whence the wedding guests started in procession through the principal streets of the city. At their head marched the happy pair, locked together in a cage perched on the shoulders of an elephant. The guests, brought from their far glens and hills to make an hour's fun for a queen, followed on sledges drawn by all manner of beasts—swine, calves, dogs, reindeer, and bears. Some from far Archangel were hoisted on the backs of camels, fierce monsters of whose existence they wot not, and spent an hour of concentrated agony there ; their reluctance to mount having been overcome by fierce objurgations which fell harmlessly on ears blissfully ignorant of their meaning, and by the free use of the cudgel, to the persuasive power of which they responded. A salute of guns announced to the citizens the departure

of the procession from the palace ; it was fired from four small cannon and two mortars. The cannon could only hold half an ounce of powder without bursting, and the mortars threw little wooden shells hardly as dangerous as a boy's squib : for the murderous weapons were made of ice. Dancing and drinking were kept up till an early hour in the morning, when the bride and bridegroom were conducted home by a military escort to the mansion the Empress had promised them. It was a chamber of two apartments, built of ice. The furniture was of ice ; the marriage bed was of ice, and into it the young couple, in obedience to orders from headquarters, after being stripped, were duly placed, and guards stood sentry all night at the door to prevent them seeking warmer shelter.

Her Majesty's habits of life were very regular. Her Ministers arrived at the palace every morning, summer and winter alike, at 9 o'clock, to transact affairs of State, before which hour she had breakfasted. She dined at noon with the Duke of Courland. On public occasions she dined in public, and then she sat on a throne under a gorgeous canopy, the Grand Duchess Anne and the Princess Elizabeth being the only guests at the table at which she presided, and the Lord High Chancellor acting as waiter. After a light supper she retired to rest at 11. Not even in the Court of France was ostentation and display carried further than it was by Anne. People who came to Court twice in the same dress were disgraced ; and many of the ladies and gentlemen of the palace seriously impaired their fortunes in their anxiety to gratify the Czarina's ambition that her Court should be the most brilliant in Europe, the salaries she gave them being quite inadequate. Yet incongruity ran through all their grandeur ; vulgarity and refinement kissed each other. You would see brilliant rings on unwashed fingers with a large tract of soil under the nails. Rich fabrics were cut into clothes that hung loose on the body like sacks. A nobleman wearing a beautiful costume would have his head covered with a filthy wig. This was the result of Peter's efforts to force external civilisation on his subjects without the preliminary preparation of inward culture and refinement of mind and spirit. Yet she herself was thrift personified. Her own apparel was ever the poorest and the plainest. A silk handkerchief round her head, a scarlet jacket and a black petticoat were her usual morning dress ; and she always wore a plain long gown in the afternoon. There was no more constant visitor to the auction rooms where drapery goods were sold than the Czarina ; and when a piece of silk or article of vertu was put up, the royal lips would often lisp out a bid ; and it was well understood that no frown suggestive of Siberia would overcast her Majesty's

face though any of her subjects trumped her price and secured the coveted possession. The great bell of Moscow, called the Czar of bells, cast by her order, was in keeping with her ordinary scale of magnificence. It weighed 432,000 lbs., was 19 feet in height, and its circumference at the rim was  $21\frac{1}{3}$  yards. When embassies were simultaneously expected at Moscow from China, Persia, and Turkey —(the Chinese one being the first that ever came from that kingdom to Europe)—she ordered the erection of a larger and more commodious palace of wood within three weeks, and the work was done. She delighted in the pleasure of music and dancing. It was during her reign that the Italian Opera was first performed in St. Petersburg. She fostered calisthenics and music by inviting foreign artists to her capital and enjoining the youth of Russia of both sexes to take lessons in those arts. Twice a week masked balls were given at the palace. Under her, the manners of the Court took a softer turn. The wild carousals of Peter the Great were discountenanced, and even the quieter though quite as deep drinking of his widow and successor. To her drunkenness was a vice, not a frolic ; at least, only one favoured individual was licensed to appear in her presence drunk as often as he liked. However, not to break with the traditions of the Court too abruptly, each recurring anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne was dedicated to the rosy god. On these occasions those of her subjects who appeared at Court to do homage were compelled to quaff, under her own eyes, and with one knee on the ground, a bottle of wine out of her celebrated gold cup weighing 29 lbs., which, with her coronation robe, is still to be seen in the Imperial Museum of Moscow. When no great festivities were on hand, Anne, with the ladies and gentlemen forming the inner circle of her Court, devoted the evening to friendly contests in epigram-making. She attained considerable readiness and skill in this exercise. In anticipation of the threatened descent of Russia on Sweden, the British Government sent Sir Charles Wager to cruise in the Baltic. This is the Sir Charles Wager who, according to Horace Walpole, refused the Admiralty in 1742, alleging as a reason "that the Government said he was an old woman ; and he would like to know what good an old woman could do anywhere?" The Admiral despatched a frigate to St. Petersburg with a letter from George II. "What number of ships does this squadron consist of?" Anne asked the officer. "Twenty-two, your Majesty." "What !" said she, "twenty-two sail of men-of-war to carry one letter? It is the dearest postage I ever heard of. I hope it is not expected an answer should be sent back at the same charge."

The hereditary feud between the Russians and the Turks dates back to the descent of the Saracen on Europe, from which period till the present day the two tribes have been at incessant war. The victorious Asiatics drove the Muscovites back into their far northern wilds, and held them imprisoned there till the beginning of the 18th century ; when fortune turned in favour of the predatory semi-Tartars of the North. The Ukraine and latterly the Crimea were the seats of this perennial strife. As the representative of the national idea, Anne resolved to carry on the war which Peter, to efface and avenge the humiliation of the Pruth, had pre-arranged before his death. He had collected on the southern frontier of his empire large stores of arms, ammunition, provisions, and clothing ; he had constructed large docks at several towns on the Dneiper and the Don for the building of flat-bottomed boats—flat on account of the falls—and his imaginative faculties were occupied in inventing an excuse for a rupture when he died. As soon as she ascended the throne, and was informed of Peter's plans, Anne gave the signal for the attack. The disturbance in Poland, however, on the death of Augustus II. in 1733, required that the march of her army of 30,000 men should be diverted thitherwards to protect and defend the Poles in choosing the Elector August of Saxony to fill the vacant throne in preference to Stanislaus Lesczinski, their old exiled king, the nominee and father-in-law of Louis XV. ; and in default of their not choosing wisely, to teach them that the stronger have a divine right to announce *ex cathedrâ* to the weaker what is wisdom and what is not ; and that the weaker are under divine obligation to listen reverently and obey. It took two years to teach the Poles this great law of nature and nations. The town of Dantzic, aided by a French garrison,—“Thank God !” said Munnich, when he heard it was to be defended, “Russia is in need of men for her mines”—proved a perverse and refractory disciple for 135 days ; and had to pay the heavy fee of two million crowns to her instructor. Anne then ordered her general to march with the residue of her army to the Crimea, and put every Tartar to the sword, and give every hut to the flames : a command which, through the severity of the season and the exhaustion of his supplies, he was unable to obey ; he had to retire into the Ukraine, leaving the bones of 9,000 soldiers and as many horses bleaching in the steppes. In 1736, the struggle for the possession of the Crimea and supremacy in the Euxine was renewed, and raged with great fury till 1739. After storming Azoph, Marshal Munnich, at the head of an army of 50,000 men, stormed the lines and ditch of Perecop, the latter seventy-two feet broad and forty-two feet deep ;

in less than a day the labours of 5,000 men during several years were undone. Thereafter he ravaged the Crimea as far south as the heights of Alma, yet virtually accomplishing nothing but finding a grave for half his army. In April of the following year he again took the field at the head of 60,000 men, and despatched a fleet to the Black Sea to co-operate with him. Of this army he led back 40,000 to the Ukraine. Nothing daunted by the fruitlessness of his victories—fruitless, not through the skill or valour of the Turk, but through the jealousies of the generals fomented by court intrigues, the barrenness of the country, and the want of medical stores—Munnich made other two campaigns; but all that Russia gained at an outlay of a vast sum of money, and 100,000 lives, was the township of Azoph. Munnich found so many of his soldiers counterfeiting sickness to avoid the Southern Steppes that, as a warning to the rest, he ordered some of them to be buried alive, transfixing others in the front of the army, and chained a few of the general officers to the guns. At the storming of Otchakow he was obliged to turn his cannon upon his own troops to make them enter the breach. Probably, his opinion as to the value of the lives of the Russian peasantry coincided with that of the person referred to in one of D'Alembert's letters to Frederick the Great. "I recollect," says he, "that after the battle of Zorndoff, at which your Majesty despatched 30,000 Russians, a fat Dane coolly told me "there was no harm done, it was so easy for God to make Russians." The views and aims of Peter the Great govern the energies of each successive Russian administration; and, with the doggedness of the Romanoff dynasty, the desire to annex the Crimea was never relinquished, though suffered to relapse into the background of Russian policy for a while. In 1771 it was conquered by Prince Dolgorucki. The farce of founding a new nationality under Russian protection was played; which, having secured its purpose of reconciling the rest of Europe to Russian ascendancy, was quietly dropped; and in 1783 the Peninsula was declared a province of the Empire of the Czar.

The Russian navy fell into a state of such great decay during the reigns of Catherine and Peter II., that in time of need few ships could be reckoned on as serviceable. On her ascension, Anne appointed a commission to inquire and report on its condition; but through the impoverishment of the Exchequer, caused by her Polish, Turkish, and Swedish wars, its recommendations were never carried out. The powerful fleet left by Peter the Great was so far reduced that when it was proposed in 1724 to invest Dantzic by sea, the Admiralty could only fit out fifteen barely seaworthy vessels. The number of seamen

stationed at Cronstadt was reduced to a few hundreds. After peace was proclaimed with Turkey in 1739, there was not one ship left; and the marine force was practically annihilated. Every available sailor had been sent to equip the little fleets fitted out against the Turks; and all, to the number of 12,000, had perished in the Sea of Azof and the Euxine. The sole contribution of the Czarina to the naval power of Russia was a ship named after herself *The Anne*. It was built at Cronstadt by an Englishman named Brown. It was pierced for 140 guns, all of brass, and was as much ornamented with carvings as the inside of Her Majesty's pleasure boat. These carvers, cutting all sorts of Arabic figures, were only peasants pressed as soldiers, provided with no other tool than a common hatchet. During Anne's reign every Russian soldier was taught carpentry.

The Czarina showed greater attention to the army than to the navy, and at her death the Russian infantry, for steadiness, discipline, and bravery, was said to be the best in Europe. Her military reforms were conducted under the advice of Marshal Munnich, the impression of whose moulding hand the Russian army bears to the present day. She established a military training college in the confiscated palace of Prince Menzikoff; and that the army might never languish through an inadequate supply of officers, issued an edict commanding all the youth of the Russian and Livonian nobility, to the number of 360, to repair thither for instruction. She requested Frederick William of Prussia to send her a staff of officers to drill them, and teach them the Prussian evolutions. Preparatory schools were also established over the empire. Her edict ordained that all young gentlemen between 8 and 12 years of age be taught in future to write; from 12 to 16 that they be instructed in arithmetic; from 16 to 20 that they learn geography, fortification, and history and that then, if found duly qualified, they be admitted into the service. Anne also raised three regiments of heavy cavalry, the first Russia possessed, importing horses for this force specially from Germany. She reinforced her Corps of Engineers, again begging a staff of military tutors from Frederick William, whose generosity she acknowledged by the deportation of a hundred giants from Russia to Potsdam; and finally she doubled the pay of the officers, which hitherto had been eight German florins a month. The pay of the common soldiers was ten copecks a day and provisions, a suit of clothes every three years, and a great coat every four. At her death the strength of the army was 240,000 men, 40,000 more than Peter the Great left it.

Anne had no character to speak of, either in a moral or a mental



sense. It is difficult to describe a negation ; but she may be classified as a human mollusk. There was no back-bone in her nature, and her character had no more cohesiveness than water. To take on any determinate qualities, there must be some toughness of fibre in the wood, but Anne's character lacked the compactness indispensable whether for ornament or use ; and as titular sovereign or beneficent legislator she was a failure. There was a kind of amiability about her—it was mere inanition of character. She had not force enough to be perverse. Her goodness was a negative rather than a positive quality ; and there is no word in the vocabulary of morals that can be used to describe it. Like all weak people, she was complaisant in speech, yet systematically deceitful. In her private life she concealed her grossness under a veil of affected coyness and prudery, and was circumspect and decorous in secret indulgences. Frederick the Great, in one of his books, says of her that she was “*voluptueuse sans désordre.*”

In the year 1740, “though the weather throughout Europe was unusually fine,” as a pleasant old gossip has it, “unfathomable Destiny ventured to empty several of the thrones of Europe,” that of Russia among the rest. “Audacious Death,” flying hurriedly from realm to realm, smote Frederick William of Prussia, the Emperor Charles of Germany, Pope Clement XII., and finally “Russia's great Monarchess.” Anne expired amid great agonies, which her doctors could not relieve, in the 47th year of her age. Her body was swollen to twice its natural size, and her face and limbs were covered with pustules. And at her death not one solitary voice among her subjects, except those whom her existence had enriched, was raised to call her blessed.

JAMES FORFAR.



## *IN THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.*

“**F**ORTY minutes before the Salt Lake train leaves!” shouts a strong-lunged official, whose stentorian voice is, nevertheless, almost drowned in the thundering din of the Chinese gong which another official is vigorously assaulting.

The platform of Ogden Junction is a scene of Babel and bustle. The train from the East, just unloaded, is moving on, its lighted windows flashing away, one by one, into the outer darkness. The iron horses for the West and for Salt Lake are stabled somewhere out of sight, all ready in harness. The passengers for the West are pressing in an eager crowd round the Sleeping Car Ticket Office, booking their berths for the coming nights. We, bound for the Salt Lake City, obey the clamorous summons of the gong whose roar means “Supper!” We are first in the eating-room, pick our places at the best table, and have nearly disposed of our first course of coffee and hot cakes by the time the hungry Westward-bound passengers, the all-important tickets for their night’s rest secured, come flocking in.

We are a motley crew gathered round the well-laden suppertables. We are variously clad in ulsters, waterproofs, dust-cloaks, furs, and homespuns, and most of us more or less dusty, black, bedraggled, and travel-worn. The men, I must own, turn out picturesquely to the last, especially those with brigandish hats, Byronic cloaks, and luxuriant beards. But, alas for poor feminine humanity! to even the prettiest bride on the car, five days and nights of railroad travel, with limited toilette facilities and unlimited dust, are not becoming. Supper over, we hurry out on the platform and seize upon a porter, entreating him to guide us through the darkness to the Salt Lake train, and to enlighten our anxious minds as to the whereabouts of the trunks containing all our worldly goods.

The porter reassures us in paternal tones.

“This gentleman,” he says, indicating a *confrère* in corduroys and shirt-sleeves, “will see your baggage for Salt Lake all right; and your big trunks are stored away; when you want ’em, you just ask for me, Mr. Josiah Tompkins.”

The gentleman in corduroys adds his testimony, as he cheerily trundles a truck along, that Mr. Tompkins is the gentleman who looks after the baggage, and our valuables are safe in his charge. Mr. Tompkins accompanies us, beguiling the time by pleasant converse, some distance along the platform and across a kind of bridge; and, when the red light of the Salt Lake train gleams in sight, he bids us *au revoir* with an air of lofty but friendly patronage, and leaves us to his *confrère*. This latter, probably, in his turn moved to a kindly interest by the fact of our being two unprotected females, hands us over to the care of the conductor of the Salt Lake train with a special commendation.

We have the car almost to ourselves, our only fellow-passengers being a small group of men, who sit as far off from us as possible, and are absorbed in an animated discussion on local topics. We speed through Mormon-land in darkness, seeing nothing of mountain, lake, or valley. Presently the conductor comes up to us and enters into conversation. He is a tall, good-looking man, of most gentlemanly aspect; his manner is that of a high-bred host entertaining two lady guests. We invite him to take a seat, and secretly wonder whether he is a Mormon. It is soon evident from his discourse that he belongs to that faith; the other occupants of the car are also Mormons; likewise the breaksman; likewise the engineer. We are among the Saints at last!

We are prepossessed with our first Mormon acquaintance, especially when we ascertain by a dexterous hint that he has but one wife. He tells us that he was one of the little colony who were driven at the bayonet's point out of Nauvoo. The picture of that flight is burnt into his mind. He remembers (he but a little child at the time) when Brigham Young looked down into that fair valley, the oasis in the desert, and said, "Here we will pitch our tents!" By the time we reach Salt Lake City we are ready to regard the Mormons as a persecuted race of martyrs; we quote—

No little thing has it been to rear  
A resting-place in the desert here!  
Let the wise be just; let the brave forbear;  
Forgive their follies, nor forget their care!

Not having seen anything but moonless, starless, lampless darkness during the journey, the lamps at the dépôt and the waiting omnibuses, with their coloured lanterns, dazzle us; there is something dream-like and unreal about this night arrival in the Mormon stronghold, of the approach to which we have seen nothing.

Our friendly conductor puts us into our omnibus and sweeps us a

princely parting bow. The omnibus rattles through broad lighted streets, and deposits us at the door of the Walker House. A gentleman of polished manners advances to greet us, and conducts us to the elevator. We are shown into a splendidly-furnished room, whose full-length mirrors reflect our travel-worn figures reproachfully ; then into a large dining-room, where a *recherché* little supper awaits us, and three or four waiters assiduously attend our wants. Is this Paris or New York? Have we taken the wrong train, we wonder? or is this really Salt Lake City?

The next morning we go up to the roof of the hotel to see the view. We stand by the parapet, and look down upon the panorama of the City of the Saints. The mountains, their bold curves *here* blurred against the rolling clouds, *there* clear against the blue sky, their purple heights veined with silver streaks of snow, shut in the valley all around, save in one open spot, where a faint bluish haze broods on the horizon. There lies the Great Salt Lake! we strain our eyes, and fancy we can see its waters glimmer through the veiling mist—but it is only fancy. Closed in from the world by its guardian mountains, girdled by alkali waste and barren upland, the city lies indeed a garden in the desert, a rose in the wilderness—the beautiful smiling city, its regular blocks relieved by lines and masses of trees, orchards, gardens, all autumn-tinted now, but bearing yet a memory of the beauty of the summer, a promise of the glory of the spring.

We went out presently on a tour of inspection, accompanied by a Mormon lady, who came to give us greeting and welcome with kind and hospitable warmth directly she saw our names in the list of arrivals, and between whom and ourselves the knowledge of mutual friends in London formed at once a link. The city is pleasant and prepossessing to look upon as a fresh, buxom country lassie, with the rose of health and dew of youth upon her. It is strong, and young, and unpolished. Wooden shanties elbow handsome houses. The shops are good and many, the paving generally smooth, the streets wide. There is a sense of ample room and freedom about it:

Room, room to turn round in, and breathe and be free!

But the “running streams” which had so often been described to us as watering the streets, and which our imagination had painted as beautiful bubbling Tennysonian brooks where little fishes frolicked, did not come up to our anticipations. One of the party, I regret to say, in her disappointment termed them “gutters.”

We saw very few well-dressed ladies, but many sweet, good, womanly faces. The majority of the men appeared to us rather

rough-looking working-men, pleasant, frank, and civil in manner. We saw many lovely and blooming young girls, and chubby cherubs of children, some perfect pictures of childish beauty. On the whole we were struck by the robust and healthy aspect of the people in general, and most favourably impressed with their frank courtesy and natural good breeding.

We met two charming, graceful, and intelligent young girls, granddaughters of Brigham Young, and wondered whether in these days of the Pacific Railway, which has brought the world to the doors of the Mormon citadel, girls such as these would marry, as their mothers did, into polygamy? We were introduced to Bishop Sharp, one of the contractors of the Pacific Railroad, and a shining light of the Mormon Church; and Elder Clawson, who married two of the daughters of Brigham Young—a compliment to the family, certainly. We then proceeded to pay our respects to Brigham's successor, John Taylor. The President of the Mormon Church was in his office, a large room, which for an office contrived to be comfortable-looking, as well as business-like, hung round by portraits of the various prominent Saints, with a great green arm-chair placed throne-like at one end of the apartment, flanked by two or three smaller posts of honour, wherein we were invited to repose ourselves.

We found President Taylor a gentleman of venerable and benevolent aspect, affable and gracious in manner, with a kindly smile and subtle glance. He conversed pleasantly about the climate, and touched upon other equally interesting and general topics; but on an advance being made towards the subject of polygamy, he retired and shut himself up in an impenetrable shell of reserve. He gave us to understand that it was not a topic he cared to discuss, but added gravely, "It was given to us as a revelation!"

We went, of course, to the new Temple, which is in course of building; and to the old Tabernacle, which is exactly like half a colossal egg set up on walls, and whose acoustic properties are altogether wonderful: standing in the gallery at one end, we could hear a pin drop on the floor at the other end.

We never wearied of wandering about the streets of this city. All seemed to us so bright, peaceable, and orderly. The manners of the people were so gentle, open and courteous, the women so motherly, the men so manly and robust. Here, in Salt Lake City, we found the true Republic. Elsewhere in the United States we heard the theory, but here we saw the practice. Outside we had everywhere found traces more or less deep of old-world laws of caste. But there seem to be no such grooves in this little world that lives to

itself. Outside of it is the *name*; but in Salt Lake is the *thing*—the Republic in its purest form.

Anxious as we were to get near to and catch an inside glimpse of the workings of polygamy, we found it at first by no means easy to obtain any but an outside view of it. The subject there is treated with the greatest delicacy and reserve. Men and women alike avoid the topic, or handle it as if it would burn their fingers. Their sensitiveness and reticence we of course could not rudely attack; their friendly hospitality set a seal on the utterance of our curiosity.

We were at a pleasant little supper-party one evening. Almost all the ladies present were Mormons, and polygamous wives. One charming and graceful woman in the early prime of life especially attracted us; she was one of the three wives of Brigham Young, junior. Neither in the course of a somewhat long conversation apart with her, nor in the passing and general conversation, was there the most distant approach to the subject of polygamy. The topics of discussion, oddly enough, happened to be the Married Women's Property Laws, the duty of husband to wife, and, *vice versa*, women's unselfishness and trust, conjugal love, devotion, and so on. The Mormon ladies conversed freely on all these subjects, but not one of them let fall the faintest allusion to the duty being plural, the love and devotion sub-divided. There was not a syllable spoken in the course of a long discussion on love and matrimony to hint to us that we were in the company of practical as well as theoretical polygamists.

However, notwithstanding the reserve guarded upon the subject, we were fortunate enough to obtain considerable insight into its workings, chiefly through the kindness of our friend Mrs. G., a life-long resident in Salt Lake. We visited one house, a perfect English home, presided over by a pleasant matronly English lady, who had been one of two wives residing together in this same beautiful home for many years, until the death of the first wife. Their children, fourteen of the living and six of the dead wife's, were all born under this roof; and the lady described the most perfect harmony as having always existed not only between the children of the two marriages, but between herself and her sister-wife.

The case of two wives sharing the same home is, however, rare. As a rule, it seems to be the custom for each wife to be mistress of her separate household, except, of course, in the poorer classes, where the expenses of plural establishments cannot be afforded. Several times we saw a group of two, three, or four pretty little villas all exactly alike, the homes of Mr. So-and-So's wives. We often saw

a long wooden building cut up by partitions into a row of little cottages, each with its own door and solitary window, the number of such divisions publishing to all passers-by the number of wives with which the owner was blessed. Brigham Young presented each of his wives, we were told, with the title-deeds of her house. In the beehive house, however, several Mrs. Youngs lived collectively, and, report says, in perfect harmony. President Taylor has four wives, and all of the leading "Brothers" are, I believe, living in polygamy.

All the statistical facts concerning polygamy in Utah, the number of every notability's wives and children, we could read up for ourselves out of Salt Lake as well as in it. But being on the spot, we had a glimpse into the inner life of the Mormon women which nothing but a visit to the heart and stronghold of Mormonism could have given us. We saw unveiled what otherwise we never could have realised—the spiritual side of Mormonism. We were forced to realise the fervour of the faith that led delicate women to face unflinchingly the hardships of that terrible journey across the pathless plains for their religion's sake alone. I recall vividly the gentle saintly face of one beautiful old lady, as she sat at the head of her table, sweet and genial hostess, and bent her grey head as she asked a blessing on the meal "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!" She had in her prime of life left home, husband, children, and friends, in the East; and with her baby, the youngest, too young to be left, had crossed the burning desert in the immigrant wagon to Zion; she took no other husband on earth, but is sealed to Joseph Smith for heaven.

We saw women of pure and exalted ideals, dreamy, visionary, spiritual, living more in the next world than in this, with so firm and definite a faith in that other world as to seal themselves for eternity to the lord of their choice, and hold that mystic union so sure and sacred as to be undisturbed by a marriage for time alone, which ends at the grave. We saw also another class of women, gentle, kind, unselfish, affectionate, often refined and intelligent, devoted to their domestic duties, happy in their homes and their children, and in that happiness not seeming to repine at only having a claim on a fifth or a quarter of their husband's love—in a word, more mothers than wives. And this is the class of women who can live happily in Mormon marriage, and this class alone—those who are by nature mothers more than wives.

For the whole tendency of Mormonism is the exaltation of maternity at the expense of wifedom. True marriage, the union of

man and woman in mutual and sole devotion, the one the complement of the other, has no place in their ideal. Populate ! build up the Community ! fill the city of Zion ! people the courts of the Kingdom of Heaven ! is the cry. Crucify the heart for your religion's sake ; trample down your woman's nature, and crush out its woman's love ; but be mothers of the children of the Saints !

And the woman to whom maternity is more than conjugal love bows beneath the yoke ; and the woman whose dreamy, restless spirit yearns towards the Unseen and feels no abiding-place on earth, who passes as a stranger through this world with her eyes fixed on the next—she, too, finds happiness in the Mormon faith. But the women who have loved ! the women who have given all their heart to man instead of God, to whom neither peaceful home and household duty, nor even prospective heaven can make amends for that heart's crucifixion in the daily martyrdom of a Mormon marriage !—think what life is to these women ! We cannot forget *their* faces—

Marred with fire of many tears !

Pity them ; reverence them, as we should reverence all martyrs, for whatever faith they faced their fiery ordeal. Religion's victims at the stake did not suffer more than these.

We attended Sunday service at the Tabernacle, but were not fortunate enough to hear any of the leaders of the Church. We only heard four or five young Elders who had newly returned from a mission to England, where they had apparently been very successful in gathering souls into the fold. They were well-looking young men, and seemed sincere, enthusiastic, and devout. We listened, prepared to bestow a full meed of appreciation on eloquence or logic ; but there was not much of the former to admire, while the latter was conspicuous by its absence. Therefore, we cannot say that we either “went to scoff” or “remained to pray.”

The young Elders, one and all, announced that “they were there to uplift their testimony to the truth of their faith ;” and we waited for some evidence to be adduced, some manifestation revealed to the congregation ; but none was forthcoming. The announcement of each Elder that he, Brother A or B, bore his testimony to the veracity of the Mormon creed was evidently regarded as conclusive. They, one and all, congratulated the present fold of the Elect, safe within the walls of Zion, and informed them positively and exultantly that “Babylon,” *i.e.* London, from which metropolis they had lately returned, “was crumbling to ruin under the curse of the Lord.” As our latest letters from Babylon had reported that our



dear native city continued in its wonted condition, this did not disquiet us much.

Our friends told us it was a pity we had not heard President Taylor or George J. Cannon, who are represented as powerful and effective speakers ; so we do not judge Mormon oratory by the maiden efforts we heard that day.

It was with real regret that we said good-bye to Salt Lake City and to the kind friends whose hospitality had made our visit there so pleasant. Our first Mormon acquaintance, our gallant conductor, recognised us on the train returning to Ogden, and spent much of his time with us, pointing out various places of interest as we sped through the beautiful valley along the shores of the Great Salt Lake which lay dazzling in the burning glow of the setting sun.

Our time in Salt Lake had passed so happily, that only when our backs were turned upon it did we remember that we had had not one glimpse into the sealed closet, the Blue-Beard's chamber, of Mormonism. We left its dark secrets unseen, unknown. But conversation with our fellow-travellers, as we left the fair City of the Saints farther and farther behind, reminded us of those grim secrets of the prison-house. We remembered that the libations poured out upon the Mormon altar had been those of innocent blood. We thought of what, in the pleasant peaceful life in the beautiful city, we had forgotten—of the horrors of one long-past day on Mountain Meadows, of the children saved from the massacre only to be brought up in ignorance of their murdered parents, children growing up in Mormon homes, under Mormon influence, who will never know their father's name, nor where their mother's bones lie in a nameless and forgotten grave.

We thought of the retribution that rose at last after a score of years on one of the leaders in that butchery—whose story even now makes the heart of the listener sick—we heard, shuddering, how to the last he was upborne by promises of rescue ; how, even, as he stood by the coffin with the levelled guns fronting him, the hope of life, the promise that at the last moment he should be saved, must have struggled in his heart.

We heard stories of the Destroying Angels, whose mission was secret murder, until we were weak enough to wonder, can the cause with this blood-mark on it thrive ? forgetful that the crops may grow as ripe and high, and as golden a harvest be reaped, upon the field of Sanquelac as elsewhere.

What will be the harvest of Mormon-land at last ? Things cannot long endure as they are. Already the conflict between America

and this alien colony in her midst is begun. The Washington Government has struck at polygamy, the cherished right of the Latter-Day Saints. Utah stands on its defence. Will *our* day see the question solved?—the question which is not the least important of the many difficult problems with which America has to deal.

IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

## *PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.*

THE question of the business relations of the Press with Parliament, which has burned ever since the time when Dr. Johnson surreptitiously took notes of speeches and greatly improved upon them in writing out, is probably about to enter on a fresh phase. During the present Session both Houses have had their attention pointedly called to it. In the House of Lords, distinguished peers have from time to time been discovered sitting in the Press Gallery, vainly endeavouring to catch the flow of sentences uttered below. The question more particularly raised as to the reporting arrangements in the House of Lords touches the structural condition of the House. The Chamber is far more gorgeous in appearance than that in which the Commons sit, but in respect of acoustical properties it falls far below it in excellence. There are perhaps not more than half-a-dozen peers whose speeches are audible in the Press Gallery. It fortuitously happens that these are the only men whose words the public care to have reported. If the incidence had otherwise fallen, the defect in the House of Lords would long ago have been remedied. But since Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Granville, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, and, in less degree, Lord Derby, can be heard in the Gallery, the wisdom of Lord Oranmore and Browne, Lord Stratheden and Campbell, Lord Denman, and other hereditary legislators, is left to take its chance.

During the current Session some of these noble lords, anxious for the higher welfare of the country, have been moved to protest against a condition of affairs which practically silences their voices. A committee has been appointed, and has just reported, admitting in effect that things are very bad, but that they cannot be altered. One or two experiments have been tried. A reporter has been slung out over the Gallery after the manner that painters work on the side of ships, and has been drawn up again. Eventually, as happens to many other questions broached in the House of Lords, "the subject" will "drop," and matters will remain as they have hitherto been.

In the House of Commons there is little doubt that before long some alteration will be made in the arrangements of the Press

Gallery. The question here is not one of acoustics, but of cubic measurement. The demand of the Press for accommodation in the House of Commons has increased *pari passu* with its enterprise in other directions, whilst the accommodation within the House has remained stationary. The present gallery contains accommodation for nineteen reporters. There are benches at the back with an equal number of seats; but as articulate speech reaches these desks in fragmentary form, they can scarcely be regarded as furnishing accommodation for reporters. The front seats are allotted among the London morning newspapers in the proportion of two to each, one seat being occupied by the reporter who happens to be taking his turn, and the other by the manager of the corps, who combines with the manifold duties pertaining to that office the task of writing the summary. An exception to this allocation exists in the case of the *Times*: by an arrangement dating back to the time when the amount of accommodation was rather in excess of the demand than otherwise, that newspaper has been permitted to appropriate three seats. This arrangement, for personal reasons very properly entertained, remains unchallenged amid the rush for seats; but there is no pretence that it is fairly required for the business requirements of the paper; and when the third seat is vacated, it will be claimed and allotted either to Mr. Hansard or to the *Daily Chronicle*, a newspaper which has in the last few years entered the list as reporter of Parliamentary debates. In addition to the boxes allocated to the morning newspapers, there are two occupied by the Press Association and the Central News—agencies which supply the provincial papers with their reports.

As far as the claimants for seats hitherto recognised are concerned, the existing arrangements might remain undisturbed. Some newspapers think they might have their box in a better situation, and pending the falling-in of the third box, now occupied in the name of the *Times*, the Newspaper Agencies are placed at some disadvantage. Still, the gallery arrangements might remain as they now exist, but for an agitation promoted by one or two, or at the outside three, provincial daily papers, which desire to add to their pre-eminent position the prestige of having their own Parliamentary staff.

The leader in this movement, and, indeed, the inventor of the grievance, is the *Scotsman*, a journal of great wealth and enterprise, both of which it is prepared to engage upon obtaining the barren honour of having its own Parliamentary corps. In a conversation on the subject which suddenly sprang up in the House of Commons a fortnight ago, Mr. McLaren, the senior member for Edinburgh,

excited the envy of some hon. members by his declaration that the *Scotsman* provides a Parliamentary report "often longer than any London newspaper." The *Scotsman* supplies faithful reports of Mr. McLaren's speeches, often in the first person; and even Sir George Balfour, at the sound of whose voice an affrighted House flees, finds himself honoured by reports commensurate with his own prolixity. Whether the justly high position of the *Scotsman* is due to its lengthy Parliamentary reports, or whether it is maintained in spite of them, is a matter on which an Englishman is not capable to judge. Because a rusty nail, swallowed inadvertently, would greatly interfere with our digestive powers, we do not therefore discredit stories that are told of the perfect indifference with which such casual flavouring of its food is regarded by the ostrich. It is quite possible that Scotchmen—a hardy race, accustomed to feats of endurance, and nourished on simple but sustaining diet—may be able to read their ten or fourteen columns of reports of Parliamentary debates, the principal contributors to which are Scotch members. That is a matter on which I do not feel myself competent to give an opinion. It is certainly in favour of the existing fact that the astute and able managers of the *Scotsman* may continue to weight the paper with this sort of pabulum, without, as far as available evidence goes, suffering any falling off in circulation.

This ruthless report is supplied to the *Scotsman* by arrangements with gentlemen on the corps of various London papers, who, having completed their "turn" for their own paper, are content to work overtime. As far as the desideratum of a long report is concerned, there appears, according to the testimony of Mr. McLaren, to be nothing more needed. It is certain that an equally long report obtained through the agency of a special corps would cost the *Scotsman* much more than it now pays. To the managers of the *Scotsman* this is a matter of perfect indifference. They are prepared to pay anything for what they consider, from a business point of view, desirable. The *Glasgow Herald* and the *Manchester Guardian* are in the same happy position. Neither of these papers, more particularly the *Guardian*, gives reports of the length of the *Scotsman*. They might even cry content with such arrangements as now exist, which permit them to supply a report longer or shorter as circumstances dictate, the report being supplemented by admirably-written descriptive summaries. But it will be understood that if one provincial paper sets up its gallery staff, others of equal position must not lag behind. As far as these papers and some others—such as the *Birmingham Post*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, or the *Leeds Mercury*—are con-

cerned, the expense attendant upon the establishment of special corps in the House of Commons would be a matter of minor consideration. They might, if preference were permitted, elect to remain as they are. But if one has its gallery corps, all must have it.

But whilst these papers of almost boundless wealth would accept the new imposition of expense without complaint, the position of many other papers, scarcely less influential, but less happily placed in respect of profits, would suffer grievously, without adequate return. They would have to make their choice between two alternatives. They, also, must have their Parliamentary corps, or be content to be reduced to the second rank. What would happen in their case may appear from the supposition that, of the six London morning papers who have the *entrée* to the Press Gallery, one found itself so far impecunious that it could not afford the cost of a special Parliamentary staff, and had to share with the provincial press their modicum of report. The modicum so supplied might be as good as the report given by the wealthier papers. But a newspaper is a delicate property, and is hurt by nothing so surely as by the appearance of poverty. At present, the arrangement by which provincial papers supply their readers with Parliamentary reports is made with one of the News Agencies. These furnish, at a marvellously moderate rate, a regular report of the House, at greater or less length, as may suit the requirements of the paper. When local members speak, their speeches have special attention paid to them, and often appear verbatim. The rate at which these reports are supplied does not exceed fifteen shillings or a guinea a column, including the charge for telegraphing. There are probably few papers, always excepting the omnivorous *Scotsman*, that spend on the average per week during the Session twenty guineas upon their Parliamentary reports. These are presumably as full as are needed, or, since there is no limit to their extension beyond regulated expense, they might be as long and as unread as the report in the *Times*. It may therefore be presumed that the managers of the provincial newspapers give reports of precisely such length as suits their requirements ; and that, except under compulsion, they would not give more.

Let us see what would be the expenditure entailed if they should be forced by circumstances and the energy of one or two wealthy papers into claiming a *statu* in the Press Gallery. The efforts of the *Scotsman* to obtain a footing in the gallery find ready support in the House, partly because members are (it may be said without disrespect) almost absolutely ignorant of the subject, and partly because they are attracted by the promise that their speeches shall be reported in full. To the class of member of Parliament who busies himself

on this subject, a report is good if it is long, and the longest is the best. The committee which sat in 1878, and reported last year, showed themselves favourable to admitting the alleged claim of the provincial press to seats in the gallery, but expressly on the condition that the reports to be given should be long. Their suggestion was that fourteen additional seats might be gained by adding to the reporters' gallery the seats in the members' gallery adjoining on either side. "*This space,*" they add, "*should be so appropriated as to meet the wants of newspapers who undertake to give in good faith a full report of debates.*" The Speaker is further required to add to his already onerous duties that of keeping an eye upon the length of the reports, and allocating the seats at the beginning of every Session, "giving preference to those papers which best fulfil" the one condition.

As an example of the ignorance alluded to as necessarily existing on the part of a number of gentlemen called upon to make rules for the guidance of a business which is like that of the poet, inasmuch as a successful practitioner is born not made, I will quote a further instruction to the Speaker. It is suggested that the right hon. gentleman is "to give a preference in the first instance to those provincial newspapers which may be content to combine in their arrangements for such full reports, so that one seat would be occupied by reporters representing one or two or more newspapers which would be content to take an identical report." As far as the paper or papers which set this ball rolling are concerned, this is, of course, out of the question. It is for the prestige of long special reports that they fight, and are prepared to pay, and they would scoff at the notion of forming a combination such as that suggested. For the other papers the Committee propose, as a new and brilliant idea, precisely the thing which now exists in better and complete form. The two News Associations that have the *entrée* to the gallery supply a framework of identical report, filled in at the pleasure of the managers of the various papers by longer reports of the speeches of the local members. In the scheme proposed by the Committee this last and supreme advantage would be missing. Three or four papers combining to take an identical report must be content to miss the special report of their own members' speeches—a calamity that few well-regulated constituencies could regard with equanimity.

With respect to the matter of cost, it is beyond question that nothing could compete with the machinery, extensive and well organised, of the association already at work. The net result of the adoption of the Committee's arrangement would be that "two or three or more papers" would get a less suitable report at an increased price.



There remains, then, nothing beyond the alternative already stated—that the paper must have its own gallery staff, or must suffer the heart-burning and disadvantage of seeing its rivals so equipped. The London newspapers, which excite the indignation of gentlemen like Mr. Rylands by presenting the kernel of the nut, having skilfully and carefully removed the husks and shell, have a Parliamentary staff of not fewer than eight members—a staff which, with the concurrent *corps* of messengers, costs about sixty guineas a week. Provincial papers that are prepared to meet the requirements of the Select Committee may perhaps manage with a *corps* of this strength. But they certainly could not do with less. It would be interesting to know—and, as an act of justice to the provincial Press as a whole, it should be the business of the Committee to inquire—how many daily newspapers in the provinces are prepared to take on an added expense of sixty guineas a week, even to supply their readers with a full report of that talk in the House of Commons, the relentless flood of which is nowhere more deprecated than in the House itself.

If there are only a few papers prepared to meet this expense, the proposal favoured by the Committee will entail a great disadvantage on the provincial press. If there are many, the arrangement which proposes to give “eight additional front seats and six back seats” to the reporters is ludicrously inadequate. There are at the present time sixty-three daily papers published out of London. Say that only one-half would be forced into the luxury of having their own reporting staff, each of six members, it will be interesting to know where they are to sit. The number may be reduced even considerably. But the more it is reduced, the greater will be the injury to papers that cannot afford to keep a staff. It is pretty certain that at least twenty papers would, however unwillingly, decline to be left in the rear, and would present themselves for admission at the Press Gallery. Even if by some means this number could be squeezed into the House of Commons, what is going to be done about the House of Lords? The gallery in that House does not offer one-half of the accommodation of the gallery of the House of Commons. When, as happened in the last Parliament, there were important debates going on in the Lords, the gallery was crowded to suffocation, and many who had business there found it impossible to enter. How are the representatives of fifteen or twenty additional provincial newspapers admitted to the House of Commons to find admission on occasion to the House of Lords?

These are circumstances which did not find any place in the

deliberations of the Select Committee. They would willingly admit that one swallow does not make a summer, while they too readily adopted the conclusion that one Scotch newspaper represents the feeling of the provincial press. It may be well worth the while of those interested in the conduct of daily newspapers throughout the provinces to take the matter into their serious and immediate consideration, and take steps towards having their deliberate opinion placed in authoritative form before the House. To do this would be wise, but it will also be necessary to be wise in time, for the House of Commons is at present entirely under misapprehension of the true state of circumstances, and may at some unexpected moment take irrevocable action.

This error is a natural result of action taken upon principles long since scouted by the House of Commons. The profession of Parliamentary reporting is now about the only business with the regulations of which the House arbitrarily interferes. There is a curious and indefensible belief, imbibed with the atmosphere of the House, that it is the duty of the London newspapers fully to report the debates in the House of Commons. It finds expression in the already-quoted odd injunction to the Speaker, which would entail upon the right hon. gentleman, after having heard Mr. Biggar or Mr. O'Donnell through an hour's speech, the duty of spending his Saturday afternoons in seeing that the newspapers having representatives in the gallery gave "in good faith a full report" of it. Mr. Rylands, Mr. Barclay, Sir Alexander Gordon, and other advocates of the purity of Parliamentary reporting, have in view the pleasing spectacle of their own speeches reported at full length in the newspapers. If that were all, it might be, more or less, well. But that would not be carrying out the terms of the tenure upon which seats are to be held in the gallery. A full report does not mean that a reporter is to be at liberty to exercise his intelligence, judgment, and skill in sparing the public the talk of foolish persons. That is what is done now, and it is against such practice that Mr. Rylands raised his voice in Committee of Supply the other night. The only fair and reasonable construction both of the letter and of the sense of the report of the Committee of last Session is that a full report of every speech made in the House of Commons must be given in the newspapers.

The experience of managers of newspapers, who may be supposed to know something of their own business, is that the public get precisely as much Parliamentary report as they will read. Evidence on this subject is within reach of every man anxious for information. Let him devote a day to making inquiry among his acquaintances as to

their measure of reading the Parliamentary reports. Of a hundred men, he will probably find that sixty have read the summary of the debate ; ten have glanced down the columns of report and picked out passages in the more important speeches ; two, being members of the House who have spoken in the debate reported, have fondly read a single speech through (not the same speech); and the remaining twenty-eight did not know, till mention was made of the circumstance, that the House of Commons had been sitting on the previous day.

It will be seen that, if this statement is true (and it can be tested in greater or less measure by any one interested), the most widely-read report of Parliamentary proceeding is that supplied by the Summary-writers of the several newspapers. By an odd coincidence, which is at the same time perfectly logical, it is against the Summary-writers that the ire of the Committee is chiefly roused, and the proposal is made that they should be relegated to positions in the gallery where it is admitted it would be impossible for them properly to perform their work. The Summary is the most severely condensed report of the Parliamentary proceedings, and therefore Summary-writers merit the deeper condemnation. Yet, if Summaries were abolished, Parliamentary debates would become a closed book to at least one-half of the public, who, in spite of its latent attractiveness, positively decline to wade through the extended report. If it might be obtained, it would be interesting to have a return of the number of hon. members who, chancing to be absent from the House on a given night, confine their reading of the debates to the Parliamentary Summary of the *Times*—one of the most able and skilful feats of journalism which the English press supplies.

As for the general public, I may mention a fact that came under my knowledge at the time the Committee was sitting in 1878. An examination of the weekly papers published in Great Britain showed that, not having occasion in the circumstances of their publication to supply themselves at first hand with Parliamentary reports, six out of ten were in the habit of availing themselves of the Parliamentary Summary of the *Daily News*. The great majority of the readers of these papers doubtless find their sole *pabulum* of Parliamentary reports in their weekly paper, and consequently obtain their only information on what takes place in Parliament through the medium of the very agency which the Committee in their wisdom hold in such light esteem.

The matter is one of common sense, and it must be added that it is one in which members of Parliament accustomed to take part in recurring debate upon it show conspicuously little. You may take

a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink ; and on the same principle, you may present the purchaser of a newspaper with twelve columns of Parliamentary report : but you will not only not make him read them, but will by perseverance succeed in losing a subscriber to the paper. An interesting attempt was made very recently in Burnley. In the enthusiasm of the moment which saw the return of Mr. Peter Rylands as member for the borough, the local newspaper despatched to one of the news agencies instructions to report the hon. member's speeches in full. The order was obeyed, with most disastrous consequences upon the circulation of the paper, and after a very brief trial it was countermanded. This, I may add, is not a joke, but a plain matter-of-fact statement, the truth of which can be substantiated.

As far as the London papers are concerned, the simple truth is, they give in varying measure precisely as much Parliamentary report as the public will read. To endeavour to compel them to give more by any threat of withdrawing conveniences for carrying on their work is a piece of petty tyranny unworthy the House of Commons, and will prove as idle as the Sumptuary Laws which in darker ages sought to regulate the length of men's cloaks or the cut of their beards.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

## TABLE TALK.

QUITE a flutter of excitement has throbbled through the scientific world in consequence of the sensational arrival of a new and unexpected visitor. Not a new comet, nor a big aerolite, nor the satellite that Venus is fairly entitled to, nor any more asteroids, but a small thing one-third of an inch in diameter ; a new inhabitant of the waters, not brought from the tropics nor the antipodes, nor dredged from the dark profundities of the Atlantic by the heroes of a costly expedition, but vulgarly fished by tablespoon and tumbler from a commonplace artificial tank in the lily-house of the Botanical Society. Not a solitary individual merely, but a swarming colony has arrived all at once. The largest measured nearly half-an-inch across its body, but its name, *Limnocodium Victoria*, is much longer.

It is a fresh-water jelly-fish, or *hydroid medusa*. Jelly-fishes are common enough; multitudes of species and varieties swarm through the ocean in countless millions, of all sizes, from that of a pin's-head to the dimensions of a chaise umbrella. I have seen juvenile jelly-fishes so numerous near the surface that a bucketful of sea-water hauled on deck appeared like thin water-gruel, though each pulsating parachute was only about  $\frac{1}{20}$  of an inch in diameter. At certain times and places full-grown specimens are thrown so abundantly on our own shores that the sands left by the receding tide are nearly covered with them.

On one of these occasions a farmer accustomed to use sprats and sea-weed as manure, collected a cart-load of stranded medusæ, and carried them on a hot sunny day to his fields. On preparing to unload he found nothing but a thin film of matted membrane on the bottom of his cart. This film was the total of the solid portion of the whole cart-load of jelly-fishes, the rest being water, which had escaped on the road : justifying the naturalist who described these creatures as "organised water," i.e. organised *sea*-water. Nobody supposed that fresh water could thus be organised until the arrival of this swarm in the Botanical Gardens.

Professors Allman and Ray Lankester have carefully examined it, and pronounce it to be unquestionably a true medusa,

though it constitutes a new genus. It swims, like its marine cousins, by opening and closing its umbrella-shaped body or *velum* with a movement very similar to the partial closing and re-opening of an umbrella.

The old-fashioned medusæ of the sea are killed by a temperature of 70° Fahr.; the new-comer seems quite happy at 80°, and is not killed until the water reaches 100°. On the other hand, the marine species survive freezing, which is fatal to the fresh-water jelly-fishes. They resemble the marine animal in swarming towards the sunlight and subsiding after sunset, but differ in being non-phosphorescent.

Marine medusæ collapse, become motionless, and sink if placed in fresh water, but recover if speedily restored to their proper element. They may survive ten minutes' immersion in fresh water, but fifteen minutes kills them.

The fresh-water medusa dies gradually after only one minute's immersion in sea-water, and is more slowly killed even by sea-water diluted with five times its bulk of fresh water, and it barely survives in a dilution of 1 to 12.

These facts suggest curious speculations. At first it was supposed that the rare fresh-water genus was evolved from one of the many sea-water species by migration up a gradually sweetening estuary till it reached the fresh water of the river. But this is contradicted by the intolerance of sea-water by the fresh-water specimens. Animals that have been forced into a new habitat or climate, or otherwise constrained to new conditions, betray a special facility of reversion to their original conditions of life. Applying this principle to the medusæ, it seems as though their primitive element was fresh rather than salt water, and that our new arrival is an aristocrat, a direct descendant of the original uncorrupted patriarchal medusa.

This again opens another question. Was the primitive ocean more or less salt than that of to-day? The saltiness of the sea is doubtless due to the solution of materials of the land, but has this saltiness gone on increasing or diminishing? The existence of beds of rock-salt, evidently deposited by ancient seas that have dried away, indicates the existence of more salt formerly than now in some of the dried-up inland seas; and the theory of a cooling globe, and an ocean that has very slowly cooled from a boiling heat to its present temperature, is suggestive of greater solvent powers in olden times than recently, and consequent greater salinity.

On the other hand, an ocean condensed from a hot vaporous atmosphere must have been at first a body of pure unsaline distilled water, and its first inhabitants all fresh-water creatures, some of

which may have gradually acquired the power of living in salt water and remained in the main ocean, while others have reached or remained in the waters of higher levels, and thus continued, as of old, fresh-water creatures. And this medusa may be one of these aborigines, that still retains some power of endurance of high temperatures, but is utterly untrained to salinity.

Thus a little translucent complication of immeasurably thin films, distended with a few drops of the lily-tank water, stirs up deep problems of the genesis of worlds.

**I**T will be satisfactory to those who take an interest in the English stage to know that our performances of Shakespeare commend themselves strongly to the more competent judges among our foreign visitors. M. Sarcey, whose critical reputation is European, told me that he attended the representation of "As You Like It" at Drury Lane, and witnessed three impersonations of signal value, viz., the Rosalind of Miss Litton, Mr. Kyrle Bellew's Orlando, and Mr. Lionel Brough's Touchstone. Mdlle. Bernhardt meantime was prodigal in her eulogies of Mr. Irving's Shylock, which she pronounced an absolutely unsurpassable performance. English art needs, of course, no French hall-mark. At a time, however, when foreign art has enjoyed something like a monopoly of our stage, when the reception accorded to artists of all countries has been enthusiastic, and when there has been a species of international rivalry for English approval and English gold, it is pleasant to find a recognition which may be accepted as adequate extended to our performers. After all, England is not so dependent upon foreigners for its art as it is for its bread-stuffs, and the hospitality she extends is in this case at least disinterested. While, moreover, we have much to learn from the visitors to our shores, we have something also to teach. In one respect at least the English actor stands apart from, and in front of, his French rival. He finds sufficient for his wants his professional earnings, and he does not carry for payment his talents into society. It is, to English ideas, wholly unworthy in a sociétaire of the Comédie Française, whose position is that of a government official, to take hire for private performances. More than one member of the Comédie Française has played in London under such conditions during the present season.

**F**AR from discouraged with their reception are those Dutch comedians whose performances are, as I have already hinted, among the most remarkable that have during recent years been



witnessed in London. Before the departure of the company, and indeed before that morning entertainment at Drury Lane which brought the representations to a brilliant termination, Mr. Le Gras, the chief director, explained to me his view of the situation. "We are," said he, "a company of actors in a small town of a small State. Few foreigners come to see us, and our own people are so familiar with us that they are scarcely able to judge of our merits or defects. Not quite sure were we before our journey whether we were asleep or awake. Our trip to London was a species of holiday which we expected would cost us some money. It has cost us more than we expected. So cordial has been, however, the reception of your press and your artists, that we return home with an amount of encouragement and confidence worth all the money that has been expended." That these views were not too sanguine the event has proved, since fêtes and rejoicings have greeted the artists upon their reappearance in the "Land of Dykes." If they could not be said, in the words of that quotation of which Thackeray in "Esmond" makes so noble use, to return "bearing their sheaves with them," they at least bear their "blushing honours thick upon" them.

ONE more reference to theatrical matters may be permitted at the close of a season which, so far as regards histrionic art, has been prodigal alike of instruction, of novelty, and of delight. An attempt has been made at Sadler's Wells to render comprehensible to the spectator the fairy action of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by the employment of children to personate the fairies. A discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of this plan is unfitted to these pages. It seems worth while, however, to point out that the attempt to realise the unrealisable always results in failure and bathos. Puck describes how, as a result of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania,

All their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

To convey by means of children an idea of beings thus diminutive is, of course, impossible. No spectator who is blessed with enough imagination to understand and love the play experiences any difficulty in accepting full-grown representatives of fairies. May we not, indeed, suppose that the ethereal substance of the fairies enables them to increase or diminish their stature at will, after the fashion of the devils in "Paradise Lost," whom Milton likens to them? Readers of "Paradise Lost" are familiar with that fine passage at the close of the first book, in which the transformation is described:—

The aery crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straitened, till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless like that Pygmæan race  
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side,  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress.

That fairies can, according to Shakespeare, change their statures seems implied. Titania, were her size no greater than that of the elves Puck describes, could scarcely "wind in her arms" the translated Bottom, or even "stick musk roses in *his* sleek, smooth head," since a rose would be almost too heavy a burden for her to lift. Puck, moreover, is able to take on himself the "likeness of a filly foal," a not too unsubstantial being, and to personate "a hound, a hog, a headless bear," and other creatures much larger than himself. I hope, then, it is not too prosaic to suggest, in order to do away with children on the stage, that the fairies in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" abandon, for a time at least, the diminutive shapes they are wont to assume. Oberon, indeed, speaks of himself and Titania as rocking the ground whereon they walk, an idea altogether irreconcilable with the ordinary attributes of fairies.

THE loss experienced by Professor Mommsen in the destruction by fire of his library and his manuscripts extends so far beyond the limits of what Macduff calls

A fee-griet  
 Due to some single breast,

that I may almost, continuing the quotation, give Rosse's reply, and say, with the alteration of a single pronoun—

No mind that's honest  
 But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
 Pertains to *him* alone.

It is to be hoped that the Professor may, like his great predecessor, Niebuhr, who was the victim of a similar calamity, have life and strength to gather together once more the materials thus scattered and destroyed. Under any conditions, the world must be the poorer by the loss of so much of the time of one of its most conscientious historians as is occupied in recovering lost ground. In this respect, rather than in the destruction of books, or even of public manuscripts, is, I am disposed to think, the accident most to be deplored. In this

respect, too, it is analogous to the destruction by fire of the famous picture of Titian, Frederick Barbarossa at the feet of Alexander III., or that of the even more celebrated and altogether matchless work of the same artist, the Saint Peter Martyr, of which Algarotti said that the chief masters agreed that it was impossible to find in it a fault. This painting, which under pain of death it was forbidden to remove from Venice, perished a few years ago in a conflagration. One lesson, at least, may be learned from this misfortune. In the case of manuscripts, a writer, whatever his rank, should only be allowed access to them under such conditions as ensure their safety. Not even in the case of a man so distinguished as the historian of Rome should manuscripts which are practically unique, and not to be replaced, be allowed to face the risks incidental to a private house. Meantime, it may be hoped that some at least of the printed volumes have escaped destruction. Books are among the most difficult things in the world to burn, as any one may ascertain who puts a thickish volume on the fire. There may, then, be in the library rare volumes which, though seriously impaired in value, may be still available for reference, or even capable of being reprinted.

**I** WILL only refer to the death of Tom Taylor so far as to say that it is a curious coincidence it should have followed so closely upon that of Planché, the two writers having been almost equally prolific, and their work, jointly considered, constituting the most familiar and successful dramatic outcome of a period extending over more than sixty years. It is not likely that the whole, or any large portion, of Taylor's plays will be collected, as many of them are adaptations, and others have no special claim to rank as literature. Two or three companion volumes to the series of Historical Plays published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus would, however, not only be a becoming tribute to an able writer, but a boon to the dramatic student. In some qualities not too well understood in England, Taylor had few, if any, rivals among living English dramatists. Companion volumes to that to which I refer were, if I remember rightly, promised, and a period immediately following the death of the author is in all respects opportune for their appearance.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1880.

*QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A higher alt, a deeper bass,  
She heareth as the dancers pass :—  
Are not the moments flying ?  
Have we not heard them sighing ?  
Do we not see them dying ?  
Shall we not feel them sweet ?  
Summer hath lips that flatter :  
Earth is of dust—what matter ?  
Bright is the bloom we scatter  
Under our failing feet.

This is our wingèd story :  
Summer is dumb with glory ;  
Name her—and snow-tide, hoary,  
Heavy of heart, we meet :  
Yea, by a word that's spoken,  
Straight is our music broken—  
Songs that are sung betoken  
Silence for hearts that beat.

ANYBODY who had ever known Gideon would feel a little curious about the woman who, without a penny (if gossip were true), had reduced him to marriage in any shape or form. Oddly enough, it almost seemed to Mr. Walter Gray as if he had met her before somewhere, somewhen or other. It was not unlikely ; having known the husband, it was natural enough that he should have come across one with whom Gideon must have been acquainted for some longer or shorter time before marrying her. The more he looked, the more sure he felt in one way, and the more doubtful in others.

All the lady acquaintances of Gideon whom he had ever known had been either Americans—which Mrs. Skull certainly was not—or else in America ; and there was no place or set of circumstances in the American part of his memory with which he could associate her. And then, they had seldom, if ever, been ladies except by an extravagantly courteous stretch of conventional terms ; while she, he was sure, was a lady bred and born—at any rate in the conventional sense, if not in any more satisfactory one. At first sight, she was not the kind of young woman whom he would expect to disprove her ladyhood by catching a man like Gideon for the sake of a fortune. Of course, it might be for love ; but then, men cannot be expected to see one another with women's eyes, and never can be made to quite understand how any men but themselves can make women fall in love with them. They are bound to accept facts, of course ; but scarcely even these when the love-winner is so unlike themselves as Gideon Skull was unlike Walter Gray. She interested him at once, for all these reasons, but even more because she looked like one of those women who have a story—not merely told about them by others, like half the women in the room, but written on her lips and in her eyes. To pique curiosity by looking interesting is the great secret which some very plain women have learned who have ruled the world. Mrs. Skull was very far from plain. But the story which her eyes and her lips expressed to the sight without speaking to the mind, like a poem in an unknown tongue, already half explained to Walter Gray the fascination she had no doubt exercised over Gideon, though nothing, apart from wealth, could interpret his attraction for her.

His introduction to her did not interrupt any conversation, for she was sitting as much alone at the end of the piano as he had been at the door. He noticed that she did not give him the usual smile of greeting. She only bowed rather coldly, and waited, with a discouraging air of indifference, for him to say anything he pleased. Perhaps she had nothing to say. It is often the way with people whose eyes seem to say a great deal—which so constantly turns out to be a vast quantity of nothing.

“I had the—hm!—pleasure of knowing Mr. Skull a long time ago,” he said, “though very likely he wouldn't remember even my name. Will he be here to-night?”

“No,” she said. “I think not, at least. He hardly ever goes out, and is very busy.”

Her voice, with its quiet indifference of tone, did not help his memory. It only satisfied him that she was very thoroughly an Englishwoman ; and made him guess—though he certainly could not

have told how or why—that she was as indifferent to her husband's comings and goings as she was to being questioned about them by a stranger. Clearly, Walter Gray had something of a woman's way of seeing a great deal in a very little.

“I see they are going to waltz. Will you——”

“I don't dance.”

“Then, in that case, nor do I.” “I wonder,” he began to think, “how she really did manage to catch Gideon. It's true he never danced either ; but, all the same, she's no more in his line than if he waltzed like an Austrian. Do you know, Mrs. Skull, I have got a fancy that troubles me ; and I can neither waltz nor rest in any other way till I've told it to you.”

These receptions of Mrs. Aristides—as her husband's assemblies of his *clientèle* were technically called—generally ended with a sudden happy thought on the part of somebody to extemporise a ball. But it never had to depend upon the piano for inspiration. Impromptu as it always was, there never failed to be a certain number of distinguished musicians present, and the various collections of Mr. Aristides contained one of instruments ready to their hands, with which they were never too proud to add to the pleasure of such good company. For from Mr. Aristides even pipers and fiddlers got—or thought they got—rather more than they gave. But a reputation for impromptu dances, with real musicians with real names to play the tunes, was well worth the few guineas for concert tickets which it cost their host in the year. Just then a bright and lively waltz started out in splendid form from what might almost be called an orchestra, which made up for its smallness by spirit and style. Mrs. Skull must be free from the dancing fever indeed not to break through her rule. “Yes, Gideon *would* be just the man to object to his wife's waltzing with anybody but himself,” thought Walter Gray. He waited for her to ask him about his fancy ; but, as she seemed as indifferent to it as to dancing, he was obliged to take her question as made.

“I can't get it out of my head, Mrs. Skull, that I have met you before.”

“Indeed ? I don't think that likely. I know very few of Mr. Skull's friends.”

“Yes,” he thought, “just the man to object to his wife knowing his friends. A reformed rake always makes the most jealous husband. I wonder why he lets her come to this place alone—or at all ; old Dale wasn't a rake, and even he keeps Laura at home when he goes out for fun.” “But, all the same,” he went on, “I feel I have seen you

somewhere. Of course I know that one's always meeting women, and men too, whom one used to know intimately in some other world before one was born. That's always happening to everybody every day. But I don't mean anything so commonplace as that, you know. I mean in this world. Have you ever been in America?"

"No—never. I have never even——"

"Then, that won't do. In Paris, perhaps?"

"I have never been in Paris."

"You have never been in Paris? Impossible! Why, I never heard of anybody who had never been to Paris. But perhaps in Rome?"

"I have never been to Rome."

"In Venice, then? In Vienna? In Berlin?"

"No; I have never——"

"Let me see. Not in Athens—certainly; I couldn't forget if I'd met you there. Could it possibly have been in Cairo?"

"I have never been out of England since I was born."

"Please don't think me a boor, Mrs. Skull, to be cross-examining you in this way. I can't have met you anywhere, then, that's clear, unless I've passed you by some chance in the street in London, and remembered your face—which is a thing that I never do. I was never meant to be a king—I can remember some things very well, all sorts of useless ones; but in remembering faces, I am a perfect fool. I have to see a face at least three times to have a chance of knowing it again; I am always cutting my best friends, and so losing them; and I don't believe I should know my own very self if I were to see him anywhere but in a mirror. But—yes, I do seem to remember yours, some way. Not you, but something about you—a sort of you not mixed up with any place where I have seen people, but in some quiet way—well, I've not had many quiet ways in my life, so it may have been in some other world before I was born, after all."

"*You* seem to have been a great traveller, Mr. Gray."

"She has said something of her own at last!" thought he. "Not that it amounts to much. But—yes, or rather no; I have been a traveller, but certainly not a great one. I am a man with a great incapacity for sitting still. Yesterday I was in Spain—to-morrow in London—to-day in Cosmos, judging from the varieties of all nations who are spinning round us. Ah! this *is* a waltz; you ought to dance, Mrs. Skull. It stops thinking; and thinking is the worst thing in the world for the brain. Why, look at Dale; even he is dancing. He is another whom I used to know as a confirmed



bachelor, and whom I find turned into a married man. I should never have thought that of—Dale.”

“Why not of him?”

“Because he was a man of just one idea when I knew him; and it certainly was not of the sort that leads to marriage. He didn’t care for money, and he didn’t care for comfort—in fact, he didn’t care for anything on earth beyond an all-devouring passion for standing in the middle of a storm of bullets without an umbrella, and cutting off people’s legs. That meant perfect happiness for him, and everything else meant misery. That isn’t the real Dale at all whom you see dressed up there in evening clothes and making himself hot and red with dancing, and fussy with chattering. The real man is as cool and as silent as the North Pole, and that only happens when he’s cutting legs instead of capers to the music of rifles instead of fiddles. When he’s himself, there’s no finer fellow alive. War isn’t all evil, Mrs. Skull. It brings out the best of a man, and unmasks the worst of him, and makes him what nature meant him to be. Peace, I’m a great deal too certain, does just the other things. What do we know about all these people here? To do that, we must turn it into another ball before Waterloo.”

“What war was it,” asked she, with a shade of interest in her voice, “that made you acquainted with Dr. Dale?”

He had been trying to interest her; but her interest fell a little into the wrong line when it at last showed signs of coming. He had reached the point of mounting a pet hobby of all who have seen war—not too far off to understand its grandeur as the greatest of living forces, and not so near as to see nothing but their own sorrows. She ought not to have checked him so suddenly with a question about a merely personal detail. However, he dismounted gracefully. The question was stupid; but why should he expect Mrs. Skull herself to be otherwise?

“At the siege of Paris. The very last time I saw him he was himself, and under circumstances that you wouldn’t think it nice to hear described. It’s an odd sensation to meet him here.”

“You were at the siege of Paris?” she asked. The question belonged to the common forms of talk; but something in its tone suddenly opened his ears, and he looked at her with new eyes. All her scarcely courteous indifference had given place to what sounded like eager anxiety. With his faculty for noticing lights and shades, he felt as if he had read a word of her story, unintelligible without the context, but suggesting what the whole might be—for stories which write themselves in faces are always sad ones,

"Yes," he said, a little vexed with himself for having possibly touched some wound or other, and for having been guilty of such a blunder as to speak admiringly of war to a woman—that is to say, to one who could have known nothing of war save its personal and sorrowful side. "And I saw the end. You mustn't think, Mrs. Skull, that I am as bloodthirsty in my tastes as Dale. One gets to talk lightly of such things because no language has got words strong enough and deep enough to speak of them seriously. I can talk well enough about war in the large way, which concerns mankind—that is, all the people for whom one doesn't care; but how can one talk at all about the way it comes home to oneself: as it did to me and thousands more?" "She mustn't think me a cold-blooded, unsympathetic, philosophical brute," he thought.

"I hate war," said she; but in such a tone as to make him think himself mistaken in the nature of her interest in any particular war, or else that she was practised in habitual self-repression, and felt bound to correct any sign of emotion which she might have chanced to betray.

"So do I," said he, "in one way—though hate is terribly like love when the fever-fit is on. Yes; I can't keep away from the air that breeds the fever, after once having breathed it, even now, though it cost me the life of the only human being I ever cared very much about—of course, except myself—and the best and finest fellow I ever knew. I don't want you to think that when I praise war it is in the way that poets praise passion—because I don't know what it means. I do know. I have drunk the dregs of it as well as the wine. I have seen a man—the man I spoke of—*murdered* in war; not a man fighting for his country or any cause that concerned him, but only because war, which turns many weak men into grand heroes, turns more commonplace nobodies into fiends. This man should have had a long life of happiness and honour. He had no more business with the French and the Germans than Dale has with a London ball-room. And he was killed because the Americans—who were as little to him as the French and Germans—wanted news, which he never could learn how to give them, and because war lets loose tigers as well as sets lions free."

"When you were at the siege of Paris," said she, again bringing down the flight of his oration to the level of a woman's world, "did you ever happen to meet with a correspondent of an American newspaper named Alan Reid?"

"Good God! Why, he was the man! Mrs. Skull—God forgive me!—what have I said? what have I done?"

"My brother—Alan——"

He heard no more than half the cry, as she sprang up from her seat, and covered her eyes with her hands—trembling, as if a ghost had suddenly appeared before her. The waltz went on, wildly and joyfully. None noticed her who was learning for the first time that the brother, for whose sake she lived, had died.

Yes—Walter Gray knew well enough where he had seen her now. But he did not wonder how or why he had not known her again. He did not remember faces; and the passing of many events had made those two meetings vague things of long ago. There was but little left of the girl with whom he had been shut up in the belfry; little indeed of her who had crushed him with her scorn in the churchyard. Even had she been less changed in her whole self, it would have been hard enough to associate this lady in black velvet in the drawing-room of a Mr. Aristides with one's memories of Helen Reid of Copleston—Mrs. Gideon Skull. How had such a thing as that come to pass? Walter Gray would as soon have thought of discovering a likeness in the royal wife of King Cophetua to Penelophon the beggar-maid. But now he knew that it was she.

But then, how was it she had never known of her brother's death till now? It had happened long ago. Even if Mr. Crowder had been too sublimely above trifles which could not affect the interests of the *Argus* to let her and her mother hear of it, still it must have been a scrap of public news for its hour. He had ample time to think and feel all this, and to swear at himself for the accident which had told her all without preparation, in such a place and in such a way, for he had not a word to say, and no living man could have found a fit one.

But suddenly she left off trembling, took her hands from her face, and looked at him with a strange, hard look, in which he could recall no sign of Helen Reid.

"He was my only brother," she said, in a voice that was like her look. "And I thought he was still living—strange as it must seem to you. You must forgive me for having seemed a little sorry. It was very bad taste, and quite out of place; but I assure you it was not because I don't know how absurd and contemptible such things as feelings, and all that sort of rubbish, are. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to know when my only brother died."

"Good God! Don't speak—don't look like that, Miss Reid. Forgive *me*—no, not that; only——"

"I assure you I would not for a moment think of putting the music out by screaming or fainting—perfect calmness is one's first duty to society. I think you ought to be obliged to me for not

making such a disagreeable thing as a scene. Tell me, if you please, when my brother died."

"My poor friend——"

"He is not poor now ; and men don't have friends."

"He was struck down on the street, almost at my side, on the 29th of January. For God's sake, Miss Reid, take my arm, and leave this room. Let me see you home."

"I *am* going—home. But please do not leave the room. I am not the least ill, and I can walk alone to my—my husband's carriage perfectly well. Forgive me if I have been—seemed impolite to you. I dare say you were his friend—I dare say he had nothing that you wanted—and he—Good night——"

She left him suddenly and hurriedly, as if she were not quite so much mistress of herself as she had been trying, with ill success enough, to make him believe. He had not learned a single word of her real story, that was clear. Helen Reid the wife of Gideon Skull ! He did not let her see that he followed her, but he took care not to lose sight of her until she was in her carriage ; and then he watched the carriage till he could follow it with his eyes no longer.

"Well, Gray," said Dr. Dale, "how did you get on with Mrs. Skull? Rather heavy to lift, isn't she?"

"You never told me she is the sister of poor young Reid."

"Is she? I'm sure I didn't know. Poor young fellow ! I suppose that's why she's always in mourning. Then it's true Skull married without a penny, for Reid hadn't any money, I'll swear. But, do you know, I fancy there's something about to-night out of the common. There's a sort of a feeling of thunder in the financial air. Stock has gone up or down. I hope you're not interested in that sort of thing?"

"Is Mrs. Skull a patient of yours?"

"No. I wish she were. But what makes you so desperately interested in Mrs. Skull? She's neither a stock nor a share, but another man's wife, you know."

"Yes—Gideon Skull's wife, and Alan Reid's sister. It's a queer world this ; so I'll wish it good-night—till to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

She's mine—mine—mine !—her heart, her life, her soul :  
 She's mine, from head to foot, and through and through.  
 Have I not won the guerdon of the game ?  
 Are not its forfeit tokens, coin by coin,  
 Obverse and reverse, image, legend, mine—  
 By code and compact mine—mine, mine alone ?  
 Call *me* no cheat, if losers will not pay.

“HOME!” said Helen to her coachman, and then threw herself back into the corner of her carriage, and sobbed terribly. She was not struck to such utter stone by the news she had heard as to have lost the relief of tears. Whatever had happened, she could never forget how to weep, as a child might, for him who stood for the whole of her childhood and for all the happiness she had ever known. It was the Helen Reid of long ago, not Mrs. Gideon Skull, who was weeping for Alan.

But there was hardly a trace of tears left when she reached home. She did not even wait to collect herself or her thoughts, but walked straight into the room where her husband used to smoke and plan whenever he was at home—work, one can hardly call it, for the greater part of Gideon's Skull's occupation, like that of Mr. Aristides, consisted in thinking about the work of others. But even that is very hard work sometimes ; and if Helen had not been so full of her own thoughts she must have noticed that this evening, which he had spent at home and in solitude, had been unusually severe. He was not, as usual, lounging in an arm-chair, and apparently letting the smoke of his cigar do his thinking for him. Though there was neither book nor paper upon his writing-table, and though his hands were empty, he was seated at it in the attitude of a man who is deep in some absorbing labour, with his eyes fixed on the spot where one would have expected to find at least a sheet of note-paper. He was not even smoking, for, though he held a cigar between his lips, it had burned out without his noticing the change of flavour.

But Helen noticed nothing of all this. “Gideon!” she said, suddenly and sharply. He turned round on his seat as abruptly ; and, without rising to welcome her home, looked heavily, almost stupidly, at his wife—or rather, as it would seem, at some indifferent woman, or a still more indifferent bulk of black velvet, that happened to fill the doorway. He did not remove his forgotten cigar-stump even then. The contrast between them did not need strengthening by that between her black robes and pearls and his

shabby smoking-jacket, unbuttoned waistcoat, loosened collar, and tumbled hair.

"Gideon!" she said again, as she closed the door behind her; "why did you marry me?"

"What the—what on earth do you mean?"

"I want to know. Why did you marry me?"

"Do you want me to tell you again?" A sort of change, though equally unnoticed by Helen, came over both his voice and his eyes. Both were still heavy and sullen; but, if it be lawful to rival Walter Gray in the art of look- and voice-reading, it was rather the passive sullenness which comes of weariness and long waiting, and there was an under-note of pleading in his voice, and an under-glow of admiration in his eyes. "Well—I *will* tell you again, and a thousand times again. It was because I loved you—more fool I, I suppose. I only wished to God it was one of the follies that can be cured. You know as well as I do that if I was free again I would marry you again. Put it, if you like, that I married you because I was a fool. And, if you like it better, put it that I am one still. That's why."

"I have never thought you a fool, Gideon."

"You think a great many things about me, I know, that are not true. I had another reason."

"Well?"

"I thought I loved you so much," he said, slowly and still more heavily, "that I should be able to make you give me some of it back—in time. Why shouldn't I do what hundreds of men, as unlikely as I am, have done? One must invest the principal before one can look for the interest—love is very like the rest of life, I suppose. I thought that when a man loved a woman as I loved you—*like* a man, and not like a boy, or an idiot, or a poet, or a slave—he couldn't manage to throw his whole life away even if he tried. I didn't think it possible that a man could care about a stone as I did for you: I thought that when a man loved, it stood to reason that what he loved was a woman."

"Have I been a bad wife to you? Have I——"

"You have been just the worst wife, Helen, that a man could find if he were to search the whole world round. I'm not angry with you for it: I'm not quite such an imbecile as to be angry with facts; but it's true."

"I have not meant to be a bad wife. God knows, I have meant to be a good one. I meant it from that terrible day when I married you. Till to-night, I have meant it always. What one thing have I done or left undone that——"

"No thing—no thing except one. Only, that happens to be the only one that matters. I'm less to you even than I was on that day which you call terrible, and when I didn't even dream that you cared for me. I didn't marry you to be my partner, or my housekeeper, or my nurse if I chanced to fall ill—did I?—or my representative at calls and crushes. I shouldn't call you a bad wife if you hated me—as wives go. Hating is being one's wife, in a way. But you don't even do that——"

"Did I ever promise to love you, except in the form which you agreed with me, when it was made, should bind me no more than I might feel myself bound? I never pretended to give you more than just my hand and my duty—my duty to you only in the second place. You freed me from my formal promise in church before it was given, so that it meant—nothing. I have fulfilled my whole bargain, every jot and every tittle. And now—why did I marry you?"

"Because——"

"You know what people say—because you were rich and I was poor. *You* don't believe that, I know. You know that I married you for the sake of my brother—Alan. Of my mother, too; but even on our wedding-day it became for his sake alone."

"By Heaven, Helen, you must be mad yourself, or trying to make me so. Have I not done for him all that one man *can* do for another? Can I give him brains and eyes, and hands and eyes? I have given him every chance of using them all, but I can't use them for him. We don't even know if he is not using them. If he is, he will come back a millionaire. With his chances, I—he *is* doing well, because he must be doing well. Nobody, even without brains, can help doing well in—in Arizona. If he had been my own son, as well as my brother, I would have sent him there."

"It is so strange that he never writes to me. For aught I know, he thinks his mother still alive."

"Why strange? He is a young man."

"He is Alan."

"That is to say, a very young man—<sup>younger than most of the</sup> men. That's always the way <sup>young lies by his side</sup> <sup>have seen to-</sup> ever to change, and that if a <sup>man</sup> <sup>did die—who saw him killed in the</sup> got to be done always. <sup>sent the news home——</sup>"

the siege.—Are you <sup>cc</sup> <sup>news. Do I look as if I were lying?</sup> soon lost and never <sup>you in the face if I were?</sup> Do you suppose I Arizona, for the ver- <sup>ville people on my wedding morning, or ever</sup> hour's notice, and <sup>nat.</sup> Who is the man?"



States, as you know. I am a man, you see, and know exactly how a man would act and feel. You are a woman, and can't know—not even how the man would feel to whom you give what you call your duty, and think it ought to be enough for him. . . . Well, perhaps it ought to be enough for him. . . .”

“Are you sure Alan is not *dead*, Gideon?”

“Dead? No.”

“‘No?’ You mean, you are not sure?”

“How could he be dead? Nonsense, Helen! Something has made you nervous to-night—it is not like you. I was telling you that I know just what a man would feel. He has vowed not to return home without a fortune and a name—a name of his own, a name that he has a right to bear. He is just one of those sensitive, romantic natures who would feel like that, and act like that, too. He knows you would hear soon enough if anything happened to him. Of course he will have made his will. I know what I should have done if I, like him, had ever had the good luck to have anybody in the world who would care a straw whether I was dead or alive. I should take all precautions; but I would swear to myself, I will not even think of home till I can return as I ought to return. I will not weaken myself, and give nothing but suspense and disappointment to all who care for me, by sending home chronicles of the hundred failures which form the details of the struggle. My first news home shall be ‘Victory’—and maybe I will give myself the pleasure of being my own despatch-bearer. Something very like that I did, Helen. I swore most solemnly, as a man can swear to none but himself, that my Uncle Christopher, my only relation on earth, should never hear of my existence until I could force him to be proud of me. I kept my word. And so will he keep his, you may be sure.”

“Perhaps he died even before he reached Arizona?”

“Helen! late as it is, I have something to say to you——”

“About Alan?”

“Conf—— No. You are mad about Alan. He is all right enough—but——”

“You must first know if I am mad about Alan or if I am per-  
find if he were to search the whole he reached Brest, Gideon?”  
you for it: I’m not quite such an im. What in Heaven’s name can  
but it’s true.”

“I have not meant to be a bad wife. —that Alan, my own  
to be a good one. I meant it from that term—because *he* is like  
you. Till to-night, I have meant it always. ing in Arizona; that  
done or left undone that——” versailles——”

"Of course I say it——"

"Then, you are a liar, Gideon!"

Gideon Skull almost sprang from his seat, flushing burnt crimson. She read his flush and his silence in her own way.

"Yes," she said—but not quite so calmly—"I know now, as well as you know it, that every word you ever told me has been a lie. I learned to-night that he *is* dead, and that you knew it before what I *did* call that terrible day. I know that he never left Paris alive, much less Versailles! You forged that telegram from Brest; you wanted me—God knows why!—and you knew that, if Alan was dead, and if I knew it, I would have said 'No' to you at the altar. And you have kept up the lie, day by day, because, if I ever came to know the truth, you knew what that would mean to me; and you cared about what I might think of you—God knows why, again! . . . And I wronged my mother on her death-bed for Alan; and I have lived with you and put my neck under your foot for Alan; and he was dead, and I know it now :—and I know *you*."

All the calmness with which she had led him on to his crowning lie had left her now. She did not give way to the cry of her deeper self, but stood before him breathing scorn; Victor Waldron himself had never seen her as she was now.

Gideon, after the first instant, became the calmer of the two. "On my honour as a gentleman," he said, without heeding the scorn that came into her eyes at the word, "I have no reason on earth for believing your brother not to be alive. Helen, as surely as that I am idiot enough to love you——"

"Love! you told me you—loved me—on the day when you told me Alan lived and was well; and what sort of love—why should one thing be a lie, and the other not a lie?"

"Helen, if you have been told to-night that your brother is dead—well, I can bear all you say. For you are bound to speak madly. But what makes you believe such a thing?"

"Why should I prove what you know as well as I? But—yes, I ought to give you my proof; I want to be fair even to you; it is for you to see that I *know*—I should like to spare myself the trouble of seeing even you defending lies by lies. I have seen to—the man who saw Alan Reid die—who saw him killed in the Paris, and who sent the news home——"

"I have no fear of no such news. Do I look as if I were lying? I dare to look you in the face if I were? Do you suppose I lose Spraggville people on my wedding morning, or ever you know that. Who is the man?"

*He died before he was carried there from there.*

*He had no fear of me because he was a conqueror and carried there from V.*

"His name is Walter Gray. He says he has known you."

"I never heard of the man. I am sorry to hear of this, Heaven knows. . . . But, on my honour, Helen, it is news to me. Who is this man—Walter Gray?"

"I was left to learn of my brother's death from a stranger, who told me the story to amuse me in the middle of a waltz——"

"You were dancing?"

"When have I disobeyed you?—But he was with my brother when he died."

"It is terrible. But still, it does not follow that it was before we heard from him at Brest—he may have missed the ship—he may have gone back again to Paris before leaving—there may have been reasons——"

"So, that is what Alan's death means to you—an unlucky chance, that obliges you to make disagreeable excuses! You need not trouble yourself to find any more. I remember the date of the telegram as if it were yesterday. It was the 15th of February. And Alan was dead on the 29th of January. Yes; I have the telegram still. And you were at the office daily, and you married me—for Alan's sake—on the 31st. Gideon, there was nobody to get that telegram sent from Brest but you. You would not have dared to send it had you not believed that no living man could return to convict you. And you must know that he never went to Arizona—if there be any such place in this world."

Had Gideon lied? If so, it was the first time he had done so, even to himself: for it was his pride to be the only man who was not a liar. Even when he happened to deceive people, it could not be called his fault, for it was by telling the truth, either as it actually and literally was, or as he believed it would prove to be.

"I will tell you the truth, and the whole truth," said he. "And then—you will listen to me, in my turn. Yes, you must listen to what concerns us more than even *your* news. For your brother is dead, and we are alive—and together, for better or for worse, whatever else we may be. Sit down and listen."

"No," she said. "I have obeyed you for the last time. You have broken your bargain, so mine is at an end. You have no rights left over me. But I will listen, not because you bid me, but because I will."

He bowed his head gloomily, and did not raise it again. Clearly, his love for Helen, unlessened by any return of it by her, had turned into some sort of heart-hunger, for which he half despised himself, but which he never sought to conquer. It was the desire of Tantalus

for the stream. And he knew not how to win her, and knew that he knew not how, while something told him that it was not because she was not a woman and to be won in some undiscoverable way. How should he not be jealous of every stranger who might chance to touch her hand?

"The telegram from Brest *was* from me," said he.

"And you dare to tell me——"

"The truth? Is not the truth what you asked for? I knew why you married me, Helen. I had no occasion to go near the *Argus* people after a day or two before. No matter why. That belongs to business purely. I supposed that, after we married, some letter would come from Alan for you. You must have been expecting one, yourself, for a long while. None did come. As soon as we came back to town, I went to the *Argus* for news. Well—the war was over, Crowder and Sims had fallen out as to which was to have the credit of the German victory, and had been recalled to fight the question out in Spraggville, and the office was shut up to wait for another war. I searched for news of your brother everywhere, high and low. At last I began to think—well, that he might be living; but, as I could get no proof of it, how was I to know? He was most likely alive, after all. It is when people live that they leave no traces; it is not the dead who disappear. . . . Why shouldn't he be in Arizona? All life, all belief, Helen, is but a balance of the probabilities for and against a thing. In the same spirit that a racing man backs a particular horse, a Christian backs heaven and hell against annihilation—it's all the same system; nobody can do more, nobody ever does more. You thought just now that it was more likely that I should lie than that you should misjudge me. And so I, weighing the chances—which my whole life has been spent in learning how to do—I judged that Alan was more likely to be alive than dead. Being alive, more likely to have strong reason for disappearing than to have none. Being young, and not rich, the reason was more likely to be a woman than money—one or the other, of course, it was safe to be. There are lots of scrapes of any sort that a man can get into after a war; and Paris, while a brick of it is left standing, will be the place for them. And where do men go when they disappear and leave no traces in the old world? It was more than a chance there. America is the limbo of the people that can't be found. And not the Eastern but the Western States; and, in the case of a man like him, not the best known and the tamest, but the wildest and roughest, where a man can live like a savage if he likes, and find adventures and big game—and Arizona may stand for them. Helen, when I think of it,

what a life it was that your poor dev—your poor brother had to lead here ! It was all very well while there was war ; but nobody can settle down again after he's had a fit of that fever—and to settle down again to be bullied by his mother because he couldn't get seventy pounds a year, or be Lord Chancellor in a week, or whatever she'd set her heart upon, no wonder he took a good dive under water, and came up well on the other side, and took to his heels and ran—to Arizona or anywhere."

" I am listening," said Helen, as he paused.

" Any lad with an ounce of spirit, scrape or no scrape, would have done the same. But was I to see your life spoiled, and make you feel that you had nothing more to get out of me, before I had had time to make you know me, when a word from him would content you, and give me—I thought so then—a thousand chances to one of winning all ? In a very real sense, that telegram *did* come from him. Assuming that he had gone to Arizona, he ought to have sent it ; and if any man was ever likely to wish to do what he ought, it was Alan Reid. He must therefore have forgotten to send it, or he must have sent one which had gone wrong. In either case, he would thank me for doing what he had forgotten to do, or had been unable to do. Practically, therefore, that telegram came from him through my hand. As to the rest, I know that in Arizona he could not fail to do well, and that all his plans and views would be just what I have told you. But, since he was dead, I reckoned the main chance wrongly—that is all. That might happen to any man. . . . And if I mistook more deeply—Helen—you are not a woman if you call a crime or a sin what a man who loves you does for love of you, and because he loves you, and wants to keep your strength and hope alive, and to spare you pain. You see, I have *not* lied."

" Is that what you have to say ? "

" You are satisfied, then, at least with me ? And now, for what *I* have to say."

" I think you have said enough." She could hardly control her immeasurable scorn ; but she feared lest he should suspect her of stooping to be angry.

" I think you will learn—a little—how much I care for what *you* think of me, Helen, when I have sat here quietly and argued coolly about what can concern us no longer—when—what else did you hear at that accursed den of thieves where you have been ? No Walter Gray sat out a waltz with you by talking of a rise in Kamschatkans ? Helen, those two Greek brigands are the most infernal liars on the face of the globe. There isn't a Yankee who isn't an

angel to them, There's only one comfort—in doing me, they've done themselves too. I don't think they'll be quite so proud of their cleverness as they are now. I must tell you what has happened before I tell you what will have to be. In my own name, as usual, but at their infernal risk, I bought ten thousand of Kamschatkans at forty, for the account; you know what I mean—if they went down as much as I knew how to make them, there would have been a thousand at least in my pocket to-morrow morning, and twice as much for them. By some amazing trickery that's been puzzling me all the week, Kamschatkans have been flying up, and up, and up—nothing I could do would make them go down. Instead of receiving a thousand to-morrow, I shall have to pay five thousand—it sounds wild and incredible, but it's true; and to whom? I've found *that* out—to Aristides and Sinon. Do you see? I buy *for* them—from them. They—keeping it dark from me—sell me their worthless shares, pretending that they are to back me in return for my running the shares down; then, behind my back, by some Greek devil's trick, they run them up; and then they come forward as the sellers and leave me in the plight of the buyer—why, we were asked to their robbers' den to-night only to keep us blind.”

“Well,” said Helen, determined to let him feel that he had put himself beneath even her slightest scorn, “I suppose it will not ruin you to pay five thousand pounds instead of receiving one; though of course I quite understand how much more important a money loss must be than any other.” She did not quite succeed in her endeavour to be scornful beyond the reach of open scorn; but Gideon Skull was less sensitive to shades of tone than Walter Gray, and he noticed nothing but the strict letter of her words. Had he not satisfied her—nay, had he not satisfied himself that she had grievously misjudged him?

“The thieves had got it somehow into their heads that I was a rich man—and they knew I betted on stock; and the two things put together come to the sheep made for fleecing which they thought me. They used me and paid me as long as they found me useful; and then, when there is no further use to be made of their goose, they kill him. Asses themselves—as if I'd have worked with such knaves if I had had five thousand sixpences of my own, let alone five thousand pounds—they've sheared the pig that the devil sheared; that's all. . . . Helen!”

“Well?”

“What with Yankee cads like Waldron, and Greek pickpockets like Sinon and Aristides, there is no place in London for a commonly

honest man. I don't] pretend to be better than my neighbours, but—we must begin things over again. I've begun<sup>a</sup> often enough to know the way pretty well by this time. Everybody must lose a game now and then before he wins. We won't stay in this house another day, nor in this country ; there are plenty of others. Get all the packing done overnight, if you can. Do it thoroughly ; don't let the thieves get hold of so much as a pennyworth that you can carry away. And then, whom have I but you in the world, and whom have you but me? You have no brother to put first now—and your mother is gone—and I don't count my Uncle Christopher. Let us truly begin again. Try, Helen, for your own sake, to see me as I am to *you*——”

“I see you perfectly,” said Helen, her determined calm beginning—but only slightly as yet—to give way. “I don't understand, quite, the beginning of your story ; but I see, in the end, that you have induced Mr. Aristides and Mr. Sinon to employ you as their jackal and false newsmonger, in the belief that they, when they required it, might make you pay for the place smartly. I see that they thought they had cheated you, and that you thought you had cheated them, and that both sides have got what they deserved. I see you have been living on the credit which they gave you under the false belief that it was not required. And now I see that you are going to run away from your tradesmen with all the property of Mr. Aristides on which you can lay your hands. I would have returned Madame Aristides her own pearls to-night, if I had known. And I see that you dare—that you are so kind as to ask me to share your flight, and to—oh, I cannot think of your last offer—it sickens me. Do you know—or have you forgotten—that I married you because you said you had ten thousand a year? Do you suppose I should have married you if you—— Was that a lie, too?”

It was not exactly anger which reddened the forehead of Gideon, and made his voice at the same time both louder and deeper. One cannot call by the name of anger the just indignation of a man who hears himself unjustly accused, and the passionately real desire of his heart treated with scorn.

“It is unbearable, Helen !” he began, pacing backwards and forwards across the room. “I am not answerable for the ways of business—they are not my making. It is not my fault that people have insisted on believing me a rich man ; and I never told you, or any human being, that I had so much as a shilling a year. No, not once. On the contrary, I have always let people understand that I was actually poor, whatever I might be going to be. When I married



you, the chances were ten thousand at least to one that, in a week or two at furthest, I should have ten thousand a year—probably more, but so much beyond question. Ten thousand chances to one is a practical certainty. It isn't more than ten thousand chances to one that the sun will rise to-morrow. When one talks of a certainty or a fact, one always takes for granted a contrary chance or two. And what is a week or two? Practically, I *had* ten thousand a year—then. It was as true as anything on earth can ever be. I didn't know then as much of Aristides and Sinon as I do now. I knew they were Greeks, but I didn't know they were brigands. Why, when you tell me your brother is dead, you imply a chance, though it may be but one in a hundred thousand, that he is still——”

All of a sudden he paused abruptly. What is one chance in a hundred thousand? Practically, as he would put it, Alan Reid *was* dead ; and he was the husband of the sole heiress of Copleston. His heart must indeed have been absorbed in deeper things for his head to have taken ten minutes, slow as it was by nature in shifting its grooves, not to have leaped to that fact as soon as he had assurance of the death of Alan Reid. His knowledge of the will no longer merely put him in the position of being able to sell his secret to the rightful heir so soon as he might turn up in Arizona or elsewhere. Why, with that will in his hand, he could take just vengeance on Victor Waldron, snap his fingers in the face of Aristides and Sinon, and build his fortune, no longer on the quicksands of speculation, but on the solid rock which underlies the earth of English counties.

“Fortunate” seemed too commonplace a word to give to the combination of chances which had enabled him to put off considering what he should do with his knowledge of his uncle's secret until Alan's death made it impossible to entertain the least question of what he should do. He paced the room more and more quickly, till he became nearly as unconscious of his wife's presence as if his need of wealth were really greater and stronger than his hunger for what wealth could not buy. There was surely nothing over-sanguine here. No more than the commonest common-sense was needed to make the chances in his favour a million to one ; and who need mention one chance against a million? It was good enough on the part of his brother-in-law to die at all, but it was admirable in him to die in such a manner that the news of his death had been kept back till now. He had excused his heart to his head on the ground that he had married Helen solely for Copleston's sake, and he now found himself more than justified. Why, if he could not gain what he

wanted most, he could no longer call himself a fool for having married the heiress of Copleston.

"Have you done with me?" asked Helen. "Have you anything more to say?"

"What? Oh, yes, I remember. Don't pack up to-night. I have been thinking, and I have changed my plans. . . . Yes; you are right in some things, though you are wrong in the main. Why can't you take me as I am, Helen, and make the best of me? If you hated me—what do you think it means to me to feel that you married me only for what you thought you could get by it, and to feel your touch grow colder and colder? But I am not at the end yet of what I can do for you. If I were to get back Copleston——"

"If you were to get back Copleston! What is Copleston to me? It was Alan's—not mine. I would not take it as a gift—least of all from you. I hope you understand that I am your wife no more, and shall henceforth lead my own life in my own way."

"Helen, have I not explained——"

But she had left the room.

Gideon drew a deep sigh. A short time ago he would have given all that somebody else was worth in the world for news of the death of Alan Reid. Now he had got the news for nothing. He meant to take the fullest advantage of his unquestionable rights; but, though he found Law, Justice, Interest, and Conscience for once fully united on his side, and though a near view of Copleston, with its future income and mesne profits, reduced to insignificance his debt to Messrs. Aristides and Sinon, he was disappointed to find in himself none of the elation which should accompany so swift and sudden a turn of Fortune's wheel. He knew in his soul that he would have sold all Copleston—with glad shame for his folly—for some touch of his wife's finger in which he might feel that he was more to her than a ladder which had broken down. He was in the condition of a merchant lost in the desert, who for one drop of water would give his whole caravan.

It was as if his brain were feeling and his heart thinking. No human being could have told which of the two it was that was trying to find its way into the safe in the bank where old Harry's will was sleeping and waiting to be called, or which of the two made him stoop down and pick up a white glove that Helen had dropped, and put it to his lips before throwing it upon his writing-table, as if it were nothing but a stray envelope. He lighted another cigar. "She

might at least throw me as much as one does to a dog," thought he. "It's not my fault if I've made a few blunders—any other man would have made a hundred where I've made one. Well, I suppose it's human nature for a woman to be cut up when she finds she hasn't married ten thousand a year. I can't blunder in this, though. Perhaps when she finds I've got back Copleston for her, after all, and revenged her on that swindling Yankee scoundrel—I wish women weren't made so that one is bound to buy them if one happens to be ass enough to want them—perhaps she may throw me a bone in the shape of a thank-you. Anyhow, it will be better to live like cat and dog at Copleston, with enough to do it on, than like dog and cat without enough to keep a puppy or a kitten. I wonder if I only fancy that I want her, and whether all that I really want of her isn't just to wring her neck and have done with her. If I could only be sure that I hated her, it would be a weight off one's mind. It isn't much like me to be troubling myself about a woman, and a woman whose best word for one is 'liar' and 'jackal.' The devil take her! And yet I believe I'd have my head cut off, long ears and all, if that would make her care. . . . No, I won't write a single word to those brigands. They may make whatever row in the City they please—not that they *will* please. I mustn't rob them of the pleasure of their feelings when they find they've been in a conspiracy to rob a man of straw on whom they dare not lay a finger. Well, I must get some sort of rest, I suppose, and I shan't get much to-night if I go upstairs. . . . I'm just sick of thinking. Sleep wouldn't be enough just now. Yes—I'll go in for a dose of dying, it saves the bother of dreams."

He locked the door, and turned the gas very low. Then, taking off boots and arranging his clothes loosely and comfortably, he lay down on a sofa, on his back, with his legs stretched out and his arms straight by his sides. He closed his eyes, dropped his head backwards over the single flat cushion that he had taken for a pillow, and let his mouth fall open. He drew one deep breath, and, at the end of a minute, fell into a condition that might have been taken for death indeed. Every sign of colour left his face; his chest did not rise or fall; he did not seem to breathe so much as a sleeping child, or even at all. It was a strangely corpse-like condition, less like sleep than trance; if he wished to escape from everything for a time, even from dreams, he could have taken no likelier way.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Yonder is where—(to-day  
Learned I the tune)—  
Things that are gone, they say,  
Hide from the noon ;  
There must we find thee, May,  
Follow thee, June—  
Up in the turned-away  
Face of the moon.

THERE was Hillswick Church still standing as it had stood through generations of Waldrons and Reids, changing so slowly that old Grimes himself could not recall the day when it was more rat-eaten, moth-eaten, and weather-beaten than now. The very graveyard showed but few signs of life, or rather of death, since the putting up of old Harry Reid's tomb, for people die slowly at Hillswick, and there was nobody to die at Copleston. For that matter, there was nobody to live there. It had been closed since the Waldrons had come to their own again so completely, and now for so long that the Hillswick people in general had almost come to look upon the emptiness of Copleston as part of the natural order of things.

One fine summer afternoon, when Hillswick was looking its laziest and its best, old Grimes happened to be in the belfry. He was not ringing or tolling, because, as usual, nobody was either entering into or departing from what, at Hillswick, was called life ; he was simply doing nothing at all, because he had nothing to do. It was a pleasant place for the old man to pass his time in, so long as he did not feel thirsty, for the church felt nearly as much like home as the "George," and there was never anybody about on week-days to prevent his doing what he liked with his own, as the church had become in something more than in his own mind. Nor was his usual occupation the worst way of time-killing that a man of far greater personal resources than old Grimes might find. There were open lights round the steeple from which, piece by piece, the whole surrounding country was to be seen. But, better than this, it put the clerk and sexton into a better position for knowing all that went on in the world than if, with his deaf ears, he had spent all his days as well as all his evenings at the "George." Nobody could pass through the churchyard without being seen by old Grimes ; and many other meetings had he seen there besides that half-forgotten one between Miss Reid and the old squire. Through one of the lower lights he could see up the street as far as the market-place ;

from another he might learn who went in and out at Dr. Bolt's ; from a third he had a bird's-eye view of the country lane that led to the Vicarage. If his ears were hard, his eyes were still clear. On this particular day he saw nothing of any public or private interest until he saw Gideon Skull walking along the lane towards his uncle's. He had seen the same thing before, but it was a very long time now since Gideon had come to Copleston, and he made a note of it as a piece of news for the "George."

Gideon was scarcely less conscious of sentiment than even old Grimes himself. His singular method of taking leave of himself for a while instead of merely sleeping had done him good, and his exchange of London for Copleston felt like an escape from his troubles, his wife included. He had left home without seeing her, merely leaving word that he was going out of town on business, but would certainly be back before next morning. An understanding with Helen felt by no means such an impossible thing as it had seemed a few hours ago. Surely she would be impossibly unwomanly if she did not feel touched by his laying Copleston at her feet, and thus proving that he had done all things for her, after all. What had once seemed more impossible than that Copleston should be recovered from the heir-at-law? And why should he despair of such an infinitely smaller possibility as the gain of a woman's heart when the greater had come to pass with ease?

Having run the usual gauntlet of his aunts, he found his Uncle Christopher in the study, as usual.

"Come down on a holiday, eh?" asked the latter. "I wish we could offer you a bed, but you see——"

"All right, Uncle Christopher. I see the 'George' is still where it was. I've come to talk business. When did you last hear from Mrs. Reid?"

"Why—what? Mrs. Reid? Why do you want——"

"Never mind why, for a minute. I've got some good news for you. When——"

"I should like to hear some good news, if it means a little money, Gideon. None of it ever seems to come my way," sighed Uncle Christopher.

"It doesn't mean a little money—it means a great deal. And some of it *will* come your way. When did you last hear from Mrs. Reid?"

"Oh—not for a long while! Not for more than a month, I should say."

"Then, you don't know she's been dead over a year?"

"God bless my soul, no! It can't be, Gideon—it can't be true!"

"It is, though. And now about that will."

"So Mrs. Reid's dead! Well, we may say indeed that in the midst of life—and she such a girl when she first came here! I can't realise it, Gideon; I can't, indeed—and that she never sent me word of such a thing—but of course she couldn't do that. No. I only mean it's very dreadful, and very, very strange."

"And that makes you sole executor now, and answerable for everything—suppression of that will and all. I don't want to frighten you, Uncle Christopher—there's not the least occasion for being frightened—only——"

"Only—what, Gideon? I wish to Heaven I had never touched the will. And there it is—there it is still, for nearly six more years, before——"

"Before you can act like an honest man and a man of common sense?" asked Gideon sternly. "Is that what you mean, Uncle Christopher? Do you know that you have been exposing yourself to penal servitude by aiding and abetting that old fool? If you don't know it, I do. And a nice mess you have made of your playing at providence between you, you and she! I've just got proof that that poor young fellow, Alan Reid, is dead too——"

"Good God!" Uncle Christopher started from his chair, forgetting even himself and his troubles in the news. Not that the tidings could mean the same thing to him as those of the death of Mrs. Reid. He was old enough to think the death of the young common and natural, while that of one nearly of his own age, and whom he had known all his days, struck him as against the laws of nature, and to belong rather to the dim region of conventional theology.

"Yes, he is dead," said Gideon. "And a bad time of it he had, thanks to you. He was killed in Paris, after the war. You'll have to give up that will now. You won't be able to find even a good intention now for keeping it dark any more."

"It is not my fault that Alan Reid is dead," said Uncle Christopher; "it is not, indeed! Nobody can say that I am guilty of the death of Alan Reid. Death is the common lot, and it comes to the young as well as to the old—more often to the young. Half the human race dies under the age of five, while the older we grow the fewer of us die. It has been shown by statistics, over and over again. Well, I needn't be anxious any more, that's one thing. And I hardly see how, even though they're both dead, Mr. Waldron can quite overlook my claims to the living. I suppose," he said, with a sigh, half of relief, half of a very mixed sort of regret, "that the best thing

I can do is to put that wretched will behind the fire. Not that I can quite perceive the goodness of your news, Gideon. But it *is* a relief from a singularly and painfully embarrassing position, all the same. Yes—so true it is that even death is an instrument of comfort, Gideon.”

“What!” cried Gideon. “You will burn a will!—you will commit felony, Uncle Christopher?”

“A useless will! Why——”

“Useless! Thank your stars that the matter is in *my* hands, that’s all! I am come to demand of you the will of the late Henry Reid, of Copleston, on the part of his heiress, Mrs. Helen Skull.”

“Helen Skull! Excuse me, but I am getting a little bewildered, Gideon.”

“Yes—Helen Skull; my wife, Uncle Christopher—Alan Reid’s sister, and now heiress of Copleston. Do you understand now? . . . Do you understand that by delivering that will into my hands you’ll not only keep yourself clear from every chance of criminal proceedings, but become uncle to Gideon Skull, Esquire, of Copleston? Why don’t you jump out of your skin, Uncle Christopher, and dance round the room?”

“Because—because I can’t, Gideon,” said Uncle Christopher.

“Because—— Will you ring the bell and ask them to bring you a glass of sherry—for *yourself*, Gideon? They’ll do that—for you.”

“I suppose you think it odd that I married Helen Reid without letting my relations know? I suppose it wasn’t dutiful, and all that; but circumstances, you know—anyhow, it’s a fact, and my wife’s rights are my own. Vicar of Hillswick? Why, we’ll make an Archdeacon or a Vicar Choral of you before we’ve done. Come—toss off your sherry, and we’ll drive over to the bank at Deepweald this very afternoon.”

“But—we take tea at six—and your aunts——”

“Hang my aunts! We’ll dine at Deepweald, and you *shall* dine. How long is it since you tasted champagne, Uncle Christopher? We’ll put some colour into your cheeks, if we can’t all at once put a little flesh on to your bones. Let us be joyful together, and let our enemies be scattered—Yankees who swindle us, and break our reading lamps, and—yes, we’ll have that will in our hands before bed-time. We’ll go and look for some other document, and find the will—quite by chance, you know—tied up inside. We’ll take it to the best lawyer in the town, and Mr. Victor Waldron shall have a letter before morning. Put on your hat, and we’ll get the fly at the ‘George.’”



"But—we needn't go to Deepweald. It's in a better place than the bank, Gideon. I can get it in half an hour. And I may really expect to have my claims acknowledged when the time comes—and Mr. Waldron will take no steps——"

"Your claims? Oh, the living? Consider it yours. And what can Waldron do? Where's the will? Here?"

"You see, Gideon, after you left me, when you came down before, certain things you said made me feel that, after all, the bank at Deepweald was not the safest place to select for the custody of a document on which—I may say without exaggeration—so much may be said, nay, may be asserted, to depend. It might be burned—it might be entered by thieves. It might be that circumstances, such as illness, or any other accident of life, might make it necessary, or obligatory, that the safe should be opened by other hands than my own. I assure you, Gideon, that I have lain without sleep all night, with that safe weighing on my chest, till I have positively groaned. Suppose any of the clerks at the bank should have skeleton keys, and be in the habit of amusing themselves with opening the safes to see what was inside?"

"Well—where is it?"

"Ah, I don't think even *you* would guess that, Gideon!"

"In your breast-pocket, perhaps?"

"No. I have reason to believe that breast-pockets are not altogether secure from scrutiny. I thought of that; but it occurred to me that I might catch some portion of my coat on a particular nail in the reading-desk, which has been an anxiety to me for many years. And in that case I should inevitably have to send the garment to the tailor for repair, and, being subject to a certain inconvenient, but not wholly unscholarly, absence of mind, I might forget to transfer the document from one coat to another. And the curiosity and gossip of this town are a notorious scandal. No——"

"Where is it, then?"

"It is in a place which cannot by any chance be burnt, where nobody ever goes, where no thief has cause to enter, where, in short, the lost books of Livy themselves might remain for ever without being found. Nay, where, when it is wanted, the merest accident will be the most reasonable reason for its unexpected discovery."

Gideon looked at the old gentleman with new eyes. "He's not quite such a fool as he looks," thought he. "Upon my soul, I believe he thought I wanted to steal the will, and so took care that any burglary I might commit in the Deepweald Bank should be in vain."

. . . "I think you did quite right, Uncle Christopher. But the question is——"

"Exactly so, Gideon. The question is, Where? And the answer is," said Uncle Christopher, "that I congratulate you on a marriage, socially unexceptionable, creditable to your own family, and which—which, in short, appears likely to be advantageous to you, certainly from a worldly point of view, doubtless from a higher aspect also. I need not say more, except that I shall be heartily glad to welcome as my niece the daughter of my poor dear old friend. You spoke of money coming *my* way, Gideon. It is needed sorely. I need many little comforts which your aunts, good women as they are, fail to see. I can put the will into your hands in half an hour, if you please."

"Bless your heart, uncle! do you want me to buy the thing down on the nail? Don't you know that, if you don't give it up, I can have you sent to gaol? and that if you do, you'll be Vicar of Hillswick as sure as my name's Gideon Skull? I shouldn't send you to gaol, of course, being my own uncle, but I can force you to give up that will. Do you suppose I carry a cheque-book with me? Come!"

"You needn't be so impatient, Gideon. You will receive the will in less than half an hour. Well, man does indeed propose!"

The Rev. Christopher Skull put on his hat and coat, and led his nephew down the lane till they reached old Grimes's cottage, where they got the church-keys from the nail where the sexton hung them when he went to the "George." They went into the old church, where Gideon had not been since he was a boy. He ought to have felt a great many appropriate sentiments on seeing the old familiar pews and windows, and smelling the old familiar smell; but the truth is that he felt none; and that was the better for him, for his old sensations would not have been edifying to recall. They went into the belfry where Victor Waldron had first seen Helen. Gideon had never been there before, not even as a boy.

"There," said his uncle, unlocking and slowly lifting the lid of a huge and heavy wooden chest, "there is the will."

Gideon's heart beat a little. It was the eve of his grand victory. Might it not mean Helen? It certainly meant Copleston.

He saw a mass of parochial lumber in the shape of old account-books, registers, and other contributions to obscure history. "Out with it," said he.

"In half a minute, Gideon. I must pull out a book or two; it

was under the fourth from the top, in the south-east corner. One—two—three—four—why—what—where——”

Gideon held out his hand.

“Bless my soul, Gideon! It's not there!”

“Perhaps it's under number five,” said Gideon. But he felt his heart beat not quite so triumphantly as before.

But it was not under number five—nor under number six—nor under number seven. The Reverend Christopher rubbed his eyes till he filled them with dust from his fingers. Gideon clenched his teeth, threw off his coat, and threw out everything in the box one by one. But nothing came.

“Was this the box?” he asked, almost savagely.

“Most assuredly,” faltered Uncle Christopher.

“And you were sure it was there?”

“I put it there with my own hands.”

“But you didn't, you see. Are there any other boxes like this in this lumber-hole?”

“Three or four——”

“Then, here goes for them all. . . . Uncle Christopher,” he said, “if you are so crazy as to be hiding this will—I swear to you that you shall take the consequences, be they what they may.”

Every box had been emptied, and no will had been found.

“On the word of a gentleman and a clergyman,” said his uncle, “I did as I told you; with my own hands I placed the will in that chest, locked it, and have never parted with the key. Why should I hide the will from you? Is it more important to you than to me? Would I have kept it for an instant, except for the sake of my pledged word? Has it been any pleasure to me? I can do nothing—there it was, and there it is not now.”

“Of course. . . . It *is* as important to you as to me. Sit down and think—think what it means: the loss of a will trusted to your care—the title to an estate worth thousands and thousands a year!—Do you ever dream?”

“Gideon—I did with that will as I told you, as surely as I am standing here. There are some things, Gideon, that cannot be dreamed.”

Gideon sat down on the chest, and rested his chin on his hands. This was a thing of which *he* had never dreamed, and which found him unprepared. At first he almost fancied that the responsibility of the will had turned his uncle into a monomaniac; but that was unlikely, and, if it were, to hide the will in this particular place in

this particular way would be exactly what a monomaniac would do. The whole affair was almost too cruel to be true.

He set to work again, and returned every scrap of paper to its box, examining each as he put it back carefully, unfolding each, and shaking every book on the chance of seeing the will fall from between the leaves. It was all in vain.

"Give me the key of the chest. I must think over this," said he quietly—almost as if speaking in a dream. He locked the chest. "And now," he said, "I will keep the key. You would swear—in a court of justice, if need be—that in this chest you placed the will of old Harry Reid with your own hands?"

"I would swear it before Heaven," said Uncle Christopher.

"A jury would do," said Gideon, with what was almost a sneer. "I am not going to rest till I have won back my wife's rights. If you placed that will here, here it must be, and here it *shall* be. What was the will like?"

"I—I don't know, Gideon," said Uncle Christopher dismally. "It was in a blue envelope, sealed with the poor squire's own seal—his coat of arms. Poor Mrs. Reid did it up when she gave it to me."

"How was it endorsed?"

"There was nothing. We—she—thought it best——"

"The old maniac—but she had cunning enough ; more than you, Uncle Christopher, with all your wisdom. . . . By——"

"You are in church, Gideon. . . ."

"Uncle Christopher," said Gideon, suddenly changing his tone, "I don't believe that swearing in church is as bad as trying to hide a will in one. I've not meant to be a bad nephew to you, though you've been a particularly bad uncle to me. You turned me out of doors when I was a lad ; you wouldn't have given me a crust if I'd come home to beg for one ; you've made up to me because you thought me a rich man. I hate humbug ; and I don't see how the chance of your being my grandfather's son should make any difference between you and me. I'm going to make a search for that will—a real search and not a sham. If I have to give it up, I'll get the law to help me. You'll have to go into the witness-box, and swear that you hid that will in this place ; and as it can't be found, you'll see what people will say. It was to your new squire's interest to get that will destroyed ; and you're a poor man, not above being bribed. Perjury shan't help you. Good-night ; think it all over well. If you want to see me, I shall be at the 'George,' and I'll keep this key."

"I put it there—that's all I know—and it's gone," said Uncle Christopher. "I put it there—and it's gone."

He said nothing more till he and Gideon parted at the gate of the churchyard. Gideon leaned on the turnstile and pondered. "I believe in my soul he *has* destroyed that will," thought he. "That pretending to lose things that one has never hidden is a trick as old as the hills. He got the will out of the bank, and burned it out of sheer fright. But, by Heavens, lost or burnt, I've had enough of being trumped by knaves. And if it's only for Helen's sake—confound her!—I'll win."

*(To be continued.)*

## *THE DOG'S UNIVERSE.*

AS I sit here on a stile in the summer meadows of a bright afternoon, I am watching my dog running to and fro along the hedge, and sniffing vigorously at every hole for the faintest indication of rat or rabbit. Anacharsis—that is my dog's name—has a sharp nose for sport, and takes kindly to ratting, as is the nature of terriers generally. I cannot look at him now, his nostrils close to the ground, and his body stretched eagerly forward on the scent, without thinking of many strange problems raised by his attitude. For many years the intelligence of dogs was a sore stumbling-block and puzzle to me in my rambling psychological inquiries; and I could not account for their obvious cleverness upon any known and accepted principle. Gradually, however, it began to dawn upon me that I had neglected this important element of scent, and that the neglect of so large a factor in the canine life had made me quite misread the dog's universe in many ways. A pregnant hint of Professor Croom Robertson's, thrown out in a letter to *Nature*, first set me on the right track. I have since tried to follow out that hint for myself by observation and experiment; and I propose now to set forth my developed notions on the nature of the universe as it appears to Anacharsis, so far as analogy or guesswork enables us to realise it. Let us, if possible, put ourselves mentally inside my terrier's head, and try for a moment to see and smell the world as he sees and smells it.

As long ago as the age of the Sophists, it was already suggested that man was perhaps the wisest of animals in virtue of his possessing a hand. Anaxagoras, like the prototype of all Bridgewater-Treatise writers that he was, thought fit to oppose this sensible view by asserting that, on the contrary, man was provided with a hand because he was the wisest of animals. Thus early do we get a first glimpse of the alternative ideas of design and evolution: for, unless somebody had propounded the evolutionist view, Anaxagoras would never have been at the trouble to contradict it. A couple of thousand years later Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that intelligence varies amongst animals generally in a rough proportion to their special

organs of touch and prehension. Almost all the cleverest creatures possess some mechanism for grasping an object, so as to feel it on both sides, and gain a real tactual knowledge of its shape and solidity. For example, men and monkeys, the head and crown of the mammalian race, have hands with opposable thumbs, supplemented amongst our more distant quadrumanous relations by a prehensile tail. The elephant, second in sagacity to the monkey alone amongst the lower animals, has his very flexible and delicate trunk, with which he can embrace the boles and branches of trees, or lift up a man bodily from the ground. Moreover, at its tip, he possesses a still more discriminative tactile organ in the lip or finger, with which he can pick up a needle from the floor or gather small crumbs out of a bed of straw. This lip is largely supplied with nerves of touch, which make it probably almost as sensitive as our own tongues, and perhaps far more so than the tips of our fingers. Now, we must remember that the elephant (as Dr. Bastian well remarks) is really the wisest wild animal we know, save only our own ape-like allies; for elephants will not usually breed in captivity, and almost every one that we see has been captured as an untamed roamer among the forests of Ceylon or the Himalayan valleys. They have thus never enjoyed the same advantages of education as the dog and the horse, which have been domesticated by man for thousands of generations, and have accordingly inherited the accumulated effects of long intercourse with a superior race. But the elephant's cleverness is all his own. He has learned and developed it for himself in the course of his wanderings up and down the world, forever seeing and handling with curiosity every new object that comes in his way.

Again, if we look at the pouched animals, like kangaroos and wombats, we shall find that they are, as a rule, extremely stupid. The great kangaroo himself is said to be so hopelessly silly, that when he is beaten he turns to bite the senseless stick, instead of attacking the person who wields it. But there is one of these marsupials which shows great intelligence and cunning, so that its name has become as proverbial in America for sagacity as that of the fox in England—I mean the opossum. Now, the opossum is remarkable for the possession of a hand on its hind feet, with an opposable thumb, almost as perfect as the monkey's. Furthermore, many species of opossum have a prehensile tail, which stands them in good stead as a grasping organ. It is this faculty of grasping and handling things which accounts for their superior intelligence. The brain has become hereditarily enriched with all kinds of nervous connections answering



to the tactual facts disclosed to them by their developed organs of touch.

Similarly, amongst birds, as Mr. Spencer also points out, the parrots are universally acknowledged to rank first in intellectual order: and they are equally distinguished for their very hand-like claws, with which they can firmly grasp a nut or a lump of sugar, holding two toes on the opposite side from the other two, in a manner exactly analogous to the use of our own thumbs. Besides, the upper half of their bill is very freely movable, being specially articulated to the skull for that express purpose; and the advantage which parrots derive from this peculiarity must have been noted by everybody who has watched them climbing their cages, and holding on to the wires by beak and claws together. In fact, Polly is always handling and mumbling everything she comes across, with obvious curiosity to know what it is really like. Hence, once more, the high intelligence of the parrots as a tribe, derived from their large and varied experience of external bodies, both personal and inherited.

I might, if I liked, go on to show conversely that most animals with very ill-developed tactile organs have usually a low grade of intellectual development. But I have probably said enough already to illustrate the general principle involved, which is, briefly speaking, this: An animal cannot really *know* any object by merely seeing it: in order fully to understand the nature of the object, it must also feel it, handle it, grasp it all round. Thus alone can it translate the symbolical language of sight into the real language of touch. Visible forms and colours require to be reduced to tactual shapes and to solid or liquid resistances before they are really comprehended. Touch, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it, is the mother-sense of all the senses. Thus, those animals which can best feel a body on every side, and learn experimentally its material composition, are those which have the fullest groundwork for the growth of intelligence, and which consequently display, as a rule, the greatest sagacity of all.

Starting from this general principle, derived from Mr. Herbert Spencer, it appears difficult at first sight to account for the acknowledged cleverness of the dog and the horse. To be sure, in the latter case, Mr. Spencer calls attention to the extreme mobility of the horse's upper lip, which is constantly used for feeling and testing objects around it in a manner that remotely suggests the elephant's trunk. But this mobile lip seems hardly enough by itself to account for the equine intelligence, especially when we remember the excessive rigidity of the uncloven and seemingly toeless hoof. Again, even the long and intimate intercourse with man is scarcely alone

sufficient to explain the high faculties of dogs. Other animals, domesticated for ages, do not exhibit the same developed intellectual powers. Yet we must remember that, on the whole, the intelligence of tame species is roughly proportionate to the intimacy of their association with humanity, and to the variety or frequent change in their pursuits. For example, the sheep, though descended from the decidedly intelligent race of goats, has never had anything to do except to feed, fatten, grow wool, and make mutton ; his wits have never been sharpened by close intercourse with his keepers, and he is carefully guarded against the enemies whom in his wild state he would have to escape by his own cunning or fleetness of foot. He has consequently degenerated, under domestication, into the stupidest and heaviest of all tame animals. The cow, being constantly milked and otherwise tended, besides being sometimes used for draught, has associated more closely with men, and has kept more of its original sagacity, in spite of the demoralising influences of its usually lazy life. The horse and the camel—forming part of the family, almost—are far more conspicuously sensible, as is also that much-abused but really clever creature, the domestic donkey. But the dog has been the favourite companion of man from the days of the Danish shell-mounds downward. He has been associated with his master in the chase, in the home, in the sheep-walk, in the kitchen ; at meals, at games, and at battles ; by day and by night, sleeping and waking, in sickness and health ; as a servant, a hunter, a fetcher and carrier, a drawer of sledges, a driver of sheep, a fighter, an acrobat, and a theatrical performer. He has learnt the meaning of human language, and he has grown to a dim comprehension of human domestic and mercantile pursuits. The variety of his experiences has naturally engendered a wide and comprehensive intelligence, far above that of any other domesticated species. Yet this intelligence could never have been developed, even under such favourable circumstances, if there had not been great natural ability as a substratum for the acquired faculties.

How, then, can we account for so much potentiality of intellect in the dog, who has no special organ of touch, like the monkey's hand or the elephant's trunk ? I believe we must take refuge in the sense of smell. This sense is of so little intellectual importance amongst human beings that we are apt to overlook its immense value to the lower animals. But a few anatomical considerations will show us how large a part it probably plays in the consciousness of many species among our dumb relations.

If we cut open the head of a man, we shall find in it a large and

highly developed optic centre, directly connected with the eye and the nerves of sight, and having numerous side connections with other parts of the brain. This large nervous mass accurately reflects the extreme importance of sight in the human system. Our world is mainly a world of visible objects, corrected and interpreted by the indications of our sense of touch and of our muscular activity. We think of things chiefly as we see them, and very little as we smell them or taste them. Accordingly, we find that in man the olfactory lobes, which stand to the sense of smell in the same relation as the optic centres stand to the sense of sight, are small and inconspicuous. They have, apparently, but few connections with other parts of the brain, and they do not answer to any large and important associations of ideas. We find our consciousness of smells is merely isolated, while our consciousness of sights is continuous and closely interwoven with all our thinking. Forms and colours, actual and ideal, make up the greater part of our material universe. When we think of Paris, or of Switzerland, or of our friend Jones, our ideas are mostly ideas of their visible aspect, and very little suspicion of any other sense than sight enters into our mental picture.

On the other hand, if we cut open the head of a dog, we find a large and developed optic centre, much the same as man's ; but we also find a very big and very important olfactory lobe, having an immense number of lateral connections with every other part of the brain. The dog's nose is an organ almost, if not quite, as important to him as his eyes, and entirely analogous to our own fingers. If you and I see any object which we do not know, and if we are anxious to learn more about its nature, we go up to it and handle it. But if my dog Anacharsis sees anything of the same sort, he cannot handle it ; so he smells it instead. When he has carefully sniffed at it all round, and compared the smell with all similar or contrasting smells in his well-stored memory, he *knows* the object, just as you and I do when we have handled it. He may then proceed to tear it with his teeth, or to worry it, or to leave it disdainfully alone as a thing not worthy his exalted notice. But the essential acts in his cognition of it are the seeing and the smelling, just as with us they are the seeing and the handling. Note, too, that, while sight in both cases supplies us with what we may call distant information about the object, it is smell in the dog, or handling in ourselves, which gives us the ultimate and final knowledge of what the thing is in itself—of its inner and intimate nature. If Macbeth sees an airy dagger, we ask him whether he can grasp it also ; a dog, under similar circumstances, would go up and take a

sniff at it. Sometimes Anacharsis is taken in for a moment by his eyes, like all the rest of us ; but when he has made an olfactory examination of the doubtful object, his mind is set at rest immediately. A feather moving in the breeze often imposes upon him for a moment, until a sniff reveals the fact that it is a dead feather only, and not a living butterfly.

Dogs not only smell odours, in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognisable odour from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharsis knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognise me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognise the same odour as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent amongst a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memento of my presence for hours afterwards. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone, and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt ; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognisable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles or straws which lie across the road. Thus, the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

We human beings remember smells but ill. Our shrivelled little olfactory lobes are but the relics of those once possessed by our ancestors, and scent amongst us has become a very occasional and unimportant endowment. The facts mentioned above, however, show that the dog not only recognises, but also remembers, smells far better than we do. His high discrimination of odours is joined to an equally high power of memory in the same direction. Anacharsis

remembers from day to day the smell of my clothes ; he recognises old friends after long absence by their odour ; he recollects and knows the distinctive perfumes of every bird or animal. Nay, more, it is probable that these smell-memories are consolidated into a regular succession in his mind, just as sight-memories are consolidated in ours. If you and I have once been to a place, we find our way back again by remembering the visible aspect of the road, the various streets and turnings, the trees and houses, the hills and valleys. But if Anacharsis has once been to a place and goes there again, you will see him taking notes as he runs along, not with his eyes, but with his nose. You will see him give a hearty whiff of recognition at every corner, or take a dubitative long breath at an uncertain cross-road. It has long been known that dogs conveyed by train to a strange place, or else carried in a covered basket, have often found their way home again at once and without difficulty. Now, Mr. A. R. Wallace suggests that they probably do so by observing and remembering the smells they have met with on the way ; and Professor Robertson further points out that such memory is the less remarkable when we recollect that the sense of smell in dogs is most likely an unbroken whole. "The dog's world," he says, "may be, in the main, a world of sights and smells continuous in space." In other words, while you and I think of a given field as a mass of visible objects, Anacharsis very probably thinks of it as a mass of smells. Most likely it seems no more remarkable to a dog that he can remember a whole string of odours in their regular order than it seems remarkable to us that we can remember our way from Hyde Park Corner to Oxford Circus by means of a whole string of visible objects, observed and recollected as signs of the road.

Again, when the dog thinks of anything, its smell must be a main part of his thinking about it. He must remember a man always to a great extent as a smellable thing. Indeed, the dog even dreams about smells, as we may see by his sniffing and growling in his sleep. If you watch him narrowly, you can notice that at one time he seems to dream of hunting, puts his nose down against the hearth-rug, and draws in his breath with a kind of quiet satisfaction, as if engaged in silently tracking down his game ; while at other times, he appears to dream about an enemy, when he may be observed to take sharp snorts of a convulsive kind, and to yelp angrily as he raises his head a little from the ground, in the half-assumed attitude of battle.

These examples lead us on to the fact that smells must also be largely connected in the canine mind with all kinds of appropriate emotions. Some of them must rouse associated feelings of devotion

to a master, of affection, of anger, of dislike, of excitement, or of fear. The least odour of rat or rabbit will set a terrier frantic with the hunting fever ; the spoor of a negro will drive the bloodhound wild with the instinct of tracking down the fugitive. I have known many Cuban bloodhounds in Jamaica which always fawned upon a white man, friend or stranger, but could not be trusted for a moment by any black man, including even the servants who ordinarily fed them. That scent, not colour, formed the means of discrimination is certain, for they attacked negroes at night even more than by day. Everybody must have noticed thousands of similar instances, where particular emotions were obviously associated in the minds of dogs with particular odours.

Even in our human brains, with their very shrivelled olfactory lobes, such emotional and intellectual associations with perfumes occasionally occur. We have all observed that now and then an odour recalls some half-forgotten scene or some faint wave of feeling, such as tenderness or vague melancholy. It is even usual to speak of smell as being a sense exceptionally apt so to recall ideas or emotions. But the exact contrary is really the truth. We notice these cases just because of their extreme rarity. Nobody would think of remarking it as a curiosity that a certain visible or audible object recalled another ; nobody would dream of saying anything so obvious as that the sight of their mother's face or the sound of their sister's voice vividly aroused pleasant memories and associations. But on the rare occasions when a smell faintly calls back an idea or a feeling, we are struck with the unusualness of the effect, and so make a mental note of it. Thus, the mere oddity of the experience stamps it on the mind, and induces people who are unaccustomed to psychological analysis to jump at the conclusion that smell is peculiarly powerful in recalling associated notions ; whereas the exact opposite is really the truth, at least as regards the human race. Sight, touch, and hearing are with us the leading intellectual senses ; the senses, that is to say, which have the most numerous and most definite connections between themselves, as well as with the other senses, and which, therefore, most vividly call up associated ideas. But these rare smell-currents, these trains of thought initiated by an odour, are nevertheless extremely interesting, because they enable us dimly to realise how the sense of smell acts in the lower animals. They may be regarded as survivals of the old nervous connections, now almost obliterated in our brains. In the same way we know that many idiots—human beings who have hardly developed beyond the brutal stage—are in the habit of smelling at food and other objects given to

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them ; and this would seem to be a similar survival from an earlier state. Smell is also said to be a much more important endowment amongst some savages than in civilised races. Unfortunately, I do not know whether in the brains of such idiots or savages any special note has ever been taken of the relative development of the olfactory lobes.

I hope, however, that it is now clear why, on the one hand, the central organs of smell are so large in the dog ; and why, on the other hand, he has been enabled to develop so high a degree of sagacity in spite of his total lack of delicate tactual or grasping organs. Smell, as we have seen, not only supplements sight and supersedes touch with him, but also forms endless lateral connections in every direction, so as to modify his whole conception of the universe. And since he does not manipulate things for purposes of manufacture, as we do, but merely eats, tears, or hunts them, smell really proves just as useful to him as touch does to us. Being itself, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, an " anticipatory taste," it is well fitted for the final court of appeal in cognising external objects in the case of a carnivorous animal, which uses its mouth, jaws, and teeth as its only substitute for human implements. So that the dog's intellect and the dog's senses are on the whole admirably adapted to just the sort of life which the dog must necessarily lead.

Of course many animals besides dogs have a very developed sense of smell. Dr. Bastian notes, amongst others, the American bison, in whom it is so keen that neither men nor dogs can approach him except from the leeward side ; and the camel, which is said to discover water in the desert at a distance of a mile by means of sniffing. He also notices the well-known case of the deer, whose delicacy of scent is familiar to all Highland stalkers. Indeed, one may say roughly that an acute and discriminative sense of smell is indispensable to all the carnivores for tracking their prey, and to all the ruminants for escaping their enemies. Horses, likewise, display the same high powers of scent in a remarkable degree, and with them the nose, doubtless, largely supplements their tactile and mobile upper lip. Mr. Darwin mentions the case of a blind mare in a stage-coach who regularly pulled up at certain points of the journey, opposite public-houses and other recognised stopping-places, which she seemed to distinguish by her nose quite as well as other horses did with their eyes. A frightened horse may often be reassured by making him smell the object at which he shied : he then learns what sort of thing it really was. But amongst still lower creatures it is probable that smell plays even a larger relative part than in the



mammalian races. With fishes it apparently forms the most important sense of all, guiding them to their prey from immense distances. Anglers know that trout will often refuse artificial flies if quite scentless, but will eagerly dart at them when they have been gently smeared with a piece of worm or a bit of the real insect whose form and colour they imitate. And in insects generally, smell seems in no way less valuable than sight as a guiding and directing agency.

Ants, however, present us with the most curious and perfect example of all ; and though their intelligence may seem at first sight to have little relation with the universe of dogs, I think we shall see that they do really cast a great deal of indirect light upon the canine mind. There are a few insects which possess in their heads a mass of nervous matter that may be fairly considered as analogous to the brain of vertebrate animals. These insects are the bees, flies, and ants. As a rule, the nervous system of articulate animals is very scattered, consisting of several disjointed ganglia distributed pretty equally amongst the various segments of the body. But in these higher races the head contains a small mass of higher co-ordinating centres, superimposed upon the ganglia in direct connection with the sense-organs ; and this mass has functions apparently similar to those of our own brains. Now, in the bee, the tiny brain in question must obviously be engaged in correlating and co-ordinating sights and smells with motions. The bee has a developed eye, with which it perceives the forms and colours of flowers ; and it also has a developed organ of scent, with which it perceives the perfumes of thyme or marjoram ; and it governs the movements of its wings, legs, and mouth in accordance with the information thus given it. But the ant, which is a near relative of the bee, has lost its wings (at least, in the case of the neuters), and has taken to a life of running about on its six legs instead of flying ; a change which is correlated with its carnivorous habits, just as the structure of the bee is wholly dependent upon its honey-sucking propensities. Under these circumstances the ant has almost lost its eyes, which now survive only in the winged males and females, while the workers are almost, or in some species entirely, blind. To slow and wingless carnivorous creatures scent seems to prove more useful than sight. At any rate, while the ants have quite got rid of their eyes, for all practical purposes, they have developed their sense of smell to such an extent that it serves as their one and only intellectual monitor. Since ants are wholly devoid of hearing, it appears that the whole raw material of their intelligence, the single set of sensations upon which their little brains can work, is given them by odours. What touch is to the

blind man, that is scent to the almost blind ant. They smell their way from place to place ; they recollect the road to their nest by smell ; they recognise friends and enemies by means of scent ; they track their path through life by olfactory sensations alone. Their example shows us how high an intelligence may be evolved from the constant use of this one sense in isolation.

Now, we may fairly say that in this particular the dog stands, as it were, half-way between ourselves and the ant, with one point of sensuous superiority to each of us. In man the sense of smell has become a mere relic, of no practical or intellectual importance. We may very occasionally sniff at a bottle to discover what are its contents ; but as a rule our whole conduct in life is guided by sights and sounds alone. With the ant, on the other hand, the sense of sight has become a mere relic, as unimportant to his life at large as smell is to our own. But with the bee and the dog both sight and smell are intellectual senses of the first order, guiding and directing their motions every moment of their lives. While man's world is mainly a world of sights and touches, and while the ant's world is mainly a world of smells, the dog's world is mainly a world of sights and smells combined, with an occasional interruption of sounds, touches, tastes, and internal feelings.

Another insect analogy may further help us to the comprehension of yet a more difficult problem in dog psychology. If I take an example from Dr. Bastian, I shall make the nature of the problem clearer to my readers. A hound was sent, he says, from a place in County Dublin to another in County Meath, and thence, long afterwards, conveyed to Dublin town. There he broke loose and made his way back at once to the kennel in his first home, thus completing the third side of a triangle by a way which he had never travelled in his life. From this and many similar circumstances, Dr. Bastian concludes that the lower animals may, in some cases, possess what he calls a "sense of direction." Now, I am myself averse to such somewhat mystical explanations of half unknown and half uncertain facts as that involved in the hypothesis of a seventh sense. It savours a little too much of the method by which we have been deluged with spiritualism, animal magnetism, psychic force, and a vast number of like unprovable entities. I prefer to look for an explanation of the facts, if facts they really are, among better known and undoubted realities. It so happens that we have analogies at hand which amply suffice to cover the cases in point. We have seen already that both the deer and the bison are extremely sensitive to distant smells wafted by the wind, and that it is impossible to

approach them closely except from leeward. Similarly, Mr. Slater has pointed out that male butterflies can be attracted from a very great distance by a female enclosed in a box ; and such insects always sail up from leeward ; that is to say, from the direction in which the wind carried the scent. I have myself occasionally detected the smell of brickfields and of breweries at a distance of a couple of miles, while burning spice or paraffin can be smelt at enormous distances : and there is no difficulty in supposing that to the acute olfactory nerves of dogs, accustomed as they are to track a single human trail along a road crossed and recrossed by a hundred others in every direction, much less powerful perfumes might be perceived and recognised within far greater limits of space. Wolves discover travellers at immense distances. It seems to me not at all improbable, therefore, that the dog which ran straight from Dublin to its old home may have been guided in a direct line by certain combinations of well-known though very faint odours, borne to it by the wind across an interval which seems extravagantly great to us, only because of the relative inferiority of our senses. When we recollect that home was probably just as much known to it under the form of a bundle of odours as under the form of a bundle of visual impressions, this conjecture becomes really far from remarkable.

A word or two may be given, not unprofitably, to the probable course of evolution as regards the olfactory sense in dogs. We must remember that all mammals doubtless received the sense of smell in a highly developed condition from their original pre-mammalian ancestors. But amongst carnivores generally, this primitive endowment would be continuously exercised and improved in the search for game : a hunting species needs keen senses to discover the trail of its swift-footed prey. Those wild dogs or wolves which had the sharpest scent would best track down and destroy the animals upon whose flesh they fed ; while those whose noses were less acute would die out under stress of competition. Thus the original sense would be perpetually sharpened by natural selection, till at length it reached the extraordinary development which we find to-day in the blood-hound and the setter. At the same time, as the brain was increased during the struggle for existence between the keen-witted mammalian tribes, the connections linking the organs of scent to the great central co-ordinating structures would become more and more numerous, complex, and important. So would arise the developed canine intelligence—an intelligence shared by the dog with his close relatives the wolf, the fox, and the dingo. On the other hand, as the early common ancestors of the lemurs, monkeys, and men grew more and

more decidedly arboreal in their habits and frugivorous in their tastes, they would exercise their sense of smell less and less from day to day. They have not to hunt living and wary animals, but merely to search for immovable fruits or nuts on trees and bushes. Monkeys sniff at their food, to be sure ; but they never seem to smell their way about, as dogs and other carnivores must necessarily do. Moreover, it seems pretty clear that their chief intellectual sense and their practical guide is sight, because the fruits developed to suit their tastes are bright in colour and often conspicuous in their contrast with the surrounding green leaves ; but they have generally little or no perfume, and what little they possess is apparently accidental, being only perceived when they are crushed or bruised : whereas most flowers, developed to suit the tastes of bees, whose senses of sight and smell are equally evolved, possess piercing and abundant perfumes which seem to be almost as important in attracting insects as are their brightly-coloured corollas. So monkeys have naturally little need of acute nostrils. Their olfactory lobes are accordingly much less relatively large than are those of carnivores or ruminants : the disuse of the faculty has caused dwindling of the correlated organ, and doubtless also of its connections with other portions of the brain. In man, apparently, only those few emotional waves, already mentioned, now survive to give us some dim idea of the great system of chords, silent in our race, but once resonant to a thousand varying moods in our earlier ancestors.

But, as smell becomes less and less an intellectual sense, it becomes more and more purely a source of direct sensuous pleasure or discomfort. Man, and especially civilised man, is extremely sensitive to perfumes, viewed as agreeable or disagreeable ; while the dog takes little note of their immediate pleasurableness or painfulness, being more engaged in considering their remoter intellectual implications. We ourselves delight in the breath of violets and roses ; while a dog, as Geiger says, takes not the slightest notice of what seem to us the most exquisite perfumes of flowers or leaves. On the other hand, we are repelled at once by the effluvia of dead animals and other noisome odours ; while the dog quietly regards them as fit subjects for scientific contemplation. He pokes his nose unconcernedly into the midst of carrion, merely to investigate what sort of rubbish it may be. But Geiger is quite wrong in supposing that this canine insensibility to olfactory pleasures and pains is a mark of sensuous inferiority. It is, on the contrary, an accompaniment of high discriminativeness. The dog can distinguish between a thousand different individual trails of scent, left by a thousand speci-

fically identical human beings: while we ourselves can at best distinguish the smell of dogs from the smell of cats, if indeed we can accurately do even that. In fact, though Sir William Hamilton framed his law far too stringently in its antithetical conciseness, there is much rough truth in his generalisation, that the emotional and intellectual elements in every sense-perception are inversely proportional to one another. Only, we must remember that the principle applies merely to the direct and immediate emotional effects, not to those awakened by association. For, while the dog is little moved directly by what seem to us pleasant or unpleasant smells, he is much moved by emotional associations which are never aroused with us to anything like the same extent by perfumes alone. And this is the true reason why no fine art can be based upon odours, for the human race at least. There are no associated emotions upon which the art could play. One of our great humourists has given a whimsical account of an imaginary instrument for yielding æsthetic combinations of perfumes, by means of stoppers opened and shut in certain orders, so as to give rise to harmonies and contrasts, the perfumes being made to succeed one another rapidly by means of a current of air, over which the nose of the amateur was held. Now, such an instrument could never yield high artistic results with mankind, because odours do not arouse indirect trains of emotion in our minds, as musical combinations do. We could appreciate, perhaps, the mere sensuous beauty of the perfume-melody, but we could not feel in it any of that higher emotional delight which musical minds experience from a sonata of Beethoven. If, however, we had a highly cultivated race of animals descended from dogs, it is probable that they would be able to receive just the same sort of enjoyment from the scent-piano, with its deftly interwoven harmonies arousing relatively large waves of associated emotion, which we ourselves receive from the sound-piano, with its similar potentiality for awakening infinite resonances of feeling and thought in the human brain. With the dog, the direct emotional effect of perfumes is less than with ourselves, but the indirect emotional effect is greater.

Finally, I should like, in concluding, to express once more my obligations to Professor Croom Robertson and Dr. Bastian, some of whose ideas I have done little more than expand and illustrate, merely adding such minor *aperçus* of my own as happened to occur in the course of working out their original hints to the fullest natural conclusion. Animal psychology is still, however, a comparatively ungarnered field, and there is yet much to be gleaned by careful workers who are prepared to go independently over the ground

already broken by Mr. Herbert Spencer and his contemporaries. In these rough notes I have confined myself entirely to a single aspect of dog psychology, and yet how large an amount of curious analogy with man and diversity from man they display even on this solitary point! The complete psychological treatment of a butterfly's mind, gathered from such fragmentary evidences or indications as we can collect, would alone, I believe, form sufficient matter for a thick and interesting volume.

GRANT ALLEN.

*THE ECLIPSE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

IS it altogether “ a false notion that the general sympathy with the merits of Shakespeare ever beat with a languid or intermittent pulse? ” that the noble dramas—

Those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James—

were much less esteemed in the reign of Charles I., and for a long time afterwards? Malone and Steevens ventured to deny in effect that the poet was illustrious in the century succeeding his own, and adduced evidence in support of their opinion. As a consequence, De Quincey, in his biography of Shakespeare, written for the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, expressed himself very wrathfully in their regard, even accusing them of absolute untruth. He sought to demolish these “ confident dogmatists,” as he called them, by simply contradicting them. He wrote confessedly without books to assist him, admitting that for many of his dates and other materials he had been obliged to depend solely on his memory.

They had cited Dryden. “ To cite Dryden as a witness for any purpose against Shakespeare,” De Quincey wrote indignantly—“ Dryden, who of all men had the most ransacked wit and exhausted language in celebrating the supremacy of Shakespeare’s genius—does indeed require as much shamelessness in feeling as mendacity in principle.” De Quincey’s memory was here at fault. Dryden, it is true, pays tribute of a sort to the merits of Shakespeare, but plainly shows that the poet was less valued than once he had been. In the “ Essay of Dramatic Poesy,” while stating that in his own age Shakespeare was prized beyond all his contemporaries, and that “ in the last King’s court, when Ben’s reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him,” Dryden admits that others were then (1666) “ generally preferred before him,” and proceeds to describe the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher as “ now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage : two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare’s or Jonson’s. The reason,” he explains, “ is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in



their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs." Further, in his "Defence of the Epilogue," a postscript to his tragedies of the "Conquest of Granada," Dryden writes : " Let any man who understands English, read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech or some notorious flaw in sense : and yet these men are revered when we are not forgiven." He denounces " the lameness of their plots : " made up of some " ridiculous incoherent story. . . . I suppose I need not name 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' nor the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as the 'Winter's Tale,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Measure for Measure,' which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth nor the serious part your concernment." He finds that Shakespeare " writes in many places below the dullest writers of our, or of any precedent, age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets : he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one ere you despise the other. . . . Let us, therefore, admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness and (as I may call it) a lethargy of thought for whole scenes together." The audiences of the time of Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden thus describes : " They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the Golden Age of Poetry have only this reason for it—that they were then content with acorns before they knew the use of bread," &c. Altogether, it must be said that Dryden's comments upon Shakespeare are not remarkable for their reverence, while they afford fair evidence of that comparative neglect of the poet to which Malone and Steevens had referred.

De Quincey, admitting it, passes lightly over the fact that inferior dramatists were sometimes preferred to Shakespeare. He argues that *ordinary minds*, in quest of relaxation, will reasonably prefer any recent drama to that which, having lost all its novelty, has lost much of its excitement, and that in cases of public entertainment, deriving part of their power from scenery and stage pomp, novelty is for *all minds* an essential condition of attraction. And this is certainly true. New things are often prized simply because of their newness, while old things are undervalued merely because they are old. In the course of time the plays of Shakespeare were classed in the established repertory of the theatre; they had become what the actors

call "stock pieces;" they no longer excited as once they did; their incidents and characters were now familiar; the element of surprise was removed from the entertainment. The public supporting the theatres were more interested in the new productions; they held the dramas they knew to be of less consideration than the dramas they had yet to make acquaintance with. Beaumont and Fletcher began to write in 1607, when Shakespeare had been for twenty years before the playgoing public. Nevertheless, Shakespeare had not ceased to produce in 1607; indeed, certain of his finest plays had yet to appear. Although Shakespeare is to be considered as the elder dramatist, the three poets may yet be viewed as contemporaries, producing plays side by side as it were. Beaumont even predeceased Shakespeare, and Fletcher survived him only nine years. It could hardly have been, therefore, on account solely of their greater novelty that the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher obtained the decided preference of the public. De Quincey, indeed, is constrained to account for this by allowing that "in some departments of the comic Beaumont and Fletcher, when writing in combination"—and this was only in the lifetime of Shakespeare—"really had a freedom and breadth of manner which excels the comedy of Shakespeare:" which is simply an admission that Beaumont and Fletcher were preferred to Shakespeare because they were, in truth, superior to him.

Fletcher appears, indeed, at one time to have been especially exalted at the expense of Shakespeare. Cartwright, esteemed "one of the best poets, orators, and philosophers of his age," in his panegyrical verses addressed to Fletcher, at once compliments the younger and affronts the elder poet:

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies  
I' th' ladies' questions and the fool's replies:  
Old-fashioned wit which walked from town to town  
In trunk-hose, which our fathers call the clown, &c.

Of course "Twelfth Night" is here contemptuously referred to. And Birkenhead in his Address to Fletcher must needs write:

Brave Shakespeare flowed, yet had his ebbings too,  
Often above himself, sometimes below;  
Thou always best!

A more famous poet, Denham, is scarcely less laudatory of Fletcher:

When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,  
And swayed in the triumvirate of wit,  
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,  
Or what more easy Nature did bestow  
On Shakespeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown  
Their graces both appear.

A certain disregard of Shakespeare on the part of the public is also evidenced by the prologue to Shirley's comedy of the "Sisters," acted at the Blackfriars Theatre probably about 1640 :

You see  
What audience we have ; *what company*  
*To Shakespeare comes?*—whose mirth did once beguile  
Dull hours, and, buskined, made even sorrow smile ;  
So lovely were the wounds that men would say  
They could endure the bleeding a whole day :  
*He has but few friends lately.*

While the prologue to the same author's later comedy of "Love's Tricks ; or, the School of Compliments," upon its performance in 1667, contains the lines :

In our old plays the humour, love, and passion,  
Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion;  
That which the world called wit in Shakespeare's age  
Is laughed at as improper for our stage.

And Malone cites a satire of 1680, of like purport :

At every shop, while Shakespeare's lofty style  
Neglected lies, to mice and worms a spoil,  
Gilt on the back, just smoking from the press,  
The apprentice shows you Dursley, Hudibras, &c.

But this has carried us some years beyond the Restoration.

The Puritans closed the theatres, and, practically, destroyed the Elizabethan drama. The Restoration brought with it plays of its own, as it brought its own manners, fashions, follies, and vices. It persistently disparaged Shakespeare ; viewed him, indeed, very scornfully. Grave Evelyn noted : " To a new play with several of my relatives : the ' Evening Love,'—a foolish plot and very profane ; it afflicted me to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious time ;" and he further remarked that " now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad." This was in 1662 ; he had been witnessing a performance of " Hamlet," supported by the great Mr. Betterton. There is significance, too, in the very low estimate of certain of Shakespeare's plays entertained by Mr. Pepys. He may not be accounted very wise, yet Pepys was a man of some taste and cultivation, and was probably in advance of the average playgoers of his time. Would he have found courage to hold the poet so cheaply if the general opinion had not been depreciatory ? It may be remembered that he accounted " Romeo and Juliet " " a play of itself the worst that ever I heard ;" that to his thinking, in comparison with Tuke's " Adventures of Five Hours," " Othello " was " a

mean thing ;" that he judged "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be "the most insipid ridiculous play that I saw in my life," &c. &c.

Pepys, recording his first purchase of a Shakespeare, discloses a curious preference for other authors. He had gained, it seems, some three pounds by his stationer's bill to the King, in the way, presumably, of illicit commission or perquisite, and he resolved forthwith to lay out the money in books. He found himself at a great loss what to choose. He inclined towards "books of pleasure, as plays, which," he owns, "my nature was most earnest in ; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Kent, besides *Shakespeare*, Jonson, and Beaumont's Plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthies, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure, and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies." It is satisfactory to find, some six months later, an entry in his diary : "Home, calling for my new books, namely, Sir H. Spillman's Whole Glossary, Scapula's Lexicon, and *Shakespeare's plays*, which I have got money out of my stationer's bills to pay for." He had secured a Shakespeare at last, however he had given his original election to very inferior works.

Malone's statement, that "from the Restoration to 1682 no more than four plays of Shakespeare were performed by a principal company in London," is, of course, erroneous. But the Pepys manuscripts, from which so much information touching the stage of the seventeenth century has been derived, were not published until 1825 ; Malone died in 1812. In fact, "Othello," "Henry IV.," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "Henry VIII.," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," were all presented, and from the original text, within some five or six years of the Restoration. The system of altering or "adapting" Shakespeare commenced, perhaps, on the 18th of February, 1662, with the "Law against Lovers," an arrangement by Davenant of "Measure for Measure," introducing much dialogue of his own, and the characters of Benedick and Beatrice borrowed, for the occasion, from "Much Ado about Nothing." "Romeo and Juliet," revived on the following 1st of March, was, after a while, played, now with a happy, now with a tragical, conclusion—the alteration being ascribed to the Hon. James Howard. No protest seems to have been uttered in regard to these mutilations of the poet ; there was no cry of sacrilege ! This literary cutting and wounding was deemed, indeed, a lawful occupation ; the adapters were rather complimented upon their ingenuity than denounced

for their Vandalism. Nor did Shakespeare suffer alone. The "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Fletcher, materially altered by Davenant, appeared as the "Rivals" at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1664. De Quincey, while warmly denouncing "the degenerate taste which substituted the caprices of Davenant, the rants of Dryden, or the filth of Tate, or the jewellery of Shakespeare," yet charges the managers with responsibility, and acquits the public, who, he asserts, had no choice in the matter. It must be said, however, that the managers, who cater for the public, rather follow taste than lead it; and that players are very much what their patrons make them or would have them be. Many plays were brought back to the stage, after the reopening of the theatres, and performed in their original state. It may be assumed that they afterwards underwent alteration to meet the deteriorated tastes of the public. De Quincey, indeed, charges Malone with "the grossest folly" for accounting the numerous adaptations so many insults to Shakespeare, "whereas they expressed as much homage to his memory as if the unaltered dramas had been retained. The substance *was* retained," he proceeds, "the changes were merely concessions to the changing views of scenical propriety; sometimes, no doubt, made with a view to the revolution effected by Davenant at the Restoration in bringing *scenes* (in the painter's sense) upon the stage; sometimes also with a view to the altered fashions of the audience, during the suspension of the action, or perhaps to the introduction of after-pieces, by which, of course, the time was abridged for the main performance." This apology for the adaptation and garbling of the plays is certainly strained and disingenuous. The changes effected by Davenant, his fellows and followers, are inaccurately described. They are for the most part grossly wanton and capricious. De Quincey himself denounces Nahum Tate's "King Lear" as "the vilest of travesties," consecrating his name to "everlasting scorn." Yet the "Lear" of Tate is no worse than the "Macbeth" of Davenant, the "Tempest" of Dryden and Davenant, or the "Cymbeline" of Durfey. And Tate, it may be added, did not confine himself to "Lear." He also operated upon "Coriolanus" and upon "King Richard II." Nor was he in his own time the "poor grub of literature" that De Quincey describes. It need hardly be mentioned that he succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate, and that, aided by Dr. Brady, he prepared the version of the Psalms that is still sung in many churches.

But the neglect of Shakespeare must surely have been very general, or Tate could not have written as he did in the dedication of his mangled edition of "Lear." He calmly mentions the original tragedy

as "an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend." Thereupon he discovered it to be "a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure;" promptly he resolved, "out of zeal for all that remains of Shakespeare," to remodel the story. In like manner Ravenscroft, who, in 1672, had produced an adaptation of "Titus Andronicus," made it a subject of boasting that "none in all the author's works ever received greater alterations or additions, the language not only refined, but many scenes entirely new, besides most of the principal characters heightened and the plot much increased." In a new prologue, written expressly for the occasion, the adapter protested that he had "but winnowed Shakespeare's corn," declaring, indeed,

So far he was from robbing him of his treasure,  
That he did add his own to make full measure.

The true adapter's tone is also preserved by Benjamin Victor, who, so late as 1762, produced a version of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." "It is the general opinion," he writes, "that this comedy abounds with weeds. . . . The rankest of those weeds I have endeavoured to remove," &c., &c. Further, it may be noted that Lord Shaftesbury, famous for his "Characteristics," 1711, complained of Shakespeare's "rude, unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase and wit."

Steevens, in support of his allegation that Shakespeare was very little read at one time, pointed out that "the author of the 'Tatler,' having occasion to quote a few lines out of Macbeth, was content to receive them from Davenant's alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised or arbitrarily omitted." Steevens is clearly alluding to Steele, the founder and editor of the 'Tatler,' who in No. 167 of that publication attributes these lines to "Macbeth"—they proceed, of course, from Davenant's version of the tragedy:

To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow  
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,  
To the last moment of recorded time!  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle, &c.

But De Quincey supposes that Addison is referred to, and is at pains to explain that Addison had never read Shakespeare; that the author of "Lear" was manifestly unknown to the author of "Cato," and totally beyond the reach of his sympathies. De Quincey, indeed, professed "by express examination" to have ascertained "the curious fact that Ad-



dison has never in one instance quoted or made any reference to Shakespeare." Such an assertion could not be maintained, as De Quincey himself, at a later date, was brought to admit. Almost the only objection to Tate's maltreatment of Shakespeare was indeed raised by Addison. In No. 40 of the "Spectator" he wrote: "'King Lear' is an admirable tragedy as Shakespeare wrote it, but, as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty." But, if Addison's ignorance of Shakespeare had been as complete as De Quincey pronounced it, would not general ignorance of Shakespeare have been thereby implied? Is it probable that the public addressed by the "Spectator" and the "Tatler" were more enlightened on such a subject than were Addison and Steele? A writer in the "Tatler," No. 8—probably Steele himself—is even found exhorting "people of condition" to encourage the representation of the noble characters of Shakespeare, by way of amending the "low gratifications" of the stage of that time. Were dramas of a high class, he argues, "more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them." There was at this period no enthusiasm on behalf of Shakespeare; but Addison and Steele certainly presented themselves as, in a placid way, the admirers and advocates of the poet—placing him on a par, say, with Lee, Rowe, or Southern.

The printing-press, as a means of testing popularity, cannot be safely depended upon in relation to early books. The collected plays of Shakespeare formed an expensive work, and the book-buying public of the seventeenth century must certainly have been limited. The first folio edition of the plays was published in 1623, the second in 1632, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1685. It is, of course, impossible to state the number of copies comprised in these editions. The expense of publication in folio probably interfered with the diffusion of the book, while the years of civil war no doubt weighed heavily upon the publishing trade as upon literature in general. But can it be said that these four editions in sixty years demonstrate the popularity of Shakespeare? Within a similar period there seem to have been as many editions issued of the works alike of Jonson and of Beaumont and Fletcher, quite as costly to print as were Shakespeare's; while it may be noted that of Sidney's "Arcadia" there were twelve editions published between 1590 and 1674. It was not until nearly a century after Shakespeare's death that there appeared an octavo edition of his works. This was edited by Rowe, and was followed by Pope's quarto edition in 1725; by Theobald's edition of 1733; Hanmer's of 1744; Warburton's of 1745; Blair's of 1753; Johnson's of 1765; Capell's of



1767—the list need hardly be continued. There has since been no lack of appreciation of Shakespeare, so far as publication and commentaries are concerned ; edition after edition has appeared, and the poet has undergone the most searching analysis and criticism. But have Shakespeare's earlier editors—such as Pope and Johnson, for instance—really enhanced his fame? According to Schlegel, it has been due to the labours of the commentators that foreign opinion so long depreciated Shakespeare's plays as “monstrous productions which could only have been given to the world by a disordered imagination in a barbarous age.” Even among Germans, “Lessing was the first to speak of Shakespeare in a becoming tone.” David Hume's description of the poet and his period—“Born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books”—had been generally adopted on the Continent: Hume's History being “the English work with which foreigners of every country are best acquainted.”

But there came at last a remarkable change in the point of view and in the tone of the critics and the commentators. They now spoke of the poet with “bated breath and whispering humbleness ;” they judged him—so far as it can be said that they judged him at all—no longer looking down upon him as from a superior position, but looking up at him most reverently the while they humbled themselves and crouched at his feet. Hallam ascribes “the apotheosis of Shakespeare,” as he calls it, to “what has been styled a frigid and tasteless generation, the age of George II.,” and asserts that “the idolatry of Shakespeare has been carried so far of late years that Drake, and perhaps greater authorities, have been unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays—an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honourable to the poet.” No doubt the arrival of Garrick upon the scene restored certain of Shakespeare's works to the list of acting dramas. But the enthusiasm stirred by the actor must not be mistaken for admiration of the poet. Theatres are crowded rather because of the players than because of the plays. As Hazlitt writes : “It would be ridiculous to suppose that any one ever went to see Hamlet or Othello represented by Kean or Kemble ; we go to see Kean or Kemble in Hamlet or Othello.” And Lamb, contrasting the impressions obtained at a theatre with those derived from reading, observes : “We are apt not only to sink the playwright in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds, in a perverse manner, the actor with the character which he represents. It is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disembarass the idea of Hamlet from the voice and person of Mr. K. We speak of Lady Macbeth

while we are in reality thinking of Mrs. Siddons." Lamb notes, too, a certain levelling quality as in the nature of histrionic exhibitions. They, as it were, handicap the great poet and the mere playwright. "Who does not speak indifferently of the Gamester and of Macbeth as fine stage performances, and praise the Mrs. Beverley in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. S. ? Belvidera and Calista, and Isabella and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona ? are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way ? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other ? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced, the productions of the Hills, and the Murphys, and the Browns ? and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakespeare ?" Lamb is moreover disposed to deny to Garrick the merit of being even an admirer of Shakespeare. "A true lover of his excellencies he certainly was not ; for would any true lover of them have admitted into his matchless scenes such ribald trash as Tate, and Cibber, and the rest of them, that 'with their darkness durst affront his light,' have foisted into the acting plays of Shakespeare ? . . . Yet I doubt not he delivered this vulgar stuff with as much anxiety of emphasis as any of the genuine parts, and, for acting, it is as well calculated as any."

Lamb and Hazlitt may certainly be credited with that "idolatry of Shakespeare" of which Hallam has made mention, that complete recognition of his supremacy, that unhesitating preference of him to all the world, which has become the faith of these later times, but which scarcely existed throughout the seventeenth and great part of the eighteenth centuries, and of which Addison and his contemporaries assuredly knew but little. Lamb held that Shakespeare's plays were incompatible with stage representation—were less calculated for performance than the productions of almost any other dramatist whatever ; "their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so." Hazlitt asserted that poetry and the stage do not agree together. "The attempt to reconcile them fails not only of effect but of decorum." He was further of opinion that the representation of Shakespeare upon the stage, even by the best actor, was "an abuse of the genius of the poet." He concludes : "The reader of the plays of Shakespeare is almost always disappointed in seeing them acted ; and, for our own parts, we should never go to see them acted if we could help it."

While, therefore, apathy or imperception in regard to the merits of Shakespeare has led to the ruthless mangling of his plays, under the

pretext of suiting them to later tastes and requirements, enthusiasm on his behalf would thus deprive him of stage representation altogether. The poet has been held to be at once too good and too bad for performance. The attitude of the general public meantime has been one of acquiescence in both opinions—the result perhaps of indifference. The playgoers have not resented the tamperings or tinkering of the adapters, have been no sticklers for the original text, and have indeed occasionally evinced a decided preference for the stage or acting editions of the poet. In regard to certain of the plays, it has only been in quite recent times that there has been rejection of the changes and interpolations of the adapters. Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps have shown more respect for the integrity of the poet than any of their more illustrious predecessors. De Quincey has urged: “Even for the vilest alteration it ought in candour to be considered that possession is nine points of the law. He who would not have introduced was often obliged to retain.” But the players—who can only be held responsible, however, when they happened to be managers as well as players—were long willing enough both to retain and introduce. Garrick, adding a last dying speech of his own contriving, otherwise restored the text of “*Macbeth*,” and suppressed Davenant’s alterations, much to the amazement of Quin. “What does he mean?” cried the veteran tragedian, reading Garrick’s announcement of the production of the play *as originally written*; “pray, don’t I play *Macbeth* as written by Shakespeare?” But Garrick is chargeable with many sins against Shakespeare. He retained Cibber’s “*Richard*” and Tate’s “*Lear*.” He mangled “*Hamlet*,” in deference, presumably, to Voltaire’s objections; he maltreated “*Cymbeline*,” “*Romeo and Juliet*,” and the “*Winter’s Tale*.” He turned the “*Tempest*” and the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*” into operas, and reduced the “*Taming of a Shrew*” into a farce. John Kemble also, while professing extraordinary veneration for Shakespeare, garbled several of the plays, and acted in many very corrupt versions. He, too, retained Cibber’s “*Richard*” and Tate’s “*Lear*,” with, in addition, the “*Tempest*” of Davenant and Dryden. The “*Coriolanus*” in which he appeared was a blending of Shakespeare and Thomson. “The name of Shakespeare,” as Hallam writes, “is the greatest in our literature—is the greatest in all literature.” The esteem in which the poet is held by his countrymen is, perhaps, best demonstrated by the multiplicity of editions of his works, by the endless processes of comment, elucidation, and laudation to which he is still subjected. The editions of course find purchasers and are read—by some. The students of Shakespeare, indeed, constitute a large class.

To a larger public Shakespeare is a book which "no gentleman's library should be without"—a book which everybody is supposed to have read and enjoyed. Ignorance on the part of an average Englishman—not one of the student class—concerning Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, or Massinger, is deemed excusable enough; but it is taken for granted that people in general have some acquaintance with Shakespeare, and duly value and venerate him. There is some reason to question, however, if the public do really know and prize the poet in regard to whom they are conventionally credited with almost a superstitious devotion. At recent performances of Shakespeare's plays it has been observed that even the sitters in the best seats, whose social position entitled them to be accounted properly informed and cultivated upon the subject, were profoundly ignorant touching the events represented on the scene. Does Hamlet fight Laertes? Is Ophelia going to drown herself? Does the Queen drink the poison? Is Hamlet killed at last? These and such as these were the questions whispered about in stalls and boxes. And so, at a performance of "Macbeth," a very well-dressed gentleman expressed himself much perplexed at the apparition of "blood-boltered Banquo" in the banquet scene. "I always thought the ghost was in Hamlet," he said. He was gravely troubled.

Playgoers have always been pleasure-seekers; there is little difference in this respect between the lieges of Elizabeth and the subjects of Victoria, although the theatrical pleasures of the past may be deemed of more worthy quality than are the dramatic entertainments of the present. The stage exists but to gratify the public. As Johnson wrote in his famous prologue :

The stage but echoes back the public voice ;  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please must please to live.

The general public have flocked to the performance of Shakespeare's plays when some great actor, or an actor believed by many to be great, has roused curiosity concerning his impersonation of the poet's more famous characters ; or when, under the pretext of illustrating Shakespeare, stage pageantry and spectacle have occupied the scene. Some few, perhaps, indifferent to the teaching of Lamb and Hazlitt, may have attended performances of Shakespeare, loving the poet for himself alone, and simply because they were performances of Shakespeare. But playgoers of this class do not form a very influential body. Occasionally "the wild vicissitudes of Taste" have come to the rescue—Taste being recognised as but another name for Fashion. The historian of the stage from 1660 to 1830 tells us of the season

of 1737-8 : " Few plays were acted about this time save those of Shakespeare," the performances being presented expressly by desire and under the patronage of " several ladies of quality." Other ladies of quality, it appears, formed themselves into a society to support the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Fielding's farce, the " Historical Register for 1736," concludes with an appeal, " And you ladies, whether you be Shakespeare's ladies or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowances," &c. But this fancy of the ladies of quality did not endure, was unattended by permanent result. Fashion was of service, however, to Garrick, when " from the polite ends of Westminster the most elegant company flocked to Goodman's Fields, insomuch that from Temple Bar the whole way was covered with a string of coaches ;" when Pope was drawn from his retreat at Twickenham, and Lord Orrery said, " I am afraid the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor." And Fashion was of considerable assistance to the Kembles and the Keans. On the other hand, it was a frequent cause of lamentation to Macready that he could not obtain the countenance of Fashion for the most perfect performances of Shakespeare ever seen upon our stage. Retiring with severe loss from his second venture as a manager, he records in his diary : " Tennent talked to me much about bringing the Fashion to the theatre. I doubt the possibility." And it was not to be.

It is by no means satisfactory to reflect that what should be a question of fine art is in truth but a matter of fashion—that the rise or the fall of Shakespeare is really dependent upon the whims of the moment, or the vagaries of taste :

Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies  
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes,

or from plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes. But the consolation remains—if it is to be accounted a consolation—that the present can compare with the past ; that things are now very much what they have always been ; and that any neglect of Shakespeare now prevailing is not simply of to-day's date, or a new invention on the part of the modern public.

DUTTON COOK.

## THE FISHES OF CANADA.

FRESH salmon at 6*d.* per lb. is certainly worth an effort to procure, and as surely as the effort is made the result may be attained. On a previous occasion<sup>1</sup> I endeavoured to show how the magnificent rivers that empty themselves into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and indeed into the Bay of Fundy, are nearly lost to the Dominion of Canada and to the world through the murderous fixed obstacles that prevent the fish from reaching their spawning-grounds. By a coincidence, there appears in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine* a drawing of St. John's, New Brunswick, disclosing a range of these terrible nets left high and dry at low water. Let any one who feels an interest in the subject turn to page 440 of that magazine, and he will see how hopeless it is to expect fisheries to flourish, or indeed even to survive much longer, where such deadly machines are suffered to exist. The net is certainly a bad one ; and, indeed, previous remarks have referred to those of more moderate dimensions, from a desire rather to understate the case than to exaggerate—but, at the same time, such nets as the one alluded to do hurt, and that unhappily in numbers. Mr. Nettle, the late inspector of fisheries in Canada, has written a very interesting work on the salmon fisheries of the St. Lawrence, and confirms in the most emphatic manner all that has been said about the destruction of these splendid fish. As we enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Atlantic, we pass Ance au Sablon ; and the names of the salmon rivers between there and the Sagounay are legion. Mr. Nettle enumerates 23 large ones, all larger than our own Wye ; but this would have to be multiplied many times to include all the salmon rivers that could produce enough fish to make a London dealer's fortune in half a season. The Esquimaux, the St. John, the Mingan, the Godbout, the Pentecost, the Trinity, and the Escoumins, are among the best. In one or two rivers the falls are too high to enable salmon to ascend far, but these are generally the best sea-trout rivers, and the fish may be taken in any quantity from four to seven pounds in weight. Of the lands from which these rivers flow, Mr. Nettle says, " but little is known that can be depended on ;

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1880.

the territory is as it were locked up, the feet of few white men have trod its surface, and the Indians (the Montagnards), and a few of the Hudson's Bay Company *employés*, are the only persons who have traversed its soil." Many of the baneful practices that formerly prevailed have been swept away ; it is pleasing to be able to say that "burning the water," as it is called, is no longer legal—that is to say, putting a pine-knot on the bow of a canoe, lighting it to reveal gravid fish on the spawning beds, and then transfixing them with a spear, or as often giving them a deadly wound, and seeing them no more. Mill-dams now, also, must have an opening for salmon to ascend ; and it may be well to remark that all "ladders," as a series of little pools or steps are called that enable a fish to surmount a dam, should be as roughly constructed as possible : a squared neatly-built basin would always be avoided by a salmon ; he has an instinctive dread of such a thing. Net fishing also is illegal from the first day of August till the last day of April, in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and fishery officers have been appointed at various places to see that the laws are properly carried out. All this is excellent, and in the right direction ; but all will be in vain until the whole system of fishing is altered, and assimilated to that of England. The monstrous standing nets and weirs that obstruct the passage of salmon to their spawning grounds must be swept away once and for all, and the approach of the fish to the upper waters of the rivers must be as free as the heavens above are to the skylark. Then, and then indeed, a harvest will appear. Then there will be no toiling all day and taking nothing. The only question will be the capacity of the English markets to find room for the fish on nearly their own terms. There is chapter and verse for every word of this, and even then the vast districts of the southern shore of the St. Lawrence are left out of the calculation, as also is the island of Anticosti. Those who have made a summer passage to Canada will remember steaming along the coast of this uninhabited land. The woods come down to the water's edge, and we may occasionally see a black bear making slowly away, or a deer, startled by the noise of the screw, raise its head, and, splashing out of the salt water, disappear like a shadow into the forest. There are no rivers of any magnitude in this island, which is hardly a hundred miles in length : the largest is the Jupiter ; but large and small literally swarm with salmon. No standing nets obstruct them, and their spawning grounds are unmolested by the torch and the spear. A company might easily be started to gather in its harvests, and, unless the price fell very much indeed in England, a golden harvest would crown their efforts ; certainly, at



8d. or 9d. a pound, the supply would justify the outlay even of a new company that had inexperience and its many handicaps to contend with. But till the fishery laws are amended, any company in Canada would be unprofitable. As for the Indians harming the fish when they reach the far-off spawning grounds in the almost untrodden wilderness, that is a chimera. There are no Indians ; or, at any rate, their numbers are so few, and their habits so nomadic, that, even if they willed it, they could do no damage. Besides this, the Indian is not the poacher—the poacher is the European. Often and often has an Iroquois or a Micmac told me that the clause in the Act that allowed them to kill game out of season, or gather ducks' eggs, or fish any way or every way, was unfair to them. "The Indian does not kill a sitting duck," they have said, "or take fish that want to spawn. It is the white man does this, and says it is the Indian ;" and indeed I believe there is very much truth in what they said. If we follow up the St. Lawrence to the Sagounay, we shall pass by fishing grounds that were matchless before the settler undertook to destroy their productions. Let one instance suffice of the prodigal wealth of the streams ; and this instance is confirmed by Mr. Nettle on page 25 of his interesting little volume. A Hudson's Bay Company schooner was properly fitted out with ice and salt, and made a trip to some of the lower fishing stations, to capture salmon. They expected to remain about a month, and great was their surprise to find that in the first day's fishing, and that only the product of a single afternoon's tide, they had taken between 500 and 600 fish ; and before a week was over they had filled their barrels, consumed all their salt, and the schooner weighed her anchor to return to the port from whence she came. What has been before may as readily be again ; and there is no possible reason why such a capture should not once more be the rule. And now I must quote Mr. Nettle's own words on another point ; his views seem to be studiously moderate, and, if adopted, would settle the question of supply finally. "Let us suppose that within this vast district there are but 400 breeding fish, which, escaping the fixed nets and spears, deposit their spawn in safety in the sands of the feeders of the St. Lawrence, which would average 15 or 20 fish for each river—a low calculation for this locality. Now, it has been proved that the smallest of the breeding fish deposit 10,000 ova each. Again, nine-tenths are given to destruction, caused by freshets, and by the enemies of their own kind, consequently 1,000 are saved from each fish. We may now presume that they are seeking the briny waters of the ocean—and here again destruction ensues, for, although the thousand to each fish leave the rivers, they do not all

return ; one in four is lost, or 25 per cent. of the whole : consequently the number and value of the salmon for this district may be thus calculated. The 400 fish give, after the destruction caused in the river, 400,000 (one thousand to each fish) ; loss while on their emigration tour 25 per cent., thus decreasing the number to 300,000. Persons who understand the subject will say that the estimate is a very low one indeed." Low indeed it is ; it is almost a burlesque of an estimate, as compared with what might be done. Instead of 400 breeding fish over this vast district, there should be almost as many thousands—there is room enough ; and the result should be in the ratio he speaks of for his 400. The concluding sentence of his estimate is worth recording : "and as few persons would object to give 2*s.* 6*d.* for a fine salmon (!), seeing the Hudson's Bay Company charge 5*s.*, the value of the fish within the Ance au Sablon and the Sagounay appears to be, from the calculation, £37,000." This was written in 1857, and there is one thing at least the writer of the book may lay credit to—he does not draw the long bow. A brief sketch is given of the Sagounay in Mr. Nettle's book, but it is quite too short to be as interesting as the subject deserves. The notes taken during several visits are not at present available ; but, speaking from recollection, I should think that for sublime scenery the Sagounay has no superior in the world. Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity rise each in one mighty rock a thousand feet high, and the waters at their base are like Chillon's :—

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls ;  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow.  
Thus much the fathom line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.

Though it is black to look at, when taken out in a glass the water is as bright as crystal, and intensely cold. And it has always been a puzzle to geologists to discover why a feeder of the St. Lawrence, which is comparatively a shallow river, should be in itself of almost fathomless depths. The Sagounay, which leaves the great circular lake St. John's, has a course of about 175 miles, and receives thirty considerable tributaries, and it could easily supply as many fish, and many more, very many more, than the late Inspector of Fisheries claimed for the whole province !

It is satisfactory also to be able to add that artificial propagation has found favour in Canada. There is an establishment at Newcastle, Ontario, for fish-hatching, and more than a million fry of salmon and trout, and other fish, are raised in a year. Now, salmon

are by this means introduced into the rivers which fall into Lake Ontario, and some of them are well stocked with these fish. Here the pernicious standing-nets are not used, but there are difficulties to contend with that do not exist in the Lower Provinces. Salt water is 200 miles distant, and the rivers running into the fresh-water lake are too full of pike and bass for young salmon to have an easy time. If such establishments were only erected at the mouths of the rivers in the Sagounay district, there is no limit to the yield that might be gathered in. There are said to be nearly four millions of acres of inland water in the Sagounay district; but the estimate, which is from the last census, is delusive: it only takes into consideration the waters in the province of Quebec; many of the rivers, however, rise beyond these limits—far away in the north and the west, running through lands of which we know but little. We know, indeed, that they have great reservoirs, and these are often fed from the melting snows of high hills that supply the clearest and the coldest of water, even in midsummer. All these should be added to the fish-producing power of the West, for in the streams of the untrodden forest salmon can spread their ova with hardly an enemy to fear but the otter or the mink. Where there is but one fisherman there might be fifty, and where there is one salmon there should be a thousand. From Labrador almost to Quebec there might be an industrious, wealthy population, storing ice which is far colder than any we ever see in our hardest frosts, all through the weary months of winter, and in the summer all they could store would be wanted. The transport to English markets is all ready to their hands, and the only limit to the yield of the waters would be the demand at home; for if all that could be easily produced were to come forward we should be calling "*Quantum sufficit*" before very long. One is reminded here of a legend that is repeated in England, and may be relegated, it is to be feared, to fishy stories in general. It is often said that in apprentices' indentures in England a saving clause used to be inserted that apprentices were not to be compelled to eat salmon more than three times in a week. This is told of every river in England; but, unhappily for the truth of legend, one remembers that an apprentice's tastes were hardly consulted in the days alluded to, and Mr. Buckland, who has made the matter a subject of some investigation, says that in no old indenture can any such saving clause be discovered in any part of England, whether on a salmon river or not.

Mr. Nettle, as has been said, confirms all that has been urged about the vastness of the capabilities of the salmon trade, and that in

his little work written in 1857, when any one who would have predicted that there were half-a-dozen butchers' shops in Chester supplied with beef that had been killed in America would have been regarded as a day-dreamer. "So simple is the process," he says, "and so wonderful are the results, that I am persuaded the artificial process will come into general use in a few years, especially as there is no vague uncertainty as to the results. They can be counted on with great precision—even more so than agricultural productions, requiring no such care as grains or esculents receive at our hands. All the fish demand to have restored to them is the *right of way, and permission to deposit their stores of wealth on our shores*. We have much to be thankful for that, in the midst of the destruction brought upon our fisheries, we have providentially the means afforded us of restocking our lakes and rivers." In some of the deep still pools where the surface is under a shadow, and we can see the depth below, it is very curious to watch the salmon. If we cautiously approach the ledge of an overhanging rock, we can count the fish, and see them apparently enjoying life for its own sake ; nothing but the fins are in motion, and that slowly, to counteract the slow current. If a fly is thrown very lightly and delicately over a hundred fish, they may not notice it for ever so long, but one will perhaps gradually leave the crowd and deliberately float up to the surface to seize it. It requires two fishermen to enjoy the scene—one to stand away from the ledge and throw, and the other to cautiously approach and take the notes ; for if the fisherman stood where he could see them, and took a cast, all the salmon would vanish too quickly for the eye to follow.

What charming recollections the days on the Lower St. Lawrence bring back ! We had on one occasion quarters in a French farm-house, and went out the morning after our arrival to try our luck with the fly. Mine was made of the dull grey hackles from a cock's neck, that are called in old books "smoky hackles ;" but if we look at these against the light we shall find that they have a few transparencies, and this shows clearly from the water. It is supposed that, to the eye of a salmon, these resemble a prawn, and of course that was his most delicate food during his visit to the sea-side. We walked a mile up the river to get to a pool, and took several casts at likely-looking eddies, though without success ; but the pool we arrived at was clearly a halting-place for salmon, and we kept away from the edge so as to throw a long line. My companion went some distance farther on, where a mountain stream met the main river, and had scooped out another small black pool in the Lawrentian rocks. After a few throws, I heard him call out that he had got a fish. I could see his silvery sides in a leap he

took out of the little pool, and, as it was an awkward corner, I sent my man, who was an adept with a gaff, to be of assistance to him should it be necessary. It was quite clear that the fish meditated a rush for a nasty rapid, where there were two or three rocks just showing themselves above the broken water. Here the man had stationed himself, for he had seen the fish making for them, and, fortunately, the captive was checked for a moment before dashing into the foam, when the unerring gaff deposited him on the bank—her, I should have said, for it was a beautiful fresh-run female fish of 13 lbs. in weight. The sides would have shamed any production of the mint, and the little head was hardly too large for a moderate-sized trout. Ten minutes did not elapse from the time of hooking her before she lay on the bank. I had been giving a divided attention between my friend and my own casts, which were rather of the careless kind, when there was a rise at the fly, but the looseness of the throw gave the fish the benefit. In three more throws over the same place the salmon rose again, and was well hooked. He reeled out fifty yards of line, and turned; a multiplying reel gathered in the slack—and here I cannot too strongly recommend these reels. Many old anglers say, “Avoid a multiplier,” but the great probability is that they have used an inferior article. It is clear that such a reel must be of the most perfect construction, or else it will not bear the strain, and you must also remember that a little extra precision in turning the handle is not thrown away. The slack of the line is gathered up so rapidly that you may always have your fish in hand. The salmon made a rush towards the place where I was standing, and at about fifteen or twenty yards’ distance began to show fight indeed, leaping out of the water to strike the line, and making several runs; but at the end of half-an-hour he showed signs of weariness, and came rather helplessly to the surface. Still, there was life in him yet, and with the shortest breathing time he would be off again; but about ten minutes longer brought him within reach of Baptiste’s gaff. We got three or four trout on our way to the farmhouse, which stood on high land overlooking the St. Lawrence estuary, here about thirty miles wide; and all the clubs in London could not have pretended to give us such a breakfast as we enjoyed there. We had excellent black tea from Poston’s of Quebec, thick cream, fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and about four or five pounds of salmon steaks, that were but too fresh. The lattice of the French cottage casement pushed away a great gathering of red and white cabbage roses, which fell back on the sill when the window was opened. Far away were the hills of Rimouski, and a pearly haze

from the St. Lawrence foretold a hot June day. There was, as we came in, a slight appearance of smoke in the distance looking down the estuary, and this had so far increased before we finished our breakfast that we could discern the hull and funnel of the steamer *Polynesian*. The day was certainly very warm, but the water was in excellent condition, and we took before evening thirteen fish—weighing 147 lbs. in all. Of course this is absurdly small sport as compared with the bags on the Godbout, where standing nets have been quite abolished; but there is plenty to entice an Englishman to try it, and with the free access of salmon to their spawning grounds, so often insisted on before, our take in this river might have been doubled. The first day was our best, and the seven subsequent ones brought us in 9, 8, 10, 11, 4, 12, 11, averaging about 11 lbs. per fish. The days passed pleasantly enough—sunny skies and drowsy nights were the rule—till we found our time was up, and we had to return to Montreal. There is a slight circumstance that left an impression on my mind as we stayed for a couple of days at the splendid hotel at Tadousac, by the mouth of the Sagounay, on our way home. An enormous whale came rolling into the bay, but kept a respectful distance from the shore, and it seemed to be known to every one quite well. It was seen daily from the windows of the hotel, and generally made its appearance at early morning. Its gambols—if such gigantic turns can be called by such a name—uphove the surge and made it sound as if a heavy gust had struck it; and when it spouted up water, Trafalgar Square would indeed have hidden its diminished head. The creature was called a “sulphur whale;” useless almost for commerce, and very dangerous to attack. It was a wonderful sight to see its great dusky back rise slowly from the water, and, after a roll or two, disappear just as slowly. We judged that a length of about eighty feet was seen at one time, and the oldest inhabitant remembered the same fish from his infancy; this gentleman was then about eighty years old, and he said that his father had often described it to him just as it appeared now. There is no mistaking it; other whales come into Tadousac Bay, but this one is all alone; the surge he makes in the water is more than a whole school of them can raise, and he always seems to keep the same hours, and to frequent the middle of the bay. The sulphur whales, of which he must be almost the monarch, are so dangerous that harpooners avoid them; they tow a boat out at once into deep water, and sink it. Yet they must be possessed of more than common shrewdness, for the Tadousac one has for generations passed by reefs that would leave him dry at low water; and if he had made a single mistake it would have been



enough, and the receding tide would have left him lying in cold obstruction.

If we ascend the St. Lawrence towards Quebec, we come across the beautiful Murray Bay. It seems to be land-locked as we enter it, and has all the appearance of an English lake. On each side of the bay there is the somewhat unwonted spectacle of a country squire's house. One lies in steep woods, and shows charmingly to the bay. It is a small, solid stone mansion ; and the other, belonging to the Nairne family, contains a small chapel, where the summer residents appear on a Sunday morning. They are modest abodes ; but a large acreage pertains to each of them, and they were built by officers that had served in Wolfe's army and received the estates for their reward. Small indeed the value must have been then ; but succeeding generations would appear to have developed it to advantage. At the head of Murray Bay is Murray River, and it enters through Murray Village, an enchanting little spot. The overhanging roofs and the broad verandahs almost remind one of a Swiss scene ; but a mile takes us out of the way of settlements, though it does not alter the beauty of the river. Formerly this river was so full of salmon that it was called "*La Rivière Saumony*," and as many as three hundred fish have been taken at a single tide. But the pernicious obstructions have gone far to ruin the fisheries ; indeed, at one time the salmon were extinct, but the modicum of law they have allowed the fish has caused this splendid region to welcome them back.

Formerly the Jacques Cartier river, that lies between Quebec and Montreal, was a notable salmon river, but it was literally depopulated of salmon by the spear and mill-dam. A gentleman from Quebec purchased the right of fishing from the Seigneur in 1849, and with a little care the fish have come back to their old haunts. He was encouraged in this by the experience of his brother, who resided in Dublin. This gentleman purchased the right of a fishery on a barren river, under the Encumbered Estates Act, and set about re-stocking it. In this he was so successful that in four years he sold his rights to a London company, and, after paying his expenses, he cleared £9,000 by the operation. To illustrate the abundance of salmon at one time along the Lower St. Lawrence, Mr. Panet, a barrister, tells a singular tale. He was on circuit at St. Thomas, and the people had not provided for the court, and sent for *le Grand Pêcheur*, who soon appeared in the form of an old Frenchwoman. She produced two long sticks, with a piece of net between them, which was formed into a kind of scoop. The tide was low, and she sought a deep little



pool between two rocks left by the receding tide. "J'en ai une" was soon heard, and, to the astonishment of Mons. Panet and his friends, she actually had scooped up a fine salmon. It is unnecessary to say that many of the *habitans* in Canada and the seigneurs are the heads of distinguished old French families ; some of them have parchments in their possession that would be envied in France, and Louis used to say, after the Restoration, that if he wanted the real old French noblesse, he would have to send to Canada. But it is not generally known that a French fishery was established on the bay of Chaleur as early as 1635, at the mouth of the bay, and was called the Royal Company of Miscon, and the head of it was the King of France. The remains of the fishing stations still exist, and it is said that some of the finest palaces in France were built out of the enormous profits of the fisheries of the early French settlers. An American writer says : " But while some of these treasures of the sea are now seldom or never captured, others are only occasionally taken, and these, which chiefly support the several fisheries, are not rendered one-twentieth part as profitable as they might be. The varieties which monopolise the present business are the herring, cod, mackerel, and salmon. The modes employed in catching all these are behind the present progressive age, and it will be a happy day for this region of the world when the capital and sharpness of the Yankee race shall be permitted to develop themselves there." I am not quite so sure that the "smartness" might not be demonstrative ; one has visions of dynamite and lime, and other enterprising methods for the capture of fish ; at any rate, let us hear the evidence of Mr. Barnwell, an American gentleman who makes periodical excursions into Canada, and is looked upon, I have been told, as a very expert fisherman ; he is certainly a pleasant writer, as his "Game Fish of the North" will testify. He says on page 52 of that book : "It is a burning shame, a foul blot on the American character, and a tarnish on their reputation for far-sighted economy, that their only idea of the treatment of the wild game of the woods and the waters seems to be total annihilation. 'After me a desert' is their motto, and they never rest till, by planting snares and liming streams, they have caught the last partridge and poisoned the last fish !" This is an indictment with a vengeance, and it must be recollected that it is brought by an enthusiastic American citizen. The calendar against Canadian fishermen is heavy enough, but it is misdemeanour to a bad case of felony as compared with this. It is singular that the salmon gives rise to disputes as acrimonious as if they concerned some political subject, or almost as if they related to some point in

theology. The ages of fish, their habits, and their diet have been fought over in America and England again and again, and that with great acerbity. Now, in Canada, all I ever urged was that the access of the fish to the rivers should be free from all fixed obstructions, but that was abundantly sufficient for a "*casus belli*." All questions of habits, diet, age, species, or sex, or anything relating to the fish itself, I granted to any one freely, but to no avail; I might speak the words of peace, but they made themselves ready for battle.

Mr. Barnwell propounds in his book a theory that somewhat surprised me. He believes that the sea-trout which ascends our rivers in July and August is only the speckled brook-trout that has had a run into the sea, urged by somewhat the same considerations of change and colder water that influence the salmon in its migrations. Certainly their appearance is the same as far as shape goes; and it is worth consideration that the rays of the branchial fins differ as they do in the brook-trout; sometimes there are eleven on one side and twelve on another, and the highest one is a half ray or small plate. These trout grow to a greater size than brook-trout, but the change of water would abundantly account for that; and if what the American says—that the silvery-white sea-trout becomes olive-coloured and dotted with red specks like a common trout—can be confirmed, the question is settled. I well know how rapidly a change of water alters the colours of any fish. A reference to a fish stall in Chester, to see if further evidence could be adduced, has just been resorted to, and certainly the contour of the fish was exactly that of a trout, and it resembled one in its small dense scales, though it was whiter than a salmon. There seems to be one objection to this view, however. The Dee is now swarming with salmon-trout, but speckled trout are almost extinct; there are a few in the upper waters, but they are rarely met with, and a fisherman, however expert, would be very lucky if he captured one even on a good day. Then, one finds some difficulty in supposing that a brook-trout could degenerate in flavour to the level of a sea-trout, which is a poor fish for the table at its best. I can give a curious instance of the transformation of a trout, on the authority of a gentleman whose family owns the shot-tower which is so conspicuous an object as we approach London by the South-Eastern Railway. A trout had been confined in a small pond that fed the water-power of his Welsh lead works, and it was taken out after about twelve years owing to some alterations in the mills. It weighed ten pounds and was silvery white, and had almost the flavour of a salmon. However, it is needless to multiply instances of fish changing their surroundings, and

with that their very nature too. The theory of salmon-trout being really brook-trout whitened by a trip to the ocean is certainly one worth considering ; but the difficulty to my mind is the abundance of the former and the scarcity of the latter, whereas one would think these conditions would be reversed.

At Tadousac Bay the fishing for salmon-trout is very pleasant. There is a large hotel supplied not only with every comfort, but with luxuries ; indeed, the completeness of the arrangements rather detracts from the pleasure of the sport. But if we follow the shores of the bay, which are gently shelving, we may walk along the ripples of the incoming tide, and cast a trout fly in clear sea-water, and between breakfast and lunch it is no great feat to capture twenty or twenty-five fish of from half a pound to three pounds in weight. The shelving beach gives every possible chance to land them ; and if a three- or four-pounder turns rusty on touching the gravel, as they sometimes will, and relieves himself of the fly, it is quite easy to drop the tackle, and reach the surge in time to cut off his retreat. Sea-trout are not an acquisition in a salmon river, as they make sad havoc among the great shoals of salmon fry that congregate in the rapids and shallows. It may be interesting to know that the foibles of the Salmonidæ of America resemble those of their English brethren, and it passes understanding to know why they feed at certain times, and why they cease. One thing seems pretty certain : a change of sky is essential, and a change also in the atmosphere ; very slight changes, too, are sufficient, and the days are few when in a good river some sport at some period may not be had. A southerly or south-easterly wind is good as a rule, and also a south-westerly. The surface of the water must be darkened—not the darkening of a cloudy sky, which indeed often leaves the water lucid and clear, but the peculiar ripple that hides the fisherman and the line. Comparatively slight changes in the weather will affect the fish. I remember being at that incomparable fishing-ground, Lake St. Simon, which lies on the south side of the St. Lawrence. The weather had been bright and warm, and the sun's rays had penetrated the waters of the pool. In a long creek leading into the lake, where there was some slight current, vast shoals of trout had congregated, as the water was a little cooler ; here, however, the coldness was not enough to make them lively ; the still flowing brook may have been some five to seven feet deep, and it was well shadowed with willows and maples, but it was not "iced" enough, and the fish, after a listless rise at the fly, sank again into the depths. The sun, however, had so warmed the waters of the lake as to make them intolerable to trout, and a brook of 30 or

40 feet wide was literally paved with them for at least a mile. An oar thrust among them caused a little stir, but they were too dejected to go far. The water was so glassy that their spots could be counted at 6 or 7 feet below the surface ; but they did not stir when the boat was being pulled over them, though, as a rule, a boat spoils a pool for the whole day, unless fish are constantly coming and going. The boatman took us back to the lake to a place where he said there were trout in the hottest day, and it was, he said, not two miles away. So we gave the fish one more chance to distinguish themselves. The place he took us to was over a cool spring where the trout abounded ; the water must have been 14 or 15 feet deep, but the trout rose again and again, and we captured in the broken end of the day 39 fish, weighing 28 lbs.

But we leave the Salmonidæ for creatures of much less interest and value in the *Esox* or Pike family, which have been the subjects of much confusion among writers. It may be said generally that there are only two distinct species found in the Canadian lakes, and these are called the masqualongé and pike. The name of the former is perverted and turned into all sorts of forms, muskinonga being a common appellative ; but it is derived simply from masque and allongé—an elongated face. In appearance it closely resembles an English pike—so closely, indeed, that, though I never had an opportunity of comparing them together, I cannot call to mind any difference in appearance. They would seem to grow, however, to a greater size than the pike ; 20 and 25 lbs. is not at all an uncommon weight ; and, though they may not equal the example we read of in an old note in Walton, where a pike pulled into a pond the parish clerk of Lilleshall, who was incautiously fishing with too strong tackle, and would have drowned him but that he escaped “by wonderful agility and dexterous swimming”—they certainly reach 60 lbs. I never saw one more than 36 lbs. in weight, but the evidence that they have reached the size mentioned is tolerably clear. At an inn at Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, there is, or was, a head preserved, which must have belonged to a monster—one that certainly could have torn a boy of ten years old if it had seen him bathing. The same stories of pike run through all fishing books, from the one at Stockholm that was put into the lake by Frederick the Second, and dated on a brass ring round its neck (!) ; it was taken out 267 years after, and weighed 350 lbs., and its skeleton, 15 feet in length, was preserved for a long time in Mannheim Cathedral ; and so on till the 92-lb. pike taken at Lord Clanricarde’s seat on the Shannon ; though now they fight a little shy of Pliny’s pike

that weighed 1,000 lbs. When a large masqualongé is hooked, he comes to a standstill, there is one heavy pull, and, if the boat is in motion, the line is reeled out ; after this he shows a good fight, and, if he is 18 or 20 lbs. in weight, it would not be safe, even with the strong tackle that is used, to attempt to capture him under from twenty minutes to half an hour. When in season, any time after June, they are good fish for the table, and not so full of small loose bones as the American pike. The approved way to cook them is to stuff them with bread-crumbs, suet, marjoram, thyme, and lemon-peel, and sew them up. They are then baked ; and when about half-done they are taken out and basted with about a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, though salt butter is almost as good, and they may be basted with advantage again before they are taken away. The sauce is made of milk and flour and anchovy. Walton says, roast pike on a spit and baste them "with claret-wine and anchovies and butter mixed together ; also with what moisture falls from him into the pan ;" and for the sauce he suggests an addition of the juice of two or three oranges and a little garlic, all of which is worthy of attention. But his directions for dressing a pike, which is not equal in flavour to a masqualongé, in the "4th day," are curious and interesting, and probably valuable. One can detect a little of the "Ship" or the "Trafalgar" flavour in it. His complacency is charming at the last, when he says that a fish dressed in that manner is too good for any but "anglers or very honest men." The pike is certainly very like this fish, and it has even been thought that they were the same, but their habits are certainly different. "The distinction between the masqualongé and the pike is scarcely visible even to the eye of science, and to the unlearned is marked only by a slight difference in the shape of the head and the colouring of the sides." The light tint is yellow in the pickèrel (pike), and white in the masqualongé. As for the number of fin rays, this test cannot be depended upon with certainty when such men as Agassiz, Dr. Mitchill, and Dr. De Kay differ so widely. The pectoral fin of a pike, for example, according to the last-named authority, contains thirteen spinal rays, while Agassiz counts eighteen. But it always seems to me that changing their habitations could not account for some differences both in appearance and habits. The pike lie under water-lilies and among tall reeds, and are often found in great numbers in the same locality. They are an uglier fish, and more voracious and wolfish in appearance, than masqualongé, and are inferior in quality even to English pike ; but masqualongé generally prefer some solitary nook, after the manner of a Thames trout, and

grow to enormously greater dimensions than pike. The differences in colour and in marking are given in various books on the subject ; but these differ so greatly that I never did consider such a test reliable. There is an interesting fish in the lakes and the St. Lawrence called a *gar-pike*, or gar-fish, and it belongs to bygone ages. We find traces of them in fossils, and they form an important element in the relics of the Devonian system ; but they are nearly extinct as a species : only two rivers running out of the American lakes and the Nile contain any specimens ; and it is not a little singular that there is much similarity in the conditions of these rivers. They take their rise from enormous reservoirs ; we have no certain knowledge which possesses the greater, but unless it were for these sources of supply, each river would be in hot summer weather little more than a half-stagnant brook. How far these exceptional conditions have preserved the type from destruction it is impossible to say, but it would seem as if they had some part in the matter. The gar-fish are ganoids—so called from the bright surface of their shining scales ; these are of bone, and they are covered with hard enamel. Sleeve-links, or many other of the lighter articles, might be made of their shining hard scales, which enclose the whole body like plate armour. There seem to be two kinds—the long-nosed gar, which is not more than a yard in length ; and the alligator gar, which is a much heavier fish. The head of the first terminates in a kind of long beak studded with teeth ; and the latter has long white jaws, and is much larger and more repulsive in appearance. The Canadians have a great horror of them, and when one is about they say the fish of all kinds leave the bay or creek where he is lurking. But they are very rare—we may only see one in the course of years—and probably their extinction is not far distant. They would leave few to regret them, except as interesting examples of the monsters of a past age. They have no value, except to the curious ; and we are more concerned in the increase of the Salmonidæ than in the preservation of a link that connects us with palæozoic ages, although it is like losing some old friend to see even these become extinct.

ALFRED RIMMER.

*THE "THUNDERER" GUN.*

OUR naval ordnance is a subject which will engage the early and serious attention of Parliament, and a searching investigation into what is known as the Woolwich system of gun construction is imminent. The public anxiety created by the *Thunderer* explosion was abated for a time by the reassuring report of the committee of inquiry ; but the bursting of Sir William Armstrong's 100-ton gun on board the Italian turret ship *Duilio* has reawakened fears which were only partially lulled. From the first there have been two opinions, among men capable of judging, on the subject of our own disaster ; some agreeing with the committee that the balance of evidence points to the gun having given way under a double charge, while others believe, with Sir William Palliser, that the fracture was due to causes which are always present and may at any moment develop similar accidents. In the case of the *Duilio*, it is clear that the system of construction failed ; and it will not be forgotten that both Woolwich and Elswick build their heavy ordnance on precisely similar principles, while there has never been a question as to Sir W. Armstrong's excellent workmanship ; on the contrary, it is sometimes said that we allow other nations to purchase from him guns which are superior in this respect to those turned out of the national arsenal. After what has occurred on board the two ships, the country will demand that the Woolwich system be put upon its trial ; and, in anticipation of a new "battle of the guns," involving larger issues than were at stake when the rival systems of Sir W. Armstrong, Mr. Whitworth, and others were competing for adoption, it may be well shortly to review the story of the *Thunderer* disaster, taking a preliminary glance at the general principles which govern the construction of modern naval ordnance.

These are fully illustrated by the 38-ton gun, which is built up in the following manner :—A steel tube, 12 inches bore and  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, is tightly clasped externally by three coiled tubes of wrought iron, each of which occupies about one-third the length of the steel tube. One coil surrounds the muzzle, another the middle of the gun, while a third encircles the breech, and the latter is again clasped



by a second coil having the trunnions forged upon it. The "coils" are so named because they consist of rectangular bars of wrought iron wound into great spirals, which are brought to a welding heat and placed end-up under a powerful steam-hammer, whose blows weld each convolution of the spiral to its neighbour, and thus form a tube. The three tubes are next turned in suitable lathes, and bored to a diameter slightly too small to admit the steel lining, over which, however, they will just slide when expanded by heat, and upon which they shrink with great force on cooling. The second or outer coil is shrunk over the breech-piece, and the gun is completed by rifling the steel tubes with nine grooves. Under the old system, guns were cast either of iron, bronze, or steel, in a single piece ; and it is important to understand clearly why the plan of shrinking coils over a central tube has replaced this method. If a thin tube, which would rend easily under the explosion of a charge of powder, is tightly bound around with wire, its resistance to disruption is greatly increased. This is not the case if the wire encircles the tube without strain ; but when the wire is already in a condition of tension, it is, so to speak, on its guard, and prepared to aid the tube in resisting the explosive force within.

The coils of a gun reinforce the steel lining in just the same way : and the second coil, embracing the breech-piece, gives additional support in the region of the powder chamber, where the strain is greatest. The proper tensions for distributing the pressure of the powder-gases evenly throughout the material of the gun are ascertained by calculation ; and we may regard any piece built on this system as a tube whose walls are in a permanent state of strain, decreasing from the bore outward. A solid gun, on the other hand, may be considered, for the sake of comparison, as a tube similarly composed of annuli, embracing each other without any initial tension ; and in view of the theory of reinforcement, to which attention has been called, it is easily conceivable that the bore in such a gun might suffer local disruption before the outer rings of metal—being, so to speak, off their guard—could come to the assistance of the inner layers.

Two kinds of projectiles are used in the 38-ton gun ; one, known as "common" shell, is made of ordinary cast iron, weighs 600 lbs., and is fired with an 85-pound charge : this shell is too soft to penetrate armour plates. The other—called, after its inventor, the "Palliser" shell—is also made of cast iron, which, being rapidly cooled or "chilled" in the mould, becomes harder than the hardest steel, and is consequently used for piercing plates. This shell weighs

700 lbs., and is fired with a charge of 110 lbs. Both projectiles are furnished with brass studs, which loosely fit the rifle grooves; and we may here call attention to a fact the importance of which will become clear hereafter, that these studs differ slightly in common and Palliser shell, both in their weight and method of fixing.

The object of first importance in constructing heavy ordnance is to obtain a very high velocity in the shot without unduly straining the gun, and this is secured by the use of coarse-grained powder. As every grain of powder burns from without inwards, large cubes consume more slowly than finer particles; with a charge of this kind, therefore, the shot begins to move, and the space within which the gases are confined increases, before the whole is ignited; with a fine-grain charge, on the other hand, the time required for complete combustion is so short that the shot has not moved appreciably before all the powder is burnt. The velocity of a shot at the moment of leaving the muzzle is of course determined by the *average* pressure which has been exerted upon it throughout the length of the barrel; and it is easy to understand that a quick-burning powder, producing a pressure very great at first but rapidly decreasing, may be inferior in propulsive power to one less initially intense but more continuous in its action.

Hence coarse-grain or "pebble powder" has been universally adopted for heavy ordnance as a means by which the destructive effects of high initial pressures may be avoided without loss of muzzle velocity. The Palliser shell of a 38-ton gun is propelled at the rate of 1,400 feet per second by an average pressure of 5 tons, the maximum strain with "pebble" being 24 tons per square inch on the breech of the gun; whereas, with fine-grain powder and the same velocity, the initial strains reach up to 30 tons. It is in the highest degree important to ascertain accurately what are the pressures exerted in every region of a heavy gun, in order that a suitable provision of metal may be made for meeting the varying strains; and this information is obtained, firstly, by the use of "crusher gauges," and, secondly, by calculations derived from the weight and velocity of the projectile.

Crusher gauges are small cylinders of copper about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and half an inch long. Ten of these cylinders occupy suitable recesses drilled at intervals into the steel lining-tube, where they lie flush with the bore of the gun. Upon firing, the explosion acts on each gauge like the blow of a hammer, compressing it with a force which is proportional to the pressure prevailing in that part of the gun; the soft copper gives way, and the amount of

shortening which it undergoes forms a measure of pressure when the gauges are afterwards compared with similar cylinders whose behaviour under known loads has been experimentally determined.

The weight and velocity of a moving body being given, the propelling force can be calculated, so that the pressure on a shot at any given point in the barrel can be stated if its velocity at that point is known. An ingenious device, known as the "chronoscope," invented by Captain Noble, furnishes the required information, and enables the artillerist to ascertain with extreme accuracy the rate at which a projectile is travelling through any section of the gun. It would detain us too long to describe this apparatus at length; suffice it to say that the shot in its passage cuts successively ten wires which are inserted at as many points in the bore. Each severance breaks an electric circuit, the moment of rupture being instantaneously recorded upon a sheet of paper moving with a high and known velocity. The intervals between each of these records, which are registered by dots on the paper, are measures of time, and indicate the speed of the projectile at ten different points in the barrel. From data thus obtained, diagrams are constructed showing the amount and variation of the strains to which the gun is subjected throughout its whole length; and in this way it was found that the maximum stress on the breech of the *Thunderer* gun was 24 tons per square inch, dropping rapidly to 5 tons at the centre, and about 2 tons at the muzzle. Under the system of coiled construction, advantage is taken of the information afforded by the chronoscope and crusher gauges to adjust the amount of metal to the strains throughout. Thus, the heavy pressure on the powder chamber is met by clasping the breech by two encircling coils, while the lighter strains about the centre and muzzle are met by thinner and thinner coils, so that a full charge of powder could not be exploded in any part of the gun except the breech without causing its disruption.

Having said so much on the principles which govern the construction of heavy ordnance at Woolwich, we must now pass on to consider the general arrangement of the *Thunderer's* armament and the means adopted for loading.

The ship has a fore and after turret, the former containing two 38-ton guns—one of which burst—and the latter two 35-ton guns, which are identical with the larger arms in every particular excepting length. Being three feet shorter than the 38-ton guns, the latter can be loaded by hand within the turret; but the 38-ton guns themselves are too long to be withdrawn sufficiently for this purpose, and need therefore to be charged mechanically from without the turret. After

firing, the gun is retired into the turret, partly by its own recoil and partly by hydraulic power ; the muzzle is then depressed, and now looks through a hole immediately below the firing port into the space between decks, where it is envisaged by the hydraulic loading gear. This consists of a cylinder containing a hollow plunger, within which is a second plunger, the whole being like a telescope with three joints. The inner plunger carries the rammer, and the action of the apparatus is as follows : A charge and shell having been placed in the gun, the rammer advances, carrying on its head a papier-mâché wad. Of the two plungers, the larger always starts forward first, because of the greater area which it exposes to the water pressure ; when fully extended, the smaller plunger takes up the movement, driving charge, projectile, and wad home.

Want of space alone compels the adoption of this telescopic arrangement of loading gear, which has the singular disadvantage of not permitting the motion of the second plunger to be seen ; so that a mechanical indicator is provided to tell when the charge is sent home ; and it is important to remember that when the explosion occurred this indicator was injured and out of use. While loading, the gun inclines downward at an angle of about 12 degrees, and the shell would slide out of the gun on the removal of the rammer, but for the papier-mâché wad, which keeps it in place.

We are now in a position to appreciate the occurrences of the disaster. All four guns were loaded with a charge of 100 lbs. of powder and a Palliser shell, those of the after turret receiving no wads, which are unnecessary when guns are loaded in a horizontal position. This broadside was fired electrically, and a misfire undoubtedly occurred in one of the 35-ton guns, for the unexploded charge was subsequently withdrawn. The captain of the vessel, one of the officers, and a sailor, who were watching the firing, stated before the committee that *three* shots in all came from the *two* turrets on this broadside. On the other hand, five sailors were confident that only *two* shots—one from each turret—left the four guns. After the electric broadside, orders were given for each gun to be fired separately, and the charge was now 85 lbs. of powder and an empty common shell, upon firing which the left-hand gun of the fore turret burst.

After a protracted investigation, the committee of inquiry record their belief that a misfire occurred in one of the 38-ton as well as in one of the 35-ton guns during the first, or electrical, broadside ; that a second charge was then placed over the first, and that the simultaneous explosion of the two charges destroyed the gun. With

regard to the misfire, there is, as we have seen, a conflict of direct evidence ; and the above conclusions rest wholly on indications afforded by the fragments, together with the now proved inability of the gun to withstand the explosion of a double charge. Fracture took place only in the two forward coils of the gun, of which thirteen pieces were recovered, the muzzle and many other pieces going overboard. On piecing these together, it was found that their rear and forward edges are scored exactly as they would have been by the passage of the hinder shot over them, after the disruption of the tube had been effected by the explosion of the forward charge. This explosion would occur about midway in the barrel, at a point where, as we have seen, the pressure is usually only five tons per square inch, and where no provision of metal has been made to withstand such pressures as occur in the powder chamber. The scoring of these fragments in a particular manner is the sole foundation on which the conclusions of the committee rest ; but three prime difficulties had to be disposed of before the explanation was admissible. In the first place, the sound of firing might have told those within the turret whether a misfire had or had not taken place. Secondly, the position of the rammer should have indicated that a charge remained in the gun when the second was put in. Thirdly, a misfire should have been indicated by the absence of any recoil.

In reply it is said : Firstly, that electric firing, from its instantaneousness, makes it impossible to say whether any particular gun in a broadside has missed fire. Secondly, that all visible movement of the telescopic rammer had ceased before the second charge was rammed home, while the indicator, being out of order, afforded no information. Thirdly, the movement of recoil is so masked by that produced by hydraulic power, which is applied the moment explosion is heard, that it is most unlikely its absence would be noticed.

In this way the committee have removed, to their own satisfaction, objections, the admission of any one of which is fatal to their theory ; and we must now notice a small but important piece of positive evidence which they claim in its favour. After the accident, a stud was picked up in the turret ; it was much battered, and it is almost certain that it could have come from nowhere else than from a shell which was within the gun when it burst. We have before remarked that the studs of "Common" and "Palliser" shell differ in their weight and method of fixing, and the stud in question appears to have belonged to a Palliser projectile. Sir W. Palliser disputes this on the ground that his studs are marked by the rifling in a different manner from that upon which the committee rely ; but, if the latter are

right, there is some slight positive ground for believing in the double charge. Among the many causes which have been suggested, the commonest is that which attributes the bursting to air-spaces between the cartridge and projectile. Some time ago it might have been necessary to discuss this question at length ; but it has been completely exploded by the later experiments of the committee, and was never really worth consideration. Finally, Sir W. Palliser thinks that the gun was burst by the jamming of the shot upon the papier-mâché wad. He believes that the hydraulic rammer, acting with a force of many tons, may have cupped the wad in such a way around the pointed end of the shell that this, on issuing, jammed in the barrel, rupturing the steel tube only in the first instance, but giving vent through this fracture to the powder-gases, which then broke up the jointed external structure of coils. Selecting an old *cast-iron Crimean gun*, and lining it with a tube of soft iron instead of steel, Sir William has recently shown that it is impossible to burst a piece of this kind by double loading. Indeed, he has nearly filled the barrel with charges without damage to the gun.

As is well known, the War Office, in order to test the various explanations offered in so many quarters, ordered a second series of experiments on the sister gun. These, unfortunately, were not directed to test each of the suggestions thought worthy of consideration in an exhaustive manner. Many rounds were fired unnecessarily with air-spaces between the cartridge and projectile, and two with a wad canted in the bore about five feet from the shell. In both these rounds the wad was blown out of the gun before the shot reached it, but the experiment tells us nothing about what would happen if by any chance a shot could be effectively jammed. Experiments should have been made with steel tubes already cracked, since this material is so notoriously uncertain ; and the results of fracture in this part are supposed to be momentous by artillerists of Sir William Palliser's experience. Again: no attempt was made to cause the studded projectile to override the rifling, but the committee appear to have hurried forward to prove the correctness of their first report. With this view, the gun was doubly charged and furnished with crusher gauges, whose business it was to report the pressures under which the gun gave way. Unfortunately, the committee had previously pressed these gauges with 36 tons to the square inch, and they recorded nothing when the second 38-ton gun was finally burst. Although it was immediately proclaimed that the verdict of the committee was correct and the Woolwich system triumphantly vindicated, it must not be forgotten that the sister guns have burst in very

different ways. In the case of the *Thunderer*, only the two forward coils were fractured, the breech-piece remaining intact; but the second gun was split from end to end, and the character of the fragments differs widely in the two cases. On the whole, the second series of experiments must be pronounced unsatisfactory and inconclusive, leaving us in uncertainty as to the real causes of the *Thunderer* explosion—an uncertainty which rises to anxiety in view of the Italian disaster. It cannot be too often repeated that the Elswick and Woolwich systems are practically identical, or that Sir W. Armstrong's gun has given way under an ordinary charge of exceptionally mild powder. Had British pebble powder been in use on board the *Duilio*, it is probable that not a man would have remained alive or unwounded within the turret of the Italian ironclad after the explosion.

DANIEL PIDGEON.



## *LITERARY SUCCESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

THOSE who in these days "tamper with the Muses" must find a fruitful source of vexation in the perusal of the letters and memoirs of certain literary persons who flourished a century ago. If there were then no instances of a prize poem leading to an ambassadorship, as in the case of Prior, or of good places being given away in return for a fairly creditable copy of verses, there were abundant examples of a splendid social position and ample pecuniary rewards being gained by writers whose abilities we should now consider of the most common-place order. But let any disappointed genius who feels himself or herself inadequately rewarded by the admiration of perhaps a small clique in this much-divided literary world of London, be thankful to avoid stumbling on the "Life and Letters of Mrs. Hannah More." Almost exactly a hundred years ago she, "impelled by the consciousness of superior powers," came to London. She did not enter it as a perfect stranger, for, to quote Mr. Roberts, her biographer, "Society, in its most engaging form, was extending its arms to receive her."

At this time Mrs. Hannah More was a comely woman of eight-and-twenty, and she had written the "Search after Happiness," a Pastoral Drama of the feeblest description, and some translations from Metastasio and Horace, and, on the strength of these achievements and some good introductions, she carried the town. Her favourite amusement as a child had been to turn a chair into a coach, seat herself in it, and invite her sisters to drive with her to London, to see publishers and bishops; and now her childish sport became a reality, and she not only was able to hold her own with publishers when the time for bargaining came, but took sweet counsel with every bishop on the bench, and during the whole course of her life gave them large help in holding up the pillars of Church and State. Another ambition of her childhood had been to have a whole quire of writing-paper given to her at once. This wish had been granted, and on half the quire she had written letters to depraved characters (imaginary

ones), pointing out the evil of their ways ; and on the other half, answers from the same, owning the convincing force of her arguments, and proclaiming their sincere repentance and intention of amendment. This juvenile amusement was also the foreshadowing of her chief employment in after years.

At first, it must be owned, Miss More was just a little dazzled by the great world and the great people she met, and no wonder, for both were at her feet. Night after night she went to parties "composed entirely" (to use her own words, though it is unkind of her to make such a marked distinction) "of wits and bishops, with scarcely an expletive person amongst them." Garrick was one of her first friends, and, in spite of his calling, the friendship between them lasted as long as he lived. She met Dr. Johnson at a party given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her host had forewarned her that it was just possible the Doctor might be in one of his moods of sadness and silence. She was therefore—and now we use the words of her biographer—"surprised at his coming to meet her as she entered the room, with good humour in his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's on his hand; and still more at his accosting her with a verse from a Morning Hymn, which she had written at the desire of Sir J. Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humour he continued the whole of the evening."

This is rather a different account of the meeting from that given by Mrs. Thrale: "When she (H. More) was introduced to Dr. Johnson not long ago, she began singing his praises in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him. Then she redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length the Doctor turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.'" If during this first interview Dr. Johnson did administer such a sledge-hammer rebuke, he certainly took a liking to Miss More afterwards, for we hear of his calling her child, and little fool, and love, and dearest, and with him these epithets were synonyms.

This conquest of Dr. Johnson was by no means the end of Hannah More's social successes. She soon became acquainted with "all the great and greatly endowed." She was introduced to "her sex's glory, Mrs. Montagu," and describes her in a letter to her sister as "not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. She lives in the highest style of magnificence. Her apartments and table

are in the most splendid taste," &c. We, in these more fastidious modern times, have some doubts as to the genius, and, when we read her letters, many as to the fine taste of the lady; but in Hannah More's days the approval of Mrs. Montagu was a kind of Hall-mark which was absolutely necessary to any one who wished to make a figure in the world of letters. She could crush an aspirant by a word. She herself describes the manner in which she addressed a lady who was trying to shine in conversation in her presence. "Mr. B——'s wife put out all her strength to be witty, and in short showed such a brilliant genius that I turned about and asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious." The great lady was, however, very civil to Miss More; and, besides this triumph, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Trimmer, and Mrs. Vesey hailed her as a kindred spirit, while Mrs. Boscawen crowned her with laurels, and "that pleonasm of nakedness," as De Quincey called Mrs. Barbauld, "wrote her letters full of elegance and good nature." The sublime and beautiful Burke honoured her with a morning call. Baretti of the Italian Dictionary followed Johnson of the English, Lord Howe, Lord Rodney, Oriental Jones, Mythology Bryant, Dr. Solander, Boswell (then called Corsican Boswell), Warton, Walpole, Windham, Sheridan, the Thrales, Burneys, and the learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge (who must have had something beyond the common in him, for he had a natural antipathy to an ode)—all made much of her; the King got her to copy her MS. poems for him, the Queen sent her flattering messages, Prime Ministers made her welcome in their houses, the Lord Chancellor said civil things to her, and as for bishops, peers, and peeresses, if we seek to give a list of those who were on terms of friendship with her or to chronicle their compliments, we find their name is legion. She knew Lord Erskine, whose speeches could not always be reported because the printer's stock of *I*'s ran out, and in her turn found him "fond of talking of himself." She was even acquainted with De Lolme: and when we have said that, we have mentioned a name which has awed us from very childhood!

All this great society was perhaps a little thrown away upon Miss More, for in one of her letters she says, "For my own part, the more I see of 'the honoured, famed, and great,' the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good." In another place she says she has remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Perhaps the occasion on which she made this remark was that on which "the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven, without either scandal or politics."

However, whether she despised it or not, her success in the literary world of London was a fact, and when she went into the country she received equal homage. She herself describes a visit into Norfolk, and how the first Sunday she was there she was, "when the service was over, politely accosted by every *well-dressed* person in the congregation," all desiring to see her at their houses. From thence she went to stay in a country house full of visitors, and a friendship commenced between herself and every one of the guests, which lasted during their respective lives !

All her letters at this time seem to be full of a chastened worldliness, or rather of a desire to cultivate two opposing worlds at once. She had shown it even in childhood when she wished to go to London to see publishers and bishops. She showed it afterwards in the worldly wisdom with which she criticised her own title of "Sacred Dramas." "The word *sacred* in the title is a damper to the dramas. It is tying a millstone about the neck of sensibility, which will drown them both together." She showed it by going to Sunday parties, and abusing the people who gave them as soon as she returned home, and asking Elijah (*i.e.* herself) what he had been doing there? In fact, the way in which the little woman sipped the sweets of pleasure at this time, and quarrelled with their taste, is very droll. "Pleasure," says she, "is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation to it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted, I went to Apsley House, where I stayed till near two. I then made insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I stayed till eight, and from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's, where there was a small assemblage of about thirty people, and all clever." In another place she naïvely says, "Mrs. Boscawen came to see me the other day with the duchess in her gilt chariot with four footmen. It is not possible for anything to be more agreeable to my taste than my present manner of living."

Whilst at home in Bristol after one of these triumphant visits to London, she one day said laughingly to her sister, "I have been so fed with praise that I really think I will venture to try what is my real value, by writing a slight poem and offering it to Cadell myself." In a fortnight after the idea was started she had completed "Sir Eldred of the Bower," to which she added the short poem of the "Bleeding Rock." Cadell at once (publishers always do) offered her a price which far exceeded her idea of its worth, very handsomely adding, that if she could hereafter discover what Goldsmith obtained

for the "Deserted Village," he would make up what he had given her to the same sum, be it what it might. Dr. Johnson sat from nine till twelve at night reading and criticising "Sir Eldred;" he even added a stanza of his own to it: and when we say that the *poem* does not suffer from the introduction of this, we have said enough to give an idea of its style and merit.

In 1777, she wrote "Percy;" Garrick composed and spoke the prologue and epilogue. In a letter to her sister she tells how "several very great ones made interest to hear him read the play before it was acted, but he peremptorily refused." Miss More was present at the first night's performance, and had the delight of witnessing a brilliant success. "One tear," she writes to her sister, "is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction of seeing even men shed them in abundance." (Tears, not hands, we hope; but the gifted author leaves the point unsettled.) When the play was over, the critics met as usual at the Bedford to "fix its character," and that being satisfactory, and more than satisfactory, Miss More received praise and admiration on all sides. Dr. Percy (the bishop) was sent at once by the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy to thank her for the honour which she had done their family. Four thousand copies of the play sold in a fortnight. All the great people went to the theatre night after night, and some of them accepted no invitation without making a proviso that they should be at liberty to break the engagement if a desire to go to see "Percy" again came into their heads. M. de Calonne, Prime Minister of France, translated it into French, some one else into German, and for months its popularity was unbounded. How cheaply this success was gained, any one who has the courage to read "Percy" may see for himself. To give an idea of the story: Elwina, daughter of Earl Raby, is betrothed to Earl Percy. He goes to the Crusades (these Crusades, by-the-by occur, in despite of chronology, after the battle of Chevy Chase). During Earl Percy's absence, Earl Raby insists on Elwina's marrying a new suitor, Earl Douglas—to use the fair Elwina's own words—

He dragged me trembling, dying to the altar,  
I sighed, I struggled, fainted, and—complied.

Earl Douglas, after a while, finds Elwina's heart is not his, is jealous, and asks her if "no interior sense of guilt confounds her?" And so the play pursues its feeble course to the dreary end. We know "Percy" to be a tragedy because three people come to a violent death in the last act, and because miseries are "pulled down" on guilty heads. Had it not been a tragedy, it would

have been sufficient to *draw* them down. It is written in the prosiest of prose ; and yet it was an undoubted success. Mrs. Siddons as Elwina drew tears from Fox, and Mrs. More drew six hundred pounds from Cadell the publisher. She wrote another play called the "Fatal Falsehood." It was not quite so successful. Garrick, too, was dead, and thus Mrs. More had lost the one link which reconciled her to a profession of which her judgment disapproved, and she gave up all play-writing or play-going. Very nearly all play-reading also ; though in a preface to her own tragedies, written in after years, she "ventures to hazard an opinion that, in company with a judicious friend or parent, many scenes of Shakespeare may be read, not only without danger, but with improvement." But she had no very hearty appreciation of the peerless genius, no comprehension how entirely he stood alone ; for she speaks of "Shakespeare and other writers of the same description."

Her own "poems," as she calls them, are of the most commonplace order. "Any one of moderate capacity," to quote Dr. Johnson's dictum on some one else's work, "could write reams of such stuff, if he did but abandon his mind to it." Let not the reader think for a moment that Dr. Johnson said this of Hannah More's poems. After reading the "Bas Bleu" in MS. (admire the large and glorious patience of an age in which authors could read each other's productions in MS.!), he told her that he wanted to see her to "praise it as much as envy could praise," and that there was "no name in literature that might not be glad to own it." Johnson, however, wrote "Lives of the Poets" in which place was found for Smith and Sprat, and none for Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, or Marlowe. He knew how to appreciate virtuous sentiments and big dictionary words in a poem ; but he had no ear for its music. Not for music of any kind, for, as Macaulay humorously says, "he just knew the bell of St. Clement's from the organ ;" and in this deficiency Miss More seems to have shared, for thus she wrote to one of her sisters—

"Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence,  
To wholesome solitude the nurse of —"

'sense,' I was going to add in the words of Pope, till I recollected that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was just as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the opera—the first that ever I *did*, the last, I trust, I ever *shall* go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the Universe made His creature man with a comprehensive mind ? Why make him a little lower than the angels ? Why give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit

and memory, and, to crown all, an immortal and never-dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well? and yet I find the same people are seen at the opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed by such a set of beings.” “Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very heavy one.”

A bit of “high falutin” like this, even though it occurs in a private letter, shows that Mrs. H. More deserved all credit for earnestness, but not a very exalted place in literature.

Her Essays, which were highly thought of in her own day, aim at being logical expositions of the evils of the various vices and follies of which they treat; but they wander away from the point woefully, and she is very fond of using logical terms of which she does not apprehend the meaning. Yet the Bishop of London (Porteous), after reading a little book of hers which she had published anonymously, wrote to her, “Aut Moros, aut Angelus, it is in vain to think of concealing yourself; your style and manner are so confessedly superior to every other moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition.” We do not wish to question Miss More’s claims to be considered as a woman who spent a very long life in doing her very best to do good to her fellow-creatures, but we do question the morality, not to speak of the taste, of such a passage as the following: “Oh! if women in general knew what was their true interests, if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice, the coquette would adopt it as an allurement, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction.”

When Sydney Smith read this passage he said that, “if there were any truth in it, nudity would become a virtue, and no decent woman for the future would be seen in garments.” It is to be read in Mrs. H. More’s “Coelebs in Search of a Wife”—a book which is in many parts very brightly written, and which shows considerable powers of observation, but errs in drawing an absolutely fixed line of demarcation between the good and the bad of this world, which line neither the one nor the other ever overstep by so much as the breadth of a hair. The good are all good, the bad entirely bad. “Coelebs in



*Search of a Wife* is a semi-religious novel, and was immensely popular in its day. It will still repay reading. The first edition sold in a fortnight. Twelve editions came out during the first year. In all, 21,000 copies were sold in England, and 30,000 in America. It was translated into every Continental language—even into Icelandic. This success of “*Coelebs*” was by no means a piece of exceptional good fortune. Miss More’s books usually did sell by twenty and thirty thousands, and were translated into Persian, Mahratta, Icelandic, and even Cingalese, by way of unexpected languages. Sometimes a large edition of a book of hers was entirely sold in four hours. Naturally, after hearing of such facts, we wish to learn if the author did not reap some substantial benefit from so much popularity, and are glad to learn from her biographer that she made a fortune of £30,000; and that, though the wish of her heart from youth had been to have a house of her own in which a clock could not stand upright, she was able, from her own earnings, to build one of much more commodious dimensions, in which she and her sisters ended their days.

Her books brought her honours of all kinds, as well as money. The Queen consulted her about the education of the Princess Charlotte; the Duchess of Gloucester gave her a public breakfast; the Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres in Rouen elected her a member. If she scribbled a pencil translation of an Italian piece at a concert, it was snatched from her hands and put into the principal magazine of the day; and her letters, though composed only “for the fireside and the bosom,” were eagerly copied by those who saw them. Then, to crown her triumphs, no doctor would ever take a fee from her; and actually, when the course of the mails between Bristol and Exeter was being altered for some good reason, Sir Francis Freeling was especially charged by the Royal family to ascertain if the alteration would be inconvenient to Mrs. More, in which case the project was to be abandoned.

Hannah More’s success being an undoubted fact, it remains to consider in what kind of a world it was won. London was at her feet; but the London of those days was something very like a small country-town now, and the circle of wits was limited. Mrs. More often went to parties from which it was remarked that not one woman in London distinguished for taste or literature was absent. It was as easy then to count the heads in which was to be found a little wit and learning, as for Ali Baba in his tree to number the robbers down below; for Society was composed of one small, select, though by no means refined circle, the members of which were all

well known to each other. A moderately good play, poem, or novel then met with a recognition more complete than would now be accorded to a work even of genius. Society is, in fact, now split up into circles innumerable, some of which touch and meet, but others remain apart to all eternity; and it would be quite possible for a work which moved the members of one circle to its very outermost and innermost rings, to remain for ever unknown and unheard of by all the members of the other. Besides, when considering Hannah More's popularity, it is hardly possible to make sufficient allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace. In all ages it has stirred thousands to enthusiasm! Really good and great books always make their mark sooner or later, but not with such steady certainty as a good bit of commonplace work which surprises you by no unexpected ideas, but jogs on comfortably on a level with your own intelligence, without disturbing you by requiring any thought. Who are the poets of the present day who can stand the test of being asked to produce their literary balance-sheets? Has any one made as much money as Tupper? Have Carlyle's Essays been half so popular as those of A. K. H. B.? Added to this, there are innumerable people who think it a duty to pass their Sundays in a "dim religious light" of dulness. They must not read anything but good books, by which they understand the Bible, sermons, essays on moral culture, and feeble volumes of religious verse. It must, therefore, be readily seen that a writer who supplies these persons with a change of reading which they like, is sure of both fame and fortune. In Hannah More's days there were hardly any of these books to be had (the taste of the age was not elevated enough to find pleasure in the grand old sermons of Jeremy Taylor and the men of his time), and it must be owned, besides, that every one, high and low, did want a great deal of teaching, and very rudimentary teaching too, as is proved by Sir Joshua's complaint that nearly all the visitors who came to his studio to see his Infant Samuel had to ask him who Samuel was. And—to give an idea of the depth of ignorance existing among the lower classes—when Hannah More, with noble disregard of personal comfort, went miles and miles on Sundays, to teach the semi-savages in the villages near Cheddar, the parents resisted her endeavours to secure the children's attendance at school, because they were sure that she wished to steal them away to sell them as slaves.

She persevered, however, and in time did an immense amount of good in benighted regions which had not known the care of a clergyman for nearly a century. This was only one amongst many of her

patient and unselfish efforts to help others, and we are glad to chronicle it, and especially anxious, besides, to declare that we feel a sincere reverence for Hannah More, and believe her to have been a very earnest good woman, though we cannot but wonder at the success which she obtained as a writer during the earlier part of her life, when, if ever, she was judged as a writer merely. One person seems to have shared our opinion even in those days; for when poor Mrs. More set her dress on fire, and was only saved by the courage of a friend, the announcement of this fact and that the dress she wore at the time was made of a stuff called *lasting*, which did not burn readily, provoked the following epigram from "some heartless pretender to wit" :—

Vulcan to scorch thy gown in vain essays ;  
Apollo strives in vain to fire thy lays ;  
Hannah ! the cause is visible enough :  
Stuff is thy raiment, and thy writings stuff.

This was met by the following happy rejoinder from a partisan of the lady's :—

Clothed all in filth, lo ! Epigram appears,  
His face distorted by a thousand sneers ;  
Why, this attack is visible enough—  
The scribbler envies Hannah's *lasting stuff*.

MARGARET HUNT.

*THE PHILOSOPHY OF FASTING.*

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.—*Shakespeare.*

THE whole world knows that of late an enthusiast in New York named Dr. Tanner has been winning a certain kind of immortality by trying to live an unprecedented time without solid food. The tree of knowledge is flourishing so widely in these days that works of grand order, which a half-century ago would have won true immortality in the eyes of the admiring world, are now passed over as nine-day wonders, their authors soon forgotten and concealed in the blaze of their own primary conceptions. For a modern man, therefore, to acquire what he feels to be fame, he must needs do something that shall appear out of the order of nature ; then, from very eccentricity, he will gain what he desires, if he be lucky enough to attract attention, and if, as he goes on, he gathers more and more a crowd of minds to consider and to speculate on his effort.

I do not mean to suggest by these observations that Dr. Tanner, the latest of the designers out of the field of nature, had such a design before him as is above stated. His intentions may have been unambitious to a fault, for anything I know to the contrary ; they may have been due to a mere enthusiasm to prove an assumed impossibility a possibility. I only feel that, be his motive what it might, he was working out of Nature, in defiance to her, and that he stands up only before us as a phenomenon who has for a long but not ~~for an~~ unprecedented time defied the mistress of human fate.

Supposing that all has been quite square in the experiment on himself which Dr. Tanner has carried out, it does not seem fair to declare, as so many have declared, that there is no lesson to be extracted from his experiment. Let us call it a foolish experiment if we will, but even then we need not fail to extract whatever is in it that may be useful.

The first question, therefore, that comes before us for a solution in respect to this late feat of starvation, is the question of its good faith. Did the man live for forty days without solids, taking as food nothing more than water?

It is not to be disputed that those who question the mode in which the experiment was carried out have some grounds for their discontent. It must be conceded that in observation there was much want of detailed precision. The best physiologists in America seem to have kept apart from the experiment, either because they were not asked to observe, or because they did not care to take part in it. One great physician and physiologist whom we in England should have trusted implicitly,—Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia,—was in this country at the time the fast was in progress, and none of those whom we would have relied on as we should on him have left, as far as I know, any line or report which throws light on the facts, giving to them real scientific value. Further, it must not be forgotten that in the course of the proceedings there was at one time an actual doubt raised in reference to the introduction of food ; and, although Dr. Hammond's note removes this doubt in so far as the expression of one good opinion is concerned, there are, I understand, many who still continue in the belief that the doubt is not dispelled.

For my part, if the evidence of the possibility of the long fast of forty days rested only on this one announcement of the results of experience or experiment, I might be inclined to join with the doubters. But there is evidence already in hand which leads me rather to the other side. I mean to say, that there is evidence which indicates already that forty days of fasting is within the range of human possibility when water is taken as drink, and thereupon I do not see a necessity to assume that Dr. Tanner has not in this wise fasted for forty days.

The papers have contained lately many examples of long fasting, many of which are full of interest, and some of which are strongly confirmatory of the possible validity of Dr. Tanner's successful attempt. I have, however, seen none that run quite parallel ; though I know of two instances which do run parallel up to the period of forty days, and which then differ only in one respect, viz. that the perpetrators of the experiment, not content with forty days, continued longer to withstand natural law, and fell victims to their own temerity and the unswerving justice of Nature.

#### A FIFTY-THREE DAYS' FAST.

The first of these examples is given by Dr. M'Naughton in the June number of the "Transactions of the Albany Institute" for the year 1830. The faster in this case lived for fifty-three days, and his history, tersely told by the narrator who observed it, runs as follows.

The individual who subjected himself to the fast was a youth named Reuben Kelsey. Until three years before he commenced his fatal fast he was considered a young man of great promise, remarkable for the correctness of his conduct and for his diligence in the prosecution of his studies. After having received the ordinary advantages at the Academy at Fairfield, he entered on the study of medicine, and read in the office of Dr. Johnson. In the year 1825 he attended the lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District.

Although, among so many, it is not always possible to know what proficiency each makes, yet, from all that could be gathered, he must have at least equalled his companions in the progress he made in his studies. His health seemed good, and there was nothing very peculiar in the operations of his mind. But in the course of the summer, after the close of the session of the college, his health began to decline, and his mind seemed to have undergone a change. His spirits, which were never very buoyant, became more sedate, and his thoughts seemed habitually to dwell on the subject of religion. He quitted Dr. Johnson's office and went home. From that time until his death he never left his father's house, even for a day. For the three years immediately preceding his death he almost constantly kept his room, apparently engaged in meditation. His only companion was his Bible. He read nothing else, and his whole thoughts seemed fixed upon another world. He shunned society, even that of the pious ; but he seemed happy and full of hope. To his family he was kind and attached, and, with the exception of the deep cast of his devotional feelings, the equilibrium of his intellect did not seem, to his friends at least, to be materially disturbed.

Considering the little exercise he took, his general health during the period was as good as could have been expected. He came to the table at every meal when called, and seemed not deficient in appetite. The only sickness of any consequence he experienced during his seclusion was an attack of cholera morbus in the summer of 1828, from which he soon recovered, and seemed to enjoy his wonted health until the latter end of May 1829. At this time his friends began to notice that his appetite was failing. It continued to decline more and more until about the beginning of July, when it seemed entirely to have disappeared. For some weeks he had eaten very little, but on the 2nd of July he declined eating altogether, assigning as a reason that when it was the will of the Almighty that he should eat he would be furnished with an appetite. For the first six weeks he went regularly to the well in the morning, and washed his head and face, and took a bowlful of water with him into the

house. With this he used occasionally to wash his mouth ; he also used it for drink. His parents think that the quantity of water he took in twenty-four hours did not exceed, if it equalled, a pint. When he had fasted about a week his parents became alarmed, and sent for medical aid.

Compulsory means to make him take food were found unavailing. On one occasion he went three days without taking even water ; but this was probably more than he could persist in, as on the fourth morning he was observed to go to the well and to drink copiously and greedily.

On the eleventh day of his fast, he replied to the expostulations of his friends that he had not felt so well nor so strong in two years as at that moment, and consequently denied the necessity of taking food. For the first six weeks he walked out every day, and sometimes spent a great part of the day in the woods. His walk was steady and firm, and his friends even remarked that his step had an unusual elasticity. He shaved himself until about a week before his death, and was able to sit up in bed to the last day.

His mental faculties did not seem to become impaired as his general strength declined, but, on the contrary, his mind was calm and collected to the end. His voice, as might have been expected, towards the last became feeble and low, but continued, nevertheless, distinct. Towards the close of his life he did not go into the fields, nor during the last week even to the well, but still he was able to sit up and go about his room. During the first three weeks of his abstinence he fell away very fast, but afterwards he did not seem to waste so sensibly. His colour was blue, and, towards the last, blackish. His skin was cold, and he complained of chilliness. His general appearance was so ghastly that children were frightened at the sight of him. Of this he seemed himself to be aware, for it was not uncommon to observe him covering his face when strangers were passing by. He died on the fifty-third day. At the time of his death Mr. Kelsey was twenty-seven years of age.

Dr. M'Naughton very reasonably supposed that the system in this case, as in the cases of hybernating animals, lived on its own resources. When the body is emaciated, the fatty part is taken up by the absorbents and conveyed into the blood,—the chief condition for which state of things to be carried on without causing delirium, raging fever, and death, is a supply of water to dissolve and dilute the saline and alkaline fluids. No other drink would answer the same intention in cases of abstinence from all solid food ; strong drinks would consume the vital powers, inflame the digestive canal, and



prevent absorption taking place. The nutritives, so-called, as porter, beer, and the like, would oppress the brain, and cause fever and stupefaction and dropsy.

The facts above related are in close accord with the following, which came under my own personal observation in the early part of my professional life.

#### A FAST OF FIFTY-FIVE DAYS.

A gentleman, about thirty-three years old, had often been subject to fits of depression and melancholy. He was a man of good social position, had somewhat distinguished himself in his scholastic life, and was always considered as extremely good-natured and thoughtful, though from his earliest age obstinate and self-willed. He was one of those of whom it is said that if "he took anything into his head nothing would turn him." He was not subjected at any time to much restraint ; and, as he was comfortably provided for by a business which called for but little personal attention, he really had as small occasion for anxiety as most men I have known. He read a great deal, cared nothing for out-door or athletic amusements, and was somewhat careless about the course of events, though he could usually be interested in political controversy, and up to his death was wont to speak on the state of political parties. He was not the only man of his turn of mind who, in my experience, whilst brooding over his own infirmities, has been inclined to political discussion ; but he perhaps showed this tendency more than any other I have known. He was always nervous about himself, as I was told, and yet, at the same time, was ready-minded and even courageous in the face of sudden danger. In religion he was not enthusiastic, and his melancholy was untouched by any saddening religious sentiment ; but he brooded over imaginary evils, which he almost invariably referred to the stomach, and he sought advice from men of all kinds who professed to practise medicine, having just as much faith in a pretentious quack or in the veriest old woman as in the most regular professor, so long as his whim for liking them lasted. In a word, he became, as his friends said of him, a confirmed hypochondriac. They pitied him, but considered him beyond hope of any amendment.

In stature this gentleman was tall, I should say near upon six feet. In figure he was, naturally, very slight, and he was at all times a small eater. To the best of my recollection, he took no wine nor other alcoholic drink ; if he took any, it was the smallest quantity ; so that, though he would be under no pledge, nor in any way connected with

the total-abstinence movement,—which at the time was little considered,—he was practically a total abstainer.

For many years, I believe, the condition of this gentleman continued the same. He was induced to try the effects of change of air and scene ; but this he declared wearied him too much, and finally he settled down a confirmed invalid of the *malade imaginaire* type, pure and simple. In seeking one day for advice from a professor of a schismatic school of physic, he gathered what he supposed to be an entirely new light as to the cause of his malady. The professor, very learned and imposing, detailed to the sufferer the ideas then prevailing as to the cause of primary digestion, and the experiments which Dr. Beaumont had conducted on that most interesting of physiological instructors, Alexis St. Martin. This history of the accidental shot which has made St. Martin such a figure in history, even to the present time (for I believe he still lives), the account of the opening into the stomach, of the notes that had been made from visual inspection of the process of digestion, the description of the gastric juice that was extracted, and the further explanation as to the solvent action of the gastric juice on food, became a perfect fascination for the anxious invalid; and when the learned expositor improved the occasion by telling his patient that all this demonstrative argument was but a prelude to the grand inference he drew as to the patient's present condition, the inference being no more nor no less than that the unfortunate patient could not possibly digest food because he produced no gastric juice, the enlightenment was complete, positive, and unanswerable.

From that day, by a kind of logical determination which it was most difficult, and I may say at once impossible, to combat so as to carry conviction to the mind of the sufferer, he maintained that, as he had no gastric juice, it was utterly useless for him to take food of any kind, except water which required no digestion. The idea implanted in his mind held its place, and was never uprooted. Unfortunately, it was confirmed by the effects of a first attempt at reduction of food. The stomach, no doubt very feeble and irritable, was relieved by a reduction of food, and therewith the depression of mind was signally relieved—an occurrence by no means unusual, and perhaps a natural consequence.

Soon after the first attempt to reduce food to a minimum, there succeeded another stage, in which the desire for food appeared to pass away altogether. Then, when food was taken, by a great effort and with much repugnance, it caused pain, disturbance, and a greater depression than usual of mental power, with a more determined

dislike to repeat the process, and a firmer and deeper conviction in the hypothesis that he failed to produce any of the natural digestive fluid.

In time there seemed to be an entire failure of desire for food ; a loss of sense of taste ; a loathing at the odour of food ; an irritable objection to have the subject of feeding even spoken about ; and, finally, a resolute determination not to take any more food at all unless appetite or desire for some particular kind or quality of food revisited him. From that moment the rigid fasting commenced. Of water he would partake readily, but not largely, for he said that in quantity it was heavy and cold, and caused painful distension. He would take it to allay thirst, and nothing more. For ten days, under this *régime*, he went about the house and walked occasionally in the garden, refusing medical advice. After this he took to his bed, and declined to rise except to have the bed made. He now wished for medical attention, but was as resolute with his medical advisers against taking food as he was with the members of his family.

The course of events in this example differs from that which was followed by Dr. Tanner and Reuben Kelsey in this matter of rest. The man who is now being referred to remained in bed until the hour of his death. His room also was kept quiet and warm, and he was permitted to sleep as often and as comfortably as could be wished. The other two,—Tanner and Kelsey,—walked about, and Tanner seems to have been often irritated and disturbed. The difference was all in favour of the bed-ridden experimentalist, and the fact was marked in the results, for he lived two days longer than Kelsey : he died on the fifty-fifth day, having abstained from all solid food and partaken of no other drink than water for seven weeks and four days. Once in this time an effort was made to feed him, perforce, with milk ; but he resisted so determinately, and subjected himself to such danger by his resistance, that the attempt was not made a second time.

Precisely as in the instances of Dr. Tanner and Mr. Kelsey, the great reduction of bodily weight occurred, in the gentleman whose history I am now detailing, during the earlier stage of the process of fasting. He sank into the extremest state of emaciation during the first three to four weeks of his trial, after which he did not seem to me to undergo further change, although I saw him almost daily. He slept a great deal, and at times he tried to read ; but the effort at reading soon became wearisome and painful, and was never more than a mere listless occupation. He was not at any time irritable, except when pressed to take food, and he was fond of hearing the current topics of the day ; but he soon wearied also at being con-

versed with, and would drop off into a semi-somnolent state while conversing. I never heard him complain of any pain or discomfort ; he did not seem to express or feel desire to live, and he certainly never expressed any desire to die.

As the last days of his life drew near, he became much feebler rather suddenly, and his mind, I thought, was inclined to wander for brief intervals. But he quickly recovered himself, and on the day before his death he was unusually clear in his mind. He was painfully shrunken in feature ; his voice was low, and almost bleating ; his colour was leaden dark ; his lips were blue and cold ; his limbs were cold ; and his breath was cold and offensive, having the odour of newly-opened clayey soil. On the morning of his death he, for the first time from the commencement of his fast, expressed that he would eat, and that which he wished for was fruit or raw vegetable, with cream. An attempt was made immediately to pacify his desire under the hope that, if he once recommenced to take food of one kind, he might be tempted to take more promising support ; but it was of no avail, and in fact nothing was swallowed. Soon after this he sank into unconsciousness, and so succumbed.

I have given in the above the barest outline of facts of this long endurance of life during deprivation. It is sufficient, without further detail, for showing that the supposed impossible fast performed by Dr. Tanner is quite within the range of possibility, all supposition of imposture being entirely set aside. If on the fortieth day of his fast this gentleman had taken food, as Tanner did, I do not think there is a doubt but that he would have recovered.

In these two examples we see how much may be endured under circumstances favourable to existence of life under deprivation from food. They are examples which, up to the fortieth day, run on all-fours with that of Dr. Tanner. Let me give one more instance of still greater human endurance from a letter by Dr. J. C. Cutter, resident in Japan, communicated in the present year, July 15, to the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

#### FAST OF TWENTY-SIX DAYS UNDER EXTREME COLD.

The Ainos, the Indians of Japan, are stout, thick-set, very hairy, and with very marked muscular development. They take very little sleep. Their digestive and assimilative powers are most excellent. They require only half as much rice per day as the Japanese coolie (about three-fourths of a quart instead of a quart), and, without making it up with fish or meat, the Ainos will do more, and endure more hardship. Upon such a diet they will carry two-thirds of their

weight on their backs ; will cover eighteen to twenty miles per day through swamps and over hills ; will continue such exertions for a series of days, and yet keep their condition, under the influence of an atmosphere surcharged with moisture on a July day.

The Japanese boatman, on a diet of boiled rice and weak tea, with a kind of pickled radish, not unlike dock-root, for a relish, will row or pole for hours without intermission ; upon a similar diet, with an occasional bit of dried fish, he will whirl you along in his two-wheel "Pullman" at the rate of four to seven miles per hour. These men have been known to draw an adult Japanese gentleman fifty to sixty miles in one day, the same man going the entire distance. "I am credibly informed," says Dr. Cutter, "that a Tokio man drew one man ninety miles in twenty-four consecutive hours."

On March 22, 1880, one of these, named Soma, aged fifteen years, accompanied by two young men, sixteen and eighteen years respectively (a child in Japan is called one year old when born), left Tenischari to walk to Sappow, a distance of twelve miles. Just before starting, about twelve at noon, the travellers partook of a lunch of rice, pickled radish, and tea. Each took with him two handfuls of boiled rice. One had, in addition, enough ginger, pickled in plum vinegar and salt, to serve for a relish for two meals. They had no alcohol or tobacco. Each had a small half-blanket in addition to the dress of their class—a cotton towel over their ears, an under-garment like a tunic reaching to the knees and opening in front, with large sleeves of simple cotton, into which the hands can be drawn, a cotton-wadded kimono, and a rough Aino coat made from the inner bark of a tree ; cotton leggings, cotton shoe-socks, and straw sandals.

Owing to falling snow they lost the path. After wandering about until objects were scarcely visible, they sat down on the snow in the high swamp grass and ate all the rice they had with them, as well as most of the pickled ginger. They soon sank to sleep. That night, according to the records at the weather station of Sappow, the wind was direct from the icebound Gulf of Tartary, minimum temperature 24° Fahr. In the morning they had no sensation in their feet or legs ; they were unable to move from their resting-place. On the 23rd, 24th, and 25th they disposed of all their food. On the night of the 28th the eldest ceased to speak. On the next day the middle one spoke his last audible words. From this time Soma lay in the same place, eating snow while it lasted, sipping water out of the adjacent pool, gesticulating and shouting to keep his companions, the carnivorous crows, from their prey, having one desire—"to get

home." These occupations filled his conscious hours. On account of the constant pain in his legs he did not sleep well.

On the morning of April 19, attracted by the swarms of crows circling about and perched on the neighbouring trees, searchers found the two dead men, and Soma speechless, pulseless, scarcely able to comprehend the saving party, staring at them with a vacant expression. They crushed some cold rice, added a little water, which they placed in his mouth, and a little of it reached his stomach. He was wrapped in blankets, and on a rude blanket-litter reached the hospital at 5 P.M., April 19, twenty-eight days from the time he left Tenischari, and twenty-five days since the last pickled ginger was eaten.

When he reached the hospital he could not speak, opened his mouth with great difficulty, and could not project his tongue, which had a white coating. Movements of the chest and abdomen could scarcely be detected ; a low respiratory murmur could be heard ; there was no pulse at the wrists ; the impulse of the heart was very feeble ; the valve-sounds were indistinct ; there was profound torpor of the brain and intellectual faculties ; the body was excessively emaciated ; fat and flesh had vanished ; the abdomen was retracted ; the eyes were sunken deep in the sockets ; and there was no reflex action of the arms or limbs when they were irritated. The lower part of the back was black, the feet were also black, and both legs were dead as far as the middle third.

Under the influence of warmth, stimulants, and mild food the pulse returned to the wrists next day. Upon the third day he was able to answer a few questions, but slowly and with a very low and indistinct voice. He steadily progressed, intellectually and bodily, his appetite fairly and gradually improving, and his wan and vacant look slowly vanishing. His mind became quite buoyant.

During the twenty-eight days of exposure the lowest daily "minimum" temperature was 18° Fahr. ; the average minimum was 33·6° Fahr. The lowest daily "mean" was 26·67° Fahr. ; the highest mean 47·6° Fahr. ; and the average mean 37° Fahr. On six of the days it snowed ; upon five of them it rained ; but few of them were cloudless, genial days.

The young man Soma is of medium stature and weight, of fair physique, and is inured to daily labour and exposure in his northern land. He belongs to the "soldier class."

We see in this example a more remarkable experiment than that by Tanner, and even more remarkable than the starvation case of the stonemason at Cusano, who is reported recently to have voluntarily starved himself to death in thirty days, rather than pass four

years in the prison to which he had been condemned for penal servitude.

These evidences are, in my opinion, sufficient to prove that Dr. Tanner need not have practised any kind of deception in the performance of his exploit ; and, while there is just cause for regret that much scientific fact has been allowed to be lost, we may fairly accept what has been proved, and extract from it the lesson it conveys. I agree with the learned and accomplished editors of the *Louisville Medical News*, Drs. Cowling and Yandell, that, now that Tanner has gone through the ordeal, it is very easy to find any number of people who have gone for a similar or a much longer period without food ; but that there "is not a doctor in the country who, before he heard of this case, believed the man could have gone through the third of the time without showing thrice the distress that Dr. Tanner has exhibited." I agree further with them in their view that, "say what we will, the experiment of Tanner is an interesting one ; and, sneer at its results as we may, the experiment at least has as much scientific value as the majority of physiological experiments possess." There are several modes in which the lessons of the Tanner experiment may be applied.

#### I.

The experiment may prove useful in a legal and medico-legal point of view. In many instances of disease or death from voluntary or enforced deprivation of food, the question has been raised as to how long a person may exist without food. Up to the present time I feel quite sure that no correct answer, even by an expert, has been rendered. It certainly has not before been understood that so much depends, as we now know does depend, on the question whether or not water formed a part of the sustenance of the starving person. It has been pretty generally admitted that the possession of water as drink added to length of life during starvation, but it was not conceived that it added to the extent it does in such extremity. The common impression amongst well-informed men has been, that the life of man cannot be maintained for longer than eight days without food and drink, and that, without food and with drink, the extension could not be much beyond ten or twelve days. The example of the Welsh miners, who were locked up in the mine for ten days, and who were deprived of all sustenance except that which came to them from the water of the spring at the bottom of the cave, has been considered to give the extreme limits of human endurance under starvation ; and, when



those unfortunate men were rescued, not a little wonder was expressed that any of them recovered from the depression to which they had been subjected. That some of them should have walked, directly after their deliverance, was felt to be almost beyond belief; while the care that was taken to feed them in the most scientific manner after they were brought to the surface indicates indisputably the rigid views that were held by the most skilled advisers at the time of the Welsh catastrophe. To have fed the Welsh miners, after their ten days of subsistence on water only, as Tanner was fed after his forty days, would have been considered little better than homicide.

The technical opinion that will have to be given in our coroners' courts, courts of justice, and other public places, and the opinion that will have to be written in our technical and standard works of medical jurisprudence, must, indeed, from this time be considerably modified in many particulars. One illustration of such change is typical of more. It has been accepted that, after a certain degree of starvation,—a stage comparatively short, after what is now known,—any act requiring much physical exertion is impossible. A once famous medical jurist, whose lectures were always sound and practical, Dr. Cummin, relates that a girl eighteen years of age was confined in the depth of winter in a closed room for twenty-eight days. She had with her a gallon of water, some pieces of bread amounting to about a quartern loaf, and a mince pie. She is said to have subsisted on this small quantity of food for the twenty-eight days without fire, and to have ultimately escaped from her prison by breaking down a window-shutter that had been nailed up, getting out of a window on to a roof below, and finally walking several miles, from Enfield Wash to Aldermanbury. In commenting on this feat, one of our most eminent authorities, Dr. Guy, expresses his disbelief; and he is confirmed in this opinion by two other excellent authorities, Drs. Woodman and Tidy, who consider that while it is possible life might be prolonged, "in all the recorded cases the muscles have become so weak before half the time mentioned, that the sufferers could not even help themselves to water, much less walk this distance."

The experiment of Tanner throws this opinion aside altogether as an opinion bearing on starving persons generally. It may still apply to certain persons who might succumb sooner than other persons, and it might possibly apply more distinctly to persons who have been subjected to starvation by force rather than to those who permit themselves voluntarily to undergo the infliction; but, for all that, we must henceforth be exceedingly cautious in accepting that a healthy individual having a quartern loaf of bread, a mince pie, and a gallon

of water, cannot, on emergency, perform a very considerable degree of muscular labour after an incarceration of no longer a period than half the time named in Dr. Cummin's illustration—fourteen days. Dr. Tanner, on the fare named, would have considered starvation a luxury.

In this same direction of learning from Tanner's case there is another hypothesis that may require some correction. It is assumed as an almost indisputable fact that those persons who go into starvation while they are in a state of obesity, are more certain to live for longer periods than they who are of a spare habit of body. Tanner appears to correct this statement, and to prove that, if it be a general rule, it is a rule having very clear and unmistakable exceptions.

At the same time, the experiment confirms a truth which the experience of the learned has already detected—namely, that there is a wide range of capacity for starvation, if I may so express myself, amongst the various specimens of human kind. It seems clear that, where the disposition to starve goes with the starving, the powers of endurance are immensely prolonged. Nor is the explanation of this phenomenon peculiar. When the disposition for the starvation is present, when the will goes with the experiment, and when faith, whatever, it may be fanned by, keeps hope and courage alive, the chances of continuance of life must be greatly increased. There is then no wasting worry and fever of desire ; there is then none of that corroding fear and dread of death, which so materially—I use the term in its strict meaning—help onwards towards dissolution.

Thus we would expect that men or women who voluntarily submit to starvation, and that men and women who in days of enforced starvation have most courage to endure, will endure the longest and will recover, if the chances of recovery be offered, with the greatest facility.

## II.

Another lesson which may be learned from the experiment carried out by Dr. Tanner relates to the sustaining power of water as a food. During the first days of his fast Tanner is reported to have taken but a small quantity of water, and his loss in weight and in physical power was rapid. When he commenced to fast he weighed one hundred and fifty-seven pounds and a half. In the first fifteen days he had lost twenty-four pounds, and on the sixteenth day he had lost twenty-five pounds and a half. On this last-named day he began to drink more freely of water, and on the sixteenth day he was found, on being weighed, to have gained a pound and a half since the weighing on the previous day. It was also observed that

his hands and feet were a little swollen, as occurs in the form of dropsy known as œdema. On inquiry into the cause of this, Drs. Miller and Gunn found that during the day Tanner had swallowed forty-four ounces of water. He had lost in the time eleven ounces that could be directly measured, which left thirty-three ounces to be accounted for. Twenty-four ounces were accounted for by increase of weight, and the remaining nine were reasonably set down as lost by perspiration and respiration. The quantity of water taken on this day was considered to be excessive for him, and the same quantity in the same time was not repeated, but sufficient was supplied throughout to maintain life.

The lesson here taught is that the life was sustained by the water, and that, in instances where a long period of existence is maintained on mere aqueous fluids, it is the water that sustains. In short, in a sense, water becomes a food. The knowledge of this truth is corrective of some of the most grievous and mischievous errors. Persons undergoing severe privation and fatigue, persons suffering from disease, persons suffering from repugnant dislike to animal and vegetable foods, have for long seasons been supplied with drinks of wine or of spirits and water. Forgetting the water altogether, or treating it as a thing of no consideration, they have declared—and others, even medical men, have declared for them—that they were sustained on alcohol, and therefore the alcohol was a food. It was vain to indicate that in such cases the alcohol was largely diluted with water. It was vain to urge that the Welsh miners were able to live ten days on water alone, for that time was not sufficiently long in the way of proof. It wanted such proofs as these we have now got to demonstrate the actual nature of the sustaining agent, and to exclude the agent which, obtaining all the credit, did, in point of fact, more evil than good.

In the same way we have explained to us why some men, after shipwreck, have subsisted for long periods by laving their bodies with water, and have been refreshed beyond all expectation by a fresh-water bath from rain, and by a copious drink from the same pure liquid supply.

### III.

A lesson is to be learned from these experiments on the practice of treating the starved in times of great famine, and on the treatment of districts where famines most commonly prevail. Mr. Cornish, in his admirable Report on the late famine in India, takes the utmost care to explain that the danger of the deficient food supply was comparatively small when there was any sufficient quantity of

moisture. So long as fruits and herbs and plants of a succulent and wholesome kind could be obtained, so long there was strictly no famine. But when the juices of fruits and other succulent vegetable supplies of water were cut off, then indeed the people were famine-stricken with a vengeance. Mr. Cornish also refers to another fact—briefly it is true, yet still with sufficient effect to show his meaning—that when the famine-stricken had passed a certain period of time without food or drink, when they had to a large extent lost the desire for food and drink, they frequently died even when the relief came and food was carefully supplied to them. He relates, if I remember his narrative correctly, that in one instance he took the sufferer to his own home, and there, with the most scrupulous care, tried to restore life and health, but without avail ; so that he is led to explain that there is a period in a famine when all the foods that may come in are practically useless to the persons who are a-hungred and a-thirst, and yet do not at first sight appear likely to die. This is the secondary effect of famine on the body ; but, be it observed, it only occurs when, in addition to deprivation of solid food, there is also deprivation of fluid. Let the fluid be supplied in even small quantity, and, though the emaciation may be extreme, the famine of death may be averted, and the subjection of the stomach to new and proper aliment may lead to perfect restoration of life.

The experience gained from the restoration of Tanner after his fast was over and food was again ministered to him, is in entire accord with this line of independent experience gained in the crisis of famine. The system of the man, reduced as it was, was still in order to go on again when the conditions natural to continued life were supplied. The experience that was gained in the case of the Welsh miners certified to the same fact. In some of the lower forms of life the fact is once more illustrated in the effect of water on their dry and shrivelled forms, which, lying as it were dried up and actually dead, recover life after they are exposed to water and have drunken in the life-sustaining fluid to a sufficient saturation. I once found a snake in my garden at Mortlake which, during a dry season, had become so completely shrivelled and firm that it seemed quite dead ; the scales were falling off, and the body emitted the most peculiar and offensive odour. Laid in wet grass, this animal gradually recovered its power to move, and in a few weeks had re-attained its full life. In famine, therefore, it is a first point of practice to supply water to the affected ; but in a fair but moderate degree, for the water itself may be supplied more freely than is proper, and danger may thereby be promoted. It is pretty certain

that when Dr. Tanner took the large quantity of water on the sixteenth day of his fast he went beyond the margin of safety. When his hands and feet began to swell he was for the time in danger. The danger would consist in the effect produced in the bodily temperature, and in the too extreme fluidity of the blood that would follow rapid dilution.

The lesson respecting famine extends from the particular to the general. It passes from the physician to the statesman. Cornelius Walford, in his truly valuable essay on the famines of the world, past and present, teaches that, while combined with moisture, solar heat affords the most certain means of securing luxuriance ; without the moisture, it causes a howling wilderness. The fact is evidenced in India, where, under irrigation of land without luxuriant vegetation to defend the earth, there is, even in the presence of water, a howling wilderness and a district for famine, as if the earth itself lost its power to live and reproduce when the famine of drought came upon it. The lesson taught is, that to prevent districts of famine the same plan must be followed that was followed by the New York enthusiast ; the sources of natural moisture for mother Earth herself must be kept up, so that, though she may be deprived of carboniferous and nitrogenous food, she may revivify when the normal conditions of life are restored. But even with the earth the supply of water must be gentle and moderate. Flood it, and it is destroyed. The life that it holds, deprived of due supplies, will live after long deprivation, and will be renewed in all its luxuriance if it be re-fed with natural provision.

#### IV.

The experiment carried out by Dr. Tanner has another and more practical application as a lesson of daily life. In cases of accident, as in coal-mines, when living human beings are buried away and given up for lost, it is now plainly—I had almost said authoritatively—suggested to us that more prolonged search should be made for those that are lost than is now thought necessary. The miners who after ten days' immurement were at last rescued, might have lived many days more,—twice ten, almost certainly,—and yet it is to be feared they would have been given up long before the first ten days had elapsed, had not sounds from them reached the ears of those who were in search. In discovery for those who are immured a search extending even to forty days would not, as we now know, be needlessly long. Moreover, it would be useful for those who are exposed to such dangers as are now under notice to be instructed in the truth that, if water can be obtained, and if that be trusted to

to the exclusion of all spirituous poisons, they may expect to live in a natural air for a period varying from three to six weeks, during which there will be no effort lost for their rescue. Such knowledge would give both hope and fortitude to unfortunates who might otherwise be led to any rashness of despair, and might open many chances which would not occur to them in ignorance of the light that has now been thrown on the subject of human endurance under privation from solid food. When we consider what numbers of immured victims must have died from starvation because no sufficiently prolonged search for them was maintained, and when the whole horror of desolation of such a form of death is conceived, we cannot reasonably deny that man who by his own self-sacrifice has thrown in a gleam of hope, even in a mere accidental way, has not altogether suffered in vain.

V.

One or two writers out of the few who have credited Tanner with any intention of usefulness have offered an opinion that the experiment he has performed may prove beneficial as a matter of economic science, and that a good many persons may learn a great deal from it. It may fairly be admitted that the experiment is of some value in this direction. When we know how little food is really required to sustain life, we may the more readily surmise how very much more food is taken by most persons than can ever be applied usefully towards that sustainment. I have no compunction in expressing that, while the fasting enthusiast was subjecting himself to considerable danger from his abstinence, many hundreds of thousands of persons were subjecting themselves to an equal danger from indulging in excesses of foods and drinks. The only difference on their parts would be that they were not so wise as to confine their self-imposed risks to a limited period of forty days. They keep up their experiment, and, with every vessel in their bodies strained to repletion and seriously overtaxed, continue to replete and to strain the more. If we could induce, therefore, such persons to contemplate their proceedings and to strike a fair comparison between their own foolhardiness and that of Dr. Tanner, the moral they would easily draw would not be without its worth on their understanding. Unfortunately, the comparison cannot be made with effect, because the feat of excess is in the swim of fashion, while the feat of fasting is very much out of it. The first is a vice which, by familiarity, begets favour and competition ; the second is a folly which, by its oddity, begets amusement, compassion, and contempt.

## VI.

While it is much to be regretted that the observations which were conducted on the fasting Doctor from day to day were not so accurate, or I had rather said so extended,—for I do not know that we have any reason to doubt the accuracy of what was observed as far as it went,—there is still, in a physiological point of view, a good deal to be learned from what was observed. That under so restricted a diet the temperature of the man should to the end have remained so steady is of itself an important bit of evidence. We have been led to believe that in a very few days the process of abstaining from a sufficient supply of food, to say nothing about abstaining from food altogether, was a certain means of reducing the animal temperature. It was never surmised that water alone would lead to conditions in which the animal warmth would for many weeks remain practically sustained. That the respiration should have remained so little affected is a second equally remarkable fact ; and that the muscular power should have been kept up so as to enable the starved man to walk, talk, scold, and compress the dynamometer to 82° for forty days is beyond what any physiologist living would have admitted as possible previously to the event that declares the possibility. On the veritable assumption that, in the matter of feeding, some deception has been carried out, and that, in a surreptitious way, food in small quantities, or some concentrated food, has been cleverly administered, these results, coupled with the unquestionable waste of tissue, and with the painful and frequent disturbance of the stomach, are quite sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of the thoughtful physiological scholar.

The most striking physical fact of all remains, that during the whole of the fasting period the mind of the faster was unclouded, and, taking it all in all, his reasoning powers good. Whoever remembers what depressions of mind, what lapses of memory, what stages of indecision and vacuity come on when for a few hours only the body is deprived of food will wonder, not a little, that any human being could remain self-possessed and ready for argument and contention during a fast of nearly six weeks. Yet, from what is known of Dr. Tanner's experiment, and from the example I gave from my own knowledge, the possession of mental was even more conspicuous than that of physical endurance. Suppose it be urged that, in both the cases cited, the excellent sleeping faculties of the fasters kept their minds in good balance ; then we do but move the difficulty one step farther back, since to sleep in a state of fast and to wake again refreshed is itself a strange order of phenomenon. In sleep there is in progress the repair of the body.



How shall there be repair when the food material out of which the repair is secured is not supplied? For a starving man to sleep and die we might be prepared; for a starving man to awake in the shadow of semi-consciousness or dementia; for a starving man to wake in the terror and excitement of delirium and rage; for any one of these conditions we might be prepared. But for such a man to wake up refreshed and, at the worst, no more than irritable and pettish, is not by any means a condition easy to be classed amongst the probable phenomena of nature. It would be sheer vanity and conceit to say that a fact of this order is not new to science and is not worthy of a place in the annals of scientific research.

## VII.

The last and most obvious teaching from these fasting experiences consists in the old, but now more demonstrative, evidence of the grand part which water plays in the economy of life. The physiologist, who knows that about seventy-five per cent. of the human body is made up of water, will not wonder, so much as others will that water should possess the life-sustaining power which now is seen to belong to it. Yet he will be perplexed with the new readings, which are presented as to the mode by which it sustains for so long a period of time. He will see that under its influence a kind of peripheral digestion is established in the body itself, by which, independently of the stomach, the body can subsist for a long time on itself; first on its stored-up or reserve structures, and afterwards on its own active structures. He will infer that, by the influence of the water imbibed, the digestive juices of the stomach are kept from acting on the walls of the stomach. He will discern that, by the steady introduction of water into the blood, the blood corpuscles are kept in a state of vitality and in a condition fitted for the absorption of oxygen from the air. He will note that the minute vesicular structures of the lungs and of all the glandular organs are kept also vitalised and physically capable of function; and he will understand how, by the same agent, that water-engine the brain is sustained in activity, its cement fluid, and its cellular structure free. There will, nevertheless, be much still left to afford him food for contemplation; and, even if he thinks these fasters are not the wisest of men, he will hardly be averse to distil from them such essence of philosophy as may be legitimately extracted.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

EVERYBODY is now interested in the progress of science, and wishes to know something about it ; but only those who have little else to do can follow it in the voluminous records where scientific discoveries are originally announced. Even to read the two or three English journals where these are epitomised is too much for most of us, seeing that everything available is heaped together therein ; and nine-tenths or more of this accumulation is so purely technical that it is dull, dismal, and worthless to the general reader. He therefore requires the help of a judicious Mentor, who shall select from the heap the most interesting morsels, and render them easily intelligible. These notes are intended to supply this demand. They will not be paragraphs produced merely by the aid of scissors and paste ; but short, simple essays carefully prepared for the *Gentleman's Magazine* by a writer whose long experience as a popular-science teacher enables him to form a fair estimate of popular requirements, and has trained him in the art of intelligible exposition.

The primary characteristic of natural truth, *i.e.* pure science, when fully understood, is simplicity, though the struggles in search of it by its discoverers may be extremely complex and difficult. An example or two will illustrate this.

Two great mathematicians, Adams and Leverrier, struggled long and arduously with the difficulties of most complex calculations in order to determine the cause of certain deviations of the planet Uranus from the path it ought theoretically to have followed. They finally determined that these irregularities are due to the gravitation of another world beyond : they told the owners of suitable telescopes where to find it, and it was found accordingly. Thus the discovery of the planet Neptune demanded a vast amount of technical mathematical skill ; but, when discovered, the great fact became clearly open to all.

The Astronomer Royal and his assistants have been working for some years past in reducing the costly and difficult observations of the last transit of Venus. None but highly-trained mathematicians

can accompany or follow them in this work ; but its result, the distance of the earth from the sun, is intelligible to any schoolboy when fairly established and plainly stated.

The making of a railway is a very tedious and costly task ; but the travelling over it a swift and cheap one. It is the same with the truths of science. The exclusive pedant would drag you through his details of discovery and demonstration, pretending that you cannot be a passenger in the triumphal car of science without being also an engineer.

These notes are intended to carry ordinary passengers along the path of scientific discovery without requiring them to excavate their own tunnels or drive the engine.

A selection of subjects will be carefully made month by month, and only those of general interest will be treated : others that are specially technical, or interesting only to a small section of experts, will not be touched at all.

Where preliminary explanation is necessary, it will be given in as few words as may be consistent with clear and readable exposition.

#### A NEW DEVELOPMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

**M.** JANSSEN has announced a very curious, and at present a mysterious, discovery in photography. He has lately produced some magnificent photographs of the face of the sun, displaying the spots, the faculæ, the "mottling" or "rice grains," or "willow leaves," as they have been fancifully called, and the other details of solar physiognomy, in a manner that affords to all and sundry fair opportunity of studying these stupendous irregularities. In the further prosecution of this admirable work, M. Janssen found that prolonged exposure destroys the picture, nothing appearing on applying the developer. Careful observation showed that this disappearance was gradual, as might be expected. So far there is no particular novelty in the observations, but by continuing the exposure beyond the period of disappearance an unexpected transformation is displayed. Instead of an ordinary negative picture with lights represented by shades, and the shades by light, a positive picture is now displayed on development ; the bright body of the sun shown white and the spots black, as to ordinary vision. With careful manipulation this direct positive has all the distinctness of a fine photographic picture. About  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of a second was the time allowed for an ordinary picture of the sun, and with the gelatino-bromide process  $\frac{1}{20}$  of this time is sufficient. The direct positives

were obtained by continuing the exposure from half a second to a second.

What is the chemistry of this second action? To answer this question satisfactorily, further, and probably rather extensive, investigation is demanded; a research that must include the whole philosophy of the wondrous phenomenon of photographic development.

If among my readers there are any who have not witnessed this magical process, he or she should visit a communicative photographer, and ask for an introduction to his darkened chamber, where a glass plate, presenting only a surface of dirty-looking collodion film, is subjected to an incantation by enchanted waters, and forthwith appears a spectral image of the observer or any other person or thing the operating wizard has chosen to call forth. Nothing narrated in the chronicles of witchcraft is more weird and wonderful than this.

#### ARCTIC BALLOONING.

THE Central Arctic Committee, after careful consideration and some discussion, passed unanimously the following resolution: "That, in the opinion of this committee, the plan of using three connected balloons, as tested at the Alexandra Palace, does not warrant the committee in following out further that suggestion, but leads them to revert to the original idea of using single balloons as auxiliary to the work of the new expedition."

It is quite evident, from the valuable practical instruction derived from the rude experiment to which allusion is made in the above, that more experiments are required. The Government had done something in the study of military ballooning, but not nearly enough. Though somewhat *blasé* in reference to the putting forth of original projects, I am sorely tempted to revive one of the devices of my youth, suggested in the course of some struggles over Alpine glaciers, especially that of the *Bossons*. It was to attach to the upper part of the back, by a system of shoulder straps, a small balloon capable of lifting one's knapsack and from a half to three-fourths of the weight of the body; and thus, relieved of so much encumbrance, to skip merrily over the Alps, especially up the snow slopes and glaciers, tripping lightly from ridge to ridge of the craggy glacier ice, and crossing its blue crevasses by easy flying leaps.

Such an arrangement, carrying a fortnight's supply of food in addition, might enable an exploring party to approach the Pole in spite of the so-called "paleocrystic ice," provided the gas would not ooze through the balloon faster than it became relieved of ballast by

the consumption of the provisions. A gale of wind might possibly be inconvenient ; while, on the other hand, a favourable breeze, rather stiff, would be equivalent to the "seven-league boots" of the nursery hero. The rate of progress, in any case, should be very different from the one mile per day of Markham's sledge parties.

#### A STEAM-ENGINE WORKED BY THE SUN.

**M.** MOUCHOT, of Algiers, has fully carried into practical effect an oft-repeated philosophical dream, viz. that of using the sun's rays directly as a source of mechanical power. I say "directly," because, as is now pretty generally understood, the combustion of coal, wood, &c. is but an indirect application of ancient bottled sunbeams to modern use.

M. Mouchot's engine has been long at work. In November last his solar furnace raised above  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of cold water to the boiling point in 80 minutes, and at the end of another hour and a half raised its steam to a pressure of eight atmospheres. On December 24 he distilled  $5\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of wine in 85 minutes. Since the spring of last year he has been working a horizontal engine at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute, with a pressure of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  atmospheres, pumping 250 gallons of water per hour, at 4-feet pressure. This was done from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. without sensible hindrance by passing clouds. He has also sublimed sulphur, distilled sulphuric acid, purified linseed oil, concentrated syrups, carbonised wood in closed vessels, fused and calcined alum, &c.

The solar heat is concentrated by means of mirrors, and the boiler is enclosed in glass through which the *solar* rays pass readily for heating the water, while the radiations of the obscure heat from the boiler itself are obstructed by the glass. This difference of the penetrability of glass by rays of differing intensity may be easily proved by holding a piece of glass between the sun and one's face, and then repeating the experiment before a domestic fire. The glass is no screen to the solar rays, but an effective one to those from the fire. Greenhouses and cucumber-frames are heated thus. The solar heat freely enters these glass traps, but cannot readily get out again.

It should be noted that M. Mouchot's success in Algiers by no means proves that his engine would work in England. We are still likely to remain dependent on our underground fossil sunbeams, but for the inhabitants of tropical countries M. Mouchot's invention opens out quite a new era of physical civilisation.

### BALLOON PHOTOGRAPHS.

**A**NOTHER application of photography and a new use for balloons has been opened by M. Paul Desmarests. He makes a hole in the bottom of the car and there places a camera ; and thus, by instantaneous process, obtains a map-like portrait of the country below, which may be printed by the autotype or some other of the many processes now in operation. These photographs admit of considerable magnifying of details, which greatly adds to their interest and value. M. Desmarests's pictures were taken over Rouen, and arrangements are now in progress for the systematic photography of Paris from above. It remains to be seen whether practically useful maps may be thus produced, and to what extent existing maps may be corrected by these interesting sun-pictures. The most curious element of the invention is that it should be a novelty, that so obvious and simple an idea should not have been carried out long ago.

Commander Cheyne must not omit the hole in the bottom of his balloon car, and must carry suitable photographic apparatus. He should take lessons in photography forthwith. The copyright of midnight sun-pictures of the Pole, if well worked, might pay the expenses of his expedition.

### GEOLOGICAL CONVULSIONS.

**W**E all know that land and sea have changed places, and that even the tops of high mountains were once under the sea. I have myself found fossil remains of marine shells on the summit of Mount Pilatus, which is more than 7,000 feet above the present sea level ; but these belong to a geological era long passed away, and their inhabitants were probably animals that dwelt in shallow waters near the shore.

Mr. Gwyn Jefferys has examined some fossil shells found in Calabria and Sicily at heights of more than 2,000 feet above the sea level, and finds them of the same species as others that *are now living* at depths of not less than between 9,000 and 10,000 feet below its surface, and dredged up during the expeditions of the *Lightning* and the *Porcupine*. If the inference that they *cannot*, as well as *do not*, live at less depths is correct, their existence in this position indicates an upheaval of eleven to twelve thousand feet within a period which, geologically speaking, is but recent. The probability of this great change is increased by the fact that the whole region between Vesuvius and Etna is still a literal hot-bed of volcanic activity, and

that even monuments of human handiwork thereabouts have been sunk below the sea and afterwards raised above it, as shown in the celebrated instance of the temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzuoli, the remaining columns of which bear the perforations of marine stone-borers up to a height of 23 feet above the present sea level, marking this as the depth of their submergence and re-elevation, not merely since the temple was built, but since it became a ruin. This is shown by the fallen columns, which are not perforated in the same manner as those which stand upright.

#### EYE-MEMORY.

**L**OOK steadily at a bright object, keep the eyes immovably on it for a short time, and then close them. An image of the object remains; it becomes, in fact, visible to the closed eyes. The vividness and duration of such impressions vary considerably with different individuals, and the power of retaining them may be cultivated. Besides this sort of retinal image thus impressed, there is another kind of visual image that may be obtained by an effort of memory. Certain adepts at mental arithmetic use the "mind's eye" as a substitute for slate and pencil by holding in visual memory pictures of the figures upon which they are operating, and those of their results.

In my youthful days I was acquainted with an eccentric old man who then lived at Kilburn Priory, where he surrounded himself with curious old furniture reputed to have originally belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and which, as I was told, he bequeathed to the Queen at his death. He was the then celebrated, but now forgotten, "Memory Thompson," who in his early days was a town traveller (for a brewery, if I remember rightly), and who trained himself to the performance of wonderful feats of eye-memory. He could close his eyes and picture within himself a panorama of Oxford Street and other parts of London, in which picture every inscription over every shop was so perfect and reliable that he could describe and certify to the names and occupations of the shopkeeping inhabitants of all the houses of these streets at certain dates, when Post-Office Directories were not as they now are.

Although Memory Thompson is forgotten, his special faculty is just now receiving some attention, and it is proposed to specially cultivate it in elementary schools by placing objects before the pupils for a given time, then taking them away and requiring the pupil to draw them. That such a faculty exists and may be of great service is



unquestionable. Systematic efforts to educate it, if successful, will do good service to the rising generation ; and, even should the proposed training affords smaller results than its projectors anticipate, the experiments, if carefully made and registered, cannot fail to improve our knowledge of mental physiology.

We are told that the "second-sight" trick practised so successfully by Houdin and his son was done by cultivating this faculty. I suspect, however, that Houdin's confidential accounts of his training of himself and son in acquiring thus the art of visual memory were strictly professional. The second-sight trick, as I have seen it done, is performed quite differently, the objects described never having been seen at all by the person describing them, but being under the eye of the questioner. It depends on a very skilful framing of questions which convey information through a series of predetermined signals, demanding months and even years of continual practice to carry out. When a conjuror takes you into his confidence and explains the principle upon which one of his best tricks is done, you may take it for granted that he is practising upon you the fundamental principle of all his tricks, viz. that of misdirecting your attention. If he talks about the machinery of his automaton, allows you to discover that he was once apprenticed to a watchmaker, and carefully winds up the machinery in the box under the figure before it begins to perform, you may safely conclude that there is no machinery there beyond what is necessary to produce the ostentatious clicking that accompanies the winding.

#### THE UNDER CRUST OF THE EARTH.

EVERYBODY now knows that the legendary apple which startled Sir Isaac Newton was brought down by gravitation, and also that the velocity of its fall was proportionate to the mass of the earth ; but there are many educated people who would be puzzled to tell how a body may be continually falling towards the earth for days and months and years, without striking or getting any nearer to it. This, however, is done by the moon, which would go straight on and leave the earth altogether but for the earth's gravitation. Newton understood this, and, by measuring the continuous and earthward bending of the moon's path, determined the rate of its continuous fall towards the earth, thereby verifying his hypotheses ; and is said to have swooned when he found that it exactly matched his calculations.

This suggests another problem. Can we construct an artificial

satellite that shall be continually falling towards the earth without touching it, and at the same time continue within our reach down here, as we stand upon the surface of the earth? This appears paradoxical, but may be done, and is done most easily. A pendulum is such a body, with the great advantage of being capable of measuring and recording its own velocity of fall by the aid of the well-known machinery of a clock.

By such a device Airy ascertained the difference between the gravitating power of the earth on its surface when its whole mass was pulling the pendulum downwards, and that which it exerted at the bottom of a deep coal-pit, when the portion above the pendulum was pulling it upwards, and the quantity below was by so much diminished.

Mr. Faye has lately been working with similar tools, and collecting the data of other pendulum workers, with some interesting results. He finds that while certain small mountains, such as Schiehallion, Arthur's Seat, &c., add the action of their masses to the gravitating work of the earth upon the pendulum, other vastly greater masses, such as the Himalayas, do not ; and that the force of gravitation is even less upon some elevated continents than over the sea. The mountains act as though undermined by great cavities. Mr. Faye does not, however, suppose this to be the case, but suggests a far more probable explanation, viz. that below the ocean the specific gravity or density of the crust of the earth is greater than below the great continents, and that this is due to difference of temperature.

We know, as a positive fact, that in sinking mines, artesian wells, &c., the temperature increases as we descend, after the first hundred feet or thereabouts is passed; and this increase has been attributed to the internal heat of the earth, which can but very slowly escape through the ill-conducting solid crust.

But at the bottom of the ocean the water is icy cold at depths so great that we should reach the boiling-point of water, or still higher temperatures, if we could sink so far below the land surface. Thus the mean density of water and rock under the deep Atlantic may be greater than the mean density of the continuous solid under a continent.

If this is correct, there must be a continual squeezing downwards over great oceanic areas, and a squeezing upwards under continents, which squeezing will operate in the way of upheaval wherever the material is sufficiently plastic. This, as may be easily understood, opens up a wide field for geological speculation, and has an important bearing on Mallet's theory of volcanoes and earthquakes, and of mountain formation.

## THE IMMATERIALITY OF MATTER.

MR. CROOKES, to whom the world is indebted for that marvellous little instrument the radiometer, for the curious and important researches that led to its construction, and for subsequent investigation of strange molecular mysteries, is not satisfied with having brilliantly displayed some of the properties of what he denominates the "ultra-gaseous" condition of matter, but has suggested a new version of material existence. The modern view of the constitution of matter is that it is made up of molecules; that heat is, as Dr. Tyndall expresses it, "a mode of motion," *i.e.* motion of these molecules, which, when communicated to our organs of sense, produce the feeling of temperature. Mr. Crookes goes farther, and maintains that what we call matter "is nothing more than the effects upon our senses of the movements of molecules." According to the generally accepted mathematical view of the constitution of matter, these molecules are inconceivably small, and the interspaces through which they swing, or vibrate, or fly, or gyrate, although utterly invisible, are vastly larger than the molecules themselves. Mr. Crookes adds to this conception that "the space covered by the motion of the molecules has no more right to be called matter than the air traversed by a rifle bullet has to be called lead. From this point of view, then, matter is but a mode of motion; at the absolute zero of temperature the intermolecular motion would stop, and, although *something* retaining the properties of inertia and weight would remain, matter, as we know it, would cease to exist."

Would Mr. Crookes still maintain this view of the nature of matter if a cannon-ball or a 56-lb. weight were cooled down to the absolute zero of temperature and dropped upon his toe, that particular toe bearing a sensitive corn? Would he be thereby convinced that these residual "properties of inertia and weight" are sufficient to constitute "matter as we know it"? I think he would. On my own part, I would give up the argument at once without trying the experiment.

I have always been a sceptic in respect to the ultimate molecular or atomic constitution of matter, and have watched the researches of Mr. Crookes with considerable interest, believing that ere long they will refute the complexities of modern mathematical speculations concerning the dancing of molecules, and lead to more simple and natural conceptions. If Mr. Crookes proceeds far enough in the same direction as that in which he is now moving to supply us with a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the prevailing mathematical

explanations of physical phenomena, which explanations are incomparably more difficult of explanation than the facts they profess to explain, he will do immense service in promoting the general diffusion of sound scientific knowledge, which is now seriously threatened by the exclusive pedantry of a certain school of transcendental speculative mathematicians, who sneer at popular science, and would have us believe that the laws of nature are complex mysteries revealed only to a mathematical priesthood expert in quaternions and the differential calculus. They cannot understand the true profundity of Faraday's simplicity : neither can Babbage's calculating machine.

#### UNPLEASANT RESEARCHES.

THE paths of science are not all sprinkled with sweet perfumery. That selected by Dr. G. Thin is especially otherwise ; the subject of his paper, communicated to the Royal Society by Professor Huxley, being a chemical and microscopical investigation of the malodorous exudations from the soles of damp feet. He finds that the interesting object of his researches is alkaline, that it is a mixture of blood serum with ordinary sweat, and that it has no offensive smell until it has been absorbed by the stocking. This being the case, Dr. Thin specially studied the stocking, and, by teasing a portion of the wet sole of a promising specimen in water, he succeeded in obtaining a multitude of living organisms, "micrococci," to which he has given the appropriate name of *Bacterium fœtidum*. By carefully nursing these in suitable aquaria at a temperature of 94° to 98°, he has been able to study their structure and movements, which are described in the paper, and to draw their portraits, that they may be engraved and immortalised in the "Transactions." By feeding them luxuriously on vitreous humour, he has induced them to increase and multiply even to the third and fourth generation, and still farther. This is not all. He has triumphantly succeeded in reproducing the odour of the original stocking in the domesticated descendants of his original pets, though he is obliged to admit that this odour diminishes with successive generations. This is discouraging; for, had all the descendants of these interesting creatures continued worthy of their ancestors, a large quantity of them might have been collected and distilled, and the odoriferous essence isolated and concentrated for exhibition and demonstration at the next conversazione at Burlington House.

Mr. Thin does not appear to have studied the action of "*Streupulver*," which is used in the German army as a remedy for offensive

feet. It is composed of 87 parts of silicate of magnesia and 3 parts of salicylic acid mixed together and applied as a dry powder. The active portion of this is doubtless the salicylic acid, the other being merely a soft smooth neutral powder serving as a medium for its application. Powdered talc or soapstone may be used.

A Belgian physician, Dr. Kohnhom, has recently used it to suppress the exhausting night perspiration of consumptive patients, by rubbing it over the whole of the body, care being taken to prevent the dust from entering the mouth, as salicylic acid has a special irritant effect on the throat. Does it irritate to death the *bacterium fœtidum*?

#### THE MUSCULAR EDUCATION OF ANIMALS.

**M.** MARANGONI, in a paper communicated to the Academy of Sciences, attributes to the swim-bladder of fishes another function besides that of regulating their buoyancy. He finds it so placed, and of such dimensions, as to render the fish unstable both as regards position and level; that if the animal makes no effort, it will either sink to the bottom or rise to the surface, and turn over, instead of swimming upright. He argues that this apparent inconvenience is really advantageous, both morally and physically. It keeps the fish on the alert, prevents it from contracting idle habits, and thereby renders it muscular and agile. He further maintains that the most active of terrestrial animals are those that have the least mechanical stability, and therefore must be continually engaged in keeping their balance by muscular adjustments, and he attributes their constitutional activity to the educating influence of this continuous effort.

If M. Marangoni is right, the bicycle will inaugurate a new starting-point in human evolution. Ordinary human beings perform a wonderful feat in so co-ordinating the muscles, levers, and joints of the human body as to stand upright and move forward on so small a base as the soles of the feet; but the new variety of biped that performs rapid locomotion on a base of only half an inch width, while his centre of gravity is raised some two feet above that of normal foot-borne specimens, presents a case of balancing activity, effected by the co-operation of hands and feet, legs, arms, head, and body, without parallel in any other species of mammal, and he should evolve accordingly.

#### A NEW VINEGAR.

**B**ACTERIA are continually coming to the front. They are microscopic wriggling living things nearly allied to fungi, and

are either animals or vegetables, according to the definition adopted. They move like animals, but breathe and otherwise conduct themselves as vegetables, and are now classified accordingly. They are generally to be found wherever putrefaction is going on ; fevers have been attributed to their presence in the blood, and they are made answerable for a great deal besides. Fungus germs and old-fashioned ferments have been rather snubbed of late by their intrusion.

Liebig attributed the formation of vinegar to the simple chemical combination of oxygen with alcohol ; but Pasteur, a great authority on all that relates to fermentation, regards the change as a physiological result of the vegetation of a special bacterium, the *Mycoderma aceti*. Herr Wurm, in order to settle the controversy, has tried whether it is possible to produce vinegar by "sowing" pure bacteria in a tepid mixture of water, vinegar, and alcohol, to which some phosphates have been added. He succeeded so completely that it is now proposed to manufacture vinegar commercially by this method, which is stated to be more rapid and economical than the usual one of fermenting saccharine solutions.

On my own part, I do not see that these facts refute Liebig's chemical theory at all. The oxidation to which he attributes the formation of vinegar may be promoted by bacteria, or a "vinegar plant," or microscopic fungi, or any other vegetation that acts in accordance with the usual chemistry of vegetation, by dissociating water and carbonic acid, appropriating their carbon and hydrogen, and evolving the separated oxygen in that nascent condition most favourable for its ready combination with the liquid in the midst of which the vegetation is proceeding.

#### SUNSHINE AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE railway accident season has set in rather severely this year by the running away of the Flying Scotchman, near Berwick, and the similar and still more disastrous derailment of the Midland train at Wennington. As we have such accidents annually at the summer holiday-time, the popular explanation is naturally suggested, viz. that it is all owing to the excursion trains.

I have another theory of my own which I hereby publish as what certain candidates for "endowment of research" delight to call "a working hypothesis ;" i.e. a theory for which I shall claim full credit, and a "grant," if it turns up correct, but will otherwise drop. It is this: The metals of a railway expand and contract with variations

of temperature, and wherever rails are laid, in cold, in cool, or average weather, a space should be left between each to allow for the expansion that must occur when the sun-glare of summer falls upon their dark heat-absorbing surfaces. Unless fully sufficient allowance is made for this expansion, the sunshine will cause the rails to push against each other at their ends, and force themselves into curves or zig-zags, in spite of the fish-plates, cradles, and bolts ; or, worse still, a positive rupture of these and an over-lap or side-lap may occur somewhere. Such irregularities are likely to throw a rapidly running train off the metals, as both the trains above named were thrown off.

The worst of these accidents occurred where the rails had been newly laid. I ask, Who laid these rails ? Were they inspected by an officer with sufficient scientific education to know the temperature of rails when laid in early hours of a dewy August morning ; what additional temperature these same rails would acquire under such sun rays as fell upon them between midday and 2 P.M. on August 11, when the Midland accident occurred ; and whether he was able to calculate, from the known co-efficient of expansion of Bessemer steel, the elongation to which every mile of rail thus laid and exposed would be liable under the extreme conditions of possible variations of temperature ?

The fact that both these accidents were totally unconnected with excursion traffic or collision, but were mysterious runnings away from the rails, renders the above a very serious question. If the laying of rails is in any case left to ordinary workmen—who, like all good artisans, delight in making a “good fit”—they would of course bring the rails well up together, and mischief must result.

Both the accidents occurred on exceptionally hot and sunny days, and inspection of the line when the rails are cooler may not reveal the disturbance due to their maximum temperature.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.



## TABLE TALK.

IT is not generally known in England that the Jesuits, now once more driven from France, were, previous to their expulsion in 1762, accustomed to employ as educational agents, in the schools under their charge, performances not only of tragedy and of comedy, but also of ballet ! So elaborate was the scale on which these ballets were presented, that the pupils had to study at the opera with dancers from the opera, and dancers from the opera were in course of time introduced together with the pupils in the performances. That this strange and uncomfortable alliance should draw down upon the Jesuits the stern condemnation of their Jansenist rivals was to be expected. Very good specimens of the *odium theologicum* are some of the attacks which are published in the organs of the last-named body. A history of the theatre of the Jesuits has just been published in France, and constitutes instructive and fairly amusing reading. Among those who were trained by the Jesuits were Molière and Dancourt, both actors and both dramatists. No record of any special capacity for acting being displayed by either of these pupils exists, nor does the name of either appear in the lists of those who took part in the representations. A nickname applied to the Jesuits by Dancourt was well chosen, and has since stuck to them. Being rebuked by one of the fathers, in whose class he had formerly been, for the degrading vocation he had assumed, Dancourt is reported to have said, " I do not see, my father, that you are justified in condemning thus the employment I have taken up. I am one of the comedians of the King, you are one of the comedians of the Pope. There is no great difference between us." Quite considerable are the contributions to dramatic literature of the Jesuit fathers. Père Brumoy, author of the voluminous " Théâtre des Grecs," was one of the body, and Père Porée and Père Legay are prolific authors. Most of the plays written for performance by the pupils were in Latin, and have accordingly had but little interest for following generations. Of the comedies written in French, however, numerous editions have appeared. Père Porée, who is the most brilliant product of the Jesuits, has obtained the high praise of Saint Marc-Girardin.

I AM scarcely rash in assigning to Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the amiable and accomplished editor of the American "Variorum Shakespeare"—a work of stupendous labour and erudition—the authorship of a letter in the *Times* protesting against the vandalism displayed in our treatment of the Tower of London. In common with most Americans who visit the Tower, Dr. Furness, who has recently been in London, feels what a desecration of the place is involved in using as armouries the chambers most splendid in poetic memories and historic associations. Along the walls upon which the most eminent characters in English history have written their names or recorded their sorrows, are now muskets and other weapons arranged in stars and various patterns. Upon these the conductor expatiates, to the all but entire exclusion of references to history. So long as guides are taken from the class which now supplies them, it is perhaps as well that the historical associations of the Tower should be allowed to rest. As one who has visited not a few places of historical interest at home and abroad, I may say that the views of history one would obtain from trusting the statements of guides and *ciceroni* would be not a little confusing. American visitors of intelligence bring with them their own knowledge of history. None the less, they are anxious to vivify it by connecting it with the exact scenes of familiar events, and it would scarcely be superfluous to place the guides in a position to state who were among the more illustrious occupants of each chamber.

Some of the explorations of our American visitors perplex not a little the modern occupants of buildings associated with memories of departed greatness. After informing us of pious pilgrimages he had made to spots with which a Londoner is so familiar, they inspire little interest, and awaken scarcely a memory,—of going, for instance, to listen, like Shallow, to the chimes at midnight from St. Clement's Church. The distinguished editor I have mentioned told, also, how he called at one of the houses in which Johnson is known to have resided, and asked to be shown the room in which he is supposed to have lived and worked. "This is the room, sir," said the little Abigail who conducted him. "Leastways, I am told as it is, for the genelman wasn't here in my time." How long will it be, I wonder, before School Boards put an end to this state of affairs? The answer of the little "domestic" might have been taken out of the pages of Dickens. It is worthy of the Marchioness.

AMONG recent meetings, the place of honour belongs to that of the Index Society. Without fully accepting the implication

of the American Minister, who was in the chair, that indexes constitute a royal road to learning, I will admit that they are among the greatest boons to scholarship that literature has supplied. That we have gone back in respect of index-making since the days of our ancestors will be obvious to any one who compares new books with old. The "table" to Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's "Natural History" occupies between 120 and 130 folio pages with double columns; and such books as Florio's "Montaigne," the French edition of Monstrelet's "Chronicles," and the like, are abundantly supplied. To one modern book, at least, I have been obliged, with a view to utilising its contents, to supply an "index" in MS.; and the effort to use others has, in consequence of the want of an index, had to be abandoned. Among comparatively modern books that have come under my ken, the most amply indexed is Wade's "British History Chronologically Arranged," which has sixty-four pages of double-column index to a thousand and odd pages of text. Thirty-one pages of index, meanwhile, are held sufficient for the eight volumes of Landor's Collected Works, and thirty-six are all that are supplied to the "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes" of Sismondi—a book to which, owing to the variety of subjects with which it deals, an ample index is indispensable. Not a few of the books most useful to the student are nothing more than indexes. Almost worse than the absence of an index, unpardonable as this is in the case of works of a certain description, is the presence of an index which is stupidly arranged or misleading. To that amusing and very readable periodical *Notes and Queries* I would commend, as an entertaining subject, a collection of Curiosities of Index-making.

**I**N the presence of a large assembly, the statue of François Rabelais has been erected at Chinon, in Touraine. Whether this spot be the birthplace of the great teacher of Pantagruelism is still debated. Its claims are, however, the best that any French town has put forth. Considering the fitness of the site, there cannot be two opinions. Standing close to the market-place in which are sold those ripe golden and luscious fruits the unequalled profusion of which has gained for the district the name of the Garden of France, it commands a full sweep of the Loire, with the busy and picturesque bridge and the vine-clad hills of Touraine. Behind it stands the old castle, one of the largest and most picturesque of those feudal edifices of France. Almost at the feet of the statue are placed those gifts of nature of which Rabelais counselled the enjoyment. For the proof of his intellectual influence, trace back almost to Paris or forward to

the sea the course of the river flowing by his feet, and see, wherever it goes—whether past Tours and Blois, Amboise and Orleans, or by Saumur and Nantes to lose itself in the ocean at Saint-Nazaire—a country peaceable, enlightened, contented, free. The very monks whom Rabelais denounces as vermin are commencing to disappear, and the educational millennium he anticipated, and the intellectual modes of life he mapped out, seem no longer beyond reach. So quietly and with so little preliminary announcement was the statue inaugurated, that I did not hear of the ceremony in time to be present. Last year, however, I stood upon the spot on which the statue now stands. Meantime, as nothing will wholly extinguish the rancour of British prudery and the ignorance of British Philistinism, there is little cause for surprise at finding in the pages of a London periodical a letter from a correspondent in which Rabelais is once more described as an “obscene buffoon.”

THE publication of a complete edition of the works of Bret Harte<sup>1</sup> proves that the most genial, original, and national of American humourists is far more prolific than has ordinarily been supposed. His poems and dramas alone occupy a handsome volume of four hundred and fifty pages. I should not draw attention to works which need no advertisement, were it not for the fact that the present edition contains a short personal and quasi-biographical preface of the author. In this Bret Harte disabuses the public of the idea that the invention of his poems and stories was attributable to the accidental success of a satirical poem entitled the “Heathen Chinees.” A statement to this effect has been read by him during the present year, in a literary review of no mean importance. He takes, accordingly, the opportunity “to establish the chronology of the sketches, and incidentally to show that what are considered the ‘happy accidents’ of literature are very apt to be the results of quite logical and often prosaic processes.” The most interesting portion of the preface is that, however, in which Bret Harté describes the reception afforded his immortal “Luck of Roaring Camp,” when he sent it in to the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine of which he was at that time editor. “He had not yet received the proof-sheets, when he was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom he found standing, the picture of dismay and anxiety, with the proof before him. The indignation and stupefaction of the author can be well understood, when he was told that

<sup>1</sup> *The Complete Works of Bret Harte*, arranged and revised by the author. Vols. I. and II. (Chatto & Windus).

the printer, instead of returning the proofs to him, submitted them to the publisher, with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious, and improper, that the proof-reader—a young lady—had with difficulty been induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperilling the future of that enterprise.” Further I dare not quote. Very strange, however, is it to hear that the story was at last published under a kind of protest, inasmuch as the author declared that he should take its non-insertion in the magazine as a proof of his unfitness for an editorial position which he would at once lay down. Nor until the warm recognition of the Eastern States of America, backed up by that of Europe, reached the West, was the story finally acquitted of the charges brought against it. In this instance the difficulty was attributable to Pharisaism and Pietism. It is strange, however, to learn that scarcely one of Bret Harte’s stories of Western life found acceptance among those of whom and for whom it was written, until it came forward with the *imprimatur* of Eastern civilisation.

**A**MONG *cosas de España* are many things which I trust will, until their ultimate extinction, be confined to that melancholy peninsula, in which alone in Europe cruelty has been elevated into a religion. How deeply ingrained is that love of contemplating suffering which distinguishes the Spaniard, finds constant illustration. I thus hear of Spaniards having celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Inquisition, the existence of which most infamous of all human institutions may be said, in a fashion, to date from the 1st of June, 1480. On that day the Cortes then assembled at Toledo, on the suggestion of Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza—backed up, it may be supposed, by Cardinal Ximenes, acting for Ferdinand and Isabella—decreed the formation of a Tribunal of Faith, for the purpose of punishing heretics. Here is indeed an event worthy of commemoration!. How completely saturated with blood-lust was the Spanish nation may be inferred when it is told that Lope de Vega, the most illustrious of Spanish dramatists, presided over an *auto-da-fé* in which a Jew was burned, and wrote his “*La Fianza Satisfecha*” for the express purpose of stimulating the public hostility to the Jews and so bringing about further persecution. In this atrocious play he represents the Jews as stealing a Christian child, and repeating upon it all the processes of the “*Passion*,” from the scourging by thorns to the crucifixion, and even to the ultimate apotheosis.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## *QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

### CHAPTER XXVI,

Three Flavours of Folly : A Sour Thought, a Bitter Heart, and a Sweet Desire.

Three Songs of Sorrow : Will without Might, Love without Right, Day without Night.

Three Sayers of Sooth : A Dull Ear, a Sharp Eye, and a Rough Tongue.

WALTER GRAY—as he called himself—had grasped at the opportunity which chance had given him of making Alan Reid his friend. Alan would never recognise, under the disguise of a false name, a man whom he had never seen, and who would be, as a matter of course, the very opposite of what he would imagine him to be. It would never come into his head that a greedy adventurer, fresh in the possession of a great estate, would be amusing himself, as an amateur, with the discomforts of war. Victor Waldron—to call him once more by his true name—had felt few emotions stronger than that wherewith, among the Bats, he had for the first time grasped in comradeship the hand of the man who would have refused the grasp had he known his comrade's name. He was claiming friendship and brotherhood on false pretences ; but better on these than on none at all. It was intolerably infamous that Alan should go through life believing the man to be his unscrupulous enemy who would have given a hundred Coplestons to be openly his friend. After all, it was the false name that would represent the inward truth of the matter, since the true name belonged to a lie. Under a false name, and in a false guise, Alan would surely come to

know him, and to see that he was incapable of the meanness and treachery with which he had been charged ; for he believed in himself as thoroughly as a man can, and could not conceive that anybody who really knew him could fail to believe in him too. He was conscious, too, that the personal liking he had taken to Alan at first sight was quite sufficiently returned to make a good beginning. One can tell so much by the feel of a man's hand ; one can even measure the degree, so long as one can keep the folly of reason from intruding. Victor felt that he and his cousin were made to be friends ; and, if only for his own sake, friends they must become. When that came to pass, he could say some day, "I am Victor Waldron, who robbed you of Copleston—what do you think of me now? and will you be so contemptibly and abjectly proud as to refuse to take an unbearable burden from the back of a Friend?"

The friendship had grown : the time was very near when Victor might think of claiming his reward. And then—but why tell the story of Alan's end over again? Helen herself could not feel Alan's death more bitterly than he. He began to feel as if there were a curse upon him, as if he were doomed to be the instrument of death as well as of ruin to all who bore the name of Reid. It is true that he once coveted his neighbour's land ; but surely the punishment should have fallen upon the covetous man himself, and not upon his neighbour. Hatred is too weak a word for his feelings towards Copleston. To have seen a friend and comrade whom he had grown to love struck down by his side would have been shock enough at any time, without having to feel that it was his own hand which, by no means indirectly, had dealt the blow. Had he never come with Gideon Skull to Copleston in the hope of recalling to life a long-buried claim, Alan Reid, instead of dying in Paris, would even now be living at Copleston, rich and happy. "Why are men always thinking of their rights instead of their duties?" thought he. "One's own rights always seem to mean somebody else's wrongs."

So he had not returned when the war was over, but had gone on travelling about, something in the spirit of a wandering Jew. He knew that he might as hopefully and as wisely contrive plans for flying from place to place as for helping Alan's mother and sister in despite of their pride. And even if he could, what fresh evil might he not bring down upon them—he, who had already robbed them of land, life, home, hope, brother, and son? Hatred would be their least return for all he could try to do. He could never have imagined a network of circumstances under which a man could be so utterly helpless to do right and justice as he was with regard to the



Reids. If they had been only commonplace people, with commonplace views about the inherent rightness of their own rights, nothing would have been more easy than to know what to do. They would have taken all Copleston because they wanted it, and there would have been an end. But these uncomfortable people would refuse the offer of a grain of its dust as an insult, if it came from him.

But now it seemed as if there were a destiny deeper than destiny, since almost the first day of his return to England had brought him into the presence of his friend's sister. He could not help being glad that caprice, or habit, or the general use of it among new friends, had let him retain his new name. Could it mean that friendship, above and outside circumstances, was possible between her also and Walter Gray, while Victor Waldron must still remain an enemy? It was not strange that she had not recognised him, though she had the advantage over her brother in having seen him twice, while Alan had never seen him at all. For when she had seen him, he had been on the first occasion frankly light-hearted, almost her play-fellow, in the church tower; on the second, they had been engaged in a duel, wherein she was not careful to study his face, but trying to crush his spirit, if he had one. There was no reason why she should look for an enemy and a coward in her brother's friend—for Victor Waldron least of all: and, as all the world knows, no eye sees what it does not look for. On both occasions, too, there had been the absence of beard and sunburn, which were the best reasons of all for failure to recognise him; while there is little distinctive individuality in foreign voices to English ears. He was not likely to repeat a single phrase to her now that he had ever said to her before. No—there was no reason why Walter Gray should not become the friend of Helen Reid.

Yes, but there was, though! There was Gideon Skull.

How had that come to pass—that Helen Reid, in any shuffling of the cards of life, should be the wife of Gideon? It seemed the very wildest of mysteries: it felt to Victor like some horrible sort of profanation, though he could not, for the life of him, have told himself why. Alan, he knew, would have revolted at the idea of such a marriage. "Well—there is no accounting for what women do," he said to himself, with that every-day philosophy which so admirably accounts for everything by accounting for nothing. After all, there have been many much stranger matches in the world, so far as she was concerned. But that Gideon should have married for love alone—that was the arch-mystery of the whole world.

Nothing was more natural than that he should drop in, during

the course of the next day, upon his and Alan's old companion in arms, Dr. Dale ; it was clearly his best way of learning more about Helen and Gideon. He made his call prepared with a string of questions, and was anything but prepared for his greeting.

" You haven't heard the news? No? Didn't you say last night you knew Skull?"

" What of him?"

" I hope you didn't know him as your debtor, like Aristides, and I don't know who besides. I thought it would happen at last—and, when I saw his wife out without him—well, that comes to the total of two and two. He's blown up—bolted—I don't know the proper slang, but that's what it comes to. I was attending little Themistocles Aristides, who's down with the measles—and there's a panic in Greece, I can tell you, to-day."

" Good God, Dale ! What do you mean?"

" You *are* a creditor, then? Well, there may be something in the pound, after all. Take a glass of sherry. You can trust that, anyhow—I know where *that* came from, which is more than one can say of the Skulls. Yes, he's another bubble gone. It seems that our Greek friends went on the faith that he was a pigeon instead of a hawk, and he on the same faith about them. He bought on their credit, and they were the sellers: they sold to him, and he couldn't pay—as well as I can understand. So the end of it is, that they're left with a lot of worthless stock on their hands, and he with nothing at all. They can stand it well enough, but he's off to Boulogne."

" To Boulogne?"

" So they say. So probably it's not really to Boulogne. That isn't the only place in Europe and America where the dogs live, and where Gideon Skulls go. But it's usual to say Boulogne."

" And his wife—has she gone, too?"

" That woman in black velvet? I don't know, but I should say it depends. He may have to cut off unnecessary expenses, you see. What makes you think about her?"

But Victor did think about his friend's sister, far too much to notice the way in which the Doctor persisted in speaking of any woman who bore Gideon's name. He invented an appointment as an excuse for not staying to lunch to be introduced to Mrs. Dale, and left the house as soon as he could in order to think over this new chapter in the history of Copleston. To think of Helen, Alan's sister, as the wife of Gideon Skull, rich and prosperous, was bad enough ; but to picture her as the wife of the very Gideon whom he

remembered—always fighting tooth and nail with fortune, always on the point of winning, always losing, the Lord Adventurer of millions in the air of which he never realised a single dollar, and now driven into the maze of his old shifts again—that was a great deal worse than bad to think of for any woman of the commonest spirit and pride. Perhaps it was not true that she had not left London with him ; she might have gone out last night to blind the public eyes while Gideon was on the road to Boulogne. If so, what a flood of mean and sordid troubles must be upon her ! He almost hoped it might be so, so that the plain duty of helping her to face them might be forced and thrust upon any man who had ever taken her brother by the hand. There could be no difficulty about his calling upon her ; indeed, seeing that she must needs wish to see the man who had been with Alan when he fell, his not going to see her would be worse than discourtesy. But, if she had gone—well, he could do nothing, then.

“ I have heard the news. . . . Your brother Alan was my dearest friend. . . . Is there anything I can do for you ? ”

He had found Helen at home ; she had received him, and these were his first words. But he had no sooner spoken them than he found them less sufficient than he had looked for. He had expected to find her either crushed or defiant ; he found her quiet and composed : but still there were signs enough that she had been passing through no common trouble. She was very pale, and her eyes were bright rather with the effects of fever than of tears.

“ It is good of you to come and see me, Mr. Gray,” said she. “ I wished to see you—for my brother is still everything I have in the world. I was very foolish last night—but your news was sudden. I see now that death was the best thing for him. He was not like us—too bad for anything but living. When I say ‘ we,’ of course I have no right to mean you.”

Bitterness and coldness were the last things he had ever associated with his memories of Helen Reid—memories that were reviving in proportion as her reality had changed.

“ I came to be of service to his sister, if I could,” said he. “ There are many things—small enough to me, I dare say, but great to you—that a man can do for a woman, and that I shall be too glad to do for you, till you can join your husband——”

“ You can tell me of Alan, if you please——”

“ I am told that a heavy trouble has fallen upon you. Is it true ? ”

"I suppose so. Mr. Skull has been trying to cheat, and has been cheated—that is all I can make out of what has happened. The same thing once happened to me. Let us talk of better things."

Victor had no word to say. That she did not love her husband, he being Gideon and she Helen, seemed in no manner strange ; and besides, such relations were common enough in his outside experience of the married half of the world. But that she should openly speak to a stranger of her husband with scorn, as if scorn of him were a matter of course, not worth her while to hide, could only mean some deeper tragedy than bankruptcy could be. It was more than he could understand. He would have pictured Helen as hiding in the most secret corner of her heart every least feeling that no stranger ought to guess or share. If she could not love her husband, the Helen whom he remembered would have gone to the stake rather than let her dearest friend guess at her trouble. If he did evil, she would stand between him and justice, even if she could not help hating him ; if the whole world were against him, she would stand by him ; and if she hated him, would stand by him all the more. He had looked upon her as a She-Knight ; that is to say, as a Lady of Ladies. And here was this Helen, doing the very opposite of all these things—the first to call him cheat, the first to desert him when he was down. He recoiled from her as if he had mistaken a snake for a bird. Helen Reid *had* been a Lady ; this girl was none.

How could he tell how little of ladyhood was left to Helen in her own heart and in her own eyes ? Very little blame lay in the word "cheat" when she gave it to Gideon Skull. As he had played with Messieurs Aristides and Sinon, even so had played he and she. She had married him for his money ; he had married her for Copleston. All she could do was to humiliate and degrade herself to her true level, which was his, by calling him by his right name, and herself by the same. She had spent the whole night in thinking of all these things. But how should a stranger know ?

"Alan often spoke of you," said he. "He made me feel as if I had known you long before—yesterday——"

"And I suppose you did not expect to see *me*——"

"I expected nothing," said Victor suddenly. "But I did not expect"—he went on, feeling as if some other and uncontrollable self, reckless of formal courtesy and reserve, were speaking—"I did not expect to find his sister so unlike him. Of all the men I ever knew, he was the most ready to take life as it was given to him, with all its good and all its evil, and the most earnest to do his duty in whatever state of life he might find himself called to. You have as much

as told me that you are not a happy woman. Alan could never have become an unhappy man, because he did not look upon happiness as the end of living, or as worth going out of one's main road to look for. He taught me a great many lessons during the little while we were together. And, somehow, I had taken it into my head that he had learned the best of them from you."

"Were he and you very dear friends?" asked Helen.

"Very dear friends. I know at least that he is very dear to me. Did he never mention me in his letters home?"

"He never wrote home."

"Why, to my own knowledge, he never wrote a letter to his newspaper without sending at least a line to his mother or you. Do you mean his letters never reached you? How could that be?"

"They never reached us. Not one."

"But that sounds impossible. Surely they would not neglect to forward his letters to you? They knew your address, I suppose?"

"They were asked for constantly by—— Ah, I see!" she exclaimed. "After all, what harm can there be in robbing a mother of her son's letters, when it may be the means of getting a little more money? However—it is as well to know everything. . . . I was asking if you and Alan were very dear friends, and you were telling me that you were. Did he tell you any part of his story—what he had lost, and how?"

"Yes: I know all that. Nobody better than I."

"And you tell me that he was not even unhappy?"

"He was not the man to sit down and cry over a lost fortune. No."

"A fortune!—who *would* cry over the loss of such a thing? Of course, I don't know how far men tell one another things that girls talk over. Did he never speak to you of what losing Copleston meant to him? Did he never tell his nearest friend that he lost the love that would have made up for all, because he was too proud to tell a lady that he loved her, for fear she should throw herself away upon a nameless and penniless man?"

"I never heard him speak of that—is that true?"

"So, you see how much you know about whether he was unhappy or no. Perhaps you don't know much more about him than you know of me, Mr. Gray. That he hid his secret in his heart, I can well understand. He would not wear his heart upon his sleeve. It is not hard, I should think, for a man to whom every day brings new duties that concern his head and his hands, to fill up his whole time with them, and to carry a brave face to the world. I am only a woman.

No day brings me any small duties: and a duty can't mean something to be borne: it must mean something to be done. You expected to find a happy, contented, energetic woman in one who is fatherless, motherless, brotherless, nameless, with nothing left for her to do, with no means of doing it if there were, without a friend or a belief in friends, with no faith in herself, who has thrown away all the little good there ever was in her for the sake of—nothing. You were good enough to ask if you could help me. I believe you mean what you say—for to-day; and there is certainly nothing that *you* can expect to gain by me. But what can you do?"

"Nothing great, I fear. But—for Alan's sake——"

"For Heaven's sake, say anything but that! You don't know what *that* means!"

"I don't know what *you* mean. But when I say 'for Alan's sake' I know what *I* mean. For Alan's sake—there must be many little things I can do, in the merest business way, while you are still in London alone. You will be joining him, I suppose—your husband, I mean?"

"I don't even know where he is gone. But I should not join him, even if I did know. I married Mr. Skull because he was rich: it is not to be supposed that I should go to him when he turns out to be poor. Surely you, as a man of the world, would not expect a woman who is not an idiot to do anything so absurd."

"Mrs. Skull," said Victor, slowly and deliberately, "I was only introduced to you yesterday, so that I owe you, I suppose, the usual courtesy that is due to a stranger. You are also a woman, so it is doubly hard to say to you any but smooth things. Nevertheless, I will be uncourteous enough to tell you, a woman and a stranger, and my friend's sister, that I do not believe one single word you say."

He gave every word its full weight, for he meant to strike fire out of her if he could, and to provoke her out of her impracticable and cynical mood. He did not believe that she had married Gideon Skull for money; and he was quite sure that, if she had, she would not have made a point of telling a stranger so, as if to take a man for being rich and to desert him so soon as he became poor were matters for boasting over. But he was to be mistaken once more.

"Thank you," said Helen simply. "Why should you believe anything I say? Why should you speak as if unbelief in a strange woman were anything strange? I should think it very strange indeed if you did believe."

"Very well—since we are to talk as plainly as we like," said Victor, a little hotly, "I do not mean to be played with in that sort

of way. You know perfectly well that you did not marry—your husband—because you wanted to be a rich woman: and if you don't know it, I do. And you know perfectly well that you do not talk of your husband to me like that because he is poor. And you know just as well that if you said to me what was really true, or in any way likely to be true, I should believe your words just as if they were Alan's or my own: just as I expect you to believe me, whatever I say. I was your brother's friend, and therefore I want to be yours. Are friends so scarce that you can afford to play with them like that, and then toss them away? I don't want to know the whole truth about your life—that is no business of mine unless you like to make it so: but nothing but the truth I will have, for it is my due as the last man who heard your brother speak or held him by the hand."

Assuredly Helen had never been thus spoken to since she had been born: never had Victor been driven to speak thus to any woman. To all seeming he was impudently intrusive, rough, and rude, and with no shadow of real reason for interfering with her concerns. But though the real motive of his interest in her was hidden from her sight, it was as real, even in expression, as interest could be; and no one could look for an instant at Victor and suppose that he would forget the most conventional deference due to a woman without ample cause. He looked like a knight—no longer like the mere carpet knight of Hillswick Bell-tower—and he spoke like one, for all that his were not knightly words. He was in earnest, at any rate: for to make Alan's sister find her knight in her supposed enemy had grown from a wish and a dream into an eager desire—and how could he be the knight of this new Helen, unless he could unmask the old?

"And do you know," said she, "how good it is to find somebody alive who is determined to believe in one, without knowledge and without cause? Yes, there is something that—for Alan's sake—you *can* do for me: something worth doing. Believe that I meant to do right, for his sake, once upon a time; and that if I do nothing now but sit down and drift—anywhere or nowhere—it is because there is no right left me to try to do."

"There is always right left," said he. "But that does not concern to-day. What are you going to do—now, I mean?"

"Indeed, I don't know."

"You will be hearing from your husband, I suppose? And meanwhile——"

"Whatever I hear from him will be nothing to me——"

"But it *must* be something to you." Somehow he felt as if, in this second passage of arms between them, it was he who had got



the upper hand, and as if he might reckon upon keeping it so long as he dispensed with formal courtesies. "Of course, I don't know what has happened between you, and I don't want to know. But it is clear that you must wait to hear from him ; you must not leave this house; perhaps he will come back to it, and is not really gone. Whatever you feel about him, his affairs are in your hands until you hear from him. Perhaps the remains of his credit depend upon your remaining here. Don't trouble yourself about business.; I will see to all that, so far as *you* are concerned. I am an idler in London, with nothing on earth to do——"

A servant came in with a note, which had never been through the post, and gave it to Helen. She read it, and handed it to Victor. He read—

"I meant to have been back to-night, but am detained. I have my reasons for not wishing you to know where I am until I return with *good* news. You will not be troubled while I am away. I have communicated with those Greek scoundrels, and they, for their own sakes, will hold their hands. It will pay them better to put me on my legs again than to throttle me while I lie with empty pockets on the ground. I wish I had seen you before leaving ; but it is better so. I may be back any day, but it depends on many things. I have only now to tell you that I was never so certain of *everything* as I am now. Go on in all ways as you are; and if anybody inquires after me, refer them to Messrs. Aristides & Sinon.—G."

"What ought I to do?" asked she.

Victor hardly noticed her question or its change of tone. He felt himself to be so much in the right that her sudden trust in him seemed less like the result of a battle without smoke or fire than the most right and natural of relations between him and the sister of Alan Reid.

"As he tells you," he said. "There is nothing else to be done. Stay here, and make no change. Evidently something has happened that may make matters less bad than they seem. Though it is true that Gideon Skull was always a sanguine man—at least, so I have been told by those who knew him in America. You must stay here, anyhow. There is nothing else you can do. If you are troubled about anything, send to me ; you have my card. When he comes back, or if he sends for you——"

"If I would not go to him when he is poor, do you think I would go to him when he became rich?" asked she.

He made his parting a pretext for taking and bending over her hand. He might be the knight of the true Helen, after all.

CHAPTER XXVII.

*Julian.*—I scorn such dull, cold prating—Dust that's rasped  
By saws, harsh grinding on the shuddering heart  
Of tortured saplings, when their sap is dry.  
Prudence!—Fiends take the word, for 'tis their own  
Whereby they conjure. In the larger scale  
Lowest is Prudence, Law one breadth above,  
Loftiest is Liberty,  
Who knows no Prudence and transcends o'er Law  
As Heaven transcends o'er Earth and sees not Hell.  
Such is *my* creed.

*Andreas.*— Ay : Thine and Phaëthon's,  
Who, scorning Earth, set Moon and Stars on fire.

NEVERTHELESS, it must have been either a very wilful instinct, or else a miraculously keen one, that enabled Victor Waldron to recognise any traces of Helen Reid in the wife of Gideon Skull. As for her, she did not even comprehend, when he left her, that she had been brought into contact with a visitor from a new world. She could only know that she was utterly worn out with a lost battle, the course of which she was too tired to try to understand. She fancied she had scarcely energy enough left wherewith to loathe the man who had tricked her into the sacrifice of all that a woman has to give, knowing all the while that he for whom alone she made it was beyond the reach of its good and of its evil alike, and only—as it seemed to her—that he might through her step into her dead brother's shoes. How could she dream that Copleston had hitherto been but an excuse for passion? And, if she could have known it, it would only have given her almost enough energy for loathing him even to the fulness of her heart's desire.

Victor could not guess how much of mere weariness there was in her final submission to him at the close of their interview, nor she that there could be anything more. She could understand that Alan had been really dear to him, and this was enough to give him some sort of place apart from the rest of the world. He could not, therefore, be quite on the level where men think of nothing but getting the better of their neighbours. For she believed in Alan still. A man whom Alan had taken for a comrade would not have robbed widows and orphans like Victor Waldron, or have trafficked in a woman's soul like Gideon Skull. Such a man would probably draw the line somewhere before quite reaching such things as these—at least, unless the temptation to do them became exceptionally strong. But, after all, except as having been the last to take her brother's

hand, he was nothing to her. When a swarm of hungry flies is in full buzz, it can matter little that one of them has a somewhat smaller appetite than the rest, or a shorter sting. She had to think of herself and for herself for the rest of her days. One must think of somebody; and nobody but herself was left to her. She was still too young to give up the need of living.

How should she live? Only one thing was certain—richer or poorer, it could not be with Gideon Skull. No reason could convince her that she was bound to a man who had, morally speaking, tricked her into a false marriage. She fancied herself arguing as fairly and as logically as if she were another woman when she told herself that she was in no respect bound to Gideon Skull, and that she had only imagined herself married to him. She might remain in his house as a guest for a few hours, if she could so far reduce the time, or for a few days, if she could not make them hours, without much new shame, so long as he stayed away; but to make any further use of his roof or his purse would be nothing less than infamy. She was less a wife, she thought with bitterness, than even her mother had been. She had lost her way in life, and was wandering towards that land of promise, that earthly paradise, wherein some place Love before Law, others Avarice, others Gluttony—in short, whatever passion or sentiment may best please them: only, Love has the best sound.

She was ceasing to be a girl, and had been a wife, and was friendless, and childless, and could not exercise the spirit of life, and had never known—except in her dreams of others—what Love means. Her heart was so utterly empty as to be famished, and open for any spirit which chance might bring to dwell therein. When all is said that anybody can find to say, one *must* live until one dies.

She was not surprised to see Victor Waldron, or rather Walter Gray, again. Whoever and whatever he might be, Alan's death was the most natural of bonds between them—it was the only bond, except of loathing and contempt, that linked Helen with another living soul. Indeed, without giving a conscious thought to the matter, she was not displeased to see him; for she was alone. Not only alone in every common sense, but in every sense that can be conceived. Had she known him to be as evil as she believed him not to be, it would have made but small difference to her. He must in any case be the best man she knew; for she knew nobody now except Gideon Skull.

“Have you heard anything yet?” asked he. He named Gideon

as seldom as he could, and had caught from her the trick of never speaking of him as her husband. So that "Have you heard anything?" came to mean, "Have you heard anything yet from Gideon Skull?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," said she. "Only that usual word about whatever he calls good news. I cannot wait any more."

"What can you do but wait?"

"I mean—How *can* I wait? Every mouthful of bread I eat in this house is choking me. I do want advice about how I ought to do things—not about what I ought to do. And I don't mind asking you for what advice I want, because what I do cannot concern you—so, you can judge fairly. I am not passionately eager to live, but I don't want to starve while I do. I once before asked what I can do for a living. Now I ask you."

Had Victor Waldron been asked, by way of a general question, what a sensible man ought to do when another man's wife comes to him for counsel, he would certainly have answered, "Say good morning after as few minutes as may be, and don't call upon the same lady again." But of course, in the particular instance, there were many reasons to his hand for acting otherwise. Helen was really in trouble, and had nobody else to advise her. Secondly, she was his friend's sister; and a friend's sister is in some sort one's own. Thirdly, everything he could do would be all too little to make up for what he had cost her. All his faculties of counsel and of action were in some sort debts due to her. Chivalry is a dangerous quality for its owner; but it compels—especially when its owner is willing to be compelled.

"Before I can answer that," he said, "if I can answer it at all—is there such an estrangement between you, for good and real cause, that you can never be reconciled, come what may? I'm not much of an adviser, I'm afraid; but the best would have to know how things really are."

"Then, I will tell you how things really are—don't think I'm going to betray the secrets of man and wife—I am no more Helen Skull than—than—I was Helen Reid. Don't look alarmed. I was christened Helen, and called Miss Reid, and I suppose the law would call me Helen Skull. But I married—as they call it—under the bargain that he was able and willing to make up to Alan for the loss of his inheritance, so that none might suffer but I."

"I won't—I can't believe that you—you, of all women in the world—would fail in your part of the bargain; for it was a bargain, and a bad one. Would Alan have let himself gain by your sale?"

"He would never have known it was a sale. He believed Gideon Skull his friend. Why should not his sister marry his friend? And how have I failed?"

"Was it his fault that he was mistaken in thinking himself rich? That has been always his very nature—so I have always heard. If he loved you so much that a man like Gideon Skull would——"

"Mr. Gray, Gideon Skull knew that Alan was dead; he knew it before he married me. It was through you I learned that, at our first meeting; and first he lied about it, and then he admitted it to be true. It is he who suppressed Alan's letters home; I learned that, at our second meeting, through you. Heaven knows why he wanted me. But he knew from the first why I married him—and he knew that—now tell me if I am married to him!"

"Good God!" cried Victor, without any thought but one. "Why, he must be the most infernal scoundrel unhung! No—I do *not* know what a scoundrel like that could want with a woman like you, except what all scoundrels——" He rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in a state of boiling indignation. "No," he said fiercely—"no woman could be bound to such a man. There *is* something above law."

"You see!" said Helen quietly. "And now you can tell me what to do."

"But I cannot—nobody can. At least, not while one can only think in heat and anger. I *will* think for you, if I can. You are in the power of a wild beast, and you must be saved from him, law or no law. Alan shall not be dead, while I am alive. I was wrong when I told you to stay and wait. You should not have remained under his roof for an hour."

"I knew that I was right—for once. I will go. *Now.*"

"Yes—now. But we must think first of what is to be done. What friends have you with whom you can stay till we have had time to think a little?"

"Friends—I? None. But I don't want friends——"

"Who wants them more? You know of absolutely nobody——?"

"Absolutely nobody."

"'Now' does not mean this moment. Let me see. I am much like you—I am but just in town myself, and have no lady friends. If I had only known—wait a minute, though—I know of one good fellow, who has got a wife, and though I don't know her, I should think that, under the circumstances, there isn't a woman on earth who wouldn't stand by you. From this moment you must put yourself into my hands—and you may. I am going to leave you

now, but I shall be back within two hours. Spend them in packing."

He hurried off without another word, or giving her the chance to answer him. He was on fire with her wrongs, of which he himself had been the cause. With impulse hot upon him he knocked at Dr. Dale's door, whom he expected to find—and found—at home.

"Are you inclined to do the kindest thing you ever did in your life, Dale?" asked he;—"you, or any man?"

"Very much indeed, Gray. But one needn't be in such a hurry to do it, whatever it is, as you seem to be. It's never too late to do a kindness, you know. And you can tell me about it sitting as well as walking, I suppose."

"No, I can't. I've got to walk off a rage. And this must be done now or never."

"Well?"

"If I knew Mrs. Dale, I'd go straight to her instead of coming to her through you. Has she got a spare room for a night or two?"

"You want to pay us a visit? Come, and welcome; only remember that we put down rather an expensive new carpet when we set up house, and don't want it walked into holes."

"I want Mrs. Dale to offer it to Mrs. Skull."

"Mrs. Skull! What the d——"

"Yes; it's a matter of life and death—at least, of real charity. I have found out that Skull is a scoundrel, with whom—and under more circumstances than I can tell you—no woman with a grain of self-respect would go on living for a day. She can't, and she mustn't, for an hour. But she's got no friends, and I'm afraid no means, and——"

"Hold hard, Gray! I must understand all this a little better, if you please. You seem to take uncommon interest in the affairs of Mrs. Skull!"

"I do, and good reason why. I knew her and all about her years ago. I can answer for her. Leave Skull she must, and she knows nobody to go to, and I nobody but you. I'd take care she shouldn't be your guest more days than would have to be."

"The deuce you would! Take care what you're doing, Gray. It's uncommonly easy to get one's head into a halter, but I never heard of but one man who ever got it out again; and he wasn't a bit like you."

"I tell you——"

"Clearly a case for dry sherry. Sit down, for once, and listen to me. You're actuated by chivalry, and pity, and honour, and all that, of course; that I perfectly understand. It's wonderful what a lot of

all that one feels about a pretty woman who thinks her husband a brute, and tells one so. Confidences about one's husband's faults—and all of us have our faults—are the most telling form of flattery all over the world. I believe it is practised even among the Esquimaux. It is among my patients, I know, every day. And Skull is a scoundrel, no doubt ; everybody has found that out since he turned out to be the cheated instead of the cheat, or to be a little of both mixed, any way. But what would my patients say, of whom some are quite respectable people, and what would Laura's relations and friends say, of whom *all* are something more than respectable, if we took to aiding and abetting a bankrupt's runaway wife—even supposing her ring to be of good metal—under the charge of a knight-errant like you, whom I know to be a good fellow, but of whom nobody else would know anything except that he is an American whom nobody knows? Scandal is bad enough for a woman, but for a physician it is—— Ugh ! It is not to be thought of, kind or unkind ; it can't be. You might as well ask me to do you a kindness by jumping down Mount Etna. It might help you, but it would kill me.”

“What ! *You* are afraid——?”

“Mortally afraid. I'd rather perform a delicate operation in the hail of a *mitrailleuse* than receive Mrs. Skull within my doors. And, Gray, I'm afraid for you, too. I've seen all this sort of thing before. If she's a bad woman, all the worse for you ; if a good one, all the worse for *her*. You won't take my advice, of course ; but I'll give it all the same. Go back to Astrakhan.”

“Then you say—No?”

“Most distinctly—No. Of course I'm very sorry, but it can't be helped. Take some sherry, and see it for yourself, like a sensible man of the world.”

“Then I think,” said Victor hotly, “that you have shown more courage in saying ‘No,’ than if you had even been brave enough to give a few hours' shelter to an unhappy girl who has fallen among thieves. I always thought the Levite was a braver man than the Samaritan. I suppose I am a coward where a woman is concerned. Good day.”

“Won't you stay and see Mrs. Dale? . . . Well,” said the doctor to himself, as soon as he had seen his visitor clear of the front door, “I don't like to see a fellow running his own head foremost against a stone wall. Only, I can't let him use *me* for a battering-ram.”

It had been all very well for Victor to speak, and to feel, scorn of



the world while in presence of the Philistines. But the doctor's words had nevertheless come upon him with more effect than upon Don Quixote used to come the prudent counsels of Sancho. He had not realised the nature of his own impulse when he left Helen; he had been forgetting, for a whole hour, that he and she lived in a world mainly composed of less tolerant Doctor Dales, who act according to the social statutes enacted by their wives. Nor could he tell himself that the world was wrong. He could not help knowing what he himself would think were he to know no more—of a like case—but that a young wife had left her husband, and had put herself under the protection of a young man and his friends. He knew what he would think of the wife, of the man, and of the friends of the man; and on whose side, if things came to a public scandal, public opinion would lie. To be told that he stood in any sort of danger from her, or she from him, was an insult to them both; but how should people know any more of her than they knew of him?

He went back to her from Dr. Dale's, indignant with circumstance and with his own helplessness, and trying to think both of what could be done for her and of what ought to be done. He found her dressed for out-of-doors, ready to go anywhere that he or anybody else might please, so long as it was from her husband's home.

"I have been obliged to put on these things," said she, "though it was he who bought them—I was going to say, who paid for them; but I suppose that would not be true. However, I will get others, and send these back to him. As for the rest—I have not carried off so much as my wedding-ring," she went on, holding out her left hand. "From this time I am Helen Reid again—I have no business even with that; but, at least, it was never given me by him. Where am I to go?"

"I—I don't know. I have tried to find you a place where you might remain as a guest for a time, but I have failed. I could cut off my right hand, I am so disappointed and troubled, but——"

"It doesn't matter. Thank you for anything you have tried to do. But I can't go upstairs and take off my things again now they are on. I must go. There are inns and lodgings still in London, I suppose."

"And how could I call upon you and see after you in lodgings and inns? And what means have you, if you leave this house with nothing but your clothes?"

"What does it signify to me who calls on me, and whether they call upon me in a lodging-house or an inn? And why need you call, unless you please? As to means, I am not quite so poor as you

suppose. I have some bank-notes that were in my poor mother's desk when she died, and that I meant never to touch ; but this is a case of need. I suppose they are his, according to law. But that is nothing to me. The law says I had no father, and that I have a husband ; when I had a father, and have no husband. It says that my mother was not a wife, and that I am."

"That certainly does get rid of one difficulty—for a time ; but——"

"For all time. When that is spent, I can make more. Before I knew him, I wondered what a penniless woman could find to do. I know better now, since there is nobody left to care what I do. There is some use in being one's own mistress, after all."

There was a recklessness in her tone that alarmed him. "What can you mean?" asked he. "If you care for yourself——"

"What do *you* mean? I have told you already that I don't care about living, but that I do care very much about not dying for want of bread—so long as the bread is not Gideon Skull's. For example, I might do like the rest of the world, and cheat, or forge, or steal. I once had an idea, when I was a girl, of going down to Hillswick, and of making Victor Waldron marry me, instead of Gideon Skull. You see that I am not likely to starve for want of ideas—though it is too late for that now, and after all, I am not sure that it would suit me to change even Gideon Skull for him. Why do you look at me like that? Are not such things done by the best people every day?"

"You *shall* not talk like that. When you are in that mood, it is some demon speaking with your voice ; it is not you. I am learning to know you a great deal better than you know yourself, I believe. You simply don't know what to do, and you talk all this odious and unworthy rubbish. Forgive me ; but I am in a state of helpless rage with the whole world. To feel helpless is not a pleasant thing for a man."

"Is it much better for a woman? But—forgive *me*. It was rubbish, and it does me a little good to hear it called so. I only mean that I am my own mistress, and may do what I please. Of course, if I were in a novel, everything would be easy. I should have a glorious contralto voice, or be a born violinist without any teaching, or have a genius for painting, or poetry, or poison. I should have nothing to do but take one leap into fortune and fame. As things are, I have no voice, not even a soprano ; the fiddle is a mystery to me ; I can't draw. But when I was living alone with my mother I had to study dressmaking, and I think I know something

about it, so I might keep myself that way. Or I could find a place behind a counter. Or, if the worst came to the worst, there's always the stage——"

"The stage ! Why——"

"Why not? I have met a good many actresses at the Aristides' and elsewhere, and I don't see that most of those who do very well are a shade more fit for the stage than every woman is by the time she is one-and-twenty. I could go to Mr. Sinon—he has to do with half the theatres, I know."

"Are you in earnest, or are you talking as you did before? Do you understand one single word you say?"

"Most seriously I mean every word. I know I could act a little if I tried ; and I know that many who are quite famous can't act at all. And I should not want fame."

But he could see for himself that she was in thorough earnest this time.

"And do you mean that you don't know," he asked eagerly, "*what* it means when a girl who has never gone through years of drudgery gets a salary, as soon as she wants one, through the good offices of a Sinon, or of the scores like him? You don't seem to believe in novels—and yet you take your ideas of the stage from them as simply as if you believed in the fiddler and the contralto. You are wrong in every way. There have been those great geniuses who have done the wonders in which you don't believe—except upon the stage. The stage is a good calling for thousands, but less for you than for any woman in the world. And when you talk of a man like Sinon—well, you show how much you know of the world."

"You mean to tell me," she said, with sudden heat, "that there is no calling on earth fit for an honest woman ! Well, then, there is nothing to be said. We are no better off than men are, after all. I must do what I must, if I cannot do as I will."

"You will do what you ought," said Victor, with a frown.

"And starve?"

"And starve. Yes—starve rather than think as you are thinking now. It is only in your own fancy that you are not as good and pure in heart as a woman can be. Keep so——"

"And starve—in body and in soul too !"

"If I were a minister, I would preach; and you know what I would say. I'm not good enough to preach, and besides, I don't know how. . . ."

"Mr. Gray, do you know what it is to care for nobody in the whole world?"

"No, I don't. It's impossible. Everybody cares for somebody. One would have to care for nobody but oneself next, and that would never do. I care for you."

He spoke quite simply, with no thought, and scarcely with a feeling, that did not lie upon the surface of his words. It was the need to be cared for, rather than to care for others, that he read in her words and in her tone. He could feel that she was being driven to devour herself for want of better food. What was there but one incessant "I" and "Me" in all she said, and thought, and seemed to feel? It was natural, as things were; but "I" and "Me" are demons whose greed grows with feeding. And he did care for her. Nobody but she had been in his mind for many months, and in his heart for many days.

She did not answer him. Perhaps her inner ears had become dull. She only said:

"What *ought* I to do?"

"Heaven knows," said he. "But——"

"Ought I to leave this house?"

"That, surely—yes; though I am advising a wife to leave her husband's house. I will risk that—that does seem to have a right and a wrong of its own. But, for now——"

"If it is wrong to remain till to-morrow, it is wrong to remain now. I have money, as I told you, and that is lucky; but if I had none, it would be the same. I will go. There is a house where my mother used to live, and where they know me. I will go there."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

How many ways is Love begun?

In forty score and in forty-one—

One new way for each new-lit moon

Till seventy Junes fall sere.

How many ways doth Love make end?

How many lives hath he leave to spend?

One new way for each new-born June

That comes in a single year.

WALDRON did not feel by any means satisfied with himself when he, having seen Helen to her old lodgings, had gone back to Gideon's house to let the servants know that their mistress had left home on an urgent summons, and to leave a written message for Gideon where his wife was to be found. He could not tell whether he had been

acting on an impulse that he would regret to-morrow, or on reason of which he was only doubtful for to-day. Impulse had urged him to hasten Helen's escape from Gideon; reason could only, so far, tell him that he had acted like a madman. On the other hand, it was an opposite impulse, very like a selfish one, that now warned him with the voice of Dr. Dale against folly; reason said loudly that had he acted otherwise he would have been thinking of prudence first and of Helen afterwards. "Look before you leap," and "Second thoughts are best," were not maxims that could commend themselves to one who felt that, with the heir of Copleston, Helen should come first, and all other things nowhere. Only, was it Helen whom he had been putting first, or a mere impulse of pity, chivalry, and indignation? Gideon Skull was Helen's husband, after all; and it is ill to come between the bark and the tree.

He had gathered a great deal of her story by now. He had scarcely gone beyond literal truth when he told her that she was not known to herself so well as she was to him. The very bitterness of her self-accusations, and her apparent eagerness to act in accordance with what she thought of herself, told him more of her than facts could tell him. Hers was not the honest cynicism of Gideon Skull, but a state of rebellion against all the conditions and circumstances of life, and the protest of a strong spirit against them. "That girl could love ten thousand times better than she thinks she can hate!" thought he, a hundred times. "And it is through me that Gideon Skull has become part of her life. What can I do for her? Only look on with a stare of pity, and put my hands behind my back when she is holding out hers."

And how was she to live? It was he who had advised her to trust herself to the open sea of the world, without oars or sails; and how could he, being rich, let her struggle and starve? And yet, how could he help her with money without her knowledge? while, how, with her knowledge, could he contrive to help her at all? Could she only have painted, however badly, he could have spent Copleston in buying her daubs through other hands. But since she could do nothing, what was there for him to do?

If she were only free! She had become his one thought; and he would have found none of the coldness of duty in taking her whole life into his own. It seemed to him now that, when he had first seen her touching the silent keys of the organ in Hillswick Church, she had played herself into some deeper life of his than he had dreamed of owning until now. He remembered how, when she declared war upon him in the churchyard, he had thought

how dear a friend such an enemy might be. Her full power of living was displayed to him in every word she spoke, in every breath she drew, in every look of her eyes. She could not lose a battle without making a point of losing as thoroughly as she would have won ; she could not find fault with herself without rushing into a reckless extreme of self-scorn. That such a life should be spent in beating against the bars of a cage seemed to him to be nothing less than horrible.

He thought of himself as little as any man can. But he also had his needs and his desires. For he was no longer satisfied with himself ; he was drifting, and he could not drift with an easy mind. He was longing to grasp the rudder and to tug at the oars. If Helen were only free, he knew well enough what he would do. He would not rest until he could claim her as Victor Waldron who had won her as Walter Gray. Chivalry would serve him for the self-excuse that interest and Copleston had been to Gideon Skull.

And was she not free? His whole heart drifted out into the sea of the Casuistries of our time. What sort of a marriage was that which had been on both sides, admittedly and without concealment, a gross bargain of purchase and sale? Is not love the essence of marriage? so that, without love, what marriage can there be? How can laws and forms affect souls? If he needed her as much as she surely needed him, were they to be slaves to the existence of a Gideon Skull? And so on and so on he travelled, through all the jargon of logic with which simple passion tries to justify its birth and its growth in its own eyes, until at least one thing, and one thing only, was clear to him—that he did not care for Helen, because “care” was all too weak a word. Against his will she had come into his life ; but, being there, no will could thrust her out again. Nor, in such cases, are men particularly apt to will.

Love—well, however it comes, it is all the same thing when it has come. Since the word has been written, let it be written, once for all. The idyllic road to it may be the best, but it is not the only road. Could Victor have dreamed out his first dream, and have made friends at Copleston with his far-off cousin Helen, and after a short and no more than pleasantly roughened love-course have married her in Hillswick Church—and all this might have been—it would all have been a pleasanter story: but the end would have been the same as this, when, her disguised enemy, he knew that he loved her whom it was not lawful for him to win. Love would have been born in pleasant fancies then, but it would have become passion: and neither more nor less than the same passion was it now that it

had been born, not in fancy, but in pity for a most unhappy woman, and in revolt against her wrongs. It is desperately hard to tell from the look of a blossom whether the flower was planted by good or evil hands. Some, indeed, hold that, whatever hands may have planted it, the flower is the same.

Helen had not been so deaf as she had seemed to the words "I care for you." She had never heard them before: and not even she, with all her desperate determination to disbelieve henceforth in all things and in all men, could fail to feel how much they meant—to her. That they were meant was as plain as that they were spoken. Do what she would, she could not feel alone. She knew nothing of this Walter Gray but that he had said "I care for you," and had meant his words. But that meant that she knew him enough—for in these words he had given her more than any human being had ever given her before. After all, he had been Alan's friend.

As a matter of course, he came to see after her next day, and to consult with her as to what she should do when her means were gone. He had called at the house on his way, and nothing had been heard of Gideon, who had now been absent many days.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Is there grave too low and lone  
For the clouds to rain upon,  
So that he who passeth by  
Finds not e'en a Daisy's eye?  
Him who lies there lovedst thou?  
He will give thee flowers enow;  
If no more than Daisies be,  
They are white to comfort thee.  
Who shall call a life that's sped  
Vain, which speaketh being dead?  
Who shall say the grave's in vain  
Where grow Daisies after rain?

MANY more days passed by, and still Gideon Skull did not return. Habits soon grow, and no day passed without Helen's seeing Victor. He was beginning to understand his heart at last, and she had nothing to do but to look for his coming. She would not put his care for her into a conscious thought, but she knew it in her heart, and her refusal to look the fact in the face did not weaken its influence over



her. She felt by instinct that she must make herself deaf and blind to any hint of sweetness in her life, lest she should recover her waking senses and find it gone or turned to bitterness like all the rest of the things that life had given her. She feared nothing more for herself than this, because this alone was quite enough for her to fear. Nay, if she thought—so she felt—her half-known friend might turn out to be merely as selfish and as self-seeking as his fellows: and she clung to her last illusion, telling herself that it might be no more, but refusing to part with it while a thread of it might hold together.

At first Gideon's prolonged absence seemed natural enough, considering his character. His grand *coups*, as Victor knew even better than Helen, had often been preceded by a long course of swimming under water. Before coming to the surface he had always dived. After a while, however, it began to wear something of the character of a mystery. Could it be that he had meant to desert his wife, as well as to slip away from his strangely indifferent creditors? He must be conscious of her want of love for him; he could not—so Victor fancied—have loved in any sense a woman whom he had won by deliberate treachery: she could only be a burden upon him in any new adventure. If he had deserted her, the last link that bound her to him had surely gone. What was left but a shadow—so Victor argued—between her and any true marriage that might come to her? Surely life, peace, comfort, not impossible happiness, were never meant to be balked because there was a Gideon Skull alive in some unknown part of the world! Reason itself had turned traitor, and had gone over to the other side.

Victor knew now that he neither merely pitied nor only sympathised with her any more, but that he simply loved her with all his heart, as surely as that he breathed. He desired her good above all things; but it was now in the way that makes us desire the good of another because hers, or his, is our own; and which, moreover, makes us but too often mistake what we fancy to be our own good for theirs. He still knew he was drifting; but the shoals ahead looked green and fair, and he no longer felt his own need to shape his own course with sail and oar. How could he leave her now, he asked, when she needed him, without being the most selfish of cowards? But he knew all the time that he would have found some equally good reason for not leaving her, even had she not needed him. Only, to this last piece of knowledge he blinded his eyes as much as she, to another piece, was blinding hers.

Love was surely not the less because it had come into his heart like the consciousness of thunder before the storm. One day he

came to her as usual, without any sort of word to say to her after he had taken her hand. Everything seemed to have been said that could be said, except the first and last word of all. Nor did she break the silence. She never had the heart to speak of small things, and even she was wearying of her own eternal "I" and "Me." Nothing was to be said of every-day matters that had not been already said a hundred times. And he felt as if, were he henceforth to call upon Helen every day for fifty years, his power of speech would grow less and less, unless some sudden moment were to strike from him the one word which alone he had to say to her. It was strange to him that all the self-consciousness should seem to be on his own side, and that silence did not seem any burden to her. He had come to her, as usual, without any plan of speech, and he could form none now. But something he must say. Silence itself began to feel too much like the speech which he had not planned.

"I was thinking"—he said at last—meaning both much and nothing.

"Of what I ought to do?" asked she. "I must do something soon."

"Yes and no . . . . I was thinking of that and of other things besides. One thinks of what can be ; but one can't help thinking of what might have been, too."

"Of what might have been? No. There is no use in thinking of anything but what *can* be."

"We can make the two agree, though, sometimes . . . . if we are not afraid. It seems to me that nothing can ever be, unless we take our own lives into our own hands, and do not let ourselves be blown about by other people's lives, like straws by the wind. I was wondering, and I was thinking too."

"I have given up wondering long ago."

"I was wondering—for example—if Victor Waldron is not quite so black as he is painted : if you and he had met as other cousins meet, both free and both heart-whole——"

"I am wondering what would happen if the skies were to fall. I dare say, if he had wanted to marry me, I should have married him for the sake of Copleston, just as I married Gideon Skull——"

"For the sake of self-sacrifice for others. Helen, never let me hear you speak of yourself like that again. And as for this Waldron—how do you know that you judge him rightly when you judge yourself so wrongly? How do you know that he may not be feeling Copleston a curse, since it came to him by another's wrong? I know how I should feel——"

"I don't think I misjudge him. I did once, because I did not know what men are when there is a chance of their getting money or land. Gideon Skull would have done just the same. Why should I think worse of Victor Waldron than of others? I don't, indeed."

"And you think there is nothing I would not do for money or land?"

"How can I tell till I have seen you tried?"

"You are frank. . . . Well, let it be so. Helen—I believed in Alan; and I believe in hundreds, thousands more. What would you say if Victor Waldron implored you to relieve him of Copleston as from a curse?"

"If he found it a curse, I should think justice had for once been done. But I would not take what is not my own. I could do so much for Alan still."

"Yes—Alan. There is one man, you see, who put a great many things before gold and land. And, if one, why not many more?"

"Alan died young."

"Helen! For God's sake, whomever you wrong, don't wrong *him*!"

"And whom am I wronging?"

"Him, and yourself, and me, and half the world. You think that your life is broken, and you show how strong it is by exaggerating everything you think and feel. You fancy you are coldly logical, and you judge of a whole world, where no two men or women are alike in anything, from the one or two who happen to be nearest you at the time. You commit follies like the rest of us, and imagine them to be sins. You are quivering with life, and mistake for death the pains that can only be felt by nerves that are intensely alive. Your heart is hungry and thirsty, and you try to cure famine by starving. You——"

"Why are you always so hard on me?"

"Why? For the best reason on earth—because you are dearer to me than the whole world. That is why; and you know it in your heart as well as I do in mine. But—hard on you—when I love you! Oh, Helen, don't you understand?"

Helen turned white and crimson, hot and cold.

"You—you—say that—to *Me*?"

"I, to you. Yes, with my whole heart and soul. I did not mean to say it to you to-day. . . . But it must have come to-morrow, or next day, or in a year; it must have come. . . . How can I help loving you? If you don't believe that, there is nothing left you

to believe. Love *may* help you, Helen. If it is only for that, I am glad I love you ; but it is not for that—I love you because I do, and I am glad because I am.”

He did not approach her, or even hold out his hand for hers. He only stood before her, pale and still, and with eyes that seemed defying fate, with the look that went straight from his to hers. He was desperately in earnest, and he had made her trust him long ago—for what had come to seem, to both of them, ages ago. As for her, she *could* believe her ears. She felt life melting back into her. She had never known love ; yet Love did not come to her as a stranger comes.

“I don’t ask you for your love,” said he, “but we can’t go on playing the farce of my being only your friend. I am tired of all the lies we are living—every one of us, all round. I want to claim the right to help you in all ways, great and small. A woman may take all things from a man who loves her, as I love you. Yes, if it is only in the name of what might have been,” he said, putting his hand out for a semblance of reason, and catching hold of some sort of a straw. “I have said it. No—don’t say one word to me, unless you please ; except ‘Help me ; for, since you love me, you can.’”

Helen’s throat swelled, and her eyes filled with tears. She felt that her woman’s fate had come—and Now.

Not for one instant did she feel that there was room for unfaith towards Gideon Skull. She had thrown off her marriage with her ring. She could not think of herself as otherwise than free. Something had been saved out of the wreck of life ; if nothing more was to happen to her until she died, she had been told that she was loved in the very voice of Truth itself, and had therefore not been made a woman altogether in vain. But her first conscious thought was a strange one, nor can any pretend to tell how or whence it came. “Would Bertha have felt like me, if Alan had lived to tell her he loved her? Poor girl!”

“Show that you forgive me,” said Victor, “by saying ‘Help me all you can.’ For I can, now.”

He held out his hand at last, but almost humbly, and scarcely as if seeking hers. But the very reticence and reserve of his gesture had a dignity of its own, and made it seem a command rather than a doubtful prayer. Hers went to it as naturally as to a home, but with a trembling touch that thrilled him through. “Yes—help me!” said she.

He scarcely knew what was happening any more, now that he was holding her hand and could read her soul in her eyes. This was

infinitely more than he had ever dreamed—and yet, was it not the only natural end? He stooped and kissed the hand that trembled in his ; though it trembled hardly more than his own. He even forgot that she did not know of him so much as her lover's name.

“Helen, dearest Helen,” he said at last, as he still held her hand, “there is one true, great thing in life for you now. . . . And for me! . . . .” There was no need to speak now ; and a whirl of plans rushed through his mind, or rather through his heart ; for his mind had little to do with his will any more. She was thinking him strong and brave, as a woman always thinks that man to be who is weaker than water, so long as his weakness is hers. And he was thinking himself no less ; for what does any man believe more strongly than a woman's thoughts of him, so long as they flatter him? She should never learn that he was Victor Waldron instead of Walter Gray. He would sell Copleston. He would begin life again, with new aims and under a new name. He would take her anywhere she pleased, so long as it was neither England nor America. There were twenty countries where they, whom nobody knew, could live in all honour. If Gideon chose to sue for a divorce, all the better ; if not, Helen had divorced herself already. They could live in Venice, or in Vienna, or even in Paris, where Alan had died——

All at once there rose up a ghost from the grave. Was this the life he was planning for the sister of his dead friend—for whose sake he had sworn himself her true brother and knight for ever?

The hand turned cold that dropped hers, and his heart felt numbed. There she stood before him, ready to come into his arms, if so he willed. And he knew that his whole life had turned into love for her. But what sort of love was it that was preparing for Alan's brotherless sister a life of shame and sin ! He could only turn aside and bury his face in his hands to shut out the sight of the accusing ghost that stood between him and her, and was saying, “Victor—I trusted *you* !”

“What is it?—what has happened?” cried she. “What have I said?—what have I done?”

“Helen,” he said slowly and sadly, as he lifted his eyes again to hers, “I *do* love you. That cannot be unsaid or undone. . . . Oh, to think of what might have been ! You are a wife——”

“No !”

“You are Alan's sister—and mine ; for he was my friend. Oh, Helen, don't you see what stands between you and me? . . . . I cannot help loving you, it is my fate ; but you have no right—I have none. . . . Helen, there was one man I once knew who put

duty before all. You have told me that he gave up *his* love, *his* life, and broke his heart simply because he fancied that he would do a girl harm by speaking of love to her—and she was free. I say he was a fool. But he was the fool of strength, and of duty, and of honour. . . . Helen, whatever we may say, you have sworn before God to give your mortal life, all but your immortal soul, to the service of one man on earth, be he what he may. If he deceived you—well, marriage is not a bargain, to be set aside by fraud. If it were, if the husband's failure to perform his whole part set free the wife, or the wife's failure set free the husband, there would be few enough marriages, Heaven knows. . . . I knew all this ages ago ; for letting Love making me forget it, forgive me. . . . I think even Alan would, if he knew. . . . If I speak strangely—. . . .”

Helen's heart seemed to freeze within her. Could this be the great love of a strong man, who had dared to tell her that he loved her, and had then recoiled at the first sound of his own words? Had he put the cup to her lips, only to dash it away? She could only stand in dumb amaze, that felt like despair.

He himself felt as if he were playing the part of a coward ; for who is so brave, or so cold, as to feel no shame in making a woman feel that he is less weak than a man ought to be? Even now, he longed to dare all for love, even what would be enough to make the spirit of her brother, and of every gentleman as dead and as true, rise in scorn and anger from the grave.

“ Be you true to your duty, for Alan's sake and for God's sake,” said he. “ Your duty? . . . A lady does not desert a man because he is poor—that is nothing ; a woman does not desert a man because he does wrong, or because *she* is unhappy. The worse he is, the more he needs the help none can give him but she. . . . She is all he has left ; the worse and the falser one is, the better and truer the other must be. Oh, if you could only know the thousandth part of what I feel for you ! If I loved you less, it would be so easy to say, ‘ Come, and let duty go.’ It would be so easy, for me, to turn my love into your shame. . . . Dear, I can help you still. Don't be surprised if you don't see me or hear from me for a day or two. I must be alone. . . . Perhaps I shall write to you before I see you again. Say you forgive me—for saying I love you. Not for loving you—there is nothing to forgive there.”

She might have felt humiliation at his assumption of her readiness to give up what he now called duty for him. She felt none, for she had been ready, and she knew that he knew it as well as she. But though she felt, instead of shame, the loss of her last dream, and

though her heart was aching, pride forbade her to show how much her life had gone out towards him, and how bitter was the pain with which it had to shrink back into itself once more. She could not say "I forgive you." But, though he could not enter half-way into all she felt, he could not press her for a word. He could only go, not daring to look forward to when he should see her again. He put her frozen hand to his lips, and was gone—more self-scornful than ever. For the hardest part of doing what is right is the shame instead of the pride which it so often brings—which is so terribly often the *Vienne que pourra* of *Fais ce que tu dois*.

Helen had not yet roused herself from her last cruelly broken dream, had not yet comprehended the meaning of Victor's last words, or of what love means to man or woman, or if it means anything at all, when she was startled by a thundering rap at the door, and a heavy but quick tread on the stairs—the step of him whom the man who professed to love her had bidden her to honour and obey. She could not rise when he came in, but she felt no fear.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Gideon sternly. "How is it I find you here? I go away, and I come back to find that you have left your home, and have been living in this wretched dog-hole for days. What fool's craze are you playing now?"

"Nothing," said she. "I don't know what it means——"

"By—Helen——"—he paused—"it seems to me that we have not been understanding one another very well, you and I. I'm not a good hand at courting my own wife; I wish I were. I suppose—well, I suppose you have been making up your mind that I am a blackguard whom no decent woman ought to live with, and have been—well! I don't like you the less for having a temper of your own. Won't you even shake hands? Well!" His new softness seemed to her like a new insult; but she felt herself growing callous to all things now. Perhaps Walter Gray had been right, after all. She was certainly blind to the dog-like devotion with which Gideon's eyes, and most when he was at his roughest, never failed to follow her. Quicker ears would have heard more in his "Well!" than he himself could have known was there.

"I wish I'd found you at home," said he. "But as you don't like that house, you shall go to another. It's not for nothing that I've been away; and I've let those Greek brigands now enough to prevent their troubling you. I can't find it in my heart to scold you, even for running away; I think we shall get on better together now, in time to come. I have done for you more than any Don Quixote



of them all. I have that swindling Yankee, Waldron, on the hip ; and you have in your hand—Copleston ! See here !”

She read :

*“ This is the last Will and Testament of Henry Reid.”*

Her eyes swam. “ What is this ? ” asked she.

“ It is your Father’s Will. Copleston is yours ! ”

*(To be continued.)*

## *A RELIC OF DRYDEN.*

**T**WO of the most illustrious names in the whole history of letters stand inscribed among theirs who have recorded their protest against the curious impertinence of research which insists on tracking, recovering, and preserving the slightest and least worthy fragments or remnants of a great man's work. It would be difficult to strike the balance of acrimony between the several rebukes administered to this surely not unnatural even if not wholly reasonable appetite of the mind, as habitual probably among grateful students as among "curious impertinents," by Voltaire on the one hand and by Landor on the other. And it was on the reissue in Scott's edition of all the miscellaneous work which did least honour to the hand and does least credit to the memory of Dryden that the great English critic and poet expended the sharpest expression of his fiery contempt. Yet something, I venture to think, may be pleaded on behalf of the curious in almost all cases of the kind. They are at least not parallel or comparable with such atrocious profanation of the inmost privacies and most secret sanctities of life and death as many years since was so grandly stigmatized by Mr. Tennyson "after reading a Life and Letters." What a man has once given to the public eye is his no longer, to be taken back at pleasure or cancelled on change of mind. And whatever concerning in any way so great a name as Dryden's may be discovered and recorded at this distance of time cannot but be of some small interest at least to all students of English literature.

It is but too certain, on the other hand,—and I should be the last to question or dispute the certainty,—that no lover of Dryden's fame could wish to see any addition made to the already too long list of his comedies. Rather might we reasonably desire, were it possible, to strike off several of these from the roll and erase the record of their perpetration for ever. Why then, it will most properly and inevitably be asked,—why then be at pains to unearth an ugly and unsavoury relic of the Restoration—a word for which history, whether French or English, reads Degradation—on the chance that we may discover in such miry clay the impression of Dryden's great dishonoured hand? there were surely stains enough already on the

broad hard outlines of its giant strength. And certainly, if I had but stumbled across a new sample of his indecent impotence and laborious incapacity in the heavy ploughed field of low comedy or farce, I should have had no thought but to let it lie. But if indeed there be anything of Dryden's in a long-forgotten play which was issued in his lifetime under cover of his approbation as containing a scene supplied by his own hand, it must be sought in one of two passages where the style suddenly changes from the roughest farce to the gravest and most high-toned rhetoric of which comedy can properly be capable.

In the year 1675 the too copious comic literature of the period was enlarged by the publication of "The Mistaken Husband. A Comedie, as it is Acted by His Majesties servants At the Theatre-Royall. By a Person of Quality:—Hæc placuit semel.—[*Hor.*]" I should hardly have thought so, even then : at all events, we have no reason to suppose that on a tenth repetition it was found equally pleasing. Between title-page and prologue we find our only reason for taking notice of it, in the following address of "The Bookseller to the Reader."

"This Play was left in Mr. *Dryden's* hands many years since : The Author of it was unknown to him, and return'd not to claim it ; 'Tis therefore to be presum'd that he is dead. After Twelve years expectation, Mr. *Dryden* gave it to the Players, having upon perusal of it, found that it deserv'd a better Fate than to be buried in obscurity : I have heard him say, that finding a Scene wanting, he supply'd it ; and many have affirm'd, that the stile of it" (of the play, that is, in general ; not by any means of the additional scene) "is proper to the Subject, which is that the French call *Basse Comedie* (*sic*). The turns of it are natural," (I should be loth to bet on the chance of any reader's agreement with the bookseller on this point) "and the resemblance of one man to another, has not only been the foundation of this, but of many other Plays. *Plautus* his *Amphitruon*, was the Original of all, and *Shakespear* and *Moliere* have copied him with success. Nevertheless, if this Play in it self should be a trifle, which you have no reason to suspect, because that incomparable Person would not from his Ingenious labours lose so much time as to write a whole Scene in it, which in it self sufficiently makes you amends, for Poetry being like Painting, where, if a great Master have but touch'd upon an ordinary Piece, he makes it of Value to all understanding Men ; as I doubt not but this will be by his Additions : As it is, I am resolv'd to detain you no longer from it, but subscribe my self,

"Your very Humble Servant,

"R. BENTLEY."

After this somewhat Gampian example of publisher's English, the prologue naturally follows : and no reader who considers the date will be surprised to learn that neither prologue nor epilogue is presentable to eyes polite. Nor does either of these effusions—though certainly this is not an inevitable corollary to be inferred from the

preceding proposition—show any trace whatever of the laureate's master-hand. Nor, again, will any reader who takes account of the subject and the model indicated by the admiring publisher be much amazed at the information that even under the regency of Nell Gwyn and Barbara Palmer some passages of this "Orphan Play"—as the pathetic Prologue defines it—may have seemed almost exceptionally outrageous even to an audience not yet chaste enough—as in our own pure and happy period—to applaud the rankest ribaldry of foreign farces, while proscribing for moral and decorous reasons the purest masterpieces of foreign tragedy. Not that there is any great harm in this homebred farce, though it is extravagant in every sense at all points; rough and ready, coarse and boisterous, nautically jocose and erotic—rather flagrant of Wapping than fragrant of Whitehall. But it is as far from the deliberate and elaborate brutality of Wycherley, Shadwell, and Dryden himself, in their best and worst comedies, as from the daintier naughtiness and graceless grace of Etherege. Nor has it anything—in speaking of an English work produced in any but the age of Rochester it would be happily superfluous to certify that it had nothing—of the "unspeakable" and ultra-Turkish taint which in that noble poet's contemporary alteration of Fletcher's *Valentinian* is rank enough to commend it even to the abnormal appetite of a moralist after the order of Petronius. But "in an honest way" (as Prior has it) there is here undoubtedly no stint of "that same"—in other words, of broad rampant full-blown merriment, playing noisily about the nuptial couch of a plebeian Alcmena. "A younger brother," as he describes himself, "of the house of Mercury," being in love with an usurer's daughter, whose "father sent her husband of an errand, no man knows whither," nine years before the action of the comedy begins, takes advantage of such a personal resemblance to the bridegroom as precludes the necessity of supernatural juggling or miraculous disguise to impose upon father and daughter alike the belief that the wanderer has returned in his person, rich enough to "get children in embroidered coats." As no deity could here be called in to loose the knot, "to gild the pill," and to announce the nativity of a Hercules, the playwright has hit on a happily ingenious device wherewith to reconcile controversy and to conciliate morality: for this, unlike his politer fellows of the more courtly stage, the honest unknown has actually been at pains to accomplish by the expedient of assimilating the household arrangements of his *Amphitryon* and Alcmena to those of the couple corresponding to that Grecian pair in the scriptural record of Christian mythology. The *Amphitryon* or rather the

Joseph of this new version of an old tale was "surpriz'd upon his Wedding-day, and separated from her"—his virgin bride—"by her Father:" so that when on his return he finds himself supplanted or anticipated by the intervention of a "Jupiter-Scapin," who has won his way to the heart of his Alcmena by means no less energetic than ingenious, he is able as well as ready to resign her to a rival so deserving, on the ground that "he has been above seven years away beyond Sea, and has never Writ her word he was alive; so that in Law the Marriage is void." And thus is Morality reconciled with the Comic Muse; surely to the no small comfort of the moral reader, who on his way towards this desirable consummation will have come across too many "a little piece of sculduddery, which after all" (as Nanty Ewart well puts it) "does nobody any harm," and means none; which unhappily is more than can be said for all Dryden's own writings. The rude honest humour of the main action is quite unlike the heavy weary movement of his joyless and shameless, witless and thankless labours in the comic line. But here if anywhere is surely something of the noble grace and simple strength of his more firm and serious manner, effective and serviceable always, even when most hasty, crude, and conventional in details of expression.

Alcmena, be it understood, has just detected the false Amphitryon by the difference of his voice from that of her long-since vagabond bridegroom.

So willingly I pray to be deceived,  
That I could wish one Sense a Traytor to me,  
For all things else conspire in your reception;  
But this old trusty servant, the Sense of Hearing  
Evinces plainly you are not the man.

*Has.* That Servant you call Trusty, is a Traytor,  
Or an o're-diligent officious Servant,  
Whose care creates imaginary difficulties  
And dangers, where the path is safe, and easie.  
Please to consult the Steward of your Soul,  
And Ruler of your Senses, Your wise *Reason*.  
Ask if nine Winters Cold, nine Summers Heats,  
And almost a continual emptiness  
Can chuse but alter th' Organs of the Voice?  
Oh! Madam, Madam, did you know my Story,  
You'd rather wonder I can speak at all,  
Then [Than] that my Tone is chang'd: if that be all  
The scruple, from this hour I will be dumb;  
And give no food to your distrust.

*Mrs. Man.* It must be he.  
Sir, you may spare that Pennance; I'll delight  
To hear you tell with this Voice, how your old one

Departed from you, and by frequent hearing  
 Forget the difference of their sounds. Believe me !  
 My heart shall ever be so full of joyes  
 For your deliverance ; I will not weep  
 When you relate your Sorrows.

If this pretty passage be thought too gentle in its tone for the generally untender Muse of Dryden, I would refer the objector to an equally simple and graceful dialogue in verse between Leonidas and Palmyra in the chaotic tragicomedy of *Mariage à la Mode*.

*Haz.* Love, I am now thy Sacrifice, on this  
 Thy living Alter I lay down my life.  
*Mrs. Man.* May the same fire that burns the Victim, seize  
 The Altar too, since I am it.  
*Haz.* How charming she looks now ?  
 When she was conceiv'd, her Mother look't on Lillies.  
 O ! I could stare for ever here ! Wild Poetry !  
 Creatrix of Impossibilities,  
 Shew me but such another 'mong thy Quire  
 Of Goddesses, and I'll forgo my Conquest.

*Act II., Scene I.*

A fellow-student whose verdict on such a question carries no light weight with it would assign to Dryden rather this than the scene which I proceed to transcribe at full length, *litteratè* as before and *punctatim*, having been inclined for my own part to exclaim on a first reading of it, "either John Dryden or the Devil."

*Mrs. Manley* alone.

To what a Precipice do you hurry me,  
 My wicked thoughts ! O whether am I reeling !  
 Why did I not acknowledge my delusion ?  
 Then I had yet been white in my own innocence :  
 Whereas this rash black act of my denying him,  
 Stains me all over with incontinence.  
 Now I perceive sins do not walk alone ;  
 But have long trains, endless concomitants,  
 Who acts but one will soon commit a Million. (*Enter Hazard.*)  
 He comes again, this ravisher of my honour,  
 And yet, I know not why, I cannot hate him !  
 Would he could put on some less pleasing form ;  
 I am not safe in this—But I must Muster  
 All I have left of vertue to resist him.

*Haz.* Peace to your fair thoughts, sweet Lady.

*Mrs. Man.* It must come then, by some other Messenger.  
 Thou art the Screech-owl to [me], the bird of night  
 That bod'st nought but ill : Why do'st thou follow me !

*Haz.* Why do you fly me !

*Mrs. Man.* Because thou Breath'st infection on me : thou art  
 A Pestilence (or should'st be ! ) to my nature.

*Haz.* If I'm infectious, 'tis alone with Love ;  
And then no wonder, if like those who bear  
Contagion about 'em, I desire  
To infect you with the same Disease !

*Mrs. Man.* I bear thy spots already in my Fame :  
And they are Mortal to it.

Dryden, surely, at once in cast of thought, in turn of phrase, in ring and swing of metre.

*Haz.* They are not visible :  
And so long, all conclude you may be cur'd.  
I can bring Cordials to restore your honour,  
But you shun your Physitian.

*Mrs. Man.* No, my Condition's desperate ; 'tis past help.  
I am undone for ever.

*Haz.* How many Women whose names stand white in the Records of Fame, have acted willingly what you were wrought by fraud to suffer ; only they keep it from the publique knowledge, and therefore they are innocent. How many Fair ones, were this your story acted in a Play, would come to see it sitting by their Husbands, and secretly accuse themselves of more. So full of spots and brakes is humane life, but only we see all things by false lights, which hide defects, and gloss 'ore what's amiss.—Grant me your Love once more, and I will yet restore your Honour : You shall appear as vertuous and innocent, as you are fair and charming.

*Mrs. Man.* How dar'st thou move so impudent a Suit,  
Or hope the least success in't ! Can I think  
Of all Mankind thou canst restore my Honour ;  
Thou Thief, thou Murtherer, thou destroyer of it.

*Haz.* I grant I am a Thief, and who so proper  
To give [? back] Wealth, as he who robb'd you of it ?  
But I have not destroy'd it : 'tis it<sup>1</sup> safe (*sic*),  
And does not that deserve some recompence.  
Love me, and let me get a new possession  
From knowledge of that good your Error gave me,  
And you shall see what——

*Mrs. Man.* Never, name it no more ; no prayers shall ever win me.  
No Sophistry seduce, or Tortures force me  
To one dishonest act, now known dishonest !

*Haz.* What contrary effects enjoyment causes !  
In you a loathing, and in me a love !  
The sence of such a blessing once possest,  
Makes me long after what before I priz'd not !  
And sure that needs must be the truest passion,  
Which from possession grows ; for then we know  
Why 'tis, and what we love : all love before,  
Is but a guess of an uncertain good,  
Which often, when enjoy'd we find not so.

*Mrs. Man.* Why am I forc'd to tell you that I love you !  
I do, and blush to say it ; but my guilt

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<sup>1</sup> *Qu.* for it read yet ?



Shall reach no farther than my self ; expect  
 No fruit from my Confession, no new yielding.  
 Yet love me still—for that I may permit you ;  
 Think of no other woman for my sake,  
 And I'll forgive you what is past : and sometimes  
 More than I should remember you !

*Haz.* And is this all that I must ever hope ?

*Mrs. Man.* This is too much !

Have pitty on me, and demand no more :  
 Leave me some Love for him who should have all :  
 And, if you have so much of honour in you,  
 Invent some means to piece my shatter'd Fame.

*Haz.* Madam, I will not shame your Charity :  
 You have forgiven me, and I'll deserve it :  
 I'll give you from my self ; though I can ne're  
 Forget you have been mine : You have left in me  
 An hatred to all woman kind besides,  
 And more undone me in this short visionary joy  
 Of once possessing, then I e're could you.

*Mrs. Man.* Then Farewel !

Farewel the mutual ruine of each other :  
 Farewel a dream of Heaven ; how am I tost  
 Betwixt my duty and my strong desires !  
 Dash't like a ship, upon an unscen Rock ;  
 And when my care can hardly get me off :  
 Yet I am ready to repeat my crime ;  
 And scarce forbear to strike a second time. *(Exeunt severally.)*  
*Act IV., Scene V.*

Here assuredly, as a critic of the period could hardly have let pass the occasion to remark with a dignified complacency, “*vocem comœdia tollit.*” The compound of coarseness with sincerity, the default of depth, intensity, or pathos in the passion of this scene, the strenuous simplicity of style, its downright straightforwardness and sturdy fervour of plain speech and frank feeling, mark it in my mind as neither unlikely nor unworthy to be the work of its possible author. Almost I am persuaded to say—

Mine eye hath well examined its parts,  
 And finds them perfect Dryden.

A reader must be very imperfectly imbued with the spirit or skilled in the manner of his work, who imagines that the sole representative and distinctive qualities of his tragic or serious dramatic verse are to be sought or found in the resonant reverberations of amœbæan rant which roll and peal in prolonged and portentous echoes of fulminant epigram through the still dilating dialogue of his yet not undelightful heroic plays.

It was not till sixteen years after its publication that Dryden found it necessary, not to disown his partnership in this comedy, but to

disclaim the imputation of its single authorship, by the issue of "the following Advertisement," (according to Malone, *Life of Dryden*, 1800, p. 56) prefixed to *King Arthur*, 4to, 1691 :

"Finding that several of my friends in buying my plays, &c. bound together, have been imposed on by the booksellers foisting in a play which is not mine, [THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND,] I have here, to prevent this for the future, set down a catalogue of my plays and poems in quarto, putting the plays in the order I wrote them.

"JOHN DRYDEN."

The absence from this advertisement of any contradiction to the statement put forward by the original publisher seems to afford some additional grain of evidence that (in the famous phrase of Heywood) he had, if not a hand, at least a finger in the play.

I do not flatter myself that the little windfall I have here picked up will be taken as an especially thankworthy godsend by any student of our incomparable and inexhaustible dramatic literature. What I have done has been done simply out of that respect for a great man's memory which informs almost anything that relates to him with more or less interest for us all: Ad Majorem D[ryd]e[n]i Gloriam: to the glory of Glorious John.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## *THE SCIENCE OF LIKENESSES AND ITS MEANINGS.*

**I**N a former article<sup>1</sup> it was shown, incidentally to the subject of limbs and their nature, that science makes it a duty of the highest importance to discover and trace the resemblances which frequently exist between apparently diverse and unlike structures. Such likenesses were illustrated by a reference to the similarity which could readily be found to exist between such outwardly unlike organs as the arm of man, the wing of the bird, the foreleg of the horse, the paddle of the whale or dolphin, and the wing of the bat. In a minor degree also, but still provable from the same standpoint, the paired fins of fishes could be shown to agree with the limbs of other animals to which they present no obvious affinities. Beneath the diverse appearances of limbs, one and the same type thus appears to exist. An examination of the hard parts, or skeletons, of these appendages, readily reveals the likeness which adaptation to diverse conditions of life has produced. In connection with the limb-likenesses discussed on the occasion referred to, certain important considerations connected with the meaning of such similarities were briefly noted. How, or why, a common type or plan should be discernible beneath well-nigh endless variety of outward form and function, was a question which naturally obtruded itself upon the notice of the scientific observer. Such a query, it was remarked, presented, like so many other matters of scientific interest, but two methods of solution. In the one case the reply might take the form of the unquestioning and tacit assumption that such things were so formed from the beginning according to some ideal plan, or type—for the construction of which type, however, no reason can be assigned. “Conformity to a type” is an expression which merely restates what everybody admits, and what the examination of the limbs, on any hypothesis, plainly shows. To say that things “were created so” presents a complete parallel to the famous “woman’s reason” in the

<sup>1</sup> See article “Tails, Limbs, and Lungs,” *Gentleman’s Magazine* for March 1880.

“Two Gentlemen of Verona ;” or to Tom Brown’s equally renowned explanation of the dislike to Dr. Fell—a parody, by the way, on Martial—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;  
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

Turning to the other side of the question, all that is mysterious and inexplicable on the special-creation hypothesis, becomes clear enough on that of “development” and “modification.” By the idea of development is implied the derivation of the similar forms, or parts, from some common type, through natural laws of heritage and descent. By “modification,” or “adaptation,” we mean to indicate the secondary power which, seizing the common type, moulds the structure—limb or body—to the special way of life in which the being is destined or directed to walk.

If the latter idea be correct or feasible, we can readily assign a reason why limbs, or any other series of structures in a given set of animals, should present such a close likeness. “Conformity to type” is no meaningless expression when used by the evolutionist. By his theory he views this conformity as a proof of the blood-relationship—far or near, as the case may be—of the animals which exhibit the likeness in question. Such similarity is a proof of affinity, which can only be accounted for, in all its bearings, on the supposition that the beings exhibiting it are really kith and kin, but of varying degrees of relationship. It can readily be understood how important in the eyes of the modern naturalist this study of likenesses has become, since the facts it reveals largely assist him in constructing the true pedigree of the living world. There are many other considerations which serve to show the important nature of such a branch of inquiry—an importance equalled only by the interest which its pursuit is certain to evoke. When, for instance, it can be found that two organs so utterly unlike as the air-bladder of a fish and the lungs of a man are in reality closely connected in their nature, the information which the study of likenesses places at our disposal is seen to be of a kind which tends very materially to extend the knowledge that Bacon declared tended to “the relief of man’s estate.” And the task of seeking and finding resemblances has had its due effect in solving not a few of the puzzles of biology. Only from the considerations it brings to view, and through the influence of the new way in which it compels us to regard forms and organs, has the mystery of such a subject as that of “rudimentary organs” been dispelled. The splint bones of a horse, when examined by the light of this study, guide us to the history of

the equine race<sup>2</sup>; and the transformations of animals and plants teem with new interest when investigated on the principles which the science of likenesses brings to view. It is to the details of such a subject that we now invite attention. Our illustrations will be culled from both worlds of life; and in our search after the likenesses whereon hangs the part-history of the living being, we may perchance light upon considerations not far removed from the wider questions that border the origin of man himself.

The "science of likenesses" is known to specialists as "Homology," and it may further our ready appreciation of the details to be presently treated in these pages if we make mention likewise of the term "analogy" and its meaning. The latter word is, as a rule, very loosely used in ordinary life. Scientifically employed, its meaning is clear enough. In a dictionary we find it explained as meaning "correspondence, or likenesses in some ways, proportions, or effects." Obviously, the term is used in a general sense to mean any degree of likeness, resemblance, or relationship between objects. In science the word "analogy" has but one distinct meaning. It implies identity or correspondence in *function* or *use*, and nothing more. When two things are used for the same purpose they are "analogous"; and no further resemblances or differences are required in science to justify the use of the term. Every one knows that a bird's wing is a very different structure from that of a fly or butterfly. The one is really a forelimb, the other merely an expansion of the skin of the body. But despite their wide difference in structure, they are truly "analogous," being used for one and the same purpose, that of flight. In this sense alone can any two objects be truly termed "analogous."

Now, turning to "homology," we discover a deeper relationship between organs and parts than that indicated by analogy. That two things may be truly named "homologous" it is not necessary to think of their use in any sense. The all-important consideration on which the science of likenesses hangs, is the fact of identity or correspondence in *fundamental structure* or in *origin*. Such a correspondence is illustrated by the subject of limbs already referred to. The arm of man, the foreleg of a horse, and the wing of a bird, are used each for a different purpose. They are not analogous, but they are undoubtedly homologous, because, beneath the diversity of form and function, we can readily perceive the striking similarity of fundamental structure or type. Thus things may not be what they seem, when viewed by homology—for the wings of bird and butterfly,

<sup>2</sup> See article "Clues and Traces in Natural History," *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1879.

alike in the popular sense, are utterly unlike ; and regarded in the same light many things are what they do not seem. The seeming unlikenesses of arm, wing, and foreleg are thus merely superficial, and serve to hide the deeper realities that link them firmly together as the same in type, and presumably the same in origin. It may happen, lastly, that two organs may be both analogous and homologous. But the presence of both degrees of likenesses is at the best accidental, or induced by like conditions of life which do not affect the deeper considerations which homology brings before us. The wing of the bird and that of the bat are formed each from a forelimb—although in diverse ways—and each subserves the purpose of flight. Analogy and homology seem to run in parallel lines in this instance. But the conditions in virtue of which a quadruped like the bat has acquired its powers of flight may have been, and probably were, different in nature, as they certainly were in time, from those under which the bird learned to soar in the air. This latter point, however, is foreign to the main issue before us. Sufficient for our present purpose are the thoughts, that homology and analogy are two distinct things ; that homology indicates the deeper and real likeness between organs and parts ; and that these two forms of likeness are not necessarily connected or coexistent.

So much by way of introduction to the subject of the science of likenesses. It requires but little guidance to enable the mind to follow up the line of thought already mentioned in the preceding remarks, which shows the function of this branch of inquiry in detecting the hidden relationships and bonds which connect one living being with another, or one class of organisms with a neighbouring class. Such relationships, as every one knows, are indicated by the systems of classification and arrangement which form an important part of every science, and, one may add, of many matters connected with every-day existence as well. Thus, the classification of the objects under his study or care is equally important for botanist and librarian ; and in either case the aim of the system of arrangement is to bring together things that are like, and to separate those that are unlike. It matters not how this procedure is effected. Classifications vary with well-nigh each person who undertakes their formation ; and the needless multiplication of systems of arrangement, equally with the persistent invention of new cognomens for already well-named species, constitute the two chief sorrows of the well-regulated scientific mind. The best classification is of course the “natural” ; but it so happens that this particular arrangement is not always easy of construction : a fact chiefly explicable on

the ground that the natural relationships of living beings are often hard to seek and difficult to find. When the primitive classification of the fish with the whale—one, it may be added, not characteristic of primitive minds alone—is replaced by the union of the whale with the quadrupeds,<sup>3</sup> seeing that it has warm blood, brings forth its young alive, and nourishes them by means of milk, a grossly artificial system of arrangement is superseded by a true and natural one. That a whale need not be a fish because it swims, or is fish-like, is thus evident, and the correctness of our arrangement of whales and fishes, and of the whole animal and plant worlds, must of necessity depend on the completeness of our knowledge of the objects we intend to classify.

Now, it is exactly the difficulties which stand in the way of forming a natural arrangement of animals and plants which are lightened by the study of homology as the science of likenesses. And from the mere arrangement and classification of living beings, it may be readily seen how we advance through the study of scientific resemblances to questions of deeper import, connected, in these latter days, with the problem of the very beginnings and origin of all living things. Before the days of evolution—at least, as represented in its typical phases of modern times—speculative philosophy was hard at work, trying to discover the “archetype” underlying the familiar types and varied plans of animal and plant structure. Goethe and Oken, for instance, by the most remarkable of coincidences, ventilated an idea concerning the ideal plan of the skull, which had been independently suggested to each philosopher by a casual glance at the bleached skull of a sheep in the one case and of a deer in the other. This idea was expressed in the theory worked out with patience and care amongst ourselves by Professor Owen, and known as the “vertebral theory of the skull.” Briefly stated, it was held that the skull in reality consisted of modified *vertebræ* (or joints of the backbone); and that, so far from being a something different from the other parts of the skeleton, the skull was really modelled on the type of the spine. Owen recognised four such *vertebræ* in the skull; and it need hardly be remarked that the views of Owen, as expressions of philosophical anatomy, were far in advance of those of Oken and Goethe, the former of whom went so far in the matter of speculation pure and simple as to assert that in the skull the whole body was represented in miniature. The head, according to Oken, was a kind of *multum in parvo* of the bodily structures. Therein his subjective philosophy actually found fingers and toes in the shape of

<sup>3</sup> See article “Whales and their Neighbours,” *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1879.



the teeth. But the history of zoology includes the recital of a hot and strong controversy over the ideas emanating from Oken and Goethe, and emendated and improved by Owen. Soon Owen's views were denied and combated amongst others by Huxley, who held them to be disproved by the study of the skull's development. The skull from its earliest phases was maintained to exhibit a very marked difference from the spine : and if two structures thus differed in their earliest phases, and when their type should have been most apparent, how, it was asked, could their identity be insisted upon? A long and elaborate series of researches has, since the time we speak of, been undertaken with reference to the homology of the skull. And with what result, it may be asked, to the idea of real likeness or unlikeness between skull and spine? The answer to this question would vary with the scientific predilections of the person who replied. But it is not too much to assert that the impetus which was first given to the search after a likeness has been increased by the light which evolution and the science of likenesses have together thrown on the reason why not merely skull and spine should resemble each other, but why likenesses and differences—due to multifarious and varying conditions of life and development—should also exist between these structures.

The old view of Goethe in its general acceptance may be held to be strengthened by later research. The recent view of Owen has been modified in some quarters to the effect that no less than twenty segments or vertebræ compose the skulls of higher animals. But the fundamental conception of the newer view seeks to recognise in the vertebræ of the skull, not so much an exact correspondence with the fully developed vertebra as with the primitive type of the latter structure. Professor W. K. Parker, whose labours in this field are so well known, for example, declares that there exists "no definite evidence of segmentation in the history of the highly perfected" skull of such a primitive and ancient stock of fishes as the sharks, dog-fishes, and rays ; but this eminent authority nevertheless fully admits that segments to the number of seven do exist in the gristly skull of lower vertebrates. Only, it need not be added, the likeness of such "segments" to the complicated vertebræ of which the earlier workers conceived the skull to be composed, is by no means included as a part of the views of later research. The "segments" of the skull, in other words, are not necessarily the elaborate "vertebræ" we now behold in the spine. Indeed, Professor Parker is very exact in insisting upon the fact that in fishes and amphibians—by which latter name we designate the frogs and their relations—there

is but one well-defined bony segment to be descried. "And," adds our author, "in these forms there are no good grounds for assigning to the cranial bones special names indicating a correspondence to particular parts of vertebræ." In the skull of quadrupeds there are but three well-defined segments, according to Professor Parker; but it does not follow that they constitute three cranial (or skull) vertebræ; and very decisive are his succeeding words: "We cannot admit that our investigations give any reason for describing the skull as constructed by the modification of a series of vertebræ, still less for viewing it as directly made up of a number of cranial vertebræ." But our author does not leave us in doubt as to the difference which his views entail between former ideas of the composition of the skull and the results of recent research. "We find," says Mr. Parker, "that every form of skull that has been investigated, every stage in development, contributes to one idea, which becomes simpler, more intelligible, more harmonious, by the pursuit of a right process of investigation. There is a unity of structure in the skeleton of the head, a fundamental formal unity, which may always be perceived; and an adaptability to the most varied conditions of life in water, on land, in air, which becomes more, and not less, astonishing as knowledge slowly and surely increases."

Thus the correctness of the theory that the skull is formed of modified vertebræ in reality depends on the special standpoint from which we view the name "vertebra." Viewed as to its *development*, and compared with the development of vertebræ, the segments which every anatomist recognizes in the skull assuredly present no resemblance to the joints of the backbone. But if we enlarge the definition of a vertebra to include the idea of a segment of the skeleton forming the axis of the body and protecting the nervous and blood centres, then the segments of the skull may correspond to such description. Here, however, we construct a definition of the vertebra, without reference to its development; the latter source of information being the most trustworthy in reference to the nature of the things and belongings of life. As Huxley has remarked concerning skull and spine, "though they are identical in general plan of construction, the two begin to diverge as soon as the one puts on the special character of a skull, and the other that of a vertebral column; the skull is no more a modified vertebral column than the vertebral column is a modified skull." This view exactly accords with the requirements of the theory of evolution, which would impress that, in the course of descent from the primitive spinal and skulless stage of organization, the skull has been

specialized from the general vertebrate type, just as the vertebræ themselves have risen from their first rude outlines to their present and modified condition.

Thus have grown the ideas which the casual study of a broken sheep's skull first generated ; and thus do we find an illustration of the method in which a study of homology leads us towards an understanding of the true nature of an organ or part in living beings. But for this science of likeness—but for the results of long, careful, and laborious research into the comparisons which may be legitimately drawn between the formation of the skull in one animal and in another—the answer to the question “What is a skull?” might have been left in the position of a riddle propounded by the Sphinx itself. Thus much has resulted from the study of likenesses—namely, a clear gain of much knowledge concerning the true nature of an intricate portion of the animal frame. It yet remains to be shown how the progress of evolution has helped and aided the true understanding of the modifications which the skull has undergone in its progress from the unspecialized type of primitive vertebrate life; and, conversely, how the existence of such modifications aids, confirms, and supports the basis on which the development theory may be said to rest. Says Professor Parker, “We are necessarily led to see that this unity of structure, this relationship, includes extinct creatures as well as those now living. And the student cannot but seek for some further light than is involved in the establishment of the fact that there is a unity in the structure of all vertebrate skeletons. An explanation is required ; we want to comprehend how this unity in diversity has come about. Morphology (the science of structure), studied in the history of embryos, reveals to us an evolution by which the skull passes through one grade of structure after another, becoming advanced and changed by almost imperceptible gradations until the adult type is attained, in a certain number of days and weeks. This evolution is continually going on within our experience, and we little think of its marvels. And yet many find it inconceivable that the same process of evolution can have taken place in past ages, so as to produce from small beginnings the varied fauna of the globe. “The natural forces which in a few days,” concludes Mr. Parker, “make a chick out of a little protoplasm and a few teaspoonfuls of yolk, are pronounced incompetent to give rise to a slowly changing, gradually developing series of creatures, under changed conditions of life. Yet to our minds the one is as great a marvel as the other ; in fact, both are but the different phases of one history of organic creation.”

Thus the old idea of the "archetype" is seen to become resolved into, and to be replaced in time and through the progress of scientific research by, the primitive form from which all the varied structures of the same kind have arisen by a natural process of evolution. The science of likeness and the theory of development mutually support and confirm each other. No longer do we search for an "archetype" skull or for a typical vertebra. The creative idea in this or in any other department of natural science is not contained in some perfectly formed structure, with all its complexities and intricacies of form already apparent. The true object of our search is for the primitive type ; and the way of our seeking lies through the modifications and paths by which, from that simple type, the abstruse and the complex have been evolved.

The present is perhaps the most appropriate stage of our inquiries at which to point out that, whilst the broad features of likeness in a series of animals or plants—such as those exemplified by the limbs of higher animals—are only susceptible of explanation on the theory of evolution, or, in other words, "of inheritance from a common ancestor," there are other features which demand a somewhat different method of treatment. When the subject of homologies is regarded in a broader aspect, we become aware that it is not only possible, but necessary, to regard likenesses from two points of view. The broad homologies of limbs are to be explained, as just remarked, by the theory of descent from a common ancestor. Such structures, the direct product of blood-relationship, are to be called "homogenous," and illustrate the purest examples of the "likenesses" we are discussing. But it has been already remarked that a law of "adaptation" forms, along with descent, a factor of no slight importance in modifying the structures of living beings. Every living thing is subject to the perpetual and continuous action of its environments or surroundings. Such outward influences may favour or retard the evolution and growth of new parts and organs, and will unquestionably induce now, as in the past, alterations in the structure and form of the living being. Of the exact influence and extent of the external causes of variation we know very little, but of the existence of such causes no one entertains a doubt. The question, however, presents itself as to the nature of the likenesses and differences which such outside influences may produce. All likenesses or homologies which cannot be accounted for on the theory of descent from a common ancestor are named "homoplastic," according to Mr. Ray Lankester's terminology. As an example of both kinds of likeness, it may suffice to cite the limbs and heart of higher verte-

brata and the swimming-bladder of fishes, as illustrative of "homogenous" parts, or those which are the products of inheritance. The heart of a bird and a quadruped are "homogenous" organs, but the cavities or compartments are "homoplastic," or, in other words have been developed independently of each other, as, in all probability, have the feathers of the one and the hairs of the other. It is well, therefore, to take into account this false or incomplete "likeness," which expresses no blood-relationship, and which, in its production, involves much that is obscure. We can explain the likeness between limbs on the theory of descent from a common type ; the likeness between a worm and a lobster, in respect of their jointed bodies, becomes clear on this theory ; but we cannot so account for the close likeness between the individual joints of a worm, or between those of a lobster, or, for that, between the feelers, jaws, and feet of the latter animal, on the principle of inheritance. Mr. Darwin says : "The formation of such structures may be attributed in part to distinct organisms, or to distinct parts of the same organism, having varied in an analogous manner, and in part to similar modifications having been preserved for the same general purpose or function."

Leaving, as still under the shadow of unapprehended causes, the variation of parts from outward forces operating upon the living being and its structure, let us turn to some clear examples of plain, though at first sight unapparent, "likenesses," which may be drawn from both animal and plant kingdoms. Our examples may comprise a wide range of subjects ; but this facility of illustration is in itself a proof of the universal application of the science of likeness to explain the modifications of common types through which the forms of life have come to exhibit that diversity which is at once the wonder and the charm of living nature.

No better starting-point can well be found than within the region of flowers and fruits, whereof many familiar objects may be shown to teem with the lessons of highest philosophy. Once again, Goethe's name comes to the front as the chief originator and expounder of those likenesses between very diverse organs, the true import of which relationship the great poet-philosopher himself did not fully comprehend. In his work "*Versuch die Metamorphosen der Pflanzen zu erklären*," bearing date 1790, Goethe, following hard upon Caspar Friedrich Wolff, enunciated his thoughts concerning the "Metamorphoses" of plants. It is necessary first of all to clearly understand the significance of this phrase "metamorphosis," and its applications to the study of likenesses. With Goethe,

the phrase implied what we now term "abnormal development." It meant the chronicle of the changes which might take place in the usual plan or type in which a plant was built up. The production of a "double flower" was to Goethe, as it is to us to-day, an example of metamorphosis—of the alteration of parts from their normal type. What may be said, however, to be the bearing of these discoveries on the elucidations of the problems of animal and plant forms and existence? The reply is clear to us to-day, although to the believer in "freaks of Nature" the question would have been impossible of solution. To the latter, a monstrous development, or a departure from the ordinary type of things, was an evidence that Nature was given occasionally to play strange pranks without reason or meaning. The very phrase "sports" of Nature, applied to the monstrosities or abnormalities thus produced, indicates with sufficient clearness the opinion respecting the frivolity of *Madre Natura* which the old naturalists entertained. A double flower and a "Two-Headed Nightingale" were equally good illustrations of the "freaks" in which Nature was wont to indulge. The idea that possibly the production of a monstrosity in animals and plants was as directly due to the operation of law as the birth of natural progeny was never entertained, until the genius of Goethe and his successors pointed out that in the so-called abnormalities of life we might find a clue to the primitive forms of living things. In the production of her "freaks" Nature was "showing her hand," so to speak, and lifting a corner of the veil in which her ways of development were so thickly enshrouded. The transformations and metamorphoses of animals and plants, viewed in this light, are but the occasional return of Nature to primitive ways and methods of working. On the idea that living things have not always existed as they now appear, we behold in deviations from the normal type a clue to the stages and states of long ago. On the theory that creation has been from the first a stable and unaltering collection of living forms, the metamorphoses and variations of animals and plants are simply grounds for wonderment and vain surprise.

Amongst the most important of the generalisations which Goethe deduced from his study of the variations of plant structure and life, was that which held that "the leaf is the type of the whole plant." Not merely can it be shown that every appendage of the stem is a leaf of one kind or another, but it may also be proved that the plant itself arises from a seed which is in its essential nature merely a peculiarly modified bud. Strange indeed is it to think that between the gorgeous beauty of the blossom, or the complex nature



of the flower and its parts, and the simple leaf, there should exist such close and intimate connection. But the likenesses or homologies which underlie the varied forms of plants may be readily illustrated by a brief reference to familiar facts of flower structure. Flower buds spring from the protective base of leaves called *bracts*. Now, these leaves exhibit every transition and gradation, from the ordinary leaf of the plant to the more characteristic leaf we see protecting the flower bud. Next in order, the botanist asks us to note that bracts themselves may insensibly pass by easy ways and gradual stages to correspond with the outer parts of the flower. There are four parts in a

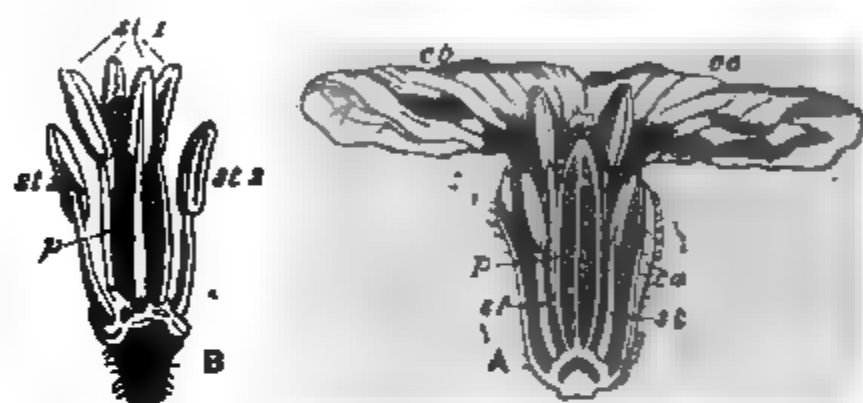


Fig. 1. WALLFLOWER.

perfect flower (Fig. 1), arranged as circles or whorls of leaves placed in an alternating fashion as to the individual leaves, one whorl within the other. Beginning at the outside of the flower, we find the *calyx* (*ca*), composed, as a rule, of green leaves called *sepals*. Next comes the brightly coloured part—without which, in popular acceptance, a “flower” would not merit the name—the *corolla* (*co*), composed of leaves called petals, which alternate with the sepals. These two outer whorls are the *floral envelopes*. Within the corolla, we find the *stamens* (*st*), each consisting of a stalk and a head, in which latter is developed the yellow dust called *pollen*, by which the ovules are fertilised and converted into the fertile “seeds.” Last of all, and in the centre of the flower, the *pistil* (*p*) is to be noted. This part consists of one or more *carpels*, in each of which we note a lower part called the *ovary*, wherein the ovules (which become the *seeds* after fertilisation with the pollen) are contained. Thus much by way of a brief lesson in elementary botany. Now, when we study the bracts, we find that insensibly these have a tendency in many flowers to become like the green sepals of the calyx. Look at a *Camellia* in bud. You will see the numerous bracts, and also the five sepals, and you will further gain a good idea from this familiar example of the absolute identity which may exist between bracts



and sepals. In the "Hundred-leaved Rose" you will find illustrated, in an equally plain and perfect manner, the likeness of sepals to the green leaves of the rose plants ; and in the geranium the same phenomenon is occasionally seen. From the green calyx with its sepals to the coloured corolla with its petals the transition is just as readily made. In *Camellia Japonica* we behold such an interesting and gradual transition from sepals to petals. In some plants (e.g. Indian Cress and Fuchsia) the calyx, instead of being green, may be coloured ; this fact indicating a transition from calyx to corolla in one way. On the other side, we find the petals may be developed as ordinary leaves, and thus we learn that petals, like sepals, are simply modified leaves.

The case for the full substantiation of Goethe's maxim grows stronger

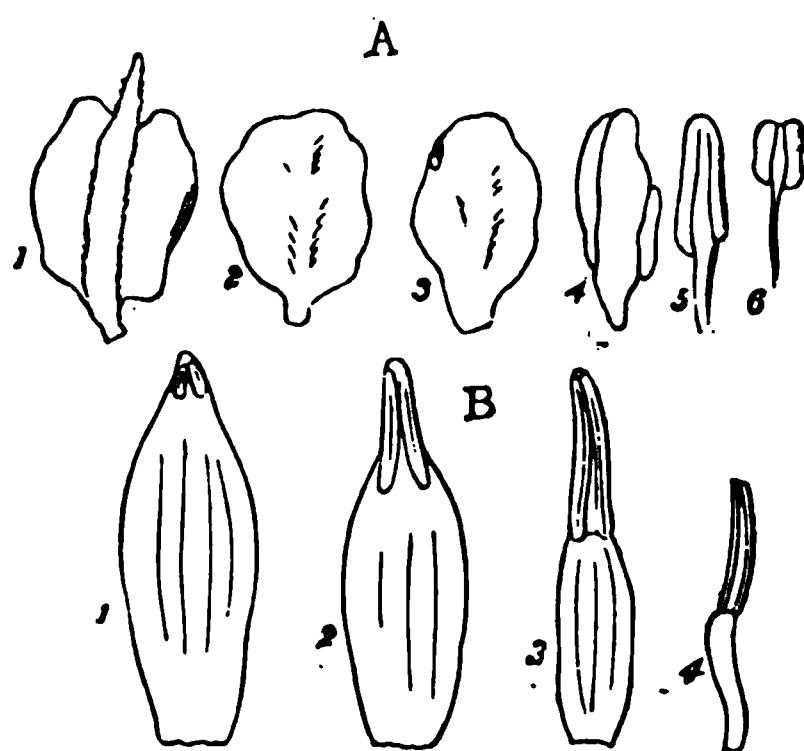


Fig. 2. STAMENS CHANGING TO PETALS.

when we approach stamens (Fig. 1, *st*) and pistil. If the stamen be in reality a leaf, it is also certain that it resembles a leaf much less closely than the sepal or the petal. The stamen is a stalked organ, as we have seen, and bears in its head or anther the yellow *pollen*. This head seems to represent the folded blade of the staminal leaf, but have we any proof that our conjecture is probable or correct? Let

the facts of botany reply. Here is a *Petunia*, for instance, in which the stamens are replaced by stalked leaves ; there a white Water Lily (Fig. 2, B) and a Double-rose (Fig. 2, A), in both of which cases you may observe the transition stage whereby the stamen (4, 6) becomes a petal ; whilst the petal in the rose may become in its turn a sepal (Fig. 2, A, 1). So, too, in the common tulip, the three parts of the pistil and the six stamens may all be transformed into petals. Nor does the central organ of all, the seed-producing pistil, escape these metamorphic changes. The double-flowering Cherry (Fig. 3) shows its carpel in the shape of a green leaf (*b*).

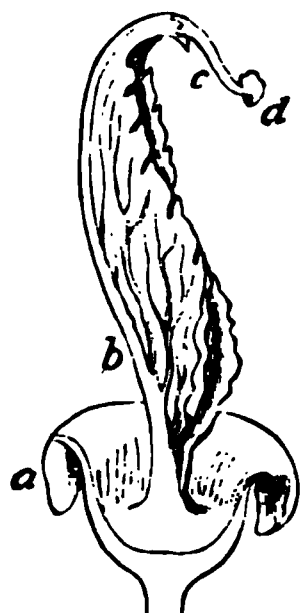


Fig. 3. DOUBLE-  
FLOWERING CHERRY.

The willow flowers show us gradations from the leaf-like carpel to the altered stamen, and thence to the ordinary leaf ;

and you may, lastly, find in some plants, as in the monstrous specimens of Dutch Clover, that every part of the flower becomes a leaf. Goethe's own words regarding the pistil succinctly express the true state of matters regarding its abnormal history: "If we keep in view the observations which have now been made, we shall not fail to recognise the leaf in all seed-vessels, notwithstanding their manifold forms, their variable structure, and different combinations." Thus Goethe's generalisation finds its best proof in the facts of vegetable monstrosities. And the science of likenesses, tracing nature in her bypaths of development, discovers that, whatever may be said of the first beginnings of plant life on the globe, the later development which has given us the flowering plants has apparently been directed wholly, or in greater part, towards the elaboration of the leaf. To the evolution of the leaf, as the science of likeness proves, we owe the wondrous beauty of the flowers, which, like the stars of the poet, brighten earth's otherwise dull firmament.

The flower, however, is not the only part of the plant which has received abundant elucidation at the hands of the science of likenesses. The ingenuity of Nature and the prolific nature of the expedients by which she developed structures to serve her varied ends, formed of old two of the stereotyped sources of wonder by the recital of which philosophers were wont to regale their auditors. This fertility of device in using simple means to effect important ends receives a new reading from the study of homology. We now perceive that the modifications effected by nature represent the utilisation of like parts in divers ways. Just as essentially similar limbs may be employed in the animal world for very different purposes, so the variations of similar parts in plants may illustrate what is meant by "homoplastic" organs—that is, the adaptation to new and varied ways of life, of the common belongings of the plant world. Our comprehension of this truth may be firstly assisted by an example culled from the animal world. The idea that Nature, "in framing her strange fellows," and in developing the unusual and unwonted, should effect her purpose by the creation of new structures and fresh parts, is an idea for which there apparently exists the warrant of common sense. But let us see if the way of Nature in such a case is not rather by the elaboration and modification of already existing parts. Take as an illustrative case the Tortoise (Fig. 4) and its structure. No single animal form stands apparently more aloof from its neighbours of the reptile class than the sluggish chelonian. Enclosed in a bony box, its structure seems to be unique, and its relations

to the serpent, lizard, or crocodile extremely unapparent. But what

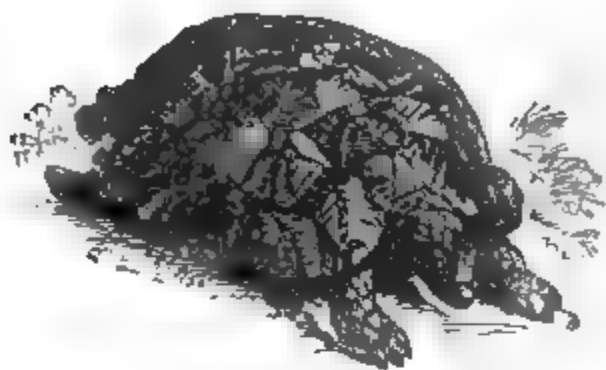


Fig. 4. TORTOISE.

has comparative anatomy to say respecting the building of the chelonian house? Look at the roof formed by the greatly expanded ribs and solid spine. Look at its sides formed by the cartilages or ends of the ribs; and its floor formed by certain skin-bones comparable roughly in their nature to

the large scales of the crocodile's under surface, and in any case presenting us with no structures unusual or foreign to the reptile class. The boxlike body of the animal is, in short, formed by so much of its skeleton, and so many of its scales, altered and modified to suit the animal's way of life; and presents us thus with no new thing in the way of structure, but with an elaboration of the common elements of the reptile body.

More interesting, perhaps, because more complex in their relations, are the changes which occur in the lower jaw and ear as we ascend from the fishes as the lowest vertebrates to Man and quadrupeds as the highest. We could not find a better example of the manner in which Nature moulds the same elements into widely different forms than such a subject. Homology teaches us clearly enough that in the elaboration of the skull, as in the modification of the tortoise-skeleton as a whole, new parts and new organs are evolved simply and for the most part by the alteration and higher development of the original type. When we examine the lower jaw and its connections with the skull in any vertebrate animal below the rank of the quadruped, we find that the jaw is attached to the skull by the intervention of a special bone called the "quadrate bone." The manner in which lower jaw and skull are connected in Man and quadrupeds is very different from the latter arrangement. In Man, as every one knows, the lower jaw works upon the skull directly and of itself, and the "quadrate bone," which one sees so distinctly in the reptile, bird, frog, or fish, is apparently wanting in higher vertebrate life. Is the skull of the quadruped, then, modelled, as regards its lower jaw and articulations thereof, on a different type from that seen in the lower vertebrate? Comparative anatomy supplies the answer in very different fashion. Attend for a moment to the disposition of the parts of the internal ear, which in quadrupeds we find to exist within the skull and just above the lower jaw. We

find three small bones (Fig. 5, A, *m*, *i*, *c*) to connect the "drum" of the ear with the internal hearing apparatus. Of these three bones, one shaped somewhat like a hammer is named the *malleus* (*m*), and

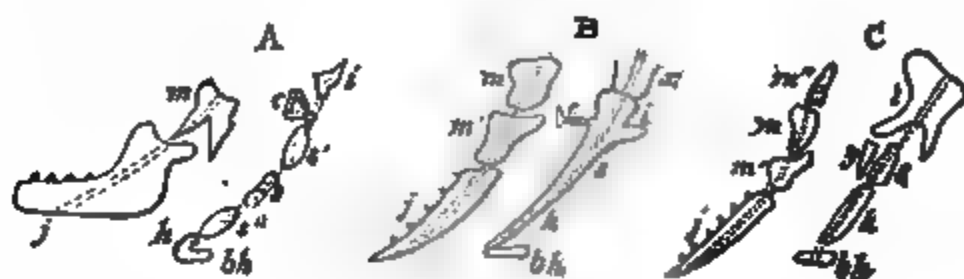


Fig. 5.

to this bone our attention must be specially directed. For when we trace this bone downwards through the reptiles and birds towards the fishes, we discover that it alters its relations to the ear and assumes new ones with the lower jaw. In reptiles and birds, for example, we find the malleus to be of large size, and to be divided so that one part (*B*, *m*) becomes transformed into the "quadrate bone," and another (*B*, *m'*) into the upper part of the lower jaw (*j*) itself. In the fish a third bone (*C*, *m''*) may actually appear in connection with the lower jaw (*j*), and as the result of the division of the part representing the "malleus" of Man and quadrupeds. So that, divesting the subject of all technicality, we may say that, as we first enter the vertebrate sub-kingdom, we find the "malleus" to be represented in the fishes by no less than three bones (*C*, *m*, *m'*, *m''*) which are connected with the upper part of the lower jaw and lie outside the ear altogether. Next, in the reptile and bird we find a modification of this arrangement to hold good. Here the malleus is divided into two portions (*m*, *m'*) only; these parts, however, being still concerned in the articulation of the lower jaw (*j*). But in Man and his neighbour-quadrupeds, these outside bones become pushed upwards in the course of development, and are finally enclosed within the skull, thus appearing as the "malleus" of the ear (*A*, *m*), having no connection with the jaw, and being concerned in the higher function of conveying impressions of sound to the internal ear. The upper part of the lower jaw of the lower vertebrate is in fact taken into the interior of the skull and ear, when we reach the quadruped class. The two companion bones (*C*, *i*) of the malleus in the ear, likewise represent separate parts of the skull, which in higher life become modified for the hearing function. And a glance at the accompanying diagram will serve to show how the other bones—"incus" (*i*) and "stapes" (*c*)—of the quadruped ear are represented wholly or in part in lower life, and how they attain their higher place and function simply as the result of modification, and the evolution of a new structure from the

materials of an already existing type. Such modification is simply a part of the wider process we see everywhere illustrated in animal life at large, whereby complication and diversity of structure and form are the results of no new creations, but of the development, the splitting up, and differentiation of already existing parts.

So is it also with plants in some of their most unusual aspects. The strange features in animals and plants are in reality but the altered

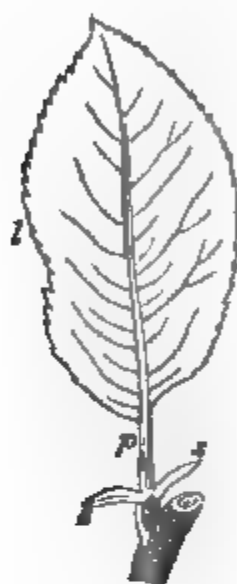


Fig. 6. A LEAF  
AND ITS PARTS.

"commonplace of nature." By way of illustration, the subject of the threadlike "tendrils" of plants presents itself in a prominent manner. It would be hard to discover any organs of plants which are better known than these. Poetic allegory itself has ever found in the simile of the "tendrils" the best guise under which the affections of mankind might be shadowed forth; and that the weak-stemmed plants climb by the aid of these organs is not a matter requiring even a primer of botany for its verification. Now, plants of very varied nature possess these organs; and the question arises, are these tendrils new and special organs in such plants as possess them, or are they but modifications, like

the horn of the Tortoise, of familiar structures? Let the science of likenesses reply, by directing our attention to the general form of



Fig. 7. LEAF OF PEA.

the contrary, no stipules occur.

Now let us examine the leaf of the Common Pea (Fig. 7). It is a compound leaf, and we notice that the tendrils seem to grow out at the sides and at the end of the leaf stalk. The tendrils (*tt*) here are at once seen to exist in the place of some of the leaflets (*p*), and,

the leaf. Every ordinary leaf (Fig. 6) consists, as we know, of a stalk or *petiole* (*p*) and a blade or *lamina* (*l*), and when we look at the apple leaf (Fig. 6), or at a rose leaf, we may see at the point where the leaf stalk leaves the stem two little wing-like appendages, called *stipules* (*ss*), and which are to be regarded as normal parts and appendages of the leaf. These stipules are large in the pansy tribe, and are also prominent in the beans and peas, whilst in one of the vetches (Fig. 10) —*Lathyrus aphaca*, the Yellow Vetch—the stipules, as we shall see, may actually represent the leaves. In many other plants, on

as some botanists tell us, in place of the end of the leaf stalk also. We find a very simple modification to be thus represented ; certain parts of a leaf become altered to enable the plant to climb. Tendrils here are homologous with leaflets. In the lentil it is the leaf-stalk itself which is long drawn out to form the climbing thread. The vine (Fig. 8) or passion flower may be selected as our next example. Here the tendrils appear to be formed in a very different fashion from that seen in the pea. Apparently the tendril (*tt*) in the vine and passion flower is a modified branch ; such



Fig. 8. TENDRIL OF A VINE.

an opinion being arrived at from a study of the relations of the tendril to the stem and normal branches of the plant. The Virginia Creeper likewise climbs by means of its altered tendril-like branches. Once again we meet with a similar end—that of forming a climbing support—served by a different means, when we turn to the Smilax (Fig. 9), which in Southern Europe replaces the Bryony of our English hedgerows. The leaves of Smilax are heart-shaped, and when we look at the points at which the leaves spring from the stem, we detect two tendrils (*tt*), which pass to the surrounding plants there to entwine themselves in complex fashion. Now, what are the tendrils



Fig. 9. SMILAX.

of Smilax? Our knowledge of the leaf and our observation of the position of our tendrils enable us to answer the question. What organs arise from the base of the leaf stalk? The reply, illustrated by a reference to Fig. 6, is “stipules” (*ss*) ; and stipules are paired organs. Therefore, we conclude that the tendrils of Smilax are simply altered stipules. The Yellow Vetch



Fig. 10. YELLOW VETCH.

(Fig. 10), which adorns our cornfields, reverses the conditions of Smilax. The stipules (*ss*) remain in the Vetch to represent the leaves, whilst the leaf stalk itself and its leaflets become altered as in the Pea, only to a greater degree, to enable *Lathyrus* to indulge its climbing propensities. Thus does a study of tendrils illustrate in a pitfashion the bearings of homology. But for this science of

likenesses we should not be enabled to unravel some of the complexities which beset the study of how a plant climbs ; and we again note how modification and adaptation, as distinguished from new creations, form the way of the world of life.

No less interesting in certain of its aspects is the study of the "thorns" and "prickles" which "set the rosebud," or give to the hawthorn its characteristic name and feature. The popular botany of every-day life is content to consider prickles and thorns to represent one and the same kind of structure. But the science of likenesses is care-

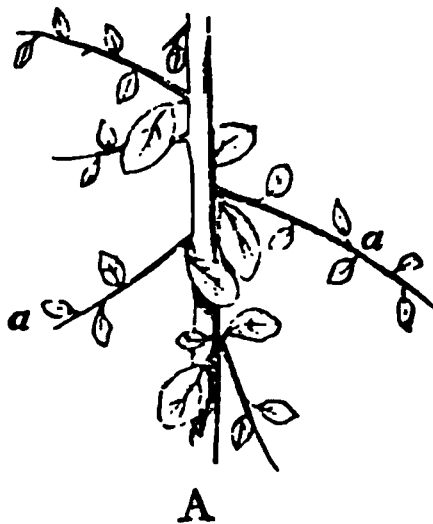
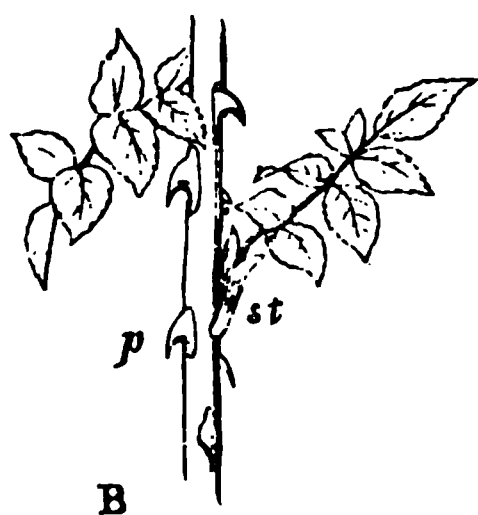


FIG. 11. SLOE AND ROSE, WITH THORNS AND PRICKLES.

ful to ask us to make a very decided distinction between their nature as between the tendrils themselves. Examine the Sloe (Fig. 11, A), for instance, or the Hawthorn, and you will readily determine the nature of the "thorns" which these plants bear.

You will note that from the thorns (*a a*) leaves spring, and in this observation lies the key to the understanding of their relationship with other parts of the plant. Leaves are only borne on the stem itself or on the appendages of the stem we familiarly call branches. Therefore the presence of leaves on the thorns plainly tells us that these appendages of Sloe and Hawthorn are in reality stunted branches. Nor are we left in the slightest doubt as to the nature of these objects ; for many of the plants which in a wild state possess thorns alone produce full-grown branches under cultivation. "Spinosæ arbores cultura sæpius deponunt spinas in hortis," said Linnæus, and the Sloe itself illustrates the remark. But the prickles of the Rose (Fig. 11, B), which might readily be deemed thorns in miniature, now demand attention. The prickle has no intimate connection with the stem. On the contrary, it is merely a hardened appendage of the skin of the stem or leaf as the case may be. A prickle causes no trouble in its detachment from the stem, and the botanist would inform us that these appendages in their true nature correspond to hardened hairs. Lastly, we may meet with double prickles, or spines, which spring from the axils of leaves and from the base of the leaf stalk. In the Acacias and the American Prickly Ash (*Echinopanax*) we may see spines the origin of which is not hard to trace, and which spring from the bases of the leaves. Just as



the tendrils of the Smilax were formed from "stipules," so we perceive in the Acacias how these latter organs may be altered to form the "spines," or "prickles," of these plants.

Passing from leaves and flowers to fruits, we enter a new but equally interesting field of speculation with the last. Let us firstly inquire what is the nature of the structure to which the botanist gives the name of "fruit." It is perfectly evident from the common knowledge of Nature's processes which ordinary observation affords that the fruit is merely part of the flower. The buds of springtime and the blossoms of summer must precede the fruit of the autumn; and the promise of "a golden reaping" is heralded by the early growth of the vernal season. Without the flower, then, the fruit would be non-existent, and considering that within the vast majority of fruits we find the seeds, we can readily construct a definition of the botanical fruit by defining it as "the ripe pistil." Such is the invariable nature of the fruit in the mind of the botanist. Popularly, however, "fruits" are only to be so called when they are edible. The mental and scientific concept of the man of science vanishes before the practical matter-of-fact definition of a fruit as "that which is good to eat"; and perhaps each definition meets in its own way the exigencies and circumstances which called it forth.

But the study of fruits from the botanical side presents us with a highly interesting illustration of the value of "homology," as showing us how the modification of simple and well-known parts of the flower may become transformed so as to be well-nigh unrecognisable in the fruit. No better illustration of the latter fact can be found than in the Strawberries (Fig. 12), which secured the full admiration of Dr. Boteler, who declared that "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"—a remark the correctness of which will probably be viewed proportionately by the individual minds and tastes which may consider the saying. Glancing at the Strawberry flower, we see no promise therein of the toothsome fruit which the summer brings; and we may well be puzzled to discover the true nature of our berry, even after a close examination of its substance. The apple cut across is seen to contain seed—therefore we may reasonably enough imagine that, whatever growth has subsequently occurred to the apple blossom, we find the seed-producing pistil of the flower to be represented in its interior. But no seeds are to be found in the interior of Dr. Boteler's berry. Where, then, is the true fruit—the ripened pistil—of the Strawberry, and what is

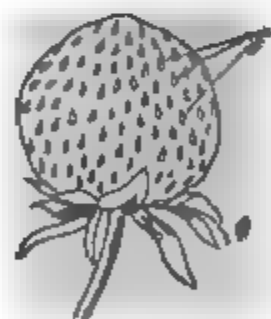


Fig. 12. STRAWBERRY.

the nature of the succulent mass we eat? The science of likenesses answers the question by a reference to the growth of the Strawberry itself. In the flower, the pistil is seen to be composed of a great many little parts, called "carpels." As the flower fades and the pistil ripens, the end of the flower-stalk (called in botany the *receptacle*) begins to swell out and to exceed the rest of the flower in its growth. Soon it becomes red and succulent, and the little green carpels of the pistil, each containing a single seed, come in due time to be separated from each other, and to be embedded in the juicy mass on which, when it was the simple end of the flower-stalk, it was set. Thus to offer a friend the "botanical fruit" of the Strawberry would be a proceeding tantamount to invite him to a Barmecide's feast: since, to fulfil the promise, we should simply require to pick out from the surface of the berry the little green carpels (*f*) which represent the ripe pistil of the flower—the popular "fruit," as we have seen, being merely the enlarged end of the flower-stalk. In such a case, one might well be excused for preferring the common construction of the term "fruit" to the scientific, and for neglecting the intellectual aspect of the berry in favour of the exercise of practical æsthetics as applied to the end of the flower-stalk.

The Strawberry does not stand alone in its illustration of the curious facts concerning the transformation of flowers which the study



Fig. 13. ROSE FRUIT.

of homologies elicits. What, for example, is to be said of the Rose-fruit (Fig. 13) itself, save that the familiar red "hip" of our hedgerows is formed by the enlarged and hollowed flower-stalk (*c*), along with the calyx (*s*) or outer part of the flower; or, according to some botanists, by the calyx alone, whose green leaves become thickened, red, and glistening as the summer passes into the autumn, and come to enclose the true fruit (*fr*) in the form of the little carpels similar in nature to those on the outside of the Strawberry. So that the difference between the "hip" of the Rose and the

Strawberry simply consists in the fact that the Rose flower-stalk is hollow and has the fruits inside, whilst the end of the Strawberry flower-stalk is solid, and has its fruits outside. The Apple and Pear likewise exhibit much the same arrangement as the Rose and Strawberry in respect of their fruits. If we suppose the hip of the Rose to have its walls extremely thickened and fleshy, we should convert it into a form of fruit resembling the Apple or Pear. No less interesting is the nature of the Fig, which, to be properly understood, should

be examined as it grows in the hothouse. Slice your fig longwise (Fig. 14 *a*), and you will see in its interior, not seeds, but "flowers"; some with stamens (*b*) alone, others (*c*) with pistils alone. The Fig appears before us as another example of the hollowing of the flower-stalk, with this important difference, that not merely the fruits but the flowers are contained in its interior.

It only remains for us to sum up the results and general conclusions to which our brief study of the science of likenesses may be said legitimately to lead us. Turning firstly to the features we have just been discussing, we have noted, for instance, that the leaf was the type of the whole plant, and that as the leaf became modified to form the "flower," so that flower and its parts, still representing leaves, became further altered to form the "fruit" under all

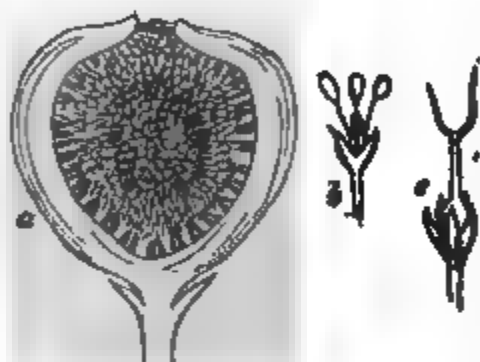


Fig. 14. SECTION OF FIG.

its varied aspects and forms. From a simple structure—the leaf—we thus discover, by the aid of the science of likenesses, complex and elaborate organs and parts to be developed. What lesson do such examples teach us concerning the order of Nature at large? Do these lessons argue in favour of evolution or against that theory of Nature? The answer is not for a single moment doubtful. If, as our inquiry shows, it is the way of Nature to produce many and varied structures by the modification of one simple organ or part, surely there is no greater wonder involved in the idea, that by the same process of development she has woven from simple forms the whole complex warp and woof of the living world. When we see Nature in her abnormal methods of development revealing to us, under the guise of her sports and freaks amidst the flowers, the true composition of the pistil and stamens, or altering the same structure to form the varied fruits; when we discover that the complex skull has apparently been built up through slow and gradual modifications from skulls of simpler type, which vanish away, in the lowest confines of the vertebrate animals, in the barely defined skulless "cord" of the lowest fish, we may not esteem it an impossibility that all organic forms have been evolved under like conditions of development.

Nor must we omit to think of another important point involved in the study of homologies. If Nature is, as we have shown, liable to modify and alter continually the work of her hands, can such a practice be held to favour the origin of new species by the way which evolution points out? When the flower returns to

the leaf-type, or when it exhibits variations from its usual form and structure, is Nature going back or reverting to former conditions? or is she initiating paths which lead to new species? The answer to these queries may be given in the affirmative. When the flower grows into its leaves, that is a "reversion," a stepping backward to the primitive and simple type. When, on the other hand, the plant shows a tendency towards complexity, instead of simplicity—to alter in favour of increased development—then is seen the tendency to progression and elaboration of the type. Both tendencies hold sway in Nature, and the one is as inexplicable as the other, save on the theory of Evolution. From the monstrosity of the flower a new "variety" springs, and in time the variety becomes a "race," and the race in turn a new "species." Thus, whilst the course of Nature before our eyes runs not smoothly but in an apparent irregularity, the deeper faith in a law-governed universe, not as yet fully comprehended or known, convinces us that with the higher knowledge of to-morrow the irregularities of to-day will resolve themselves into parts of an ordered system. It is not without good reason for believing in the reality of the convictions which nature-studies inspire respecting the government of this world's order that we find Professor Parker maintaining that "the study of animal morphology leads to continually grander and more reverential views of creation and of a Creator. Every fresh advance shows us further fields for conquest, and at the same time deepens the conviction that, while results and secondary operations may be discoverable by human intelligence, 'no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.' We live as in a twilight of knowledge, charged with revelations of order and beauty; we steadfastly look for a perfect light which shall reveal perfect order and beauty."

ANDREW WILSON.

## A NEW STUDY OF "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

SHAKESPEAREAN commentators have hitherto failed to reveal the sources of the plot of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The only approach to anything like an important discovery in connection with it is Mr. Hunter's reference to Johnes' translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, where we are told of the settlement of a dispute between the kings of France and Navarre bearing a close resemblance to the political question at issue between Navarre and the Princess of France in the play.<sup>1</sup> But our knowledge of the origin of the events that form the real action of the comedy is not thereby much advanced. In one respect the discovery seems to have obscured subsequent investigation. The occurrence related by Monstrelet took place before 1425, and it has been thence inferred that the play is intended to represent France of that date. Critics have consequently forborne to examine the play in the light of later French history, and contemporary French politics have never been consulted in connection with it. It is no new matter for regret that so few attempts should have been made by commentators to do justice to the influence exerted by contemporary events on the Elizabethan dramatists ; but it is certainly matter for surprise that no endeavour should have been made to trace any relationship between contemporary French affairs and *Love's Labour's Lost*, where the names of almost all the important characters are actually identical with the contemporary leaders in French politics.

The hero of *Love's Labour's Lost* is the King of Navarre, in whose kingdom the scene is laid, and the play was produced at a

<sup>1</sup> The passage is quoted at length in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, part i. vol. i. p. 3. The King of Navarre renounces all claim to certain French territory "in consideration that with the Duchy of Nemours the King of France engaged to pay him *two hundred thousand gold crowns* of the coin of our lord the king." It should also be noticed that in the Chronicle the King of Navarre's name is *Charles*, and that it is to *Charles*, father of the reigning sovereign, that the Princess in the play declares she has already paid a portion of the sum demanded by the present claimant. (*Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. i. 161.)

time when the bearer of such a title in France was attracting the serious attention of earnest-minded Englishmen. Similarly, the two chief lords in attendance in the comedy—Biron and Longaville—bear the actual names of the two most strenuous supporters of the real King of Navarre; while the name of the Lord Dumaine is a common Anglicised version of that Duc de Maine, or Mayenne, whose name was so frequently mentioned in popular accounts of French affairs in connection with Navarre's movements that Shakespeare was not unnaturally led to number him also among his supporters.<sup>2</sup> Even the name of the "pretty ingenious" page does not seem to have been the dramatist's own invention. Mothe, or La Mothe, was the name by which a French ambassador was known in London for many years; and although he had been absent from England since 1583, the popularity that he had already gained, and the important negotiations in which he had been employed, would have prevented his name from slipping out of the memory of playgoers or playwrights.<sup>3</sup> The further mention of the Duke Alençon must have been due to some reminiscence of the French nobleman of the same name who had so persistently and so publicly sued for the queen's hand.<sup>4</sup>

If we recall the anxious interest with which contemporary movements in France were watched by England from 1589 to the end of 1594—the exultation that followed every victory of Navarre's party, and the dejection that followed every defeat—it seems impossible to attribute to any mere chance coincidence the introduction of these names. It was in 1589—in or about which year our most trustworthy critics are agreed that *Love's Labour's Lost* must have been written—that England was startled by the news of the assassination of Henry III. by a fanatic monk, and that the dissensions between the Bourbon and Guise claimants to the vacant throne were to be settled at the sword's point. It was in the same year that Elizabeth for once belied her constitutional vacillation, and promised that some appreciable assistance should cross the Channel to aid Navarre." For five years her subjects had complained that she was blind to "the popularity and advantage which would result from her undertaking the cause with energy and spirit." But now at length God had

<sup>2</sup> For an identical mode of spelling the name compare Chapman's *Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Biron* (in Pearson's 8vo. reprint), Vol. ii. pp. 210-11.

<sup>3</sup> He is often mentioned in Froude's *History*, ch. xi. 293, 7, &c., and in the *State Paper Calendars*, ch. 1581-90, p. 79, &c.

<sup>4</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. i. 61.

opened her gracious eyes and strengthened her royal heart. Money and munition were hastily despatched to Dieppe. French agents were granted special licenses to purchase "corn, apparel, and other things" in the London markets for the army of the Protestant king. The fleet was ordered to cruise about the Channel, and hurried arrangements were made within a few days for the transport of four thousand foot soldiers, most of whom were volunteers anxious to shed their blood in so good a cause. The public enthusiasm grew hourly. Students complained that the war excitement interfered with their studies. Little was acknowledged to be too valuable to be sacrificed "for the sake of the French King."<sup>5</sup>

With these facts before us, we may reasonably suppose that Shakespeare wrote this comedy with his eyes fixed, like those of his countrymen, on the affairs of France; and it will be our endeavour to show further that he made his observations serve at once a practical purpose. We believe that in the composition of *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakespeare took a slight and amusing story derived from some independent source—which will, we hope, be before long discovered—and gave it a new and vital interest by grafting upon it heroes and incidents suggested by the popular sentiment as to French affairs prevailing in London at the time. Apart from the play itself, this view is partially confirmed by two noticeable facts. Firstly, *Love's Labour's Lost* was one of the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies on the Elizabethan stage for some years after its first production; but after the occurrences, chiefly in France, to which we suppose it to refer had been driven by others from the public mind, the play lost, and has never since regained, its place in popular esteem.<sup>6</sup> Secondly, Shakespeare has elsewhere shown his interest in French politics. Almost the only direct and unmistakable reference to current events which he has introduced into his plays describes the contemporary condition of France. In the *Comedy of Errors*, which probably followed *Love's Labour's Lost* at a very brief interval, France is stated to be "armed and reverted, making war against her heir."<sup>7</sup> Likewise Malone, on quite independent grounds, most strenuously maintained that the passage in the *Merchant of Venice* in which Portia compares music to "the flourish when true subjects bow to a new-crowned monarch," refers to Navarre's final victory and his coronation as King of France.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> A general view of the time may be gathered from the documents calendared on pp. 615-18 of Elizabeth's *Domestic State Papers*, 1581-90.

<sup>6</sup> Halliwell's *Folio Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 215.

<sup>7</sup> *Comedy of Errors*, iii. ii. 122.

<sup>8</sup> *Merchant of Venice*, iii. ii. 49.



But for a conclusive proof of the theory we have enunciated, we must rely on the internal construction of the comedy. We have already shown the relationship existing between the names of the persons introduced there and those of some contemporary leaders in political life. We proceed to examine the characters of the dramatist's heroes in connection with those of their living namesakes, and to compare some of the incidents in the play with some events of actual history.

The popular admiration with which the opponent of the League was viewed in England is clearly reflected in *Love's Labour's Lost* in the description of the King as

the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre ; (ii. i. 5);

and his reputed gallantry and fondness for female society are well illustrated by the "courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy" with which he makes his advances to the Princess. Similarly Longaville, who made his English reputation by the skill with which he defeated the forces of the League at Senlis in 1589, is spoken of by Maria in language which seems introduced to satisfy the enthusiasm his conduct had roused in this country :—

A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed  
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms,  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. (ii. i. 44.)

But these, like most of the characters in the comedy, seem merely "pretty mockings of the life," such as might be expected of a clever artist still in his apprenticeship. They have not sufficient flesh and blood about them to enable us to establish in detail their identity with those who were presumably their living prototypes. The King and the Princess, with almost all their attendants, are lightly pencilled outline-sketches, and suffer very much from a comparison with even the inferior characters of Shakespeare's later comedies. The only personage introduced into *Love's Labour's Lost* who will in any way compare with the productions of Shakespeare's after years is Biron. Coleridge saw in him the original sketch of Benedick, and there can be no doubt that to his characterization Shakespeare devoted special attention. Most of his speeches are so superior in their workmanship to the rest of the play, that we cannot but believe that they were worked up after the comedy was first produced, and are to be included among the corrections and augmentations mentioned in the title-page of the 1598 Quarto as having been recently made. The relation in which Biron stood to the English

people between 1589 and 1598 would fully account for the distinction thus conferred upon him. Of all the leaders on Navarre's side, he was best known to Englishmen. Almost invariably the English contingent served under him,<sup>9</sup> and every one of those nine years added something to England's knowledge of his character. Some Frenchmen grew jealous of the Englishmen's prowess in the field, but Biron was always faithful to them. The opinion that was formed of him was consequently on the whole a high one. "In this army," wrote one of the English leaders disappointed by the cold reception many Frenchmen accorded him, "we have not one friend but only Marshal Biron, whom we find very respectful to Her Majesty and loving to her people. If it would please Her Majesty to take knowledge of as much, and to let him know how well she took his kindness, it were not amiss in my poor opinion."<sup>10</sup> Another writer speaks of "his open soldierlike breast."<sup>11</sup> After the close of the century Biron paid a visit to England, and Englishmen seem to have regarded the act of the French King in sending so distinguished an envoy as a mark of special honour.<sup>12</sup> "Elizabeth reçut Biron," says a French historian, "avec beaucoup de faveur; c'étoit à ses yeux l'homme qui par sa génie militaire avait le plus contribué aux succès de Henri IV."<sup>13</sup> But some blemishes in his character were at the same time not overlooked. Like all French courtiers, he was reputed to be specially susceptible to the charms of women, and fond of indulgence in luxurious living. He held himself in very high estimation. "Toujours applaudi ou excusé," writes one whose opinion of him is probably reliable, "il étoit opiniâtre et présomptueux." He was occasionally extravagant in his language. Navarre said of him, "Il ne faut pas toujours prendre au pied de la lettre ses rhodomontades, jactances et vanités."<sup>14</sup>

The points of resemblance between this historical supporter of Navarre's and Shakespeare's Biron are numerous. The bravery, the common sense—the necessary complement of good generalship—and the love of recreation of the dramatist's hero at once suggest the popular Frenchman. His protest against the "barren task" his companions impose on themselves—"not to see ladies, study, fast,"—his "salve for perjury" after all the oath-takers are forsworn, where

<sup>9</sup> *State Papers*, 1591-94, p. 335.

<sup>10</sup> Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth* (London, 1754), ii. 323.

<sup>11</sup> *Letters written by John Chamberlain* (Camden Society, 1861), p. 139.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 95.

<sup>13</sup> *Sismondi's Histoire* (Paris, 1839), xxii. 65.

<sup>14</sup> *Biographie Universelle*, vol. iv. s. v.

he contends "to see no woman" is "flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth," readily recall the leading features of his living namesake's court life. The last description given of him in *Love's Labour's Lost* seems a veritable echo of Navarre's own words. "The world's large tongue," says Rosaline to "my Lord Biron,"

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;  
Which you in all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit. (V. ii. 832-36.)

A further coincidence at the end of the play is, perhaps, worthy of note. Biron is commonly reported to have said of himself early in his career, "Je ne sais si je mourrai sur un échafaud, mais je sais bien que *je ne mourrai qu'à l'hôpital*."<sup>15</sup> The relegation of Shakespeare's Biron to a hospital closes the comedy. Admirable from an artistic point of view as is "the sweet and tempered gravity" with which *Love's Labour's Lost* concludes, its striking difference from the termination of Shakespeare's other comedies makes it not improbable that it had some more concrete origin than its author's notion of dramatic fitness. The point may, therefore, be said to deserve some attention.

To show that we have not over-estimated Biron's importance in the eyes of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, we need merely mention that *Love's Labour's Lost* is not the only play of the time of which he is the hero. George Chapman has devoted no less than two plays to his career. It would be beyond our scope to institute a careful comparison between Shakespeare's and Chapman's works. They differ so materially that, had we the intention, we doubt if it would afford us any profitable result. Chapman's plays deal with the close of Biron's career, and are historical in the smallest detail. They are in the dramatist's heaviest style, and many scenes read like extracts from State papers. We feel convinced it can only have been the intense interest taken in their subject that could have secured them a favourable hearing on the stage. The points of similarity to *Love's Labour's Lost* lie in the tendency of some of the courtiers to employ "spruce affectation and figures pedantical." The King rebukes one of the chief among them with—

Your wit is of the true Pierian spring,  
That can make anything of anything.<sup>16</sup>

The hero is described as a man "of matchless valour," and "ever

<sup>15</sup> *Biographie Universelle*, vol. iv. s. v.

<sup>16</sup> Chapman's *Conspiracie of Duke Biron* (8vo. reprint), p. 208.

happy in all encounters.”<sup>17</sup> Lovely, modest, magnanimous, and constant are among the epithets bestowed upon him. But he is suspected by his enemies of being an atheist.<sup>18</sup> In the later of the two plays he is charged with speaking treason against Navarre, and finally falls on the scaffold a victim to his “intemperate speech.”<sup>19</sup>

The leading event of the comedy—the meeting of the King of Navarre with the Princess of France—lends itself as readily to a comparison with an actual occurrence of contemporary French history as do the heroes of the play to a comparison with those who played chief part in it. At the end of the year 1586 a very decided attempt had been made to settle the disputes between Navarre and the reigning King. The mediator was a Princess of France—Catherine de Medici—who had virtually ruled France for nearly thirty years, and who now acted in behalf of her son, decrepit in mind and body, in much the same way as the Princess in *Love's Labour's Lost* represents her “decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father.” The historical meeting was a very brilliant one. The most beautiful ladies of the court accompanied their mistress. “La reine,” we are told, “qui connoissoit les dispositions de Henri à la galanterie, avoit compté sur elles pour le séduire, et elle avoit fait choix pour la suivre à Saint Bris (where the conference was held) des plus belles personnes de sa cour.”<sup>20</sup> This bevy of ladies was known as “l'escadron volant,” and Davila asserts that Henry was desirous of marrying one of them.<sup>21</sup> Navarre, however, parted with Catherine and her sirens without bringing their negotiations to a satisfactory decision; but the interview was doubtless one of the causes that brought about the political alliance between Navarre's party and the royal house which took place just before the French King's death in 1589. The memory of the original attempt was naturally then revived. There is thus much probability that the meeting of Navarre and the Princess on the Elizabethan stage was suggested by the well-known interview at Saint Bris. That Shakespeare attempted to depict in the Princess the lineaments of Catherine, we do not for a moment assert. The Princess in the play seems mainly distinguished for her

<sup>17</sup> Chapman's *Conspiracie of Duke Biron* (8vo. reprint), *ibid.* p. 189.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.* p. 258.

<sup>19</sup> Chapman's *Tragedie of Biron*, p. 313. It is interesting to notice that many writers of the time compared Biron to Essex. Chapman several times introduces the comparison. In one place Biron is made to speak of “The matchless Earl of Essex, whom some make a parallel with me in life and fortune.”

<sup>20</sup> *Sismondi*, xx. 237.

<sup>21</sup> Davila's *Memoirs of Civil Wars in France*, translated (London, 1758), i, 521-24, where an original account of the interview is given.

feminine tact, and although a hasty glance at French politics might have induced an observer to number that quality among Catherine's characteristics, it is clearly very insufficient ground on which to base any relationship.

This is the last portion of evidence on which we rely for establishing a connection between the plot of *Love's Labour's Lost* and contemporary French politics; but before concluding our remarks we wish to set in an historical light another scene in the play. The Russian incident has been a matter of difficulty to many generations of commentators. The ruse by which Navarre and his attendants introduce themselves to the Princess and the ladies, disguised as Russians, seems, on the grounds hitherto stated, to be somewhat ridiculous, and calculated to defeat rather than advance the King's object of recommending himself and his followers as suitors for the ladies' hands. Nor does the quotation made by Ritson from Hall's Chronicle, and usually set down as a note on this incident, more satisfactorily account for its introduction. "In the first of Henry the Eighth," writes Hall, "at a banquet made by the foreign ambassadors, came the Lord Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin after the fashion of Russia or Russland." From the Princess's description of the Frenchman's dress as "shapeless gear," we are inclined to doubt if Shakespeare followed Hall at all, nor do we think that Shakespeare's audience would have very keenly appreciated this needless reminiscence of a comparatively unimportant event more than eighty years old. We believe that the introduction of the Russians was due to more recent occurrences.

It should be remembered that England first opened negotiations worthy of the name with Russia in Elizabeth's reign, and that an important trading connection was soon after her accession established, in which she in common with her people took a lively interest. She obtained many valuable privileges from the Czar in favour of the English traders. At first the Russian Emperor was flattered by the intercourse, and in 1570 he sent a Russian representative to carry out a desire he had expressed that "England and Russland might be in all matters as one." Whether the envoy resented the Englishman's habit of persistently staring distinguished foreigners out of countenance, or because the magnificence of his reception fell below his expectations, he complained on arriving home that he had been badly treated in this country, and from his return dates a change in Russia's attitude towards the English traders. They were subjected to every

kind of petty annoyance. They could obtain no redress for wrong done them by Russians. Their lives were often jeopardised, and yet the Czar refused them adequate protection. The Queen patiently protested for many years, but with very doubtful success. But in 1589 the disputes reached a crisis. A special envoy charged with important negotiations with the Czar returned to England and declared that he had been subjected to the most inhuman treatment. He had not only been abased but greatly abused. He had been shut up in a very unhandsome and unwholesome house, more like a prisoner than an ambassador. He had with difficulty obtained requisite food to support existence. The Queen's temper was roused, and she wrote a fiery letter in her own hand to the Czar. Speaking of her envoy's treatment and the Emperor's previous conduct to her traders, she said: "The like were never offered of no prince towards us; no, not of our greatest enemies, and they are hardly to be digested of any princely nature." The bearer of this message with these and more practical protests did not leave England till the following year, but the public excitement had scarcely then cooled.<sup>23</sup>

These occurrences directing public attention to England's connection with Russia doubtless revived the memory of a scene that had taken place a few years before, and which will, we believe, be of service to us in our study of *Love's Labour's Lost*. About 1582 a second Russian ambassador—Theodore Andreievitch Pissemsky by name—accompanied by a large suite, arrived in London. He was magnificently received and treated with much honour, but his instructions contained a clause that sent a thrill of horror through the breast of every lady at Elizabeth's Court. The Czar had threatened some time previously that no peace could be permanent between the two countries unless it were sealed by an union between the royal houses. The ambassador had therefore received orders not to return to Russia without a kinswoman of the Queen to be his master's wife. Pissemsky would listen to no refusal, and the Queen's protests were quite unavailing. At length she selected a bride. She named Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, who was nearly related to her, and thereby satisfied the Czar's condition. In May 1583 an interview was ordered to take place between her and the Russian envoy and his suite. In order to flatter the Russian's notion of the importance of the occasion, an elaborate ceremonial was arranged. In the gardens of York House, then the residence of the Lord Chan-

<sup>23</sup> A very admirable account of England's relations with Russia in Elizabeth's reign is to be found in Mr. E. A. Bond's Preface to Giles Fletcher's *Of the Russe Commonwealth* and Horsey's *Travels*, reprinted in a single volume by the Hakluyt Society in 1856.

cellor, a large pavilion was erected, just under which sat Lady Mary ‘attended on with divers great ladies and maids of honour.’ A number of English noblemen were allowed to witness the proceedings. The Russian arrived with his suite, and was at once brought before her ladyship. “She put on a stately countenance accordingly;” but the conduct of the strangers was anything but dignified. Pissemsky at first “cast down his countenance, fell prostrate to her feet, ran back from her, his face still towards her, she and the rest admiring at his manner.” In his own person he said nothing, but he had brought an interpreter with him to address the object of his suit. The speaker declared “it did suffice him to behold the angel he hoped should be his master’s spouse : commended her angelic countenance, state, and admirable beauty.” Shortly afterwards the gathering broke up, and was long afterwards remembered as an excellent joke. The lady finally refused to accept the Czar’s offer, and the Emperor replied by threatening to come to England and carry her away by force. Happily his death prevented his carrying his threat into execution, but, as if to prevent the incident from fading from the public mind, Lady Hastings was known afterwards as the Empress of Muscovia.<sup>24</sup>

Between this ludicrous scene and the visit of Navarre and his lords disguised as Russians in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* there are some noticeable points of likeness. Both interviews take place in “a park before a pavilion,” and the object of both is to “advance a love-feat.” The extravagant adulation which Moth is instructed to deliver, corresponds to the interpreter’s address. In either case the ladies have a right to complain—

what fools were here

Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear,

and may well wonder at

Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous.

The general description given of the Russians in the play corresponds so closely with the accounts published in 1591 by Giles Fletcher, one of Elizabeth’s envoys, that we are inclined to believe that Shakespeare was acquainted with him (he was John Fletcher’s uncle), and either saw the book before its publication or otherwise became acquainted with its contents. Their “rough carriage” seems an echo of Fletcher’s words, “for the most part they are unwieldy and inactive withal,”<sup>25</sup> and Rosaline’s remark, “well-liking wits they have ; gross gross ; fat fat,” seems a reminiscence of the statement

<sup>24</sup> Mr. Bond’s Preface, pp. xlvi–lii., and Horsey’s *Travels*, p. 196.

<sup>25</sup> Fletcher’s *Description of the Russe Commonwealth*, p. 146.



“they are for the most part of a large size and of very fleshy bodies, accounting it grace to be somewhat gross and burly.”<sup>26</sup> On the whole, these events and these descriptions seem better able to account for Shakespeare's introduction of the Russians than anything that has hitherto been suggested.

It may be added that “the fantastical Spaniard” who haunts Navarre's court is also clearly drawn upon the lines of a living personage. Boyet says of him :—

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in Court ;  
A phantasm, a Monarcho, one that makes sport  
To the prince and his book-mates.

Holofernes describes him as a “fanatical phantasm.” A like character shortly before had made sport for Elizabeth's courtiers. He was known by the very name, and by the epithet corresponding to the title here given to Shakespeare's magnificent Armado. “Phantastical Monarcho” was for years familiar to every visitor at the English court. For some time he was under the extraordinary delusion that all ships arriving at the port of London belonged to him. On his death Thomas Churchyard wrote a poem entitled “The Phantasticall Monarchoes Epitaph,” which enjoyed considerable popularity in London.<sup>27</sup> Shakespeare's ridiculous knight

<sup>26</sup> Fletcher's *Description of the Russe Commonwealth*, p. 146.

<sup>27</sup> Halliwell's note on *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. i. 99) in his *Folio Shakespeare*, vol. iv.

Since this article was written, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has very kindly sent me his *Memoranda on Love's Labour's Lost, &c.*, which he printed for private circulation a short time ago. Although his investigations have been of a very different character from those I have here undertaken, they seem to corroborate indirectly the view I have taken of the play. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps admirably shows how readily Shakespeare caught up any popular mania, whether rational or irrational, by the note he gives on Moth's allusion to Banks' dancing-horse (L.L.L. i. 2, 53). No less than between sixty and seventy references are quoted, chiefly from contemporary sources, to illustrate the interest taken during Shakespeare's time in the performances of this animal. Similarly Mr. Phillipps attributes the introduction of the eccentric pun on Ajax, in the Fifth Act (L.L.L. v. 2, 579), to the appreciation popularly bestowed on a similar quibble, made by Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. To prove the general popularity of the play itself, Mr. Phillipps quotes a very rare poem by Robert Tofte, which contains an interesting notice of an early performance of the comedy; and this, taken in connection with other early notices of it, serves, he says, to show how popular the play was in its author's day. The volume contains a critical examination of Biron's fine speech (“O 'tis more than need,” &c. L.L.L. iv. 3, 286–362), which conclusively proves that those who were responsible for the passage of the play through the press tacked together indiscriminately revised and unrevised versions of the original lines, and tends to confirm the belief that the chief passages in Biron's part were almost wholly rewritten after the first production of the comedy.

from tawny Spain is, we cannot doubt, named after the expedition of 1588.

We shall, perhaps, be excused if, in conclusion, we point the moral which this novel study of *Love's Labour's Lost* seems most directly to afford. It appears to show that the Elizabethan drama has been too little studied in its political aspect. Students have hitherto exclusively devoted their attention to its literary excellences or philological peculiarities; and its study from any other point of view has been unfairly underrated. But the political enthusiasm that permeated the nation in Elizabeth's reign was so intense and was responsible for so much of the high thinking of the time, that until we grasp some notion of its quality, we can only partially account for many of the leading features of the sixteenth-century drama. We have Shakespeare's own authority for stating that the players of his day, among whom himself and the chief dramatists are to be reckoned, were the abstracts and brief chronicles of their time; and this statement alone would be ample justification for anticipating a profitable result from a careful examination of the Elizabethan drama in the light of contemporary history.

S. L. LEE.

## *HOSPITALLER WORK AT ST. JOHN'S GATE IN 1880.*

**T**HE old Gate of St. John, in Clerkenwell, must be interesting even to the general public, from its historical associations and architectural beauty, but it has a special interest for the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. For many years the vignette on the title-page of that periodical has kept familiar to us the connection between its infancy and the Gate under the shadow of which so many of its best articles have been written or inspired. It may not, however, be generally known that in the course of the revolving years the old Gate has again become associated with the Hospitaller work which was so dear to the Ancient Order of St. John of Jerusalem—the Order which founded the magnificent Priory in Clerkenwell, of which the Gate is almost the only surviving relic.

The year 1100 witnessed the introduction of the Hospitallers into England in a corporate capacity, and they flourished until the year 1540, when they were suppressed, and their property confiscated, by an Act of Parliament. In 1557, much of the injury was repaired by Royal Charter, and part of its possessions was restored to the Order: but the changed state of affairs was of brief duration. Ere two years had passed, the property was again confiscated: but on this occasion there was no suppression of the Order as a fraternity. Practically, however, it became dormant in England, although always represented at the councils in Malta, which had become the *chef-lieu* of the Hospitallers.

After the year 1798—the knights having been driven out of Malta—the different divisions or *langues* of the Order maintained an independent existence. Nearly half a century ago five of the seven remaining *langues* met and decreed the arrival of the English branch: and, to use the words of the present Chapter of the Order in England, it has—since its revival—“pursued in spirit the original purposes of its foundation—the alleviation of the sick and suffering of the human race.”

While the Order was dormant in England, the old Gate of the

Priory had passed into lay hands, and had been used for many—chiefly festive—purposes. During this *interregnum*, among the points in its history most worthy of notice, were the first appearance of David Garrick as an actor in one of the rooms over the archway; the establishment of the Urban Club, famous for wit, learning, and humour; and the presence, almost nightly at one period of his life, of the great Dr. Johnson.

Through the generosity and enthusiasm of the present Secretary of the Order, Sir Edmund Lechmere, the Gate was purchased for its original purpose, and is now leased to the Chapter, with a view to its ultimately becoming the property of the English *langue*. The interior arrangements have been greatly improved by repairs and renovations: but externally the Gate is unchanged, and—now that Temple Bar has disappeared,—it is unique of its kind in the Metropolis. It contains much greater accommodation than an outside inspection would lead one to expect—including an exceedingly handsome general assembly-room, two Chapter-rooms, and a room devoted to the ambulance work of the Order—besides smaller chambers and store-rooms. If the knights of old could re-visit these scenes again, they would find in St. John's Gate their own work being carried on in true Hospitaller spirit by a body which numbers in its ranks men high in station—men eminent in their professions—and practical philanthropists who have proved their earnestness in the battle-fields both of war and of peace. Their boast is that they are “not allied with any sect or party of any one religious denomination, but are thoroughly *universal*, embracing among them those who—in the spirit of our Divine Master—are willing to devote a portion of their time or their means to the help of the suffering and the sick.”

While adapting the old traditions and dreams of the founders of the Order to the changed and changing circumstances of the 19th century, the knights who meet to-day in St. John's Gate retain with much affection the old titles, rules, prayers, and many of the customs established among their predecessors. There are few simpler and yet more impressive sights in London than that of a body of men—mostly busy men—turning aside from their professional or Parliamentary duties, and in the shadow of the old Gate joining in the same earnest petitions as have for centuries in the past gone up in the same place, and for similar help. And then—with the business-like habits of their daily life—they discuss how best to aid still further the many who fall bruised and stricken amid the dangers and hurrying of our bustling industries. In thus wedding the present to the past—in making the tree of our present work strike

its roots deep into that soil which is rich with sentiment and encouragement—a more intense interest is given to labour, and the inevitable self-denial which accompanies all truly philanthropic work is less difficult to practise.

Among the practical means of expression given by the English *Langue* of the Order of St. John to the old spirit which haunts the Gate, none are more commendable than that by which the discharged convalescents from several hospitals (men discharged to make way for more urgent cases, and unable yet to work at their trades, although cured—it may be—of their acute diseases) are supplied under medical advice with nutritious diet, until their strength is pronounced adequate for their daily toil. This work is carried on by a special department of the Order—that of the Almoner, and it is done in an unobtrusive way, so as in all respects to spare the feelings of the recipients.

Again, by the establishment and encouragement of Cottage Hospitals in many parts of England, the Hospitallers have still further developed the intentions of the founders of the Order. The distances over which injured people have to be carried before receiving hospital treatment are, in too many cases, very great ; and the means of transport—especially in rural districts—are often so rude as to increase the pain of the sufferer. By increasing the number of small cottage hospitals with three or four beds, provision is made for such cases, and the sympathies of the residents in the district, who would never visit a large hospital, find active and useful expression.

Yet again, from the grey gate of St. John, incessant and successful efforts are made to supply to mines, railways, docks, and police stations, as well as to many factories and hospitals, improved *matériel* for use in case of injury, and better vehicles for the conveyance of injured people than the cruel four-wheeled cab or country cart, to which may be traced so many compound fractures and so much unnecessary hæmorrhage. During the past three years about a hundred wheeled ambulances have been so distributed. The distribution of the ambulance *matériel*, and its improvement, are also under a separate department. The Director of Stores, like the Almoner, represents and controls a special section of the work of the Order ; and, although his duties are more especially with the last-born child, the St. John Ambulance Association, they are by no means confined to it, and they are as emphatically Hospitaller in their nature as any that are performed. The suffering that has been minimised, if not abolished, by the spread of *matériel* for first use in case of injury—not merely into

public places, but into even the humblest homes—is incalculable ; and in the presence of such means for relieving pain, comes the desire to know how to use them ; and with this knowledge is speedily developed a sympathy, a reverence for pain, hitherto unknown. By logical process, therefore, a bandage may become a moral agent !

In the power of initiating good work, as well as of administering it, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England has not been deficient. In assisting at the birth of those Societies which have become so great and useful, the National Aid Society for Sick and Wounded in War, and the Metropolitan Nursing Association, the Order did good and yeoman's service. In its subsequent establishment of a Medal for gallantry in saving life on land—a decoration which is highly valued—the Order has taken a step to stimulate that sympathy with those in danger which tempers and refines mere courage.

In calling into existence the St. John Ambulance Association—now almost a household word—the Order was influenced by the feeling that no perfection in the way of ambulance *matériel* would compensate for the prevailing ignorance among all classes as to the best means of rendering *first aid*, in case of accident, until medical assistance could be obtained. To give all ranks and both sexes some simple instruction in the treatment of injuries, in the restoration of the suffocated or apparently drowned, in distinguishing fits and drunkenness, and in the lifting and carrying of injured persons—was the scheme of action. The sympathy and the support of the medical profession were readily obtained ; many of the leading members belonged to the Order, and nearly all had had painful experience of the complication of injuries and loss of life due to the ignorance and clumsiness of those who were called on to handle sufferers in the first instance. A simple course was decided upon ; a *syllabus* was drawn up, a handbook was published, and classes were formed. These classes have now met in almost every part of England, Scotland, and in the metropolis of Ireland. There are at this moment over seventy organised Ambulance Centres in cities and towns of the United Kingdom, and in addition to these there have been, during the past year, classes held at over forty other places where local committees have not yet been formed. London is divided into districts supervised by members of the Order, and classes have been held at police-stations, barracks, docks, schools, public buildings of all descriptions,—including the War and India Offices, and private houses. Classes for further instruction have also been held in St. Mary's, Westminster, King's College, and the North London Hospitals, and an important class for the Naval Artillery Volunteers in St. Thomas's Hospital.

But perhaps, of all the classes which have been held, the most interesting was one for working men, held in St. John's Gate itself. It was indeed a fitting-on of the old time to the new, and a legitimate development of the Hospitaller spirit, when these men—warriors in a campaign whose victims are more numerous than in what is generally called war—came together week after week, at no slight cost in self-sacrifice and self-denial, to acquire a knowledge which was not to make themselves great or rich, but merely useful to their fellows. And they were only types of thousands who have done the same, although not under circumstances of such sentimental interest.

The St. John Ambulance Association, although admitting of much decentralized work, is governed from St. John's Gate by a central committee, composed entirely of members of the Order. As in the cases above mentioned, there is a special ambulance department, and its representative on the Council, the Director, acts as Vice-Chairman of the St. John Ambulance Association. All the examiners of classes are detailed by the Central Committee, and a uniform value is thus secured for the certificates granted to successful pupils. All orders and rules governing the association are issued by the Central Committee ; and yet there is sufficient decentralization to permit much useful local action and healthy rivalry, and to relieve the governing body of purely *local* details. As all correspondence and all publications date from St. John's Gate, this last child of the Order has done more than any other to call attention to the fact that there yet stands in London this interesting remnant of the Hospitallers' Priory.

Hemmed in by nineteenth-century buildings and associations,—with that modern agency, a Board of Works, burrowing and street-making in its vicinity,—and with only a few hints, as on the signs of taverns near it, to tell of the old times—the historic Gate still stands, and the faith of the knights of to-day in their work is as strong as the archway itself. No longer do they keep themselves apart from the world for a special purpose ; they do better—they carry their purpose *into* the world. They sanctify their leisure and their energies to the relief of suffering ; and their belief is invincible that, in working *pro utilitate hominum*, they are also working *pro gloriâ Dei* !

FRANCIS DUNCAN.



*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,*  
*POET AND ESSAYIST.*

PART I.—POET.

INGENIOUS reader, I will not disguise from you the nature of this essay. It might be an extended *Saturday Review* article, or a sort of crotchety, uncut-leaf-skimming affair, or a *Spectator* article founded on a single sentence somewhere in the preface, or a short *Quarterly*, designed to show off the reviewer, which it seems is the chief, if not the only, function of most new books.

I, too, am a reviewer. I have views on all Mr. Lowell's subjects. I differ from him here and there, am quite ready to supply gaps and various kinds of padding, to light up with my own intelligence several problems which he finds a little stiff, and to make his own very wide reading appear scanty in comparison with my own astonishing research. I should sometimes like "to talk down" upon him after the manner of the omniscient critic who, having picked up all he knows of the matter from your own book, proceeds to bandy words with you, and alternately pats you on the back and pooh-poohs you.

I feel quite equal to a little of this light business in twenty pages, but then, where would Mr. Lowell be?—Why, where he was before, and "he is passing well there," you say, "in native worth, a name and a presence respected and loved throughout two worlds." "Yes," I answer, "but he may be *catalogued* again, for all that."

We are all familiar with the illustrated catalogues sold at the National Gallery, where certain pictures are singled out, roughly sketched and sapiently annotated thus, "a copy with slight alterations," or "fine windy landscape, dark and mysterious."

Well, that is precisely the nature of these two essays—not a dry catalogue, bare names and dates, but an appreciative one—ay, and a somewhat selective one—for, as J. R. L. says, "There is a smack of Jack Horner in us all, and a reviewer were nothing without it;" and then—

well, if the irrepressible "ego" must peep out here and there, I warrant you he will be sparing alike with his "parce, precor," or his "plaudite," and hardly more offensive than good Lancelot Gobbo, when he occasionally steps forth with his "Ergo ! old man, I beseech you !"

There is a certain class of people for whom it seems we must write certain paragraphs as regularly as we put flower-pots on sticks for snails to crawl into. They insist on their attention being first called to what is unimportant. Their only object in reading different authors is to cheapen one by the other, and spot the repetitions—like people who travel solely with a view to discovering the same wines at every hotel. Let us uncork for them at once their sour "vin ordinaire" and have done with it.

Does Mr. Lowell write like other people ? Yes, and unlike other people, too. Does he copy, imitate, plagiarise ? By all means, and a good deal more besides. Well, and what does it matter if his early poems flash at times with a certain sympathetic lustre ? Beethoven wrote like Mozart, and Mozart like Haydn, and Keats, we are told on the best authority, wrote like the authors he happened to be reading.

When Lowell writes,

Wise with the history of its own frail heart,  
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,

we seem to hear Wordsworth ; and the lady Rosaline, of whom he declares,

Thou look'dst on me all yesternight :  
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright, &c.,

did not live a hundred miles from "Oriana," "Mariana," *et id omne genus*.

Is not Mr. Bryant's delicate love of the woods in "The Oak" and the "Birch Tree" ? does not Scott sing in "Sir Launfal" ? and mark, dear Snail, before you enter your pot, the most curious rings of Moore and Poe mixed up together in—

O my life, have we not had seasons  
That only said, live and rejoice !  
That asked not for causes and reasons,  
But made us all feeling and voice ;

When we went with the winds in their blowing,  
When nature and we were peers,  
And we seemed to share in the flowing  
Of the inexhaustible years ?

Have we not from the earth drawn juices  
 Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?  
 Have I heard—have I seen  
 All I feel and I know ?  
 Doth my heart overween ?  
 Or could it have been  
 Long ago ?

and Echo seems to answer :

Ulalume ! Ulalume !

The unhappy lot of Mr. Knott, with its—

Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,  
 And safe upon the garden wall  
 All night kept cat-a-walling,

is quite *à la* Hood, is it not ? and “An Ember Picture” is quite *à la* Longfellow.

Every poet abounds in similar phenomena; if, for instance, George Herbert writes :

*Immortal Love*, author of this great frame,  
 Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,  
 How hath man parcelled out thy glorious name  
 And thrown it on the *dust which thou hast made*,

and Tennyson writes :

Strong Son of God, *Immortal love*  
 . . . . .  
 Thou madest death, and lo ! thy foot  
 Is on the skull *which thou hast made*,

put in thy horns, O Snail, but otherwise no one is much moved by the striking coincidence, and Mr. Lowell is the last person, as we shall notice by-and-by, to scorn or deny the tributaries which have washed down their many golden sands into his bright lake.

It is also tolerably idle to enquire whether Mr. Lowell is more of a poet than a teacher, or more of a teacher than a poet. “Here's Lowell,” he writes anonymously of himself,

who's striving Parnassus to climb  
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme ;  
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

He never learnt it—he never meant to learn it. Song, satire, and parable—more and more as he lives and ponders and pours forth—are all so many pulpit illustrations or platform pleas. But the world calls him poet, and thereby confers upon him a higher kind of excellency than any ambassadorial rank. And the world is right.

The key-note is struck early in the poems ranging from 1839-49. "The leading characteristics of an author who is in any sense original . . . may commonly be traced more or less clearly in his early works." And what he further says of Carlyle is also true of himself, for in his earliest writings "we find some not obscure hints of the future man." Indeed, the early poems are as good as texts—the tales and works are the homilies.

The deep religious instinct emancipated from all forms, but vibrating with the fitful certainty of an *Æolian* harp to "the wind which bloweth where it listeth," this is the first thing in Lowell's mind, as it is the second in Longfellow's, and the third in Bryant's:

There is no broken reed so poor and base,  
No rush the bending tilt of swamp-fly blue  
But He therewith the ravening wolf can chase  
And guide His flock to springs and pastures new ;  
Through ways unlooked for and through many lands,  
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,  
The gracious footprints of His love I trace.

In harmony with which wider prospects the Bible-thumber is aptly rebuked :

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,  
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone :  
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,  
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

And next to this deep love of God, of which more hereafter, is our poet's love of man. It is the love of the man in all men, of the womanly in every woman—the true enthusiasm of humanity—which

Sees beneath the foulest faces lurking  
One God-built shrine of reverence and love.

Further in harmony with which essential humanity, his pity for the frail and erring is characteristically edged with the fiercest scorn :

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet  
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair  
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sittst at meat  
With Him who made her such, and speakst Him fair,  
Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat  
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air.

With the clear-headed young poet, a man already counts only for one, and every one to be weighed in the same balance. Burns' "A man's a man for a' that" often rings in our ears—it flashes out in "Where is the true man's Fatherland?" and broadens at length into that long magnificent and victorious cry for freedom which

rings like a clarion high above all other voices throughout the remainder of Lowell's poetical works.

This note once firmly struck, all further trifling is at an end. He may have sung with a Tennysonian ring:

. . . on Life's lonely sea,  
Heareth the marinere  
Voices sad, from far and near,  
Ever singing full of fear,  
Ever singing drearily.

But this spirit once touched by

That sunrise whose Memnon is the soul of man,  
he is on his way attended by a nobler vision of melody than that of any siren of Fairyland:

Thou alone seemest good,  
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose desire  
Can light in mildest souls quick seeds of fire,  
And strain life's chords to the old heroic mood.

It was a passion rising legitimately out of the love of man—that enthusiasm, that grace so Pauline, so rare. And although the harp is new and the minstrel young, we may well revive such noble preludings as :

Men ! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave ?  
If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Women ! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe New England air,  
If ye hear, without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains—  
Answer ! are ye fit to be  
Mothers of the brave and free ?

And how pertinent, yet how fanatical and visionary, must some lines have seemed to those who dared not side with truth,

Ere her cause brought fame and profit, and 'twas prosperous to be just !

Listen to the advanced guard of Slavery Abolition :

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak ;

They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think ;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

Slaves they might be, but in those days to be in the right with two or three meant to be assaulted in public, as was Senator Sumner by Senator Brookes in 1856, for speaking against slavery in the House. It meant to find oneself in the tight boots of those two judges who, in the famous "Dred Scott Case," 1857, stood firm against the five other judges who were for the extradition of a slave captured in a free State. Yes ; and the sort of high thinking and plain speaking which did more than anything else to remedy this state of things, and to blow the liberation spark into a sacred flame, is to be found in such pathetic utterances as—

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;  
Man is more than Constitutions : better rot beneath the sod,  
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God !

And again :

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

Never did a man trust himself more unreservedly to the guidance of a "blazing principle"—never did "principle" bring a man through more triumphantly ! As a thinker and a writer, better than a legislator, Lowell could afford to be uncompromising in his allegiance to the rights of man, to humanity, to freedom—and he was. He helped to strengthen by those few early flights of song the hands of the actors, and to comfort the hearts of the people. He was one of the first to feel and to cry aloud that—

Still is need of martyrs and apostles !

And those typical lines, not against slavery only, but against the Mexican war in the crisis of 1845, are amongst the noblest and broadest of all his verses :

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame ;—  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

. . . . .

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?  
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong.

And further on :

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne :  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

But, alas ! of exhortation and invective the world seemed weary. Men soon discovered that shams could do the one and fanatics the other. Mr. Lowell retired into his armoury, looked at his revolver, his blunderbuss, his broadsword hanging over the mantelpiece, thought how he had let his barrels off one after another, and how sturdily he had laid about him. Then he got somewhat tired, wondered why he had not done more execution, why the people did not read and buy more. Presently a long, thin stiletto caught his eye. It glittered in a neglected corner ; it had, indeed, never been known to fail in his hands, but had seldom been used. One merit it possessed—it never rusted, it was always ready. Its name was “ Wit.”

Whilst Beecher fulminated with his anti-slavery speeches, and Mrs. Stowe sentimentalised in “ Uncle Tom's Cabin,” Lowell betook himself year after year to poke up the Constitution in the ribs with that incomparable series of “ digs ” so widely known as the “ Biglow Papers.” “ I soon found,” writes he, “ that I held in my hand a weapon, instead of the fencing-stick I had supposed.” From the Mexican War of 1845 to the close of the Great Rebellion in 1865, people looked to the “ Biglow Papers ” not only as a current expression of the best aspirations of National America, but as a running commentary and judgment upon prominent events and persons. Nor is it possible to enter into the “ Biglow Papers ” without a rough, though definite, idea of the ingredients of American character and the course of American history.

The kernel of the United States is that New England of Massachusetts and Connecticut “ which the English Puritans built when they only thought to build Zion.” Amidst all subsequent accretions and modifications, there is a Puritan vigour and enthusiasm at the root of the American character that came from those early settlements. It is possible to talk nonsense about the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower*, who went across the sea alone in a barque of 180 tons with forty-one souls on board, and who, when they landed, “ knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning.” Still, their work and their influence are alike unprecedented, save in the annals



of the Hebrew race. Still, they are the men who discovered, as Mr. Green says, that "the secret of the conquest of the New World lay not in its gold, but simply in labour." Still, they remain, as Mr. Lowell remarks, the only people in modern times who went into exile solely for the privilege of worshipping God in their own way; and this latent idealism has passed into the nation. "To move John Bull, you must make a fulcrum of beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan." The religion of the Puritans is the religion of America whenever she has time to remember that "God made the earth for man, not trade." Their faith is likely to survive every other; it is a singularly simple, vital sort of Trinity, and its three terms are—God, Man, and Work!

The modern American owns to three commanding dates—the *Mayflower* date, 1620, that formed the people's religion; the Independence of the United States, 1787, that formed the people's government; and the Restoration of the United States at the close of the Great Rebellion, 1865, which fixed America's position in the world as a great nation, as well able as, or better able than, England to control its vast outlying states, and to hold its own against all comers. In places Mr. Lowell speaks almost as if he had no country before the war—nor any so long as Victory trembled in the balance—so great, patriotic, and solidifying an influence does he attribute to the decisive Northern conquest.

The "Biglow Papers" cannot be read apart from a close reference to events between 1845 and 1865. The Mexican War in 1845, which "I consider," he writes, "a national crime," set these witty and wise satires a-going.

In 1848 all Europe was in a blaze of excitement about the French Revolution and the sudden success of Louis Napoleon. It was despotic power on the side of white bondage in Europe, just as much as Lincoln's armies were to be despotic against black bondage in America; the only difference being that Napoleon's army put down liberty, and Lincoln's put down slavery. To a few sanguine Northerners it seemed, even in 1843, that the

Time was ripe, and rotten ripe, for change :  
Then let it come ; I have no fear of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.

But there is nothing odder than this same "instinct." It lies dormant; it wakes and goes to sleep again; it is often at the mercy of circumstances, half driven, half led—a most obstinate beast when wanted to move on, and yet at critical moments apt to take the bit between its teeth and rush. The smart goadings of the "Biglow"

diatribes show the progress of the Abolition instinct under patriotic guidance.

Kossuth lands in 1851; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is published in 1852; the Duchess of Sutherland adopts an Englishwomen's address signed by 576,000 against slavery in the same year. In 1859 a good many people think John Brown a hero for opposing the introduction of slavery into Kansas, and in 1860 the rest hang him. His soul, however, was generally understood to be "marching on," so much so that Abraham Lincoln—a notorious anti-slavery man—is elected President in the same year 1860, and the secession of five slave states followed. At this moment it was not easy to see clear. Biglow saw quite clear, and was for going fast. Lincoln also saw clear, and was for going slow—that is to say, until he had an army to go fast with—then he went very fast. The Puritan States of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania stood firm from the first. Then came the momentous years 1861–62, the rise of the great Federal generals M'Clellan and Sherman, the election of the Southern President, Jeff. Davis—and Lincoln goes fast. In 1861 he calls for 42,000 volunteers and a loan of 250 millions of dollars, and lets the world know that he means to fight. In 1862 he calls for 300,000 more volunteers, and soon runs up the National Debt (paid off in 1836) to 1,222,000,000 dollars. This was smart, but the reader of Biglow will not fail to note the sensitive sneer at England's neutrality—and the open bitterness at that short-lived European recognition of the South, rescinded on the failure of the rebellion.

It is perfectly true that here in England we did not know which side would win—and as the slaves were not ours, we did not feel inclined to give the national abolitionists anything but a private moral support. France did the same, and we both got a thank-you-for-nothing at the end of the war.

I think in England most of us were of opinion that if the South *could* secede, it was sufficiently distinctive and powerful to take care of itself; otherwise, it was manifestly a rebel. Slavery was an element in the social life of another people which we abhorred and had abolished in our own, but which we would no more go out of our way to put down on a foreign soil than we should go about to put down capital punishment, the knout, polygamy, or restrictive tariffs abroad.

The independence of the Southern States was or was not a fact; we treated it as a fact, and we were wrong.

Slavery to us was an external question for internal legislation, but not for our legislation; we had dealt with it and done with it; we

advised Brother Jonathan to do likewise; but from the first we meant to stand out of the quarrel just as we did in the Franco-Prussian war (as we ought to have done in the Crimean war), and we did stand out of it to such purpose that in 1881 we have the strongest Abolitionist in America as ambassador at the Court of St. James, and if we are to judge by his genial speeches and pleasant bearing amongst us, we have him here in no unfriendly spirit, although he has said some bracing things about us.

In 1862 the time seemed, indeed, "rotten ripe"; Lincoln suspends the Habeas Corpus Act, and proclaims the Southern slaves free; in 1863 calls for 300,000 more volunteers, and proves by the response how complete is his mastery of the situation. Meanwhile Mr. Biglow is fain to tell us how monstrous speculation and corruption turns up in the army supplies; but the rise of General Grant is the beginning of the end, and in 1864 M'Clellan actually declares for the Union as a bid for the Presidency, and even divides the Democratic party on the question; but by this time about 2,000 battles had been fought; it was clear Lincoln would not give in; it was clear that he was backed; it was clear that slavery was doomed. In 1864 Lincoln was re-elected. In 1865 the flag of the Union once again floated over Charlestown; in 1865 Jeff. Davis, the Southern President, was captured; slavery was abolished throughout America, and Abraham Lincoln was shot through the head at Lord's Theatre, dying at 7.15 on April 15th.

Most people in America felt that the great event of the century was over, and the noble success of Lincoln's life had rendered his brutal assassination politically unimportant; other men could finish his work, and they have finished it. The "Biglow Papers" show that work in progress; and are as historically valuable as any State paper connected with the abolition of slavery. Mr. Lowell will undoubtedly take rank amongst American writers by them. In these satires he settles into his work with a will—he has an end, and he knows the means—he is thorough and exhaustive—slavery is looked at all round—not an argument is forgotten—the slave is placed, the master is placed, and the politician is placed. He paints at one time with a dab of colour, at another he etches elaborately—but always with the same firmness and certainty of touch, and always equally deliberate—there is nothing of the greased lightning about his wit: it never plays about his subject, it always riddles it through and through. Those elaborate prefaces remind one of Walter Scott's protracted and realistic introductions—there is the same infinite leisure of reality about them, whatever apparent slang or frivolity there is in the form. This piercing reality redeems it; behind the

mask is a man terribly in earnest—but not over a crotchet—over a passion which he knows sleeps in the hearts of all, and must be aroused—the love of Freedom.

Trusting himself boldly to the deep and often stifled heart of the people, he chooses their very dialect. He has done for the American what Burns and Scott did for the Scotch vernacular—it is a bold experiment, one but half understood in this small island, but one which succeeded perfectly with the public addressed. Before the “Biglows,” few people read Mr. Lowell; since the “Biglows,” few people have ceased to read him. And what is the plan of the “Biglows”? who are the *dramatis personæ*? and what, in short, are the poems about?

The plan of these effusions is laid out in prose and poetry. The most whimsical prefaces, avowedly from the pen of the Rev. Homer Wilbur, introduce the curious metrical exercises of Mr. Hosea Biglow and Mr. Birdofredum Sawin. But the subject-matter was momentous; then there was the “danger of vulgarising deep and sacred convictions” by adopting a light, even comic, form. “I needed,” says Mr. Lowell, “on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose I conceived the Rev. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry; and Mr. Biglow, who should serve for its homely common sense, vivified and heated by conscience. I invented Mr. Birdofredum Sawin for the close of my little puppet-show;” he represents the “half-conscious unmorality” of the period—“the recoil of a gross nature from puritanism”—he always tries to be on the winning side. He is of opinion that—

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b’lieve ’em tu hard.

He also is of opinion that—

The fust thing for sound politicians to larn is,  
Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o’ harness,  
Mus’ be kep’ in the abstract—

The poetical figures are Sawin and Biglow, but the whole show is animated by that great prose writer, the Rev. Homer Wilbur; he touches up their compositions, favours us with his own, and gives that variety of subject, together with a unity of purpose, to the “Biglows” which is one of their greatest charms. Around the stormy topics of war, slavery, and politics, plays an incessant summer lightning of literary, antiquarian, and instructive social and domestic twitter.

The other characters may be dummies, but the Rev. Wilbur is positively alive—he is as solid and elaborate as Scott's Dominie Samson—and dressed out with the apparently careless, but profound, art of Shakespeare's walking gentlemen. And then, he is absolutely new. Such a superfluously delightful personage has never been sketched before, and can never be sketched over again.

He must not be hurried over—though he is in small type, he is like a postscript which contains the pith of a letter, and embedded in those prolix and tediously amusing notes and prefaces are to be found some of Mr. Lowell's best thoughts and noblest paragraphs in prose. We look in at the Rev. Homer Wilbur's at all hours of the day—we like to see the old fellow shuffling about his study, with an absurdly unconscious appreciation of his own importance—with his runic inscriptions, his Latin quotations, his eternal twaddle about the Ptolemies, the Lacedæmonians, St. Anthony of Padua, or Pythagoras. Then, what more artless than his account of that great epic, in twenty-four books, on the taking of Jericho, "which my wife secreted just as I had arrived beneath the walls, and begun a description of the various horns and their blowers," or his "latest conclusion concerning the tenth horn of the beast;" his relations with his parishioners—his sermons—his innocent vanity—his domestic affairs—his utter inability to see the absolute irrelevance of matter such as—"We had our first fall of snow on Friday. . . . A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers, . . . ." Here the editor's patience breaks down, and he prints no more.

Still, it is never safe to skip the rev. gentleman's effusions—you are sure to miss something good. How happy is his definition of speech and speech-making: "by the first we make ourselves intelligible—by the second, unintelligible;" or of Congress—"a mill for the manufacture of gabble"—a timely warning to our own House of Commons! "Nothing," he remarks, "takes longer in saying than anything else." And we can pardon a good deal about the monk Copres, the Dioscuri, and even Marathon—for the sake of those noble wrestlings and honest flashes of thought and feeling with which, like "the Puritan hug" so much dreaded by "Satan," the Rev. Wilbur meets and throws the Demon of Slavery again and again.

"Thor was the strongest of the gods, but he could not wrestle with time"—no more was the abolition spirit of the age to be crushed.

How grim and pungent is—

Providence made a sandwich of Ham to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

And again—

I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours [slavery]. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument, *Our fathers knew no better*. Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later.

But the Rev. Wilbur is of course most eloquent and convincing when he is a mere mask for Lowell himself; only now and then do we get such a heated flight as this—

In God's name, let all who hear, nearer and nearer, the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutched the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons, says, **SPEAK!** The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes, **SPEAK!** Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries, **SPEAK!** From the soul's trembling abysses the still small voice not vaguely murmurs, **SPEAK!** But, alas! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say—**BE DUMB!**

The rev. gentleman dies at last at a very advanced age, leaving in his study heaps of MSS., of which only a few sentences find their way into the columns of the "Atlantic Monthly":

Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, "Go to, let me seem to be pathetic," may be nearer than he thinks to saying, "Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest, or under sorrow for sin."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kickshaws cooked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

When I see a certificate of character with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil.

There seem nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration—fulness of mind and emptiness of pocket.

It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, &c., &c.

Passing to the poems—which bristle with personalities already

forgotten, and events that are past—we naturally look for the points of universal interest: each poem, almost each verse, grapples with a principle as much alive now as ever.

A recruiting sergeant for the unjust Mexican War in 1846 calls forth these lively reflections from the honest Hosea Biglow:—

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'  
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,  
 Ef it's right to go amowin'  
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?  
 I dunno but wut it's pooty  
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—  
 But its curus Christian dooty  
 This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.  
 . . . . .  
 Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,  
 Clear ez one an' one make two,  
 Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers  
 Want to make wite slaves o' you.  
 . . . . .  
 Laborin' man an' laborin' woman  
 Hev one glory an' one shame,  
 Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman  
 Injers all on 'em the same.

The war is now fully elaborated by what the Rev. Wilbur calls “the sacred conclave of tagrag-and-bobtail policy in the gracious atmosphere of the grog shop,” a policy which “shuffles Christ into the Apocrypha,” and substitutes for the Apostolic “Fishers of men,” “Shooters of men!”

Mexico is glowingly described to the young recruit as

a sort o'  
 Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an' water.

The reality turns out different:

For one day you'll most die o' thirst, and 'fore the next git drowneded.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply  
 Out o' the glory that I've gut, fer thet is all my eye!

For when, indeed,

. . . . somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks  
 Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks.

To this early period, 1847, belong the famous lines which were quoted in the House of Commons, and first drew attention in England to the satire of Mr. Lowell:—



Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,  
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes ;  
                     But John P.  
                     Robinson he  
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

It was now time to be down upon the amazing declamation indulged in by the advocates of slavery—and down upon them Mr. Biglow was with a truly delightful specimen from their own “stump” :—

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he—  
     “ Human rights haint no more  
       Right to come on this floor,  
 No more 'n the man in the moon,” sez he.  
  
 'The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',  
 An' you've no idee how much bother it saves ;  
     . . . . .  
 “ The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,  
   Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree ;  
     . . . . .  
 “ Now, don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,  
   But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,  
   Fer I ollers hev strove (at least, thet's my impression)  
   To make cussed free with the rights o' the North.”

Here is another fine example of hustings talk destined to captivate a truly sensible pro-slavery elector :—

Ez o the slaves, there's no confusion  
   In *my* idees consarnin' them—  
 I think they air an Institution,  
   A sort of—yes, jest so—ahem :  
 Do I own any ? Of my merit  
   On thet point you yourself may jedge ;  
 All is, I never drink no sperit,  
   Nor I haint never signed no pledge.  
  
 Ez to my princerples, I glory  
   In hevin' nothin' o' the sort ;  
 I aint a Wig—I aint a Tory—  
   I'm jest a candidate, in short.

The lashes that Mr. Biglow would fain see taken off the slave's back he has no difficulty in applying to the unscrupulous editor of a time-serving newspaper. And “The Pious Editor's Creed” is followed by one of the prettiest postscripts in elegant prose on the functions and dignity of the journalistic profession—from the pen, of course, of the Rev. Wilbur. Sings the pious editor :—

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
 To him thet hez the grantin'  
 O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,  
 But most of all in CANTIN';  
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest—  
 I *don't* believe in princerple,  
 But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe wutever trash  
 'll keep the people in blindness—  
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
 Right inter brotherly kindness,  
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball  
 Air good-will's strongest magnets;  
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
 In Humbug generally,  
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
 To hev a solid vally;  
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,  
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,  
 An' this 'll keep the people green  
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

Indeed, some Northern editors felt themselves rather in a fix when the States seceded with a live President in the South, and a Stonewall Jackson to boot.

"Don't never prophesy—unless you know," seemed about the safest thing—but appearances were too much for Mr. Sawin, and so on the first Confederate successes he went over to the South, under what some called the flag of "Manifest Destiny." He joins the exultant cry of Jeff Davis:—

We've all o' the ellerments this very hour  
 That make up a first-class self-governing power;  
 We've a war, and a debt, and a flag; and ef this  
 Aint to be independent, why, what on airth is?

He soon gets into quite a Southern "Dizzy" way of looking or not looking things in the face:—

Fact is, the less the people know o' what thar' is a-doin',  
 The handier 'tis for gov'ment—sence it hinders trouble brewin'.

And when things begin to get obviously shaky down South, he remarks:—

Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is *not* to know when y' aint,  
 An' ef Jeff says all's goin' wal, who'll venture t' say it aint?

In vain, as the Southern cause, that went up like a rocket, begins to come down with the stick, does Mr. Sawin repeat to himself the noble principles of the new secession :—

Wut *do's* Secedin' mean, ef 'tain't thet nat'rul rights hez riz, 'n'  
Thet wut is mine's my own, but wut's another man's aint his'n ?

In vain does the same patriot reflect with complacency that although at times we “ du miss silver,” yet the Southern notes

Go off middlin' wal for drink, when ther's a knife behind 'em.

The game is nearly up, and Birdofredum Sawin will probably come back to the Union without a blush.

But there were stubborn hearts, and stern lips, and stalwart arms up North that had never wavered. The men who denounced every drop of Mexican blood were ready to pour forth their own like water in a righteous cause.

Why, law and order, honor, civil right,  
Ef they aint worth it, what is worth a fight ?

With such downright, honest fellows the shuffling Statesman gets no quarter. They have got down to

The hard granite of God's first idee.

So cries Biglow—

. . . wut's the Guv'ment folks about ?

Conciliate ? it jest means *be kicked*,  
No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;  
It means thet we're to set down licked,  
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own it !

More men ? More Man ! It's there we fail ;  
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' ;  
Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
When it's the head's in need o' strengthenin' ?

And Biglow can do justice to those fine qualities of the Southern rebels that dazzled and misled all Europe for six months :

I tell ye one thing we might larn  
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—  
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders.

The North, if it was to conquer, had to learn from the South—

The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest :  
Thet's wut we want—we want to know  
The folks on our side hez the bravery  
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,  
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

The old Puritan Ghost, which is none other than J. R. Lowell himself behind the curtain, is constantly breaking out with the voice of a prophet—

O for three weeks of Crommle and the Lord !  
 . . . . .

Strike soon, sez he, or you'll be deadly ailin',  
 Folks thet's afeard to fail are sure of failin',  
 God hates your sneakin' creturs that believe  
 He'll settle things they run away and leave !

Thus in season and out of season, with fears within and fightings and wars without, did Mr. Lowell never cease to urge his country's standard-bearer up the hill of difficulty, until once more the star-spangled banner floated over a free and united people.

Our own self-complacency more than once received a wholesome snub, and we have the advantage of seeing ourselves as others see us, and of being told in the "Biglow Papers" more of the truth than we are likely to hear from the present ambassador at any of our metropolitan banquets.

I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,  
 Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest hand.*"  
 . . . . .

Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,  
 England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind :  
 It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint ;  
 Wut's good 's all English, all thet isn't aint :  
 . . . . .

She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks  
 There aint no light in Natur when she winks ;  
 . . . . .

She aint like other mortals, thet's a fact :  
*She* never stopped the habus-corpus act.  
 . . . . .

*She* don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed, .  
 An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede ;  
 She's all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair,  
 An' when the vartoos died they made her heir.

But then those were days full of burning international questions—days of trial—of intense suspense—of over-wrought sensitiveness—when every breath of wind seemed full of fate, and ominous messages went to and fro between the Old and New Worlds. The case fitted into a nutshell : " John, you pretend to be our good brother. You stand by and see the fight. When we are down in the first few rounds, you won't even hold the sponge. You call yourself neutral, that's trying enough—but presently you act moral bottleholder to our opponent. You recognise Jeff. Davis—that's worse—and lastly, you

go so far as to threaten, when we have enough to do to fight Jeff. without fighting you." This—if I may presumptuously act as his spokesman—was the situation from Biglow's point of view, and we may well be surprised at the moderation of Biglow under the circumstances :

It don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands wus full,  
To stump me to a fight, John,—  
Your cousin, tu, John Bull !  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
We know it now," sez he,  
" The lion's paw is all the law,  
Accordin' to J. B.,  
Thet's fit for you an' me ! "

. . . . .  
We own the ocean, tu, John :  
You mus' n' take it hard  
Ef we can't think with you, John,  
It's just your own back-yard.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,  
" The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough  
To bust up friend J. B.  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Why talk so dreffle big, John,  
Of honor, when it meant  
You didn't care a fig, John,  
But jest for *ten per cent.* ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
He's like the rest," sez he ;  
" When all is done, it's number one  
Thet's nearest to J. B.  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Nor does this stinging lyric close without the inevitable latent threat that stamps almost every political utterance of America in the midst of all her goodwill towards us :

Shall it be love or hate, John ?  
It's you thet's to decide ;  
Aint *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
Wise men forgive," sez he,  
" But not forget ; an' some time yet  
Thet truth may strike J. B.  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

In the last verse the lingo of the modern work is incomparably

mixed with the faith of the old Puritan and the aspirations of the new American :

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The *wuth* o' bein' free.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
God's price is high," sez he ;  
"But nothin' else than wut He sells  
Wears long, an' thet J. B.  
May larn, like you an' me !"

The popularity of the "Biglows" was immediate and wide. They provided Lincoln with a current political pamphlet on his own side in his own style. They relieved fearlessly the burdened hearts of a million patriots—they gave to American literature a noble nature and a new humourist.

It seems a pity to omit all descriptive allusion to such considerable poems as "The Cathedral," "A Fable for Critics," not to mention the Odes on Special Occasions, and a variety of other miscellaneous poems, such as those fugitive garlands of song flung to Kossuth, Lamartine, Channing ; or "To the Memory of Thomas Hood." But all further allusion must be brief.

"The Cathedral" is Notre Dame de Chartres—it might have been any other. It is the excuse for a local meditation on things human and divine. Into such moods we all sometimes fall. They lie grotesquely near to the common ways of life, yet are they like sacred bowers, whose "open sesame" belongs to the latch-key of the soul alone.

Ordering dinner at the Pea Green Inn at Chartres, he finds himself in the presence of two Englishmen,

Who made me feel, in their engaging way,  
I was a poacher on their self-preserve.

Presently one attacks what he supposes to be a hostile Gaul of the place:

"Esker vous ate a uabitang?" he asked.  
"I never ate one ; are they good?" asked I.

Then he loiters through the town by himself, and whilst he lingers in front of the old façade, with its two unequally yoked towers, or gazes at the gorgeous windows inside, there come to the poet those snatches of meditation which are interesting as glimpses of that deep religious feeling which I have before alluded to as the real keynote of Mr. Lowell's mind. "'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith," he exclaims ; but then, if mediæval Christianity is extinct, "if angels go out," it is only that "the archangels may come in" with the "Christ

that is to be." The stars do not alter with the telescope, the central verities shine on, and "Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would." But the poet's quick eye turns to our modern blot—bondage to the old letter—and he points instinctively in the direction of that east towards which so many eyes are turned, as though they beheld the sky growing bright :

Science was Faith once ; Faith were Science now,  
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by,  
And arm her with the weapons of the time.  
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.

Freedom of inquiry, unfettered spontaneous utterances, free play and exercise of the noblest aspirational impulses, as there has too long been free play and exercise of the basest—this is the keynote. Yet, what absence of Iconoclasm, what tenderness for the past !—

Where others worship I but look and long ;  
For though not recreant to my fathers' faith,  
Its forms to me are weariness, and most  
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,  
Still pumping phrases for the Ineffable,  
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.

Yet he has his own invocation :

O Power, more near my life than life itself  
(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),  
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,  
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive  
Of sunshine and wide air and wingèd things  
By sympathy of nature, so do I  
Have evidence of Thee so far above,  
Yet in and of me ! . . . . .  
I fear not Thy withdrawal.

How many Christian "Apologists" in their hearts can say as much? Fear and trembling is in every whine and quaver of the voice, doubt in each deprecating look; indeed, to hear some sermons, one might almost suppose that the great Author of all was the prisoner at the bar, whilst the man in the pulpit was acting as special pleader in a shaky case. Apology may be good armour, but it never won a fight nor made a convert. If you want to win others, you must believe yourself; and if you want to believe, you must feel; and if you would feel, you must learn to attend to and trust those

Intimations clear of wider scope,  
Hints of occasion infinite, that keep  
The soul alert with noble discontent,  
And onward yearnings of unstilled desire.

It is glimpses of these

Spacious circles luminous with mind,  
Those visitations fleet,



that have power to make him smile equally at all attempts to build up or destroy a faith in God and the soul :

I that still pray at morning and at eve !

No system, no dogma about this, but ever the incommunicable touch of reality—grave, sober, and with a sort of old-world restfulness about it, contrasting quaintly enough with the feverish rapidity and irritable self-consciousness of modern life.

In his "Fable for Critics," with its fantastic prose preface in metre, Mr. Lowell passes in review a procession of contemporary authors, himself amongst them. Its wit at once hit the public taste. It held the mirror up to nature in the magazine hack, whose effusions

Filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,  
And nobody read that which nobody cared for.

and in the classical bore, who

Could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,  
And his old set of nothings pleased very old fools.

Of Emerson he says :

All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got  
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what ;  
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd  
He leaves ne'er a doorway to get in a god.  
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me  
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he.

Perhaps it is a little hard to say of Bryant that

If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

And though his appreciation of Longfellow, Washington Irving, and Hawthorne is generous, it is rather severe to dub poor Poe—

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.

But to be smart, funny, and Hood-like seems to be for once the satirist's only ambition in the "Fable for Critics," and whoever reads these contents of a graveyard will say that he has succeeded :

There are slave-drivers quietly whipt underground,  
There bookbinders done up in boards are fast bound;  
There card-players wait till the last trump be played;  
There all the choice spirits get finally laid.  
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth;  
There men without legs get their six feet of earth;  
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case;  
There seekers of office are sure of a place;  
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast;  
There shoemakers quietly 'stick to the last.'

The lines—

Nature fits all her children with something to do,  
He who would write and can't write can surely review,  
remind us forcibly of Moore's (we quote from memory) :

If you do not write verses, why, what can you do?  
The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot review !

We have not space to cull the many felicitous lines that deserve to pass into the language, such as :

The world's a woman to our shifting mood.

. . . . .

And only manhood ever makes a man.

. . . . .

The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud.

. . . . .

The green grass floweth like a stream  
Into the ocean's blue.

. . . . .

Our seasons have no fixed returns;  
Without our will they come and go ;  
At noon our sudden summer burns,  
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,  
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,  
And something earlier every year  
Our singing birds take wing.

. . . . .

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,  
Faith blighted once is past retrieving;  
Experience is a dumb dead thing,  
The victory's in believing !

Ingenious reader, if the preceding pages inspire you to take up "once again" the Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell, my transparent object will have been accomplished.

I will give you a month, and then we will enter together upon the study of Lowell as an essayist, and I shall hazard a short biographical notice of him "as far as he has got." Indeed, the general public cannot fail to read with a certain interest any remarks, however fragmentary, which may tend to illustrate the character and the career of so distinguished and adequate a representative of the great Trans-oceanic Republic.

It has been sometimes a matter of interesting conjecture in England what may have been the motives which influenced the American Government in its choice of ministers for the Court of St. James, and why at times politicians have arrived here, not only

unfamiliar with our insular habits, but apparently averse to acquiring a knowledge of them; but no one who has any acquaintance with the "Biglow Papers" or their author will ask such questions about Mr. Lowell. He has been sent here, perhaps, amongst other reasons, because he is not a professional politician. There is nothing sectarian about him, nothing of the "stump," nothing "shoddy"; he is simply a scholar, a man of letters, and a true patriot, and by virtue of his wide culture and generous sympathies, in the best sense, a Citizen of the World.

O yes, his fatherland must be,  
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

H. R. HAWES.

## COURT ROLLS.

**O**F all documents which deal with the descent of families, without doubt those of the greatest importance to a very large number of people, and those from which the greatest amount of genealogical information can be gleaned, are Court Rolls. Commencing, as they often do, two or three centuries before the establishment of Parish Registers, they carry back the history of a family into quite early times ; and though they are not concerned with every child a man may have, the line from father to son or owner to heir-at-law is preserved unbroken, and the descent of landed property carefully traced. It is not too much to say that in many parishes the ownership of every field, at every instant of time for the last five centuries, may be accurately determined merely by the inspection of the Court Rolls of the manor. And yet there is no class of historical documents so unduly neglected by genealogists, so little considered by their possessors, or so inaccessible to the public.

What is a Court Roll ? It is the roll or book in which an account is kept of the proceedings in the court of the manor to which any lands belong ; and, to understand clearly their importance, we must consider a little how these courts arose, and what they had to deal with.

At the time of the Conquest the lands which were confiscated from the conquered Saxons were parcelled out by the Conqueror amongst his followers, and in this way the greater part of the lands in the kingdom became the possessions of the Norman soldiery. They were not, nevertheless, given freely and for nothing ; but they were given to hold of the king subject to the performance of certain military or other duties as the condition of their enjoyment ; and this feudal system of tenure was applied soon after to those lands also which had not formed the subject of a grant but remained in the hands of their original Saxon owners. When a baron or great lord became thus possessed of a tract of land, he usually reserved some part of it for himself, which formed the demesnes of the manor ; part of it he granted to freemen as estates in fee simple to be held by various kinds of tenure, and part of it he granted out to his villeins

or slaves, permitting them, as an act of pure favour, to enjoy such lands at his pleasure ; while, if any land remained, it became waste land of the manor, over which the tenants enjoyed rights of common. Thus arose a manor, of which the tenants formed two classes, the freeholders and the villeins. Each manor possessed a jurisdiction called a Court Baron in the case of the freeholders, or a Customary Court when it was held for the villeins, at which was transacted all the public business of the manor. Each manor now usually forms a parish or part of a parish ; but, while within the limits of one parish there may be several manors, it is very uncommon for one manor to contain several parishes or parts of parishes unless they are of quite recent erection.

The privileges granted to the villeins were, for the most part, suffered to remain to their children ; and in course of time common law gave these tenants a right to hold against their lord if the services of their tenure were duly performed and the customs of the manor properly observed. Though they were said to be tenants at the will of the lord, it must be such a will as is agreeable to the customs of the manor. These customs, if they were not kept on foot by immemorial usage, were preserved and kept in evidence by the records or Rolls of the several Courts Baron in which they were entered ; and, as the tenants had nothing to show for their lands but these customs and admissions in accordance with them, they came to be called tenants by copy of Court Roll, and their tenure itself a copyhold.

In the reign of Edward IV., the judges gave to copyholders a certainty of tenure, by allowing them an action for trespass against their lords if they attempted to eject them without just cause. "Now," says Sir Edward Coke, "copyholders stand upon a sure ground ; now they weigh not their lord's displeasure ; they shake not at every blast of wind ; they eat, drink, and sleep securely, only having a special care of the main chance, namely, to perform carefully what duties and services soever their tenure doth exact and custom doth require ; then let lord frown, the copyholder cares not, knowing himself safe." Thus, a copyholder came to have as good a title as a freeholder, for all the transactions relating to the conveyance of copyholders were entered on the Court Rolls of the manor, and thus a record was preserved of the titles of all the tenants.

The mode of alienation of copyholds was very simple. The copyholder surrendered his lands into the hands of the lord to the use of any person he might name, who was forthwith admitted by the lord on the payment of the customary fine, or the rendering of the

customary services. For the purpose of effecting these admissions, the Customary Court was held, to which all the copyholders were summoned to do the homage they were bound to perform to the lord. No court could be held out of the manor to which it belonged ; but yet, by immemorial custom, courts for several manors might be held together within one of them.

But besides alienations and admissions of heirs-at-law or strangers to copyhold lands, other business was transacted at the court, all of which was entered on the Rolls. Grants made by the lord of portions of the waste ground received the consent of the homage, as the body of copyholders present was called ; disputes between the tenants as to the boundaries of their lands were brought into court and settled ; reports were made of unlawful fishing in the lord's brooks and rivers, or of trespasses committed upon the lord's waste, or upon the lands belonging to the manor. Some manorial courts possessed a regular array of officers ; there was a high bailiff and a low bailiff, an ale-taster, a reeve, and a constable ; and the reports of all of them had to be discussed and noted. In some parishes the sittings, or kneelings as they were called, in the parish churches were said to be held by copy of Court Roll, and sales or grants of them from one person to another were apparently duly recorded.

It may easily be seen, then, of how great utility to the practical genealogist copyhold Court Rolls may be ; and not to the genealogist only, but to antiquaries generally. Old and forgotten names of fields and places may be recovered, and names that have been broken down into nonsense by the oral tradition of generation after generation of rustics, or the careless misreadings of hasty copiers, may be found to have a very pertinent meaning. The rolls contain the names, residences, and descriptions of the tenants, the lands they held of the manor, and how they acquired them, whether as heirs on the death of parents or relatives, or by devise or purchase. They contain notices of tenants' marriages, the dates of their deaths, the survivorship or deaths of their wives, accounts of their wills, or the names of their heirs if they died intestate. Not the least important information, too, is the list of those persons who from time to time formed the homage in the successive courts. Such lists contain the names of the chief copyholders arranged probably in the order of their influence or importance in the manor. Nothing can be more complete than such information, and when we consider how tenaciously families in the country cling to their respective localities, and how seldom they leave the parish or district where their fathers and forefathers dwelt before them, and that very often the same names are found in the

most modern as well as the most ancient rolls, we shall see that such tenants might easily trace their families and property through three or four or even five centuries. No property was so humble as to escape notice ; the ownership and descent of the poorest cottage with its few perches of land was as carefully registered as the more extensive farm or the many-acred estate. It is not too much to say that a carefully printed and well-edited Court Roll would form a far better history of a manor or parish than half the books that have been published with such a purport, which, perhaps, though carefully recording the family events of successive lords of the manor, totally disregard the poorer parishioners.

Court Rolls are supposed to be public documents open to the inspection of tenants of the manor ; they, therefore, should be preserved with care in an accessible place, and duly handed over to each successor or purchaser of the manor. But very far from this is the case. Some rolls, indeed, are among the public records, but they are chiefly those of manors formerly belonging to the Crown, or which have come into the possession of the Crown by attainder, exchange, forfeiture, or other causes ; while quantities of such records are to be found in the public and private libraries of England. A great many Court Rolls, even though belonging to manors that have not changed the family of the lord for the last three hundred years, have vanished utterly ; some rolls exist in the muniment-rooms of great houses, covered with dust or hidden under heaps of far less important documents. But many rolls have met with the worse fate of being tossed out into the wide world to be picked up by some chance collector or consigned to destruction by some one ignorant of their value. Such documents are frequently to be found catalogued in the lists of antiquarian booksellers ; of priceless worth in the locality they came from, they are of some value even to any one of antiquarian tastes.

What a search is before one who, contemplating a history of his parish, finds the Court Rolls of the manor, which ought to form the backbone of his work, missing ! They may, indeed, have found a resting-place in the British Museum, some of the libraries of Oxford or Cambridge, or some other large depository of such documents ; but even if they are in existence, and have not gone to form the chief material in some mouse's nest or departed to the limbo whence old parchment never returns, the search is nearly hopeless ; there are so many hiding-places to be explored, and it is so very possible that they may have been destroyed. If they are in existence, to ask for their production from the lord or his steward, their rightful custodian, is an act of some delicacy, and is not always met with the considera-



tion that such a request deserves. It is felt to be almost as much an act of impertinence as a desire to inspect a man's title-deeds, which are usually anxiously kept free from the inquisitive gaze of an outsider, and deemed a mystery only concerning the owner himself.

This ought not to be. Court Rolls are of quite as much public importance as parish registers, the demand for the collection of which in a central registry is rapidly gaining strength, and cannot long be disregarded. It may not be possible to save the rest of these fast diminishing documents by an arrangement of the same nature. Perhaps the most that can be done is to awaken their possessors to a sense of their importance, and to induce them to afford inquirers all reasonable facilities for their researches. This much at least ought to be the case ; for if the much-discussed parish registers contain the baptisms, marriages, and burials of the families which make up the great middle class of England, Court Rolls are their title-deeds.

JOHN AMPHLETT.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

### CHEMICAL TRANSFORMATIONS.

IN the current number of the Journal of the Chemical Society, page 551, is an abstract of a paper by H. Schwartz, on "Homo-fluorescin, a new Colouring Matter from Orcinol," in the course of which we are told that when a solution of *hexanitromonoxyhomo-fluorescein nitrate* in boiling ammonia is acidified with acetic acid, *diammoniumpentranitrodiazomidomonoxyhomofluorescein* is deposited in red or yellow crystalline plates, &c.

On page 557 of the same journal it is stated, on the authority of H. B. Schreib, that by the action of benzoin chloride on *Orthochlorobenzamidoparatoluide*, colourless needles are obtained, which have the composition  $C_6H_3MeNHCOPhNHCO.C_6H_4Cl$ , and that this base on distillation yields *anhydro-orthochlorobenzmetamidoparatoluide*, the composition of which is  $C_6H_3MeN:C(NH).C_6H_4Cl$ .

Would the "gentle reader" like a little more? If so, I can supply pages of similar quotations from the same journal; but would rather be merciful, and assume that the above is sufficient to justify the preface to these notes, in which I promised to exclude purely technical scientific matters that are devoid of general interest.

There are certain mechanical labourers in Organic Chemistry who are exhausting the patience even of technical chemists. They take a something,—it matters little what; of animal or vegetable origin—preferably the latter, and add to it something strong—anything strong will do—chlorine, bromine, sulphuric, nitric or hydrochloric acid, ammonia, &c., and then something happens in the way of substitution of one element for another, or of decomposition, or new combination, with or without a fume and a stink. The result is one or more new compounds finally separable in crystalline form, which are named, like the above, by adding all their real or supposed components together, just as we might give the name of *suetofloureggcandiedpeelraisinspiccurrantconglomerate* to our Christmas pudding.

The elements of organic compounds are held together by such

feeble bonds, that they may be most easily broken up and rearranged or combined with other intruded elements or compounds, and the new compounds thus formed may be recombined again, and similar changes may be rung upon the results of these further combinations, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The lowest type of intellect suffices for carrying on these mechanical rejumbings of elements and compounds, and very little chemical skill is sufficient for their analysis and the statement of their formula, seeing that nobody repeats such analyses or otherwise checks the published results of random researches, which merely cumber the pages of certain scientific journals.

So utterly unchecked are the majority of these mixings and re-filterings and distillations, that a smart impostor who had learned the easily acquired routine of such chemical hod-carrying might record the discovery of a multitude of new organic acids, bases, salts, and substitution compounds, and state their crystalline forms and composition, without touching a beaker, a combustion tube or balance, or any of the substances described, and live for fifty years afterwards without being detected.

But why not refuse to publish such papers? the unsophisticated reader may say. The answer to this is, that the position of such manipulators of organic admixtures is analogous to that of parliamentary orators who obstruct legislation by making long useless speeches, merely for the sake of exhibiting themselves in the newspapers. The suppression of research would be as fatal to scientific progress as the suppression of discussion would be to political liberty and progress, and therefore its occasional abuse must be endured.

Some of the producers of new organic compounds have done, and are still doing, most eminent service to true science, but these have not merely played at mixing things together for the sake of producing any novelty that may happen to turn up and bear a long name. Such men as Hoffmann, Frankland, Perkins, Cannizzaro, and other justly honoured chemists, have started with a definite object, and have worked towards a result philosophically preconceived. To them we are indebted, not merely for a heterogeneous medley of new organic acids, bases, and salts, but for many connected series of compounds that have thrown a flood of new light upon the general laws of the constitution of organic substances, *i.e.* upon one of the most profound of nature's arcana, the building up of the body and substance of living things.

Besides this, their researches have presented us with invaluable blessings, as specimens of which I need only mention chloroform,

and the marvellous multitude of useful things they have obtained from the refuse of gasworks : the ugliest of vile masses transformed to the most brilliant colouring matters that man has ever produced, which actually rival, in some instances excel, the richest tints of the most beautiful flowers : nauseous abominations tortured into the epicurean essences of the confectioner and champagne manufacturer ; and sweet perfumes produced from materials originally emitting the most loathsome of stench.

We can afford to endure something in the form of pedantic outbreaks of small imitators for the sake of such beneficent marvels as these.

THE WORLD'S GROWTH.—PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S ADDRESS.

(BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING.)

I TAKE it for granted that most of the readers of these Notes have read the Inaugural Address of Professor Ramsay, either in full or in one or other of the many summaries that are published in our newspapers, &c. ; therefore, a further summary is not demanded here. It is rather heavier reading than some of the earlier addresses, on account of the multitude of facts that are marshalled together under the various heads of metamorphism, volcanoes, salt and salt lakes, fresh-water deposits, and glacial phenomena ; but it is well worthy of careful study by all who desire to know something of the history of the world we inhabit. The general conclusion that it enforces is, that, so far as physical action is concerned, the same operations have been in progress from the earliest geological periods to the present time, and that they have been continually operating in pretty nearly the same degree as at present ; or, to quote Professor Ramsay's own words, " that from the Laurentian epoch down to the present day, all the physical events in the history of the earth have varied neither in kind nor intensity from those of which we now have experience."

This is a bold statement of the great conclusion which is the characteristic of modern geology, as compared with the older ideas of former violence of volcanoes, earthquakes, upheavals, floods, &c. Ramsay goes even further than Lyell, in regarding the oldest rocks of the earth's crust as " comparatively quite modern," and affirming that the millions of years that have elapsed since authentic geological history began are, when all told, only the to-day stage of the world's development.

The most remarkable and original features of the address are those which aim at demonstrating the continuity through all geo-

logical time of glaciation and metamorphism ; that on one hand the alteration of the structure of stratified rocks by heat or pressure formerly regarded as an ancient process producing only the so-called "metamorphic rocks," has been going on through all geologic ages, and is going on now, without any indication of future cessation ; while, on the other hand, *the* glacial epoch, concerning which so much is written, is only one of a series dating back to the earliest geological time, and now existing, and fairly represented on the great antarctic continent.

According to this, the world is neither hotter nor colder now than it was at the beginning of "authentic geological history." Perhaps I may be excused if I turn this to egotistical account, seeing that in my essay on "The Fuel of the Sun," written between eleven and twelve years ago, I endeavoured to show that the sun is not gradually expiring by "dissipation of energy," as generally assumed, but that the sources of solar heat are in course of continuous and eternal renewal, subject only to such fluctuations as may arise from variations of the condition of the regions of space through which our solar system travels. If Ramsay is right, I am right ; for the time that has elapsed since the formation of the Laurentian rocks is so great, that the energies of an expiring sun must have sensibly diminished, and the general climate of the world have correspondingly changed, if the dismal hypothesis of uncompensated radiation be correct.

#### MINERAL ANATOMY.—MR. SORBY'S ADDRESS.

THE address of H. C. Sorby to the Geological Section includes an interesting summary of some of the researches of that very patient, careful, and conscientious worker in a field that he has made almost his own. Every owner of a microscope has examined minute animals and minute plants, and more or less of the minute anatomy of plants and animals, but Sorby has worked for years upon the microscopic anatomy of minerals. But for his researches, the common idea that a smooth stone or a crystal or a piece of metal is alike all throughout, and admits of no dissection or taking to pieces, would probably be, with but little modification, the scientific view. He has done more than anybody else to destroy all preconceptions of the simplicity of structure of inorganic or mineral solids. He has shown that diamonds of the purest water, and other precious stones of exquisite brilliancy and apparent homogeneity of structure, may contain curious cavities imbedding liquids and gases,

and other impurities. One of the oddest things I have ever seen under a microscope was at his house in Sheffield. On looking down upon the stage I saw what appeared to be the eye of a lunatic or a poet—which you please—"in a fine frenzy rolling." It was an evident case of perpetual motion, for the weird thing neither stopped rolling, nor slackened its rolling, nor rolled any quicker, though there was no visible force setting it in motion.

It was a cavity in a crystalline precious stone—I forget whether diamond, emerald, or ruby, or some other, having seen so many that evening. The cavity was shaped like a wide-opened glaring eye; it contained liquid and a little bubble of gas; the bubble rolled about eternally, from one end of the cavity to the other end of the cavity, and round about the cavity, and was never seen to rest for an instant.

What kept it going? Some have suggested that, being so excessively minute, it might be moved by the undulations of the hypothetical luminiferous ether. My own theory is more gross than this. I would rather suppose that this minute liquid cavity responded to or represented the tremblings of the solid earth on which it rested: minute, utterly microscopic tremblings, such as must be induced by every tramping foot that strikes its surface. As such blows are unceasing, these minute waves of infinitesimal earthquake would tip the little cavity from side to side, and make the bubble roll perpetually, just as the adjusted bubble of a long spirit-level would travel along its tube and return, when subject to action of a larger earthquake wave.

But I am running away from the address which treated of the origin of the non-stratified constituents of the earth's crust as indicated by their microscopic structure. The plutonic or igneous origin of granitic rocks has been disputed. Sorby's researches do not support this heresy. Although their crystals differ materially from those which he produced by artificial fusion, they nevertheless indicate former fusion, but fusion in the presence of water, while the volcanic minerals resemble artificial slags and his blowpipe crystals in such a degree as to form a connecting link between these and minerals of the granitic type. The products of blowpipe fusion display beautiful skeleton crystals in a glass matrix; the slags, or products of artificial fusion of larger masses, contain such skeletons and fan-shaped groups of crystalline fibres, with similar glass cavities between, but with closer aggregation of the skeleton fibres and approximate solidification. The volcanic minerals display a further step in this sort of progressive solidification, but in these some glass cavities still remain; while, as the granite type is approached, the glass cavities disappear,

the skeleton fibres aggregate to the solidity and continuity of simple crystals, and then appear the fluid cavities which characterise the granitic type.

I will seek another opportunity of describing some of Mr. Sorby's other researches, such as those of the structure of iron and steel, displayed by etching their surfaces by acids, and more especially his extensive work on the curious field of microspectroscopy. It appears almost ridiculous to assert that by placing a few drops of port wine under a microscope its age may be determined, but such has been rendered possible within certain limits by Sorby's researches, provided always that the wine is genuine and natural, and has been subjected to no artificial maturation.

#### THE NEW BRANCH OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—DR. GÜNTHER'S ADDRESS.

THE Opening Address to the Biological Section by Dr. Günther was devoted to the subject of museums in general, and more especially to the new South Kensington Branch of the British Museum, the building for which has just been completed at a cost of £400,000, or half the cost of an ironclad. The National Natural History Collection will be removed to this from Bloomsbury, but, as my readers will be pleased to learn, it will still bear the old classic title of "The British Museum." The zoological collection will have above twice as much space in its new quarters as it now occupies, the geological and mineralogical about thrice, and the botanical four times.

An important feature which is promised is the "Index Museum," to occupy a "cathedral-like hall" opening out on passing the portal, and having a length of 120 feet by 97 feet wide and 68 feet high. It is to be "an apartment devoted to specimens selected to show the type-characters of the principal groups of organized beings."

This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, and, if well carried out, the Index Museum will become a most valuable educational element.

It is very gratifying to find that the whole of Dr. Günther's address is inspired by an earnest advocacy of the claims of popular scientific education upon the great central national museum and all our provincial museums. The order in which he defines the purposes for which museums are formed is so entirely in accordance with my own views, that I dwell upon it with especial pleasure. He says their objects are threefold: that the *first* is, "To diffuse among, and offer rational amusement to, *the mass of the people*;" *second*, "To aid



in the *elementary* study of biology;" and *third* (note that this comes the last), "To supply the professed student of biology, or the specialist, with as complete materials as can be obtained, and to preserve for future generations the materials on which those researches have been based."

Here the specialist puts his own class the last, instead of thrusting him and his importance always to the front, as too many are wont to do. Such false philosophers commit the vulgar and unphilosophical error of only seeing their own side of scientific work, and forgetting, or never having learned, that the intellectual value of any and every scientific discovery is just proportionate to the extent of its diffusion among mankind in general; that the communication of a new scientific fact to a learned society is but the first preparatory step towards complete scientific discovery; that so long as the embryo discovery remains merely deposited in the ovary of the society's transactions, it has no other than a prospective value, conditional upon its future emergence and development.

Dr. Günther speaks of the necessity of "a complete system of explanatory labels." Let us hope that such a system will be efficiently carried out. Everybody has felt more or less of the painful fatigue and headache produced by a day's close work in picture-galleries or museums. I walked through Italy from the Alps to Calabria and Syracuse, doing an average of 30 miles per day when on the road, but was never so fagged at the end of a day's walk in the country as after conscientiously "doing" the picture-galleries of the cities.

At last I discovered the reason of this fatigue, and especially of the peculiar headache, by observing that when I had no catalogue I had no headache. I now attribute this headache to the continual changing of the focus of the eye and the looking down and looking up from catalogue to picture. Let the reader repeat my experiment of doing a certain number of hours of picture-gallery-gazing with catalogue, and then a like number of hours without, and I think he will confirm my conclusion. All such exhibitions should have fully descriptive labels, written large enough to be read at the same distance as the object should be viewed, and placed as near to the object as possible.

Those who trade in shilling catalogues and the advertisements appended to them will not agree with me, but such a traffic need not be contemplated in connection with a national museum. "A popularly written and well-illustrated handbook," as recommended by Dr. Günther, should be added, but rather for home study or occasional reference on the spot than for continuous eye-torture.

## THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.—PROFESSOR ADAMS'S ADDRESS.

THE opening address of Section A—Mathematics and Physics—by Professor Grylls Adams, is chiefly devoted to the molecular hypotheses which at the present time occupy so much attention. The address itself being an abstract, it would be vain to attempt any further abstraction, especially as the subject demands much explanation in order to render it generally interesting. At the conclusion, Professor Adams takes up a subject of more general interest—viz. that of the connection between the earth's magnetism and solar activity—and ventures to put forth an explanatory hypothesis which demands no special invention of ethers or atoms, or other figments of mathematical imagination, but is based simply upon ascertained facts and established physical laws.

The existence of vast quantities of iron vapour in the solar envelope is one of the best-established facts of celestial spectroscopy. Although the magnetic properties of iron are greatly reduced by heating, “we have no proof that it has absolutely no magnetic power left.” We also know that a body which is magnetically polarized induces a similar condition upon other magnetisable bodies in the vicinity, and that the earth, by reason of the iron it contains, is such a body, and therefore that the magnetic condition of the earth may possibly be induced by that of the iron in the sun ; but whether to such an extent as to account fully for its polarisation as shown by the needle, is an open question.

There is another action proceeding in the sun that may induce the earth's magnetism. The solar prominences are mighty jets of erupted matter, projected to a distance of 200,000 miles and more from the solar surface, and largely composed of dissociated water and steam. Now, we know that when a jet of steam issues forcibly from a boiler, electric disturbance occurs to such an extent that the hydro-electric machine, exhibited some years ago, produced flashes of mimic lightning, although the boiler was but a few feet in diameter. Everything surrounding such a boiler was electrically disturbed by induction, and such disturbance cannot occur without corresponding magnetic excitation. In the last chapter of “The Fuel of the Sun” I ventured to suggest that the earth's magnetism may be thus induced, and that we may thus account for the tremors of the needle that accompany every excessive solar outburst. I still cling to my own hypothesis, but do not therefore reject that of Professor Adams, for both actions may coexist and co-operate. My hypothesis explains the magnetisation of the iron vapours which Professor Adams

assumes, and his magnetised iron vapours intensity the induction which I demand, somewhat in the same way as the core of iron wire increases the intensity of the induced currents of a Rumkorff coil machine.

THE "DARWINIAN THEORY."—THE ADDRESS OF F. M. BALFOUR.

I WOULD fain continue with a commentary on all the Association addresses, but space will not permit. As it is, I am compelled to carry over to next month many notes that are already due, and must therefore leave the Association addresses, but not without a few words concerning that of F. M. Balfour to the Biology Section. The subject is the "Darwinian theory" and its developments. I use this term as a quotation, having some hesitation in adopting it, fearing that it may help to confirm a widely prevailing delusion—viz. the idea that Darwin is a theorist. He is the very opposite to what we commonly understand when we use the term "theorist." The great characteristic of his wonderfully extensive labours is patient, toilsome, indefatigable collection of facts, and scrupulous cautiousness in theorizing. I read "The Origin of Species" a year or two after its publication, and found it very heavy, on account of the overwhelming quantity of detail it contains. People who have not read it sometimes compare it with "The Vestiges of Creation." It is totally different, the latter being a speculative essay throughout, starting with a cleanly cut-out, smoothed, and polished hypothesis, and simply bringing forward all sorts of facts, and not a few fancies, to support it. This renders it far more readable than Darwin's book, and explains its popularity. I have heard a great many educated people, lay and clerical, denounce Darwin, and have asked most of them whether they had read "The Origin of Species." *Without a single exception*, they were compelled to answer "No," and about nineteen out of twenty had not read a single line of anything else that Darwin had written; but several had read the "Vestiges" throughout. I speak of some years ago rather than of a later period, and was not at all surprised at the answers to my rude question.

As there are so many who cannot spare the time and effort for struggling through the original work and the others that have since followed it, a readable and reliable epitome of the conclusions of Darwin and his disciples is very desirable. This is admirably supplied by the address above named, which will not bear any condensation or abridgment. I strongly recommend all who desire to acquire a fair general knowledge of the subject with the least possible

amount of work, to read this address very carefully throughout, digest it for a few weeks, and then read it again.

Speaking generally of the British Association addresses, both inaugural and sectional, I regard them as the most valuable contributions to the diffusion of scientific education that our literature can boast, and regret that they are not collected and republished separately from the other material of the reports. All who desire to follow the progress of science should read them carefully and intelligently. What I mean by reading intelligently is this : on reaching the end of every paragraph, ask yourself what that paragraph means, and stick to it until you can answer the question. If technical terms occur that you do not understand, hunt them out by means of elementary treatises, or, better than nothing, by the help of a technological dictionary.

Nine out of every ten of these discourses are worth this trouble ; the few exceptions are for the most part those which are so technical as only to interest the sectional specialists. It would not do to deal thus with ordinary literature ; the unfortunate reader of the greater bulk of it would indeed be tasked to discover the meaning of each paragraph, seeing that in so many none exists, the writer merely struggling to cover a large acreage of paper with neatly rounded sentences that shall "read well," though meaning nothing. The writers of the British Association addresses have all to struggle with the difficulties of condensation ; the ideas they desire to express far exceed the possibilities of the time allowed them, and therefore they use the smallest possible number of words, all of which the writer has carefully considered, and they should be similarly treated by the reader.

#### AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT MARTYRDOM.

**H**ERR R. EMMERICH appears as a rival to Dr. Tanner, but not exactly an imitator. Instead of endeavouring to commit suicide by starvation, Herr Emmerich has striven to attain this object by drinking daily more than a pint of water from one of the brooks near Munich which receives sewerage of all kinds, and which he believes to include the drainage from houses wherein typhoid fever cases have occurred. He is not yet dead, and appears to suppose that his own survival disproves the multitude of melancholy facts upon which the received conclusions respecting the poisonous character of sewage water are founded.

He will probably find some disciples among the anti-vaccinators and others who fix their minds upon individual cases, and upon them build up general pathological conclusions.—John Brown's child fell ill and died after vaccination, therefore vaccination is a murderous operation. That notorious drunkard Bill Smith lived to 80 years of age, therefore drunkenness does not shorten life.

The folly of generalising upon individual cases, and setting such practically baseless conclusions against those which are founded on thousands of observations, and even against the collected experience of many generations, is obvious to all who will reflect on the complex variability of the animal organisation. Rats can live and thrive, increase and multiply in sewers, feeding exclusively on sewer garbage. Rabbits would die in a few days if similarly fed and surrounded, though both are rodents. The experiment of Dr. Emmerich merely proves that his constitution is more nearly allied to the rats than to the rabbits. The tens of thousands who are annually killed by sewage poison prove that the majority of human beings resemble the rabbits rather than the rats.

#### THE PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.

**A**LL who have revelled in the luxury of cultivating their own cabbages must have noticed the big drops of water that roll about on their leaves during even the driest weather. Being most abundant in the morning, they are generally regarded as dew-drops, but this is a mistake. They are accumulations of vegetable perspiration, but nevertheless are as pure as dew-drops.

Dr. J. W. Moll has investigated this subject and published in Amsterdam the results of his researches. In eight out of forty-two cases of different species of plants the exudation was effected by special water-pores, in four of these by the stomata, or breathing-pores; in eight other cases by stomata, and in three cases it took place at portions of the leaf containing neither stomata nor special water-pores. His general conclusion is that most plants have the power of excreting water in drops from their leaves, and that the effect of this excretion is to relieve the plant from excessive injection by root pressure, which injection or over-supply of water would otherwise probably interfere with the respiration of the plant by choking the air-passages.

## THE AIR OF STOVE-HEATED ROOMS.

**A**MONG the most inveterate of the many prejudices of Englishmen are those concerning stoves and open fireplaces. "The Englishman's fireside" is the altar of his most adored family fetish, whereon he burns his daily sacrifice of coal, and at which he worships by roasting his knees and nose, while his back is lumbagoed by exposure to the main draught of cold air that flows from door and windows to the chimney.

If his lungs were in his legs with tracheal breathing apertures at their sides like those of a caterpillar, the ventilation due to open fireplaces would be admirable, seeing that the fresh air comes in and goes out by a current running along the floor and never reaching the height of the mantelpiece.

One of the reasons for the common aversion to stoves is that formerly they were usually constructed as small iron boxes which were filled with coal, and when in full operation became red-hot. This heating was accompanied with a peculiar suffocating smell, and those who breathed the air of rooms heated by such stoves were victims of a peculiarly oppressive headache.

It was once supposed that in such cases the air was unduly dried by the stove, and vases or basins of water were accordingly placed on the top. These failing to remedy the mischief, another theory was started, viz. that the odour, &c., is produced by the singeing of those particles of fibrous and other matter which are suspended in the air and visible in a sunbeam. But Tyndall has shown us that the burning of such suspended organic matter purifies and improves the air, and even that their partial combustion or roasting is advantageous by destroying the vitality of contagion germs.

In Germany and the northern parts of Continental Europe, where the winter is so severe that, with our open fireplaces, the floor stratum of cold air would be quite intolerable, the construction and operation of stoves has occupied the attention of eminent men of science. In 1851 Pettenkofer examined the action of heated stove-plates on the air, and these investigations were followed up by Deville, Troost, Morin, and others. They proved that red-hot iron absorbs carbonic oxide, formed by the semi-combustion of the carbon of the fuel, and that the gas thus absorbed passes through the iron and is given off from the outside of the stove. Now, this carbonic oxide which is produced when the carbon takes up one equivalent of oxygen is an active irritant poison. The carbonic acid which is formed by the

complete combustion of the carbon, or its combination with two equivalents of oxygen, is a suffocating gas, and, when it largely takes the place of atmospheric oxygen, may cause stupor or death, something after the manner of drowning,—but carbonic oxide is far worse than this. It is directly and actively poisonous even when mixed with air in very small proportion, “a sensation of oppression and tightness in the head” being one of the first symptoms of its action; these symptoms corresponding with those produced by breathing the air of a room heated by an ill-constructed iron stove.

Further investigations of the diffusion of carbonic acid through such stoves have recently been conducted by F. Fisher, in Germany, who finds that the diffusion of this gas and of the hydrogen that accompanies it may be prevented by lining the inside of the stove with firebrick or stone so completely as to prevent the iron from becoming red-hot, and at the same time maintaining the combustion within as perfect as possible. To do this the external dimensions of the stove must be sufficiently increased to make room for the lining, and also to compensate by greater radiating surface for the lower temperature of the outside of the stove. These conditions are admirably fulfilled in the stoves commonly used in Norway, Sweden, Russia, and North Germany. Such stoves, however, are costly, but they are frequently so placed that the stove shall heat two rooms; the dining-room being heated by the iron back of a stove, the front of which is in the kitchen, and usefully occupied in cooking the dinner.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.



*TABLE TALK.*

A STORY which, with a characteristic comment of action and words by Mr. Ruskin, has been recently told again in a daily journal is, if true, almost enough to turn every feeling man into a vegetarian. In this it is stated that a girl whom her lover had sought to slay had strength enough, wounded as she was in fifteen places, to crawl into a field, where she sank insensible. That her life was saved was, the story alleges, attributable to two calves, who, lying down on each side of her, kept her warm and in part sheltered during the night. The woman was afterwards sent to prison for refusing to prosecute the miscreant who had attempted her life. This part of the story it is which most moves Mr. Ruskin. To my own thinking, the episode of the calves is the most striking feature. I would, indeed—always with the reservation, if it is true—commend it to M. Victor Hugo as a companion subject to “*Le Crapaud*,” and ask whether in some continuation of “*La Légende des Siècles*” he might not place these calves by the side of the ass of whom, for a like act of mercy, he says, with sublime exaggeration :

Cet âne abject, souillé, meurtri sous le bâton,  
Est plus saint que Socrate et plus grand que Platon.

Wordsworth, too, were he alive, might class with the dog of Helvellyn, the hero of his poem of “*Fidelity*,” the poor beasts whose sympathy with humanity was so strangely manifested, and marvel concerning them who

Gave that strength of feeling great  
Above all human estimate.

It is a little humiliating, meanwhile, to think what reward man, unswerving in the selfish pursuit of his needs, in all probability accorded to this display of tenderness. In one of the most cynical of his comedies M. Labiche, one of the wittiest of modern Frenchmen, puts in the mouth of a comic bourgeois, who is indefatigable in his efforts to tame the gold-fish in a pond, the words, “*Quand ils seront apprivoisés, nous jetterons le filet, et nous les mangerons.*” So near the truth is this, that it is scarcely a satire upon human nature.

THE origin of Gray's well-known lines,

. . . where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise,

is, in our Dictionaries of Quotations, assumed to be found in Prior's lines to the Hon. Charles Montague—

From ignorance our comfort flows,  
The only wretched are the wise—

both quotations being in fact referable to the passage in Ecclesiastes, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." There are, however, as a literary friend has pointed out to me, other passages which are almost identical with those supplied. Churchill thus, who is later than either Prior or Gray, has a couplet directly imitated from the former—

In ignorance our comfort lies,  
The only wretched are the wise.

Sir William Davenant, meanwhile, who is earlier than any, being a century before Churchill, and almost a century before Gray, has a similar idea—

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,  
'Tis better not to know.

FROM the same source to which I owe these parallel passages I derive a good story concerning one of the most illustrious of our judges, on whom, as he is still living, I will force no further publicity. Baron A., then let me call him, was travelling with a friend through the south of France and so into Italy. He was at the time of his journey the possessor of a brand-new and very splendid chronometer, of which he was, justly as I am told, very proud. A constant source of complaint on the journey was that no watch-pockets were affixed to foreign beds, and that the chronometer, placed under the pillow at night, slipped, after the custom of chronometers, from that position, and in so doing incurred risk of breakage. At length, at a small hotel near Lugano, at which a night's rest was to be taken, the Baron found, to his delight, the pocket the absence of which had marred the pleasure of his journey. So overjoyed was he that there was some talk of arranging the next day's journey with a view to returning to sleep once more at an inn so far in advance of its rivals in its attention to the comfort of guests. In the morning, however, the Baron came down with a rueful visage and showed the chronometer now silent and ruined. What had been taken for a watch-pocket at the head of the bed was a small vessel full of holy water. In that the watch had slept all night without experiencing the benefit a

more responsible being might or might not have received from such an immersion.

**I**T is strange that, with the ardour for teetotalism which prevails, no attempt has been made to collect or reprint teetotal literature. Collections of books relative to tobacco or to wines and viticulture are not unknown, and those of books dealing with various weaknesses, indulgences, or vices of human nature, drunkenness included, are common. Why, then, should there be no attempt to extract from past literature the works or passages which condemn the use of wine or suggest the substitution for it of some other solace or beverage? The only reason I can supply is, that the instances previous to the present century in which the moderate use of wine is condemned are too few to be worth collecting. From the recently and privately published study upon Peter Anthony Motteux of Mr. Henri Van Laun I extract, for the benefit of those who may purpose commencing such a collection, the earliest utterance with which I am familiar of a preference for tea over wine or other stimulants. In a poem published in 1712, Motteux declares :

'Tis vain in wine to seek a solid joy,  
All fierce enjoyments soon themselves destroy:  
Wine fires the fancy to a dangerous height,  
With smoky flame and with a cloudy light.  
From boisterous wine I fled to gentle tea ;  
For calms compose us after storms at sea.  
In vain would coffee boast an equal good ;  
The crystal stream transcends the flowing mud,  
Tea even the ills from coffee sprung repairs,  
Disclaims its vices and its virtues shares.

In opposition to received authorities, Motteux asserts tea to be the nectar of the gods. "Wine," he holds,

proves most fatal when it most invites,  
Tea is most healthful when it most delights.

. . . . .

Improved by age, see how it age improves,  
And adds new pleasure and old pain removes.  
What greater good from tea can mortal reap ?  
It lengthens life, while thus it shortens sleep.

Whatever may be thought of the sentiment, the verses are, in their eminently artificial class, highly creditable to a foreigner who did not quit his native country, France, and settle in England, until his twenty-fifth year. A task of no ordinary difficulty is indeed accomplished by one who earns his living, or a portion of it, by writing in a foreign language. It is possible that the resemblance in their conditions

may have suggested to Mr. Van Laun, whose translations from Molière and M. Taine have won him high recognition and established position, the idea of rescuing from neglect the works of the Huguenot refugee who, besides translating "Don Quixote" and the later books of Gargantua, has, in Mr. Van Laun's words, written in a foreign language "comedies, operas, farces, epilogues, prologues, and poems which are acknowledged to be as good as most of those which were written by the wits of the time in which he lived."

I am sorry that the moral character of Motteux does little credit to the sober practices he inculcates. He is among the most licentious writers of a licentious epoch, and his death took place under conditions not less tragic than disreputable, bearing in that respect a strong likeness to that of Marlowe.

**I**T is not mere sentimentalism that pleads in favour of the most merciful form of death being adopted in the case of the slaughter of animals intended for human consumption. There is no question that much suffering would be spared cattle if they were not allowed to see each other slaughtered. Not easy is it to conceive the kind of torture they feel and cannot express. How observant are animals is proved by a case which came under my own observation. Among the inmates of my house is a jackdaw, an ill-grained and vituperative bird as ever accepted, under protest, human companionship and human attention. He prefers so distinctly sleeping in a cage where no enemy can assail him while he is off his guard, that he is allowed to have his own way in the matter. One day while he was in the cage, some dead pheasants, which had just arrived in a hamper, were placed beside him. His dread of these was remarkable to witness. A bird whose whole time was passed in defiance of things stronger than himself, in aggravating a mastiff that would not make two bites of him, or in pinching surreptitiously the flamboyant tail of his arch-enemy the cat when it came within reach of his cage, went at this sight into an ecstasy of terror which could not be appeased until the uncanny objects were removed. What instinct caused this strange demonstration in the presence of death shown in one of its own race, albeit of so different a species, is not to be guessed. Much food for reflection and speculation is, however, afforded.

**I**T is worth while, I think, to chronicle the appearance of a new poet. Such I have little hesitation in pronouncing Mr. James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," and other poems. In the case of the new singer the world has been in no hurry to listen, and the works now reprinted or for the first time

given to the world bear dates between 1860 and 1875. That Mr. Thomson has not the lyrical grace and tenderness of the Laureate, the fervour and splendour of Mr. Swinburne, or the fine chaste workmanship of Mr. Matthew Arnold, I concede. None the less he is a genuine singer, and has that remarkable gift to which Rivarol refers, the "heureux pouvoir des mots qui sillonne si profondément l'attention des hommes en ébranlant leur imagination." Pessimism of the most hopeless kind is apparent through his writings, and a dedication to "the memory of the younger brother of Dante, Giacomo Leopardi—a spirit as lofty, a genius as intense, with a yet more tragic doom," shows under what influences most of the works have been produced. The famous arrangement of the powers in "Atalanta in Calydon" or the wail in "Félice" is not more

Hopeless of the best  
And its nugatory quest

than are the lines "To Our Lady of Death," the poem which gives its name to the volume and many other of Mr. Thomson's compositions. I wonder if the new-comer claims kinship with his great predecessor and namesake? At any rate, the similarity of name seems to have led the later poet to supply in the "Lord of the Castle of Indolence" a species of continuation of the most inspired work of the earlier. Whether Mr. Thomson will ever show himself an absolute high-priest of song I wait to see. He has, at any rate, won admission into the temple.

IN his singularly able and scholarly treatise on the Cradle Land of the Arts and Creeds, Mr. C. J. Stone supplies an account of the Ramáyana, the earliest of Indian romances, a work assumably far antecedent to anything in European literature. The questions which this strange and primitive legend opens out are far too numerous to be dealt with in a short note. We hear of watering the roads, of public gardens, curtained screens, folding doors, golden statues, and inlaid floors, of music, palaces, terraces, ramparts, and warlike instruments which slay a hundred men ; all sorts of inventions, indeed, which are supposed to be altogether modern discoveries. What, however, is from a literary standpoint even more remarkable, is that "modern poetry is anticipated by the constant celebration throughout the epic of the grandeur and beauties of nature, especial praise being bestowed on the charms of forests and flowers." What, then, became of this quite nothing is more remarkable in European literature, or has fifth subject of more frequent comment, than the insensibility by our of landscape which seems to have prevailed until times language, It is.

THE names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale have justly acquired an enviable fame amongst Englishwomen. Yet they are but a type of the noble devotion which has moved many excellent women who have preceded them. A brief record of one of these women, Elizabeth Alkin, *alias* Parliament Joan—who has been styled the Florence Nightingale in humble life of the Commonwealth period—appears in the new series of State Papers. The beneficent instincts of this woman ever prompted her presence and help to the sick and suffering sent ashore from the fleet, up to and beyond the range of her means. On June 2, 1653, she wrote from Harwich to the Navy Commissioners that she had spent, on necessities for the sick and wounded, three times as much as the £5 given her when sent down there, for she “cannot see them want” if she has it, though, in consequence, she owes money for her own diet. She gave much “to have their bodies cleaned, their hair cut, and their clothes mended,” but had only been able to obtain twenty shillings from the Mayor of Harwich, and therefore begged a speedy supply. She stated further that she had been to look after the men at Ipswich, and would have brought up to London those who were fit to bear the journey, but that Major Bourne was anxious for her to remain to wait the issue of the next engagement. Major Bourne promised to accommodate her with money, and paid her £10; but it appears that this large-hearted woman, although in the poorest circumstances, spent £4 on the English sick and wounded, and £6 on the Dutch prisoners landed at Harwich and Ipswich after the fight of 29th and 31st July. “Seeing their wants and misery were so great,” she wrote, “I could not but have pity upon them, although our enemies.” As the natural consequence of her exertions, Alkin herself fell ill, and had to return to London with only three shillings in her pocket. Although the Council of State ordered her £10 on December 6, 1653, and the Protector £10 on January 10, 1654, she was compelled to write in the following February two pitiful letters, begging for further aid, her many infirmities being brought on by continual watchings day and night. She stated that she required to keep two nurses, and had been forced to sell her bed and other goods, and she begged either relief or admission to some hospital, that she might end her days less miserably. We have no record as to how her life ended, but by her generosity and her untiring personal services she acquired for herself a wide and a noble reputation.

IN the well-known and admirable “Echoes of the Week” which he contributes to the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Sala supplies a list of books constituting a library of reference suitable to a

young journalist, and consequently to any young man of culture whose requirements in the way of books are not limited or expanded by the pursuit of some special profession. As a nucleus, and the list does not profess to be more, it is excellent. I should like to add to it, however, Dr. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," Roget's "Thesaurus," Coleridge's "Table Talk," "A Dictionary of Terms in Art," a "Glossary of Architecture," the "Globe Atlas," Vapereau's "Biographie des Contemporains" and "Dictionnaire des Littératures," and Blair's "Chronological Tables." When the next edition of the "Biographie Universelle" is published, let our youthful journalist subscribe to it, even if he has, in consequence of so doing, to forego one year's holiday. That book is indeed a treasure. An English cyclopædia of biography—a new one is much needed, since those in existence are lamentably deficient—and a good gazetteer are also important, nor should a man who aims at becoming a writer leave out of a library, however small, Milton, Dryden, and Pope. Mention of "Don Quixote" and the "Arabian Nights," with "Robinson Crusoe" and some others, is only omitted because everybody is supposed to have these works. It is very difficult to stop when once the task of enumerating indispensable books is commenced. When Mr. Sala recommends the journalist to pick up "as many of Bohn's editions of anything as can be got hold of," he gives admirable advice. A service, the full extent of which is not yet admitted, was rendered to cheap literature when Bohn's libraries first began to see the light. Is there anywhere a statue to a bookseller? I shall be glad to subscribe towards one for Mr. Bohn if his works are not monuments enough. I know that Napoleon hanged a bookseller, but that is a different matter.

AN Oxford pupil of Mr. Ruskin has had the industry and enthusiasm to collect and rescue from the *oubliettes* all the published letters of the great art-critic for seven-and-thirty years past—including some new discoveries of his own in addition to those enumerated in the Bibliography. Mr. Ruskin has consented to their republication in two handsome volumes, under the somewhat fanciful title of "Arrows of the Chace," and has written a special preface to the book, which will certainly be a most welcome boon to the many collectors and students who had despaired of ever gathering these Sibylline leaves together. The first volume, I understand, will be ready early in October, and may be obtained, like Mr. Ruskin's other works, from his agent and publisher, Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1880.

*QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER XXX.

I found none good, save her. The world was darkened  
With breath from evil hearts, yea, through and through :  
I, even I, who saw her eyes, who hearkened  
Unto her voice, I did—as all men do.

But o'er my nights of travel she, above me,  
Shone—a lone star from out a moonless sky :  
And, since she shone there, should she fail to love me,  
To wander and to wait content was I.

Save her, good found I naught, divine or human :  
She was my hope, my faith, by sea and land :  
Swift shot the star to earth—and she was woman,  
And I the man who built his house on sand.

ONCE upon a time, Helen's heart would have leaped with triumph at sight of the parchment that her husband spread open before her. It would have meant for her that Alan had come to his own, that the usurper would be overthrown, and that law and might were on the side of Right and Wrong, after all. But now what signified Copleston—what signified anything in the world? The parting words of Walter Gray had not as yet so much as taken root in her; far less had they had time to grow. She could only feel that the man to whom, in the name of friendship, she had given all that she believed to be left of her heart, had deserted her in her utmost need in the name of a duty that she was unable to recognise. Alan was dead. What could *she* want with Copleston? It was not for herself that she had married Gideon Skull.

"You have found that my father made a will?" she asked mechanically and coldly, with all her real feelings far away—mostly in the grave, but not all.

"Found that he made it?" said Gideon impatiently. "Found the Will! What has come to you? Don't you understand? Ah, I thought I should win your battle at last—and it's won! Do you understand me a little better now?"

"No," said she. "I don't understand anything at all. . . . How can Copleston be mine?"

"Of course it's yours. It's left first to Alan; and, in case of his dying without issue, then to you—in both cases as freely and absolutely as can be. Your father has put you in the same position as if he had died intestate, being your father according to law. Under all the circumstances, it was the best thing he could do. It wasn't drawn by a lawyer, I'm told. Naturally. Of course he wasn't the man to tell even a lawyer how things really were between himself and Mrs. Reid."

A hot light came into Helen's eyes. But he did not see it—he never could understand why plain facts should not be recognised. Had he been born out of wedlock, he would not have minded—so, why should she? A woman is but a woman; and her chancing to be one's own mother cannot, in reason, make her different from the rest of such things.

"So, no doubt, he wished Alan to succeed him as if in due course of law, and you to succeed Alan in the same way; and made the will himself to make everything square in case of need. I always thought it impossible that he, under such circumstances, should let himself die without some sort of a will. Luckily, it's a good sort—signed, witnessed, everything in form, and written on parchment for safety."

"And how came it to be lost—and found?" asked Helen, with the heat still in her eyes, but in a frozen voice that Gideon must have been dull indeed not to have felt as well as heard. But then he was far too much interested in his triumph to notice shades of tone, however marked they might be.

"Ah—how! He had to put it somewhere, you see; and I suppose he took it for granted that my reverend uncle was a man of business, instead of a—the other thing. Any way, my uncle had charge of a certain document in a foolscap envelope, not to be opened till a certain time after his death." Gideon had never told an untruth, nor was he telling one now. "Well, it would have struck any baby that it contained a will. My uncle had hidden it away in some

rat-hole in the belfry—no, I won't say hidden; that sounds ugly—had put it away for safe keeping. When I heard of that blue envelope, I looked for it, I need not say. And there it is, with Uncle Christopher for witness—and Copleston's yours!"

She was not struck by the strangeness of the story. And, though her eyes were resting upon her father's name written in his own hand, her thoughts were very different indeed from what Gideon supposed.

"Well—have you recovered your breath yet?" asked he. "If I didn't know what you must be feeling about it all—why, one would think you were disappointed to find yourself mistress of Copleston and thousands a year!"

"Disappointed?" asked Helen. "Yes. I am."

"In the name of ——" began Gideon, simply bewildered and amazed.

"Alan is dead," said she. "Let us say no more."

If she was misunderstood by Gideon, what was he by her? He had come up from Hillswick, with Copleston in his hand, to win her by a *coup de main*. Had not the recovery of Copleston been the object of her life?—must it not needs be the highest bribe whereby the heart of woman might be won by man? Why, he had known hundreds of women sell themselves for a hundredth part of the worth of Copleston. A duchess would have been cheaper. And now, instead of reading in her face the joint triumphs of possession and revenge, all due to him, he saw—only a blank, and nothing more.

He had been looking forward with such sanguine confidence to finding something so very different to welcome his return, that he had even been able to overlook her mad whim of escaping from his house while he had been gone. He wanted Copleston for its own sake as well as for hers; and now he had to learn that he would tear up the will if such surrender would give him the food he needed to satisfy the later hunger that had been growing up in him. But such sentimental follies were not to be put into words. His only excuse to himself for feeling such things about a woman was that she was the road to Copleston. Self-respect forbade him to put things to himself in any other way. Another sort of hypocrite would have said, I want Copleston because I want her. He said to himself, I want her because I want Copleston. Since the first would seem to him like the hypocritical humbug he despised, he took the second form. Only a fool could prefer a woman to her land; and he could not admit the possibility of Gideon Skull's feeling like a fool.

"Of all the perverse, incomprehensible things on the face of the globe," he cried out, without a sign of his characteristic calm, "women

beat them all ! But this beats—yes, even women. Here have you been waiting for Copleston, working for Copleston, living for Copleston, marrying—yes, if that's true—marrying for Copleston ; and when at last I come to you with it in my hand, and you have nothing to do but take it—then you turn up your nose and make a face as if I had been offering something too unpleasant to touch with your finger ! I should have thought you might have said thank-you—you used to say that, when I had done nothing. . . . Upon my soul, I sometimes think something must have turned your brain. I've heard of babies crying for things so long as they think they can't get them, and then, when they do get them, throwing them away, and crying for a new moon. . . . Shall I try and get you the moon, Helen ? But if I did, I suppose you'd only begin to cry for the sun."

"I said, let us say no more. You know why I wanted Copleston——"

"Yes, Alan *is* dead, as you say ; at least, I suppose so. Do you want to make me hate his very name ?"

"I did not mean to quarrel with you again," said she. "If—if—we must go on living together—if that is my duty ——"

"Helen, *what* has happened since I have been gone ?"

"I have something to say. I will be to you everything I *must* be, if you say I must ; but I will not take Copleston now, since it is mine to take or leave."

"You are stark staring raving mad, Helen. Or perhaps you only want to escape from gratitude ; for you must know perfectly well you can't do any such thing. Copleston is yours."

"No," said Helen, with an air of quiet indifference under which her heart was beating angrily ; "if I don't choose to claim it, you can't call it mine. I am perfectly serious—every word. I could not bear even to see it again."

"Serious ! Do you forget to whom you would leave Copleston—in *whose* hands ?—To a scoundrel, a swindler, who cheats widows and orphans, and throws over his friends ——"

"He is, after all, a Waldron. It would all have been his, if—if——"

"If there had been no will—found by me."

"I cannot argue ; but I cannot take Copleston."

"You cannot ?"

"I will not, I should say."

"Then, *I* will ! Yes—I. I am your husband, and I will not let my wife rob herself with her own hands. I told you Copleston is yours. You won't take it ; then I must, that's all. In law, you

see, Copleston is not yours, but *mine* ; and as sure as I live, justice shall be done."

"Yours?" asked Helen, with a voice in which, at last, her trouble made itself heard.

"Yes ; mine. It was left freely and absolutely to you. Your marriage therefore gave Copleston to me."

"Is that true?" she asked, suddenly turning faint and pale.

"Absolutely true. Ask any lawyer you please."

"And," she said in a very low, quiet voice, that gathered new strength and fire as she went on—"and—you propose—you dare to hint—that Copleston, my father's house, should be taken away from any sort or kind of Waldron and given to *you*?"

"I—" He stopped short in real amaze.

"Hear me out, Gideon Skull. You say that Copleston shall not go to one who cheats orphans and widows, and is a false friend—and I say so too. You say it shall not go to Victor Waldron. I say it shall not go to *you*. In what way are you more fit to be master of Copleston than he?"

He clenched his fist and swore deeply. He did love her ; he had never loved her more than now, when she was treating him with something more than scorn. *He* false, and a cheat? *He* to be named in the same breath with Victor Waldron? He was provoked into the mood wherein men have been known to strike women, and the harder the more they loved them, according to what love means to them. But, for the rest, an oath was all he could find to say.

"I told you," said Helen, "the last night I saw you, all that I mean ; how you concealed Alan's death in order that you might drive me into being your wife. I am not sorry now that my mother died before she knew all—how you have made me what I am. . . . You understand why, so long as it is mine, Copleston shall not be yours. I said, let us say no more. It was you made me speak——"

"I am not going to submit to childish whims. I tell you again, Copleston is not yours to keep or give away. Your own words show how much you know me. I shall reclaim Copleston for myself, under your father's will, and you will live there as my wife, until you are tamed. . . . There ! we *will* say no more. We will go home."

Gideon felt, with his usual honesty, that it was the first duty of a husband to be his wife's master as soon as she showed herself hopelessly and helplessly beyond the pale of reason. He felt, with repentant weakness, that things might have been better between them if he had only exerted the full masculine strength of his authority from the beginning, instead of drifting on in the hope that deference and

indulgence might soften her heart towards him. It is true that his indulgence and deference had always been somewhat invisible to any eyes but his own, and had looked more than anything else like sullen acquiescence in an inevitably uncomfortable situation ; but there is a villainous tradition about—learned, Heaven knows how—that if you wish to make the best and utmost of your wife, you must let her feel that you are her master. As women are not ashamed to publish the theory to their own disgrace, it is not wonderful that men should believe them : it is only a little more than strange that men should not despise them. Gideon Skull did, on principle, despise women in general, though he had learned to hunger for the heart of one ; nor did he feel that he needed her heart the less because of his disappointment that, in so important a matter, she had proved herself no better than her fellow-women, after all. He had thought her one to brave, dare, and do all things for great objects—to gain Copleston and to crush Waldron ; and that she should fail when the cup was at her lip—it seemed incredible, monstrous, worse even than womanish, if such a thing could be.

It was clear that he *must* master her, then. And since—as he kept assuring himself with exaggerated persistence—he had married her for her lands, those lands he must have, whether her heart came with them or no. He had never felt so near being angry since he was born.

Well indeed was it for Mrs. Reid that she could not live to see the day when, by the act of her own hands, Copleston would pass into those of Gideon Skull !

Helen could only see the outside of her husband's life ; could she have seen to those very inmost depths which, even to himself, he was so incapable of expressing, she might have felt somewhat less hardly : though even then she could scarcely have been more disposed to pardon. His love could not have touched her heart, or his views of right and wrong appealed to hers. To forgive, one must comprehend ; and the gulf between them was not to be passed, either by him or by her. Nor had she by any means consciously submitted herself to the counsel of Walter Gray, who had gone to work so much more like a surgeon than a physician in trying to mend her life—perhaps he believed it to be only his own right hand he was cutting off when he maimed hers. But some sort of outward guidance had become necessary to her ; and, as all the direction she had received from without was, for the present, to submit to her conventional duties, she made no resistance to the order to return home. It is

always easy to obey a command; though no doubt she would have found it far easier to disobey had Walter Gray remained by her side. Deserted by him, as powerless to keep Gideon's hands from Copleston as to recall the dead to life, she could only resign all effort and let everything go. Why did Gideon wish to keep her, when she could not imagine that he could care for her, and could now get all he wanted without her? Why had Walter Gray given her up to such a man, when he had told her he loved her? Hate acted like love, and love like hate, it seemed to her. At last she was fairly baffled and beaten down—as likely as thousands of her equals in spirit to become a mere piece of wax in her husband's hands. She had shot her last bolt, and it had been shot in vain.

She knew nothing of her husband's daily business, of which he left off speaking to her. No doubt, with the will in his hands, he had nothing to fear from Messrs. Aristides and Sinon, who would prove themselves only too ready to forgive and forget their mistake of a hawk for a pigeon. Nor would Gideon find it hard to forgive men whose backing would be useful—indeed, necessary—in taking proper measures to secure Copleston. In business, as all the world knows, a man has neither friends nor foes; and, in the commercial decalogues, the ready forgiveness of injuries, when their remembrance is inconvenient, is one of the foremost laws. But still, all these matters implied a good deal of absence from home on Gideon's part; and he and Helen saw but little of one another even when he was indoors. She hardly observed a change in his manner towards her; a new roughness and imperiousness taking the place of his former sullen, or patient, reserve. But then she had become of late very inapt to observe anything. That episode of Walter Gray had left her heart dead a second time. She had but one fear left—that she might hear, any hour, that some first step had been taken towards gaining possession of Copleston.

One day, about a week after her return to the roof she had been so desperate to leave, Gideon, on returning from the city, found a very little boy trying to reach the knocker of the house door.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" asked he, with the bluff and surly good-nature which was his principal characteristic out of doors.

"I'm Billy Green," said the boy, making another failure at the knocker. "That's who I am."

"And what do you want with my knocker? I can't let you stay on my doorstep all the time you're growing."

"I'm from my mother's, where Mrs. Skull was living; that's where



I live myself, too : only our knocker's not so tall as yours. You knocked ours quite easy when you came to see Mrs. Skull, and the other gentleman, too."

"Well, I'll save you the trouble of knocking at my door, and you shall save me the trouble of knocking at yours when I call again. Do you want Mrs. Skull?"

"Not particular. I've got to give her a letter, mother says, from the postman : I wish I could knock like him !"

"Then I'll give it to her, if you'll give it to me." He took the letter from the boy, who went off whistling, and examined the post marks in order to guess who could possibly be writing a letter to Helen, who neither wrote nor received such things. It was evidently from the country, and was directed in a hand that did not seem unfamiliar to him.

"Hillswick." What might that mean?

Gideon was not a man to strain at gnats to make up for swallowing camels. The letter, being his wife's, was his, no less than Copleston. Since there can be no sort of dishonesty in doing what one likes with one's own, he made no scruple of tearing open the envelope as soon as he was in the hall : Helen herself would be perfectly welcome to see how far he meant henceforth to be master. But his eye no sooner fell upon the signature than a black and angry shadow fell over his face, the like of which those who knew him best had never seen. He changed his mind about running over the letter at the foot of the stairs, and carried it at once into the privacy of his own room.

The letter was dated "Copleston, near Hillswick," and began without any sort of form. And it ran as follows :—

"I hardly know how to begin this letter. There are things I ought to say to you that I must say, and things that I must say whether I ought or not ; and I feel unable to say any of them in such a way as to feel sure that you will take them in the right way, which is the only way I desire. I can only hope that, as the Walter Graham who tried to be, and still wishes to be, your friend, I made you understand me better than when we parted in Hillswick churchyard. Your brother understood me, as I am and not as I am named, before he died ; and had he lived but one day longer, I have no fear but that he would have understood the insufferable burden that Copleston has been to me. Until a very short while ago I never knew how absolutely intolerable it is to feel that wrong has come to me through you and yours. He would have learned to understand

it all, and would, as a plain and simple duty of friendship, have consented to make some arrangement whereby I might be released from the burden. I can now only come to you in his name. But in his name I have a right to *demand* your consent to a settlement which may set me free from the horror of possessing inheritance that is only mine by an accident, while you are left dependent for your daily bread on the turns and chances of such a life as Gideon Skull's.

"I besought you to give the rest of your life to duty, however hard, as I trust to be able to give myself henceforth to mine. But duty ought not to be the result of necessity. You must be free to do it or not to do it, or doing it becomes nothing, and you must be independent in order to be free. If your marriage were a happy one, I should have nothing to say. There can be no question of freedom or slavery where love rules. But since your relation to your husband must henceforth be one of duty, the duty you will give him ought to be, and *must* be, that of a free woman, who gives it of her own free will, because it is right, and not of a slave, who must pay it or starve. If you refuse to take a sufficient share of what is all yours by every moral right, you will be wronging yourself, and me, and even Gideon Skull—for he has his rights as well as I and you. You will be wronging me by visiting my most unintentional wrong with a punishment harder than I can bear—that is to say, by forbidding me to help you to live, and so in effect forbidding me to redress one grain and atom of the wrong that I have unwillingly and unwittingly done. It is not usual to punish a wrong-doer by forbidding him to repair the evil he has wrought : I have always looked upon that as the worst punishment reserved for dead sinners. You will be wronging yourself, because you will be doing wrong ; because you will be showing yourself too weak to be just and too proud to pardon. I may say all this now, I suppose, for Alan's sake, without fear of your throwing this into the fire without reading another word.

"Only for one reason, *now*, I am glad that Copleston is mine by law. If you were unmarried, I should know what to say—I mean, of course, no compromise would content me which should not wring the utmost concession from your pride. I am bound to talk of a compromise instead of an entire surrender, because it is idle to pretend I don't know how impossible it would be to make you meet me more than half-way. The reason why I am glad of Copleston being technically mine is that you *are* married. It is perfectly easy, I find, to make a settlement upon you which will make you independent of Gideon Skull, and over which he will have no control whatever.

And that is what I propose to do *now*. How I may further deal with Copleston it will be for me to consider.

“There are questions of duty for both of us—for me as well as for you—and we will not argue about so idle a question as to whose is the harder. Perhaps—in my heart—I may think that part of *your* duty the very hardest which obliges you to take any part of your own right from my hands. But it *is* your duty. One of the hardest parts of mine is to write in this way to you about business arrangements which cannot be put into delicate forms twist them as we may. But these will soon be past and over, and then will come the rest of our lives. I won't say that I hope you may be happy in yours, because it seems to me that happiness is not a thing for people to think about, even when it comes of its own accord. My own part in the business of life seems fairly plain. I must be steward of Copleston while I live, and not punish the place and the people by being out of the way of helping *them*—it is not their fault that the place and its interests have fallen into wrong hands. The wrong hands must try to be right ones for *them*. I only wish we could be friends enough for me to come to you for counsel about such plans as I may make for the welfare of a place of which I feel myself to be steward for you. And your part? Well—I spoke of that when I last saw you, and I can hardly bear to speak of it again. We have both made cruel mistakes ; but we are not alone in that, and we must not make the worse mistake of not making the best of them. When I see so many others bearing so bravely the burdens of lives which jar with their natures at every turn, I feel ashamed. And when I see *you* bearing *yours* bravely—then I shall be ashamed a hundred times over if I don't find ample courage to bear mine.

“VICTOR WALDRON.”

Gideon crumpled up the letter in his fist, then he spread it open, and read it again. He was filled, not with anger, but with dull savage pain. Yes—there was the name, Victor Waldron—every letter was distinct and clear. He could not think how all this had come to pass. But he knew terribly well how to feel. For he had believed in Helen —— and now she was just as worthless as all the rest of the world. He knew well enough that he had a heart now, for he felt it aching.

And probably he knew what to think too. *Now* he knew why Helen had refused to take Copleston from Victor Waldron. The letter told its own story of the long and close intimacy that creates secret understandings and the right of people to preach to one another;

her flight from her home was fully explained now, and it was he who had been visiting her in lodgings during her husband's absence ; he whom she had made the confidant of her married life ; he who had lured her away. All these were things that Gideon Skull could perfectly comprehend. There was room for a great deal more than jealousy. The same scoundrel who had cheated him of his share of Copleston had, with hypocritical sentiments and false chivalry, been robbing him of his wife too—the wife for whom he now knew he would have given ten thousand Coplestons. He knew Waldron's tricks of old—that sham Quixote, who took all things he could get, and paid for them in fine words. How had Helen met him ? At the Aristides', of course—it was Victor Waldron who had been masquerading under the name of Walter Gray ; Victor Waldron, the arch-thief, who had been dogging Alan, and worming out Gideon's pieces of policy, and making "friends" with Helen to such good purpose that she preferred to see Copleston, that end and aim of her life, in Waldron's hands instead of in her own. He remembered Victor's old fancy for Helen Reid—it was all as clear as day.

And did she not understand the whole game—was she not a very woman, after all ? Thought was making Gideon outwardly calmer, but he shuddered at the sight of feminine depths, though there were few men in the world who could have guessed at them but he. The very instant she found herself the wife of a ruined man, she had made friends with a foe who was able, and whom she had made eager, to settle upon her, for her own independent use, as much of the income of Copleston as she might choose. And what was to be the whole nature of such a bargain, made between such a woman and such a man ? Waldron give nothing for nothing ? Not even Helen herself would be able to work such a miracle as that would be. Alas ! Even Gideon himself had to feel at last the shame of suspecting himself to be a fool.

But it was infinitely worse than if he had known himself to be one. All hope of Helen's heart had gone from him—and it had proved so worthless a heart that he was ashamed of having ever desired such trash for his own, even with Copleston tacked thereto. Helen's goodness was his one delusion, and now even that was gone. He felt, in his way, as Helen had felt in hers when it was first borne in upon her that she was tied for life to a scoundrel, and the meanest of scoundrels. But scoundrels feel very much like other people, after all, and Gideon felt very unlike a scoundrel now—only like any other husband who has put his whole stake of Faith, Hope, and Love upon his wife, and has lost it all, and once for all. It was hard to find

life no longer worth living for, in the very moment of finding out how much worth living it might have been. . . . .

Life not worth living? If he thought so for an instant, it was for an instant during which he ceased to be Gideon Skull. Copleston might no longer mean Helen, but it meant Victor Waldron still.

For a few moments he leaned over the fireplace, perfectly still. Then he began to tear up the letter, but before it was torn half across, changed his mind, and put it into the letter-case he carried in his breast-pocket, carefully and smoothly. He lighted a cigar, smoked about a quarter of it, and threw the rest away. Then, more heavily quiet than ever, he rang the bell and bade the servant tell Mrs. Skull that he wanted to speak to her, if she was disengaged.

Helen came.

"Who did you tell me it was," he asked, "who told you of the death of Alan?"

"Mr. Gray."

"Mr. Walter Gray?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen him since?"

"I saw him nearly every day while you were from home."

He had looked for some sign of confusion, but he found none. He almost found it in his heart to admire her for the coolness with which she was playing her game—she could be no ordinary woman, after all. But after the first instant, when he was nearly surprised out of his own quietness by hers, her open confession only deepened his indignation. "I suppose," said he, "you have been expecting to hear something about Copleston all this while?"

Then her face flushed, and he triumphed a little over her in finding that the name of the place disturbed her more than that of the man.

"I have been expecting it?" she said.

"All the better, as I shall not take you by surprise. To-morrow morning I go down, myself, to Copleston. I do not intend to deal with that blackguard—you know whom I mean—through lawyers. I have my reasons for meeting him face to face——"

"There is no need to tell me anything. If Copleston is yours, it must be yours."

"I'm glad you understand so much, any way. Yes, Copleston is mine. But I am not so unreasonable as you think in telling you my plans. You will come with me."

"I—to Copleston? Do you want to torture me? No—I cannot——"

"Torture you? What do you mean? I thought people always made a point of raptures when they revisit the scenes of their youth: *Cari Luoghi*, you know. I thought it was the right thing to do. And besides, as you'll have to live at Copleston for fifty years, if you live so long, you had better make a beginning. And I didn't say you were to come to Copleston. You will stay with my Uncle Christopher. My aunt must have the spare room ready, for once in a way."

"You cannot want me. I cannot go."

"I can quite understand that you may like to have London to yourself while I am gone. I, on the contrary, intend to keep you under my own eye—young wives ought not to be left alone, especially when they have a way of going out and not coming back again. Once is often enough to play that comedy. In short, I do not mean you to see Mr.—Walter Gray every day at Mrs. Green's while my back is turned."

"You dare to think——" She began fiercely and bravely, but her words died suddenly on her tongue. And she herself knew well why such words on her lips had become merely the mocking echo of far-off days indeed. She never understood till that instant all the danger from which Walter Gray had been flying when he seemed to be only selfishly flying from her. But could he, she thought, have known all that Duty may come to mean?

"I most certainly dare to think," said Gideon, "that your place is with me. You may think it a misfortune—perhaps it is—but we can't mend misfortunes by calling them so. I go to Copleston to avoid the scandal that lawyers would be certain to turn into a most unpleasant lawsuit, and I don't choose to incur another scandal by leaving you at home. But all that's as outside the mark as a thing can be. The long and the short of it is, I mean you to come. And if—you don't come——"

But the "if" meant nothing, now. Threats were no longer needed to break her spirit, which he saw was fairly broken at last—as he believed, by the Will which had given Copleston to him, and lost it to her. His triumph was beginning; if he had lost her heart, he could still crush it—and his own.

## CHAPTER XXXL

And if my life be hollow,  
I'll choke it up with stones.

HILLSWICK and Copleston were in their full summer beauty when Mr. Waldron of Copleston took rooms at the "George" until the house of his ancestors could be got ready to receive him. Since he had, at the last moment, managed to turn aside from the edge of the precipice over which he had been rushing, he had tried hard to take a cool-headed view of life and its surroundings. He thought it quite possible for a man, with some right to be confident of his own strength, to feel deeply and keenly, and yet to separate his conscious and reasonable part from that region of his nature over which he could have no control. For Waldron, though desperately given to sudden impulse, did not believe in impulse as being altogether the best part of a man.

That he must give up all thought of Helen had come upon him like a sudden inspiration in the midst of impulse—even in the moment when temptation was strongest, and when sympathetic insight told him that her whole life was in his hands, to take or to leave. It seemed almost unaccountably strange that such a revulsion of feeling should have come to him exactly then,—as if the impulse to win her and the inspiration to save her from his own impulse were one and the same thing. Many people, it is to be hoped, will think it by no means strange that the moment in which a man first feels that he loves a woman above all things should be the instant in which he first learns that he must cut out his own heart for her sake, if need be.

But he was a bad self-analyst, like most people, when the self with whom he had to do was a new one, only distantly related to the old. And he was not the first man who has been bewildered by being saved from wrong-doing by an influence that has seemed, when remembered, to be apart from himself and to have come he knew neither whence nor how.

He had not exaggerated the difficulties of his first letter to Helen ; and, when it was written, he felt dissatisfied with it from beginning to end. It was a great deal too long. It amounted to offering a settlement of money to one to whom such an offer must sound almost like an insult unless her insight should prove a great deal more subtle and penetrating than he could venture to believe. Such an offer could not be made otherwise than grossly and clumsily, and



yet it amounted not alone to the only, but to the best, help he could give her. All the delicacy and the poetry of his relation with her appeared to be altogether on the side of wrong—it would have been so easy to have offered her his whole life : it was so difficult to offer her only a yearly income. Then there was so much in the letter about this gross sort of help, and so little about hope and courage and all that may help the loneliest and weakest to bear the heaviest burdens—we are all shy of preaching, even in season ; and our own sermons are so empty to us, when it is we who need them. Altogether, he was dissatisfied. But he could do no better, so he let the letter go. Perhaps she would understand it, after all, and be able to read a little between the lines.

He did not, however, feel that he needed any excuse to himself for accepting the responsibility of Copleston with a good grace instead of shirking it and running away from it with a bad one. He could not feel it a misfortune for place and people that it was in his hands instead of Gideon Skull's. As he had said in his letter, he could not make matters better by making the worst of them. He did not feel in the least fitted for the life of an English squire, and his original views of making Hillswick and Copleston into a centre of energy, intelligence, and true republican example for the whole of the old country had faded away with a better knowledge of the capacity of those places for such things. But he did know that the man who waits to find something he can do before he does something, waits long, and mostly does nothing in the end. For Helen's sake, he must not let Copleston go to the dogs because it had fallen back into the hands of one of the old Waldrons instead of continuing in those of the new Reids. He was no such *lusus naturæ* as an American without family pride. If he could only feel that he was working a little for Helen—if only he could make his own life full, without feeling that hers must for ever remain empty and cold !

I do not know that the plans he sat brooding over at the "George" would, for all their good intentions, have met with unqualified approval among those for whose benefit they were being laid. There was the Curate, for instance, the Reverend Christopher Skull, to whose thorough-going and systematic incompetence the people were as accustomed as to the church tower, but who struck the American squire as a piece of waste stuff that ought as quickly as possible to be carted away. As patron of the living, he had very different views as to the man who should succeed to the cure of souls in Hillswick, so soon as the absentee Rector or the Curate-in-Charge should be considerate enough to die off and make room. Somebody

with whom he could work, he would look for--somebody who could give him counsel, and keep his active energies alive—who would wake up Hillswick into life—it scarcely mattered what especial form of life, so long as it should be life of some kind. He might not be able to make Hillswick much more intelligent, but he would at any rate manage to ensure an educated instead of an ignorant stupidity. He would take a hand at school teaching himself, and scatter conventional routine to the winds. He would become a justice of the peace, of course, and in that capacity would wage war less against criminals than against the causes of crime, including the satellitium of beer-houses that clustered round the "George." And so on, and so on—if Hillswick could not be made the capital of a great social and political influence (and there was really no If in the matter), it should at any rate be made a model country parish, of which Helen Reid would be pleased to hear, should news from her old home ever come to her.

Two or three rooms of Copleston were soon made habitable, and in these, with a few servants, he felt himself destined to live for the rest of his days. He knew that he had become a monk without the vows, and that Hillswick must henceforth become his whole world of action for the remainder of his life. It is very easy to welcome the prospect of such lives when the outlook is new : one knows beforehand that the settled plans will in due course of time become fixed habits, harder to break than they were to form.

He had made all the proper calls, and could not help feeling conscious that his coming was a nine-days' wonder. But he could not complain of any want of welcome from high or low. Copleston had been uninhabited long enough for the people to be used to its emptiness ; but they were only too glad to have once more among them a natural leader of society. And, when that leader came in the person of a man and a Waldron, young, rich, handsome, unmarried—in short, everything that a man ought to be, and with a romance about his inheritance so obscure that gossip might fall upon it with a new appetite for all time to come—then he came in the person of a lion and a hero.

From this point of view, the only unsatisfactory visit he paid was to the Reverend Christopher Skull. The Curate's manner struck everybody who did not know him well as being rather odd, and it only confirmed Victor in his intention of getting him to resign his charge as soon as possible. Every subject of conversation he started was instantly dropped by the Curate as if it were a hot coal. It was after this call that he again came across his old instructor in the art

of campanology, old Grimes. The old fellow was rather unsteady on his legs, and looked altogether so much like a disreputable mummy as to make the new squire feel that the whole parish, from the parson down to the sexton, was in need of immediate and sweeping reform. All the poetry and romance that had seemed to hang over Hillswick when he first met Helen in the belfry had gone out, and had left nothing but an exceedingly dull country parish overgrown with weeds. 'The very church seemed to have lost its soul.

It was only satisfactory in one way, but that way was a great one. Hillswick and Copleston would give a new broom plenty to do.

So the time began, and so it went on—but no answer arrived from Helen. Yet she must have received his letter, and it was cruelly hard to be obliged to feel that the gulf she had set between herself and Victor Waldron was so immutably fixed that, by declaring himself, he had cut himself off from her absolutely. In any common case he could have invented a thousand reasons for her silence—the need of long and definite consideration, the miscarriage of his letter, the margin to be always allowed for chances and accidents; but he could not forget her look when she declared war against him to the end: though he could not, after all that had passed between them, have dreamed of such endurance of enmity on the part of any woman towards any man, until now, when he was forced, not to dream, but to believe. Even he was beginning to find that there are limits of circumstance which no man can pass, do what he will.

It seemed wonderful to himself that he should be able to set about his plans of reform with Helen upon his heart and his mind. She might be right in refusing to take his help, and in taking his counsel by making her outward life one with her husband's; but she might have let him have one line of answer, out of the mere formal courtesy that is due, above all, to our enemies. In spite of the love for her that he could not even try to conquer—it was so far beyond the utmost reach of reason, his own pride and temper were wounded sorely. It had become a point of honour that he should go on with his plans and his work without reference to her, and yet still, in the inconsistent way of such things, for her sake, and because she refused to recognise the spirit in which his part of the duty of life was to be done. Nor would he leave her the least loophole for saying that, as long as he lived, he had used Copleston for his own advantage or pleasure. That must be his revenge.

It would be long to tell how even at the outset he, in the course of his labours without heart in them, began to grow less popular

among the Hillswick people than he had been before they knew him. At first they had, by tacit consent, made a point of ignoring his nationality; by degrees, his American ways began to be talked about with an increasingly ominous stress upon the word "American." Presently they would become Yankee ways, and then Foreign, and then Un-English ways; and, when it came to that, there would be an end of them, so far as public opinion was concerned. But at present, public opinion had not got beyond American; though not a soul in Hillswick knew what American ways are.

It was very soon after "American" had come into common use as an adjective at Hillswick that he came across old Grimes again, just outside the gates of Copleston Park—an unusual distance from the "George" for the sexton to be found.

The old fellow had of late made a point of avoiding the new squire, and had indeed, whenever they met, passed by him with a sort of drunken dignity, or rather, with a manner half scornful and half shy. Victor set it down either to consciousness of drink or to an attempt to imitate the hardly less peculiar behaviour towards him of the Reverend Christopher. But on this occasion he stepped up and lifted his hat, in a half-hearted and grudging sort of way.

"I was coming up to the place o' purpose to see you, Mr. Waldron," said he.

"And I've got one or two things to say to you, Mr. Grimes," said Victor. "There are a great many things going on which do not satisfy me at all."

Mr. Grimes was evidently less deaf than usual to-day.

"This aren't 'Merica, where the people is slaves," said old Grimes. "Nor I aren't a black nor a negro, if it were. And if you're not satisfied, no more are I and my parson. If things aren't to be as they useten, we want to know the reason why."

Waldron had often been irritated by what seemed to him the servility of the British peasant, who cannot be induced to believe that one man is as good as another, or that a Reid or a Waldron can possibly be, by nature, the superior of a Grimes. He set himself, on principle, against the perpetual doffing of caps, and the eternal "Zir,"—so he had no moral right to find anything offensive in the independent attitude of the Sexton towards the Squire. Besides, from time immemorial, public use had given old Grimes a charter to hear as much or as little as he liked, and to say whatever he pleased.

"Well—you first. I'm glad to hear you're dissatisfied. It's a sign of life. I suppose you think there's too much beer drunk in Hillswick? I quite agree with you, and I'm doing what I can. I

shall be glad both of your sympathy and of your example, Mr. Grimes."

"Eh? I'm mortal hard of hearing to-day. Beer? Ay—I won't object to a glass of beer, after walking all the way to Copleston at eighty year old. Maybe I wouldn't touch a drop of beer if I could get port and sherry like you. No; it's not the beer, Mr. Waldron. It's the Times. I'm not going to change 'em, and I'm not going to begin. And Mr. Skull—he'll say the same."

"I should not expect you to change."

"I can see how the land lies, Mr. Waldron, with the half of an eye, for all my ears is hard. You want to get rid of the parson, and you want to get rid of me."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, now you look here. I'm not denying that Parson Skull is a bit old and ancient for his years, and his sermons aren't what they used to be. There's that sermon he preaches about the roaring lion that isn't half as good as it used to be forty year ago; and to tell you the downright honest truth, without a bit of a lie, I don't know where he'd be at times if it wasn't for me. But I'm another sort, I am, and I'll pull tenor, and dig a grave, and say amen, and bury ye and marry ye, with any man dead or alive. I've been at it sixty year, so I ought to know. You've no call to want to get rid of *I*. But I tell you what, Squire Waldron. I'll get rid of my own self, bell, bones, and all, if so be you'll make it worth your while. And what I do to-day, Parson Skull 'll do to-morrow; you see if you don't see."

"Worth my while? You mean you want to be bought out, I suppose? But suppose I don't think it worth my while?"

"Well, sir, I'll just keep on as I be for twenty year to come. I buried an old chap last week that was ninety-nine, and he was always a weakly sort o' chap, and that I never were."

"I think you would certainly be the better for a few years of rest, Mr. Grimes, and it's true that you and I might not be able to pull quite so well together as we used to in the belfry. And you have earned a pension, too, after marrying and burying your neighbours for sixty years. You need not have come to me in such a money-or-your-life sort of fashion, for I think your proposal perfectly reasonable and fair. I'll think it over, and, on your release from office, allow you enough to make you comfortable for twenty years, or more, as the case may be. You're not married, I believe?"

"No, sir, I aren't, though there's no knowing what mightn't happen any day to a single man. 'T aren't the fault of the wenches

I haven't married twice a year. So don't you go to make no mistake about that there."

"What is your pay now?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. You look here, Squire Waldron, I aren't neither a profligate nor a prodigal. But I know my own vally to the parish, and I'll be as content like an archdeacon with five hundred pound down on the nail, and a hundred pound every year. That's my vally, Squire Waldron, and for that I'll never bury another mortal man."

"Five hundred pounds, and a hundred a year! May I ask how long it is since you left the 'George'? You really rate your value to the parish so highly, and you consider your danger to me so great, that you are not to be bought out under five hundred pounds and a hundred a year?"

"Well, sir no. There's an empty cottage belonging to you as I've got an eye on, and I'd ask to have thrown in, rent-free."

"Anything more?"

"Well, sir, being dry, I'd like a pint o' beer thrown in."

"Let me see—a hundred a year, five hundred pounds down, a house rent-free, and a pint of beer. I think that pint of beer is exorbitant, Mr. Grimes."

"Say a quart then, Squire Waldron. I aren't the man to cry off a fair bargain for a thing like a pint, one way or t'other one."

"Mr. Grimes, we Americans are a simple people, but there are bounds to even our simplicity. And you have a way of asserting your claims and your value that I don't understand. If I am to do good in this parish I must not let myself be bullied and I must not let myself be done."

"Very good, Squire Waldron. Then, if you won't give me my rights and my dues, I must go to them as will, that's all. I come to you first, natural, you being here, and being a Waldron comes before a Reid, as the tombs do testify. But you won't do much good in this here parish if you think to do me with 'Merican ways."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Grimes. Who else could—assuredly nobody else—give you what you expect me to give you for nothing? After all, I think you had better keep your place. It will cost less on the whole."

"I thought you'd take a hint——"

"I never take hints, Mr. Grimes."

"Then, if you let I resign, 'twill cost you just five hundred pound, and the rent of a cottage, and a hundred a year,"

"And a pint of beer,"

"Thank ye, Squire. But if you let I stay in, 'twill cost you just—Copleston. That's a hint and a half, I do seem."

"I suppose you are not quite drunk, Mr. Grimes: I see you can stand."

"And I can, too. Them that hide can find; but them can find that don't hide."

"No doubt. Well? You've got something to say to me about Copleston. Time's money in my country. Every minute you keep me waiting will be so much out of your retiring-pension. Now, then, out with it all at once, and look alive."

"So, sir, says I to myself, 'If one man can get all Copleston by groping about in a lot of old lumber, it seems to me I'd best turn antiquity, too.' So I roked and I roked till one fine day I found something in a box where it hadn't been put a hundred years ago."

"Well?"

"So, sir, I put this thing to that thing, and there I were. 'Twas one of them old chests you used to rummage, and 'twasn't likely anybody would go rummaging there again. There! That may be what you call a hint, but it's what I call a pretty strong one. And if you think best not to take it, I'll go to them as will. Ay, as *will*—and that's the very word."

"What was it you found?"

"Something I'll sell you for what I've named. Something I found in a box that none but you ever groped in. But what's the use? You know. But I aren't going to show you, with you and me here all alone. If you'll come with me to the 'George,' where there's folks about, you'll see 'tisn't a cock nor a bull I've brought to the fair."

"I shall not do anything of the kind. Whatever it is, you've got it about you, because you've come here on purpose to show it me. Out with it——"

"Eh?" asked old Grimes, with his hand to his ear. "Ay—at the 'George,' where there's folks, you see. Ay, sure enough, at the 'George.'"

"I understand you to say that I have been hiding away something in the belfry, and that you have found it. Is that what you mean?"

"Eh?"

"And that you are afraid of my destroying it, if you show it me without witnesses—so that you may lose your hold over me? How can I tell what it's worth till I see it? Take it to Jackson—he's my lawyer here. Or, if you won't show it me here and now, take it to



anybody you please. That's my last word. If it proves to be any secret of my own, it will be worth my while, I suppose, to pay you to hold your tongue."

"Ay, Squire—that's true. 'Twill be worth your while, for—well, since you put it that way, here it be."

Old Grimes, very slowly, put on his spectacles, felt in the pocket of his jacket about a dozen times, and at last produced a document which he continued to hold with both his hands. "Now you look here, Squire Waldron," said he. "If you'd heard me out, you'd have know'd by this time 'twas not you but my Parson put that thing here in that chest there. And I tell you that, so you may know if you go to play me false there'll be Parson Skull to swear to knowing of this here thing as well as me."

At last Waldron held the document of which the sexton had made such a mystery in his hands and before his eyes. He started for a moment, but read it carefully through, and then said, without the least change of tone,

"Mr. Grimes, if you had brought me this without any attempt at a sale, I would have given you more than you asked, as a reward for your honesty. As things are, I buy it of you on your own terms. If I fail, talk as much as you please. Here is your document—keep it, for security, till everything is arranged and you are satisfied. I see you are quite sharp enough to understand. To-morrow morning you will hear from me. . . . The estate will bear this charge any how," thought he, as he watched old Grimes down the road. The sexton had been so taken aback at having gained all he had asked for instead of the half which was all he had ventured to expect, that, for once, he had become not only deaf but dumb. Why had he not asked for a thousand pounds, two hundred a year, two cottages, and a whole gallon of beer?

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Love her ? I love her so that if she look  
This way or that—I being elsewhere—  
I'd strike her blind : and if I saw her ear  
Bend toward the west when I had eastward gone,  
Or if she dreamed a dream I could not trace  
Back to some maiden fountain pure and clear—  
Why, I would take her heart between my hands,  
And crush it till it ached to match with mine.

Hate her ? I hate her so, that if she threw  
Some slightest touch of tenderness on me,  
Were 't but of pity for my hating her—  
Why, I would give my life, my heart, my soul  
Into her hands, and hold them all o'erpaid.

GIDEON had bidden Helen prepare for a journey to Hillswick the very next day after his interception of Waldron's letter. But, before next morning, business, or whatever he called such, had made him change his mind, and the same reason continued so long that Helen almost thought the matter had passed by. Almost, but not quite, for she had begun to know Gideon Skull better than to think that he acted without purpose or reason. Whatever she almost thought, her instinct made her feel that clouds were gathering, and she was afraid.

Long silence had told her that she would never see or hear from, in all likelihood never hear of, Walter Gray again. He might have chosen the right path—she must needs suppose so—but he had left her to unbearable solitude. The moment she found that she needed support, and had thought to find the support she needed, it had been wrenched away from her. She thought she could understand what tempts people to kill themselves. And yet she knew all the while that if Walter Gray came back again, and offered her his whole life once more, she would refuse at once and without an instant's doubt all he could offer her. He had done right to leave her; she could not wish him to return. It was good to think that somebody was left in the world to do right, however cruel right might be.

She had ample time for thought, and was by nature incapable of mere reverie. Like Waldron, she had to face life as it was, and as it must be, and what it might be made—he himself had woke her, effectually if rudely, from dreaming of what might have been. She was bound to think of the worst that could happen—that Copleston should come into the hands of Gideon Skull, and that he should call

upon her to live with him there, in the home that had once been her father's and her mother's and Alan's, until he or she died. That was what lay before her now ; and she could imagine nothing worse, however she might try. Of course she might obtain a separation from Gideon as soon as she was called upon to share his wealth instead of his ruin. If honour compelled her to share his ruin, his wealth would set her free. She might leave him, and leave Copleston, and the million things it meant, entirely to him. It was her own hand, given in marriage, that had betrayed Copleston to Gideon. Ought she to leave it to him wholly, while there was a chance of tempering his rule by her tenderness, and while there lived a single neighbour who had a trouble that she might relieve ? She seemed to have no right even to liberty, since that would deprive her of the power of helping those who needed help less than she.

But it is only when duty takes the form of sacrificing the good things of this world that, in the guise of self-sacrifice, it tempts by its grandeur : nobody can feel much exaltation or enthusiasm about duty when it implies the acceptance of a great estate, high position, and all the things that are held to make life worth having, and duty only a vague sort of hanger-on. Not the less cold and hard did duty look to her in so far as it must consist in making the best of Gideon's life for the sake of others as well as for her own. If she could but once more see Walter Gray, in order that she might get from him a clearer idea of wifely duty than his last words had conveyed to her !—that she might really understand all he meant by urging that the worse a husband is, the more he needs the devotion and fellowship of a redeeming soul : that there must needs be more in marriage even than love itself, which is not the final fruit, but only the blossoms and the leaves. The image was her own ; but it had come into her mind from his parting words. But—her duty to Gideon ! Yes : if Walter Gray was right, there was even such a thing as her duty to Gideon. Nor could it be wiped out because she had done nearly as much wrong in marrying him for his wealth as he had in marrying her for hers. The need of making the best of the life she had brought upon herself seemed to be staring her in the face at every turn.

If she could only guess why Gideon needed her ! But that, only love could have made her understand ; and then there would not have been anything to need understanding.

At last, however, the day came when she was bidden prepare for her journey to Copleston, and when Gideon did not change in his

mind. The summons fell, as it happened, upon a mood when self-surrender, in every form, appeared to be the only form of life left her to obey. From London to Deepweald was a long journey by rail, and thence to Hillswick a long journey by road. It was long in fact, an age in seeming, since she had dreamed of her old home as of a place she would ever see again ; and the first breath of its air that she consciously drew tasted of pain. It seemed to her as if it were literally charged with a flavour of its own, unlike that of any other air in the world.

It was late in the afternoon when she first, through the carriage window, caught sight of the church tower. Think of all that had happened to her, all that she had done since leaving Copleston—of all her life before her father died—if you care to know how she felt then, as the carriage drove nearer and nearer to what had once been her home. She was not the Helen who had lived at Copleston ; but that Helen was still the flesh of her flesh, and the soul of her soul. She felt like going back into a dead self, and at the same time like a dead self coming to life, during this homeward journey to what was no longer her home, and, though it would once more become her dwelling-place, could never be her home again. As she drew nearer and nearer, and the cottages and the gaps in the hedges and the branchings of by-lanes and all the landmarks of the road became more and more familiar to her eyes, the immediate past seemed to turn into mist, and the clearest picture before her was the inside of Hillswick church on a certain Easter Eve, when she was a mere girl without a thought beyond the spring sunshine, and when Alan was her brother and Bertha her friend.

Gideon had in one way done his best to make her journey as little painful as might be : that is to say, he had scarcely spoken a word. He acted towards her less like a husband than like an angry father with a rebellious daughter in his custody, and left her to her own thoughts and memories : her views of the future were as yet far too undefined to be called fears. He did not even appear to notice whether her eyes were moist or dry ; and perhaps he was afraid to look, lest he might read in them what he would not wish to read.

At last the carriage wheels rattled over the rough pavement of the street of Hillswick ; then it turned sharply round by the churchyard, drove along a short and narrow lane, and drew up at last before the door of the Vicarage. That day's journey was at an end ; and she was as ignorant as when she started why Gideon had not chosen to make it alone.

She had not found room in her thoughts for speculations as to how she would be received by her old acquaintances the Misses Skull, or how she would feel at her first sight of Hillswick faces. She certainly had not looked forward to what really happened. As soon as the two old ladies, of whom she had never been over-fond, met her in the entrance-hall, she burst into tears. The tears must have come at last; but they had chosen a sadly inconvenient time for coming.

"She is over-tired, I suppose," said Gideon. "You're all well, of course? Is Uncle Christopher at home?"

Uncle Christopher was at home; and he came out of his study at the sound of his nephew's voice with a feeble and shadowy air of welcome in outline. Miss Sarah Skull, who was a grim and angular old lady, as sharply defined as her brother was the reverse, opened her arms to Helen, who went to them as if they had been an elder sister's. Even Uncle Christopher looked surprised.

The atmosphere of the Vicarage was one of chronic frost, but Helen could not complain of any want of welcome. She had evidently been expected in the light of an honoured guest, and was taken upstairs into that famous spare room which, for the first time within the memory of man, was not, at the present moment, undergoing a thorough cleaning.

"How you have changed, to be sure!" said Miss Sarah Skull. "But I suppose changes do make people change. You'll find *us* the same. We were all so surprised to hear that you had married Gideon; but, indeed, there's no foreseeing anything, and it made us all very pleased and proud. He wanted a good wife, and that you are, I'm sure. And everything is to be all right now. And you and Gideon are to come and live at Copleston. It seems all like a dream. I wonder what Mr. Waldron will say. I never did like that man. The first minute I set eyes on him I said, 'That's no proper companion for Gideon.' And I was right, you see. The first time he was ever in the house he broke a lamp of your uncle's that cost shillings and shillings when it was new. And he's been making a regular revolution in the place with all sorts of new-fangled ideas. Dr. Bolt says he's convinced he's a homœopathist; and he must be either an atheist or a Jesuit, for he hasn't been to hear your uncle preach once all the time he's been here. I hope you've got everything you want? We dine in half an hour."

But even her welcome as the future queen of Hillswick, though it accounted for the spare room and a late dinner at which there was really something to eat, did not make Helen feel any the less

that some genuine impulse had made Miss Sarah Skull throw open her arms to her when she first arrived. The impulse might be over now, but it had been there.

Half through dinner, in spite of all Gideon could do to change the topic, so as to remove it from the atmosphere of a family council, the talk ran upon the misdeeds of Victor Waldron and upon the duties attaching to the ownership of a great place like Copleston, more especially upon such duties as referred to the relation between the great house and the Vicarage. Of course, urged both Miss Sarah and Miss Anne, nobody could possibly be expected to understand Hillswick and how to deal with it half so well as the Curate-in-Charge, whose advice must therefore be taken and followed in all matters, both temporal and spiritual. Gideon was reminded by his aunts some ten times that Helen's father had always held the business qualities of the Rev. Christopher Skull in the very highest regard, and had considered the reversion of the living to be no more than the Curate's due. And then Helen would be fortunate in having the faithful counsel and experienced co-operation of two aunts who knew all the affairs of the parish, from the highest to the lowest, through and through. She might trust to them blindly and implicitly until she learned to walk alone; and even then there were details of social and parochial duty which the great lady of Copleston must needs leave to subordinate hands. Helen's heart sank deeper and deeper through all the dreary table-talk which always came back to one refrain—that she was to live at Copleston in order that her aunts by marriage might rule the parish in her name. She could not help sympathising with the usurper, who had at least taken his own business into his own hands. Would she be able to find the spirit to rebel?

To her surprise it was Gideon himself who came to her rescue.

“Don't make too sure you're going to change King Stork for Queen Log, Aunt Sarah,” said he bluntly. “There isn't one single thing in the whole parish that I approve of, and don't mean to change. There's nothing like putting one's foot down at once, you see. Perhaps you won't find your experience of broth and blankets go very far when you've got to deal with navvies and pitmen.”

“Navvies—pitmen!” cried Aunt Sarah. “Gideon!”

“If Copleston doesn't cover a coal-pit, then Nature's a liar. And you can't get coal without pitmen, nor carry it without a railway line. Take my word for it, you won't know Hillswick in less than two years.”

The threat fell among them like a thunderbolt. Waldron had

been at worst a sentimental and even excessively conservative reformer compared with a man who talked of coalpits and railways in connection with Hillswick and Copleston before he was in possession. Waldron had been but re-arranging the letters : Gideon—their nephew Gideon—was going to change the whole word.

“Don’t you think, Uncle Christopher,” he asked, “that Hillswick ought to be opened up? It’s so much like an oyster that there must be something worth eating inside.”

“Oh, yes; of course, of course, Gideon,” stammered his uncle. “Of course; nothing could possibly be more proper. Only we must be cautious, and not do everything at once. Things come, you know, if one waits for them.” “Even livings,” he thought, with a sigh. “You are aware,” he said, turning to his sisters, “that we live in times of progress, and that there are movements and remarkable social developments in many directions which I, as a man of ordinary education and intelligence, ought not to—nay, cannot—be the last to recognise.”

“You have heard, of course, Mrs. Gideon, of your old friend’s marriage?” said Miss Sarah stiffly. When her brother began to talk like a Radical there was nothing left to be said on that score.

“No,” said Helen, answering almost at random. “What friend?”

“You mean to say you have not heard of Bertha Meyrick’s marriage? I should have thought you would have been the first to know. Why, it was quite an event. I used to fancy your poor brother was rather tender in that quarter. But marriages are written in heaven, you see. Yes; she married Sir Wilfred Lexmere, who has a splendid place in Devonshire. So she’s done quite as well, on the whole, as if he had been your brother. She’s Lady Lexmere now.”

Helen hung her head with new shame. She had long given up corresponding with her girl friend, because she believed herself to have ceased to be worthy to touch Bertha’s hand—Bertha’s, whom she had assumed to be devoted to maiden widowhood for the sake of the one man whom she loved and who loved her. And now even Bertha had forgotten Alan, and had given herself to a stranger even before she could possibly have learned that her old lover was not alive. “That even I could not have done,” thought Helen. “And Bertha—how could *she* have done that, for very shame? I am glad Alan has *not* lived : death is better than a broken heart, after all.” And so she swallowed camels and strained at gnats, in more sympathy with the common world about her than she knew.



"Well, Uncle Christopher," began Gideon, as soon as the ladies, with all proper formalities, had left the uncle and nephew to their wine—for, on this special occasion, not even wine had been lacking—"No, you needn't trouble to pass the—h'm—Liquid. With your leave, I'll smoke a dry cigar. You see, war's in the enemy's country now, and the fighting's begun."

"I wish," began Uncle Christopher, filling his own glass—"I wish——" He broke off abruptly, and sighed.

"What do you wish? I think you ought to be very well content with things as they are. I wish a good many things, too. But I must take what I can get, and let the rest slide."

"It does seem so strange you should have found that will."

"Of course it was strange. Stories about wills are always strange --nearly as strange as wills are themselves."

"I ought to have had more caution, Gideon."

"Nonsense! How could you have had more caution? You make an affidavit that you put old Harry's will away, wrapped in a blue cover, initialed by yourself, in a certain place. I, on a second search, find the very document in the very place where it had been put by you. There's no doubt about the will, or about what the contents were and are. I don't know what you mean by more caution, Uncle Christopher. I don't, indeed."

"It has occurred to me that --just as a mere matter of form, of course—I ought to have seen the will."

"In the name of absurdity, why? You have made your affidavit in the only way you could: you have sworn to the receipt, to the contents, to the identity. Had you done more, you would have seemed most unnaturally suspicious, I may say. I may have had very good reasons for your not seeing the will. I don't often do things without exceedingly good reason. Perhaps you want me to explain why, instead of putting the business into a lawyer's hands, I am come down to arrange it privately with Waldron. Perhaps you would prefer the chance of a public scandal, from which you would come out as guilty of the crime—the punishable crime—of suppressing and concealing a will. Well, as you please. I should say that, on the whole, the less you see and the less you say the better for you."

"Well, Gideon, you know best. I know that. I never intended to imply the contrary."

"Yes; and whatever is done, is done now."

The two had no further talk on hand. The Curate collapsed into his glass of port; Gideon thought over the best way for having his

interview with Waldron so as to make his triumph as complete as possible.

Honestly—in a higher and deeper sense than his own—it was no longer mostly for Copleston's sake that he hungered for Copleston. He had to crush and trample under foot the enemy who had robbed him of what had become to him worth a million Coplestons. He must let Helen see with her eyes the full extent of her lover's weakness and meanness and of her husband's power. It was therefore that he had brought her with him, not only that he might crush her spirit, put to the test her true relation with her former enemy, and prevent her communicating with Waldron by letter while his back was turned. He felt as if he hardly knew whether he most hated her or most loved her. With some men, and some women, too, Love and Hate are terribly akin.

Waldron, in a gossiping place like Hillswick, would be safe to hear of the arrival at the Vicarage. But he could not possibly suspect that mischief was brewing unless Helen herself contrived to give him warning. To guard himself from the effects of her feminine cunning, he would call on Waldron and see him the first thing to-morrow morning. Nothing would tell so well as a sharp and sudden blow. Helen's mere presence in Copleston, had it not been so important for other reasons, would cause fresh talk that would give *éclat* to the triumphant return of the rightful heir ; and her popularity as a Reid would remove the edge from the public disgust which he knew would follow upon the discovery that Copleston had become the property of Gideon Skull.

So he laid his plans, anticipating his coming interview, and even the very words that would pass between himself and Waldron, who would be compelled, in the face of such incontrovertible evidence as the very will of old Harry Reid, to quit the field. And then Helen, with nothing to gain from Waldron, would at any rate go with the Copleston estate ; and, if only to baulk Waldron, she was worth the keeping. When she was utterly crushed, so he argued from his experience of womankind, she would be reduced into being to him whatever he pleased : utterly dependent upon him, and so thankful for tenderness that she would become his slave. So absorbed was he in all these forecasts that he did not even see the door open. But he heard Aunt Sarah's voice, as she burst in with—

“ Christopher ! Are you asleep ? Wake up, for goodness' sake ! Here's Mr. Waldron himself. I've had him put into the study, and he wants to see *you* ! What *can* it be for ? ”

“ Mr. Waldron !—In the study !—To see me ! ” The Curate

could only answer his sister with exclamatory echoes, look at Gideon, and ask, "Shall I see him? What shall I do?"

But Gideon was awake now, and a brilliant thought came into his mind. How if he dealt his blow now, with Helen herself standing by to see? Nothing less than an outburst of hitherto latent dramatic genius could have inspired him with such a stroke of victory and vengeance, all in one.

"Yes, Uncle Christopher," he said very gently—almost absently. "See him by all means : see him now. We will see him together, you and I. . . . And will you be so very kind, Aunt Sarah, as to tell Helen to come into the study at once? She must see him, too."

*(To be concluded.)*

*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,*  
*POET AND ESSAYIST.*

PART II.—ESSAYIST.

**M**R. LOWELL says somewhere that the art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the ink-pot. We may add that the art of publishing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the waste-paper basket. As an experienced editor, that is a discovery our author must have made long ago—but he has been too severe with himself. How many volumes of Lowell's prose works, if not in the waste-basket, are almost as effectually buried in magazine and newspaper columns? How many ink-pots between 1838 and 1880 have been absorbed by the blotting-paper of oblivion? A brief review of Mr. Lowell's working life will give the reader some notion of what the world has *not* got, and will serve to call attention to the condensed wealth contained in such unpretentious little volumes as "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows."

The "Lowles" from Yardley, Worcestershire, left Bristol for America about 240 years ago. There was evidently "stuff" in the family, as the town of "Lowell," a shire town of Middlesex, Massachusetts, is named after them. Charles Lowell, a respected Unitarian minister at Boston, was the father of the present poet, and determining that his son James Russell should have a liberal education, he sent him to Harvard University, where he entered at fifteen—became "Class poet"—graduated at nineteen, and on leaving college was recommended to study law. Whether Mr. Lowell's faculty for promoting litigation was imperfect or insufficiently cultivated is of little consequence to posterity; had he been a successful lawyer, he might have become a professional politician—the world would then have probably lost a poet and a statesman. About a year seems to have satisfied him that human nature, from a legal point of view, was unproductive—perhaps dull. At all events, in 1841 he published a collection of poems called "A Year's 'Life.'"

As they have never been reprinted, and we have not seen the original volumes, they may have been poetical digests of interesting cases. Some, however, have been republished; but we fail to find in the exquisite plaint of "Threnodia," "Irene," "My Love," "To Perdita, singing," or "The Moon," the least allusion to the "Prisoner at the Bar," "Costs," or even a "Fee Simple." The mature taste which cancels early work is not always to be relied on. Why Mr. Tennyson should have only retained one exquisite line in the whole of his prize poem "Timbuctoo"—a poem full of mature and sustained beauty—is to us as great a mystery as why Mr. Ruskin seems anxious to bury for ever all his more important writings—which the world, however, will not willingly let die.

However, "to fresh woods and pastures new," in company with Mr. Robert Carter, did Mr. Lowell betake himself in 1843, and the "Pioneer, a literary and critical magazine," supported by Edgar Poe, Hawthorne, Parson, Storey, and others, was pioneered through three monthly numbers, when the publisher failed, and the venture was wrecked. Everyone must buy his experience, and the interests of authors and publishers get a little mixed sometimes—especially those of authors—still, the great matter is to find one's "sea legs" on the voyage of literary life.

In 1844 the verses including "A Legend of Brittany," "Prometheus," "Rhœcus," and some sonnets, showed at least that the poet and philanthropist was beginning to stand firm upon that quarter-deck on which the great anti-slavery battle was to be fought and won.

In 1845 a prose volume of conversations appeared, on some old poets—Chaucer, Chapman, Ford, &c.—subsequently, we suppose, incorporated in "My Study Windows"—and various hints, paragraphs, and disquisitions on politics and slavery prepare the way for some patriotic bursts of feeling, the indignation and the eloquent wrath of "The Present Crisis" (1848), "Anti-Texas," and "On the Capture of certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington." These were shortly followed in that most momentous year '48, when the States were seething with revolution and Europe was in a blaze with Louis Napoleon's exploits, by "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and the famous "Biglow Papers," on which we have already so fully dwelt.<sup>1</sup> "A Fable for Critics" also appeared in the year '48.

In 1851 Mr. Lowell visited England, France, and Switzerland, and lived for some time in Italy. Such essays as "Dante" show how deeply he imbibed the spirit of Italy's greatest poet, and how closely he studied the schools of Italian painting and the relics of the

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1880.

Roman or Greco-Roman sculpture. Of the Greek sculpture there is little enough in Italy ; only a few marble replicas of a few fine statues—the originals of all the finest Greek statues were in ivory or bronze. He joins in the abuse of Michael Angelo at present fashionable, and the reader may be referred to the section on “Italy,” printed in the “Fireside Travels,” for a variety of *impressions de voyage*, probably unlike what was printed before them, but very similar to what has appeared since. We miss the “flying grace” of Howell’s “Venetian Life,” but this Mr. Lowell would call “cheapening” one thing by another ; and then, indeed, the impress left by Italy upon his mind and studies is far more important than are any of the pleasant chatty notes made guide-book in hand. One thing is certain, that Mr. Lowell avoided travelling as other Americans are said to travel—seeing everything and looking at nothing—or, worse still, making notes, as they rush from place to place on the “Continong,” of what they neither have seen nor looked at. I remember myself meeting two such enterprising travellers when I was last in Rome. They were standing opposite the “Apollo Belvidere” in the Vatican. One held guide-book with pencil, and read ; the other mastered as rapidly as he could the labels on each pedestal. “Wal, what’s the next ?” says the friend with the guide-book. “That,” says his friend, stooping down to examine the label—“that’s the ‘Pollo Belvidere.” “Chalk ‘im off,” says his friend with the pencil, and both passed on without even raising their eyes to the Sun-god !

But to be at leisure, to master well, to think and write maturely, is an old-world feature retained by Mr. Lowell. It is one of his main charms ; like good wine, it will keep—ay, and bear exportation to boot.

In December 1852 he returned to America, and in 1854 and 1855 lectured on the British poets. The substance of these lectures probably reappeared in “Among my Books.”

In January 1855, on the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, by that time famous and influential as the poet of the “Biglows,” accepted the chair of modern languages and *belles lettres* in the Harvard College.

With that passion for thoroughness which he had so humorously and forcibly expressed in the “Biglows,” Mr. Lowell revisited Europe to qualify himself especially in the French and German languages and literatures for his new post.

Folks that worked thorough was the ones that thriv,  
 But bad work follers ye ez long’s ye live ;  
 You can’t git red on’t—jest ez sure ez sin,  
 It’s ollers askin’ to be done agin.

To this period at Dresden, 1856, we doubtless owe those exhaustive

studies, the fruits of which come out in the excellent essays on "Lessing" and "Rousseau"—papers which impress the reader, without apparent effort or design, with the feeling (most reassuring that the writer knows so much more than he cares to say.

In 1857 to 1862 many essays, not since republished, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which Mr. Lowell became editor; and in 1863 to 1872 he edited, in conjunction with Charles E. Norton, the *North American Review*—a kind of American "Revue des Deux Mondes" in literary importance.

In 1864 appeared the pleasant "Fireside Travels," containing his gossip about "Cambridge, U.S., 30 years ago;" "The Moosehead Journal," full of characteristic incidents and glimpses of out-of-the-way lonely scenery, and American travel in pleasant by-ways; experiences at sea, together with appearances of whales and jellyfish; a pensive paragraph on the sea-serpent, and a few words of sympathy for that rare monster's admirers; some notes on the Mediterranean, not unlike other people's notes on the Mediterranean, and "In Italy"—generally—very generally.

In 1867 we have the "Second Series of Biglow" and "Melibœus Hipponax;" in 1868, "Under the Willows, and other poems;" in 1869, "The Cathedral," an extensive poem redolent of foreign travel, but interspersed with those delightful meditations and serious reflections without which Mr. Lowell's earnest nature is incapable of long exhaling itself in either prose or poetry. In 1870 the pith of many essays and magazine articles is extracted and issued in his three chief prose volumes, "My Study Windows," and two volumes "Among my Books." In 1872 Mr. Lowell is again in Europe, and in 1874 Cambridge University—not U.S.A.—confers its LL.D. in the Senate-house upon one who had certainly by this time, more by the quality than by the quantity of his books, won for himself a foremost place in English literature, as well as a special throne in America, where he may well be called the Prize Poet of the Vernacular.

From the English point of view all this may seem an odd training for a politician. Indeed, our English House of Commons has always been a little shy of literary men (although it happens to have a good supply of them just now—1880). Lord Macaulay was a fair parliamentary success as far as he went, but his extreme distaste for office perhaps betrayed a certain sense of unfitness to excel in practical politics; Bulwer Lytton was a showy *succès d'estime* as a debater; and John Stuart Mill, although unable to keep his seat, left his hall-mark on every question that he opened his lips upon in the House. Lord Beaconsfield is altogether an exceptional phenomenon; but our last



attempt at a poet-statesman, on a truly Imperial scale abroad, cannot be exactly described as a success, in spite of Mr. Prinsep's gorgeous and consummate efforts on canvas.

But they manage all these things differently in America, and, indeed, they make politicians out of all sorts of stuff, for home use—but for foreign service a literary career seems to be no unnatural or unusual prelude. Mr. Howell was consul at Venice, so was G. P. R. James ; Mr. Bret Harte is consul at Glasgow. Mr. Lowell, who had never made a political speech or sought his country's suffrage at home, or held any State appointment whatever, was offered the post of Ambassador to Russia in 1874, which he declined ; but so determined were the Americans to be represented by him abroad, that Madrid, which he accepted, was offered him in 1877, and London in 1880 ; nor could any better appointment have been made.

Since Mr. Lowell's arrival he has had no diplomatic work of any importance to transact, and the devout wish cherished on either side of the Atlantic must be that he may have no opportunity whatever afforded him of distinguishing himself as a political agent, except in the quiet and genial direction of that *entente cordiale* which he is so happily fitted to promote.

The style of Mr. Lowell is emphatically his own, and yet no man reports so habitually—half sympathetically, half whimsically—the ring of other writers. “Homer Wilbur” is especially redolent or resonant of the old Elizabethan Masters. We hear the grave Verulam Lord Bacon, or the judicious Hooker, in—“Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all those are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from their original intendment.” Sometimes we get an odd flavour of Swift, bright humour being substituted for malignant satire ; at others, the flowing and tender style of Jeremy Taylor comes back to us as we read ; and this pretty close to a quaint essay on Journalism is certainly the oddest mixture of Emerson and Sterne : “Through my newspaper, here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them ? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage ? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins ? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in

which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap, or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."

But here is a bit of the genuine, unadulterated Lowell, in one of his rare bursts of terrible scorn and irony. It is indeed a tremendous indictment on the war material of an "Unthrifty Mother State," this picture of a war recruit. "An own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened—a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By-and-by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, 'My poor, forlorn foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me'? Not so; but, 'Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle.' So she claps an ugly gray suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with Gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer."

Mr. Lowell is hard upon fine writers; and, indeed, his own style, although rising to an occasion, never approaches the chronic elevation of the penny dreadful; he prefers "was hanged" to "was launched into eternity;" he would have the poor taste to write "when the halter was put round his neck," rather than "when the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions;" he will not even call a "great fire" a "disastrous conflagration," or speak of "a frightened horse" as an "infuriated animal." Instead of rising at a public dinner with "I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations," Mr. Lowell might be so negligent of oratory as to begin, "I shall say a few words." But he never talks the current nonsense about good Saxon English, and he boldly maintains that our language "has gained immensely by the infusion (of Latinisms), in richness of synonym, and in power of expressing nice shades of thought and feeling." Perhaps there may be a question between the English "again rising" and the Latin "resurrection;" but "conscience" is superior to "in-wit," "remorse" to "again-bite;" and what home-bred Englishman could ape the high-Roman fashion of such togated words as "the multitudinous sea incarnadine"? Again, "mariner" is felt to be poetically better than "sailor" for emotional

purposes, and most people would prefer to say, "It was an ancient mariner" rather than "It was an elderly seaman."

Such shrewd perceptions abound in these Essays: and now, before proceeding, I might, with that kind of careless facility so much in vogue with the critics, point out a few slips or a little slovenliness here and there, as when Mr. Lowell opines that "Chastelard" was ever popular in England, or that Mr. Swinburne really owes very much to Robert Browning, and quite forgets to mention D. G. Rossetti, who was his real master. We might remark upon his curious notion that Clough was, after all, the great poet of the age, and wonder why, in dealing with Pope's artificiality, he should have failed to allude to that one most perfect and extreme case, "The Dying Christian to his Soul;" or, whilst condemning his want of real pathos, should have forgotten such real bursts of passion as occur in "Eloisa to Abelard." As to Mr. Lowell's slovenly style, nothing can be more slipshod than the following on Dryden: "He is always imitating—no, that is not the word," &c.; or "The always hasty Dryden, as I think I have said before," &c. Every critical notice is expected to contain a few specimens of such flippant signs of the critic's superior acumen, and I hope I shall get credit for them; but the real object of such an article as this is "to give the quality of a man's mind, and the amount of his literary performance." To such business we now continue to apply ourselves.

In Mr. Lowell's mind, the Conservative and Radical elements are mixed in truly statesmanlike proportions. Capable of that concentrated passion which did much towards sweeping slavery from his own land, and with a certain bitterness and scepticism towards established forms of religion, no one can fail to be reassured and won by the essential sobriety of his qualifying utterances. Do you think him a Radical? then note how he dwells on that "power of the Past over the minds and conduct of men, which alone insures the continuity of national growth, and is the great safeguard of power and progress;" or again, "The older Government is the better, and suits; new ones hunt folks' corns out like new boots." His impatience with the sects is with their forms only, and their attempts to imprison the Eagle of Faith in the iron cage of Dogma. He quotes with approval Selden, who says, "It is a vain thing to talk of an heretick—a man, for his heart, cannot think any otherwise than he does think;" and we can hardly be grateful enough to him for reminding the children of this generation that "So soon as an early conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it."

But there is one clear note running through the whole of his utterances which makes them fresh as with the sea air. It is the note of moral supremacy; "that moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments and not ruins behind it"—that "great motors of the race are moral, not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and the weakest of us all;" that "no man without intense faith in something can ever be in earnest;" that in *act* a right ambition is to be "a man amongst men, not a humbug amongst humbugs," and in *word* "to give the true coin of speech, never the highly ornamental promise to pay—token of insolvency."

It is not safe to divide Mr. Lowell's Essays into the heavy and the light, for there come to him flashes of delicate humour in his gravest moods, and he will anon stop and moralise, like Thackeray, in front of a clown. Safer is it to separate the volumes roughly into contemporary and non-contemporary. "Among my Books," 2 vols., are entirely non-contemporary, and full of grave and weighty matter concerning "New England Two Centuries Ago," Dryden, Shakespeare, Lessing, Rousseau, Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats; whilst "My Study Windows," with the exception of "Pope," "Chaucer," and "Notes on the Library of Old Authors," deal entirely with contemporary matters. Such are "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," "A Great Public Character," whose interest for us begins and ends with this sketch of him,—a remark which applies equally, if not more, to "The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival;" and finally we have an extremely interesting and entertaining section of critical and biographical studies on Carlyle, Abraham Lincoln, Emerson, Thoreau: and to this list we must add a notice of Edgar Poe's life and works, written at his own request in 1845, and attached to an edition of Poe's works in 4 vols.

No true American can touch upon the early settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers upon the barren coast of Massachusetts, and the momentous national life which grew out of it, without an irrepressible glow of feeling. It is like the sentiments of the Swiss about William Tell. Mr. Lowell's "New England Two Centuries Ago" is a prose idyll full of suppressed poetical fervour. He calls the history "dry and unpicturesque." "There is no rustle of silks, no waving of plumes, no chink of golden spurs," but we soon feel that "the homespun fates of Cephias and Prudence" have the living interest of life in the catacombs about them, and are "intrinsically poetic and noble." "The noise of the axe, hammer, and saw" rings through it all, and is the physical image of that mighty impulse which drove

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diverting, especially at the end, where he throws in a neat touch of piety: "and if the honoured court shall vouchsafe to make some addition, that which hath not been deserved by the same power of God may be in due season."

Here and there a fugitive trace of that simple old life of the early colonists still survives, and with it we must take farewell of them. The picture is caught and crayoned with the quick and tender touch of a poet's pencil :

"Passing through Massachusetts, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of wood and where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not long be doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open window, you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices discharging words of two or three syllables, with wonderful precision and unanimity. . . . Now, this little building and others like it were an original kind of fortification, invented by the founders of New England. . . . They are the Martello towers that protect our coast. . . . The great discovery of the Puritan fathers was that knowledge was not an alms or pittance . . . but a sacred debt which the commonwealth owed to every one of her children."

Passing from the New England of America to the old England of Shakespeare, we have to note Shakespeare's good fortune in living at a time when old England was passing into the new England of modern Europe ; and the reflection, although not new, is well put by Mr. Lowell when he notes that, had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier, he would have been damped by a book language not flexible, not popular, not rich, not subdued by practice to definite accentuation ; or fifty years later he would have missed the Normanly refined and Saxonly sagacious England of Elizabeth, and found an England absorbed and angry with the solution of political and religious problems. Mr. Lowell, like every other thoughtful writer, must have his say on the distinction between genius and originality—and he says it pithily and well—"Talent sticks fast to the earth. Genius claims kindred with the very workings of nature, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton; and if Shakespeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verse shall but seem nobler for the sublime criticism of ocean." And how prettily said is this: "What is the reason that all children are geniuses (though they

contrive so soon to outgrow that dangerous quality), except that they never cross-examine themselves on the subject. The moment that process begins, their speech loses its gift of unexpectedness, and they become as tediously impertinent as the rest of us." And again, "Genius is a simple thing of itself, however much of a marvel it may be to other men."

Of the endless twaddle about Originality our author makes as short work as does Mr. Emerson, and very much in that prophet's own spirit : "Originality is the power of digesting and assimilating thoughts, so that they become parts of our own life." Or elsewhere : "Originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new." Compare this with Emerson, who points out that Shakespeare was little solicitous whence his thoughts were derived, and adds, "Chaucer was a huge borrower," but both "steal by apology—that which they take has no worth where they find it, and the greatest where they leave it. . . . It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature that a man having once shown himself capable of original writing is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts, but as soon as we have learned what to do with them they become our own."

"Shakespeare once more !" Mr. Lowell calls his essay. Does he say anything new? The reader who has read all that has been written about Shakespeare is the best judge of that. I have no such pretensions ; but the summing-up on various counts is very good and clear, especially the remarks on Heminge and Condell, "the two obscure actors to whom we owe the preservation of several of his plays and the famous Folio edition of 1623." Mr. Lowell is of opinion that bad is the best extant version as to accuracy ; that the rugged incomplete, obscure, and irregular passages are all imperfect, and, that Shakespeare never wrote bad metre, rugged rhyme, nor loose and obscure English. This may be true ; at all events, no one can say that it is not so. To me it appears like saying that Handel never wrote indifferent music, or that Raffaele is never out of drawing. It always seems to me to be putting an ideal strain upon human nature—this steady elimination of the "pot-boiling" element. It may not always have been so prominent as in the case of Handel, or poor Morland, or Fielding, or the divine Mozart ; but one who, like Shakespeare, must have produced with great speed at high pressure, and who certainly was not above writing



down to his public, may have occasionally had such a moderate opinion of his audience, and such an indisposition to do the *plus quam satis*, as to leave a passage rough on occasion without much injury to himself or to posterity.

But here am I emptying my little basket on the mighty rubbish-heap of Shakespearian speculation ! Let me rather note Mr. Lowell's fine appreciation of the way in which at first every one feels himself on a level with this great impersonal personality—how Alphonso of Castile fancies he could advise him—how another could tell him there was never a seaport in Bohemia. “Scarce one (for a century or more after his death) but could speak with condescending approval of that prodigious intelligence, so utterly without compare that our baffled language must coin an adjective—Shakespearian—to qualify it.” And then, as time goes on, every one seems to get afraid of him in turn. Voltaire plays the gentleman usher—but when he perceives that his countrymen are really seized, turns round upon the placid Immortal and rails at him with his cowardly “*Sauvage ivre, sans la moindre étincelle de bon goût !*” Even Goethe, who tries to write like him in “*Götz*” and fails, comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare is no dramatist ; and Chateaubriand thinks that he has corrupted art. “He invented nothing,” says Lowell, “but seems rather to rediscover the world about him.”

Mr. Lowell's view of “Hamlet” will be specially interesting to Mr. Irving and his admirers—the more so because Mr. Irving seems to have come to the same conclusion. “Is Hamlet mad ?” “High medical authority has pronounced, as usual, on both sides of the question ;” but no—Hamlet is not mad intellectually, he is a psychologist and metaphysician, a close observer both of others and of himself, “letting fall his little drops of acid irony on all who come near him, to make them show what they are made of.” Hamlet deprived of reason is a subject for Bedlam—not the stage. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the play is chaos ; besides, the feigned madness of Hamlet is one of the few points in which it has kept close to the old story. Morally, Hamlet drifts through the whole tragedy, never keeping on one tack ; feigned madness gives to the indecision of his character the relief of seeming to do something, in order as long as possible to escape the dreaded necessity of doing anything at all. He discourses of suicide, but he does not kill himself—he talks of daggers, uses none—goes to England to get farther from present duty—he is irresolute from over-power of thought. He is an ingrained sceptic—doubts the soul, even after the ghost scene—doubts Horatio, doubts Ophelia—his character is somewhat feminine :—but here we

break off in despair of being able to give even a rough idea of Mr. Lowell's Hamlet—it is by far the finest piece of literary criticism in the book, and must be studied—at the Lyceum.

We here sum up with Shakespeare's moral—"Lear may teach us to draw the line more clearly between a wise generosity and loose-handed weakness of giving; Macbeth, how one sin involved another and for ever another by a fatal parthenogenesis, and that the key which unlocks forbidden doors to our will or passion leaves a stain on the hand that may not be so dark as blood, but that will not out; Hamlet, that all the noblest gifts of mind slip through the grasp of an infirm purpose."

We turn the closing pages of this essay, unquoted, with reluctance, and pass to two essays which should be hung like pendant pictures "in every gentleman's library,"—Lessing and Rousseau.

To begin an elaborate essay on Lessing with a disquisition on Burns is characteristic of an author who prefaces a brief notice of Poe with instances of some dozen poets who gave small early promise, as a contrast to Poe, who gave great early promise of ability. After about seven pages, we at last reach Lessing; the seven preceding pages show the extent and carefulness of Mr. Lowell's studies at Dresden; of the definite opinions he formed of Goethe, "limpidly perfect in his shorter poems—failing in coherence in his longer works;" of the Grand Duke, with his whole court in a sensational livery of blue, yellow, and leather breeches, but still capable of manly friendships with Goethe and Herder, whose only decoration was genius; of Heine, who could be daintily light even in German; of German love-making, which he explains to be "a judicious mixture of sensibility and sausages." However, Lessing is at last seized in the midst of a 'setting' a little laboured, with great firmness, and Mr. Lowell shows his essential gift, commenting with due appreciation on Herr Stahr's life of Lessing, while leaving on the literary easel a portrait of Lessing very unlike Herr Stahr's. It is in all those points where Lessing differs most from Rousseau, that Lessing charms Mr. Lowell; his character was more interesting than his works—he was lover of truth first and of literature afterwards; his struggles with poverty brought out his native manliness, his genuineness saved him from that fritter, haste, and vapidness which are the snare of book-makers; when he wants to earn a penny, he says, "I am unhappy, if it must be by writing." "To call down fire from heaven to keep the pot boiling" is no doubt the prophet's bitterest pill—but we are comforted when we think of the many noble works in art and literature which the world

would never have had "but for the whips and scourges" of necessity.

In truth, few writers have not discovered that, although inspiration will not always come when called for, it will not often come if it be never called. Emerson's "laying siege to the oracle" is not a bad plan. "Nothing comes of being long in a place one likes," strikes the key-note of that "restless mounting-upward" endeavour that makes Lessing so congenial a subject to our author.

To him, and not to Wieland, is traced that revolt from pseudo-classicism in poetry, prelude to the romanticism which ran wild in France in the next century. In 1767 Lessing was working at the "Laocoön," and in 1758 "Emelia Galotti" was begun; and in 1779 "Nathan the Wise," by which he was chiefly known outside Germany, was published. In 1781 he died. He may almost be said to have invented German style, and to have converted criticism from the science of party spirit to the service of simplicity and truth. The greatest critic of his age, he also was the first to see that "criticism," as Mr. Lowell says, "can at best teach writers without genius what is to be avoided or imitated. It cannot communicate life, and its effects, when reduced to rule, has commonly been to produce that correctness which is so praiseworthy—and so intolerable." That "so intolerable" is quite in M. Renan's best manner.

Mr. Lowell's candour and breadth are happily displayed in his remarks upon the sentimentalist Rousseau. He dislikes him. His half-conscious hypocrisy, his false sentiment, his self-indulgence and want of true moral fibre, are exactly what are most sickening to his reviewer. Yet will he not suffer him to be pommelled by Burke—nay, Irish Edmund is called "a snob;" but then Rousseau, with all his faults, was a good red-republican, and Mr. Burke was a person of royalist proclivities. Neither is old Dr. Johnson allowed to jump upon the blithe author of "Émile;" he is promptly reminded of his own friend, "that wretchedest of lewd fellows, Richard Savage,"—which is a little hard upon Johnson, as Richard Savage by no means so adequately represented the *noscitur a sociis* of Johnson's mature life, as did "Émile" or the "Confessions" the settled views and tastes of Jean-Jacques. Rousseau is used, perhaps, a little stringently, to "cheapen" Byron and Moore with. In comparison with such pet aversions of his, Mr. Lowell evidently considers Jean-Jacques a man of parts and principles. On the whole, the essay seems very fair to Jean-Jacques, and certainly contains some of Mr.

Lowell's finest and most sensitive paragraphs. "There is nothing so true, so sincere, so downright and forthright as genius ; it is always truer than the man himself is—greater than he."

And well is the trenchant line drawn between poetical and moral sentiment. "Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life." And, further, "There is no self-delusion more fatal than that which makes the conscience dreamy with the anodyne of lofty sentiments, while the life is grovelling and sensual." Yet, although Rousseau indulged this self-delusion, "I cannot help looking on him," writes his American critic, "as one capable beyond any in his generation of being Divinely possessed. . . . The inmost core of his being was religious. . . . Less gifted, he had been less hardly judged. . . . He had the fortitude to follow his logic wherever it led him. . . . More than any other of the sentimentalists, except, possibly, Sterne, he had in him a staple of sincerity. Compared with Chateaubriand, he is honesty ; compared with Lamartine, he is manliness itself." This last is just a little caustic on a man of whom Mr. Lowell wrote in 1848,

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree  
Grows green enough to make a wreath for thee ;

and—

Only the Future can reach up to lay  
The laurel on that lofty nature.

But times change ; so do men and their opinions. Has not Mr. Emerson, in one of his Olympic moods, declared that "consistency is the bugbear of little minds" ? and has not Mr. Lowell analogued the thought in—"the foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions" ?

In the bright little essay called, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," Mr. Lowell expresses what are possibly the feelings of many Americans when he says, "It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage towards us, or even possibly to conceal them." The whole essay is intended, evidently, to be "overheard" on this side of the Atlantic, and is full of humour, wisdom, and wholesome truth, both for Americans and English—especially English. It contains this remarkable political utterance, which could never have been written except by an American, and perhaps by no American but Mr. Lowell : "Before the war we were to Europe but a huge mob of adventurers and shopkeepers."

We regret that we cannot dwell at greater length upon the lighter tones of sweet feeling that come streaming in from his "Garden Acquaintance"—like the song of birds in spring, the bobolink and the oriole, the cat-bird and the song-sparrow, besides the many birds with which we are familiar in England—all are his friends, and he is their protector. How sweetly, like Selborne or gentle and genial Owen, does he write: "If they will not come near enough to me (as most of them will), I bring them down with an opera-glass—a much better weapon than a gun. I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty pagan ways. The only one I sometimes have savage doubts about is the red squirrel. I *think* he oölogises. I *know* he eats cherries'. . . and that he gnaws off the small end of pears to get at the seeds. He steals the corn from under the noses of my poultry. But what would you have? He will come down upon the limb of the tree I am lying under till he is within a yard of me. . . . Can I sign his death-warrant who has tolerated me about his grounds so long? Not I. Let them steal, and welcome. I am sure I should, had I had the same bringing up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said?" "Elia" himself never beat this in delicacy. "Winter" is conceived in a similar spirit. "Milton," a recreative review of Professor Masson's ponderous and irrelevant performance, reminds us a little of Macaulay's famous gibbeting of poor Montgomery, the poet; and indeed this baiting of a would-be humourist by Lowell, a real one, is very pleasant sport, and readable withal. "Dryden" and "Dante" are careful and elaborate studies of the age as well as of the men; but it is easy to see that Mr. Lowell's heart is as much in Dante as it is out of Dryden. "Keats" is an affectionate tribute. Mr. Lowell finds very little new to say about Wordsworth or Spenser, but his "Chaucer" is very careful and sympathetic. The essay on Witchcraft is, oddly enough, the least interesting to us—perhaps because it is evidently the least congenial to the writer. The essay on Pope is as much under-friendly as Thackeray's "Pope" is over-friendly.

We regret to have no space for comment on the suggestive notice of "President Lincoln," full of personal insight and true American patriotism. But what we must call the attack on Carlyle and the panegyric on Emerson must serve to wind up our critical reflections for the present.

Carlyle and Emerson are most dissimilar; alike in this only, that each has performed the same office for different types of mind in the

same century; both have taught men to think for themselves—Carlyle by his analysis of the external, Emerson by his analysis of the internal world. The one deals with matter in its effect on mind, the other with mind in its effect on matter. He who is taught by Emerson is seldom found at the feet of Carlyle; and it is strange but true that the readers of Carlyle have often an antipathy for Emerson's style, and most Emersonians detest Carlyle.

The key of Mr. Lowell's view of Carlyle is to be found, of course, in Carlyle's devotion, and Mr. Lowell's aversion, to the majesty of physical force. Carlyle is the despot, Mr. Lowell the republican, and from his hostile camp he examines the peculiarities of the "Sturm und Drang" school, and separates between the early and the late Carlyle with a firmness of touch and a plainness of speech which we in England are still afraid to use towards the venerable sage of Chelsea. "In the earlier part of his literary career Mr. Carlyle was the denouncer of sham, the preacher-up of sincerity, manliness, and of a living faith. He had intense convictions, and he made disciples. If not a profound thinker, he felt profoundly." He is represented as a man who hoped great things of humanity; then, later on, grew impatient when disappointed, and ended by hoping nothing of human nature except what could be got out of it by incessant driving and thrashing. "His latest theory of divine government seems to be the cudgel." He is the "volunteer laureate of the rod." The world for him "is created and directed by a divine Dr. Busby." It would be difficult for Mr. Carlyle's admirers to rebut this charge, but some of them might point to the obvious fact that the divine government, as we see it to be, *has* this severe, compulsory, and inexorable side to it. It *is* the government of the rod, though not of the rod only. Men are compelled and punished into the paths of rectitude and virtue by what we call the laws of nature. Our God is a divine despot, and the human despot, when good and wise, is a reflection of at least one side of a divine character. What Mr. Carlyle scorns and leaves out is the possibility of that free slow development of the individual which is to make him a moral agent in the great scheme—the willing and joyful servitor of the divine despot. Because man will not do right, he must be compelled; that is pure Carlylese. But because to do right is in accordance with his own happiness as well as being the will of the heavenly despot, therefore his tender training as a free agent to do right freely, and not the "dumb-driven-cattle theory," should be the special and patient care of his earthly ruler—and this, in Mr. Lowell's opinion, of course, is a thing better

done by a republican than by a monarchical or imperial form of government.

Mr. Lowell, though he weeps over the prophet of Chelsea, is generously alive to his literary greatness : "With all deductions, Carlyle remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times." And again : "As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth—if even to his." There is something much more living and personal about Mr. Lowell's account of Emerson : that great magician, who seems to dispense so naturally with the definite props of rule and doctrine so essential to most men, because he is so inseparably wedded to the eternal harmonies as never to feel any of them external to himself—that sweet and lofty prophet, who, with piercing yet indulgent eye, above all pain, yet pitying all distress, tells us what we know, and gives us the possession of ourselves—that equable temperament, that cloudless serenity whose calm is infectious, and whose deep peace puts everything into proportion ; though personally Mr. Lowell prefers a temple (unlike those vast Mexican mysteries of architecture) with a door left for the god to come in—yet he knows that the root of the matter is in Emerson, who is never out of the presence of the "Oversoul," and whose one temple is the round world and the over-arching heaven. To be conformable to eternal law is to be religious—to be natural on the plane of a high and pure nature—to be radiant with the original righteousness which draws the love and reverence of humankind and makes life adorable, instead of for ever struggling with the nightmare of original sin. This, if anything, is to be prophetic. This, in spite of what Emerson calls "the dear old devil," is the witness to the world that "God has breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man has become a living soul." "What an antiseptic is a pure life !" exclaims one who has watched and revered Emerson from boyhood. "At sixty-five, he had that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwonted contemporary of his own prime ; . . . we who have known him so long, wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself in the outposts of youth." The brief essay before us is little more than a warm tribute to Mr. Emerson as a lecturer. We are told that he is still an unfailing "draw" in America, but we are told something else—that he is a consummate master of the lecture-art. Will our eminent men ever, as a rule, think it worth while to acquire this art?—Not so long as £10 is considered an adequate fee for the best lecture, whilst £50 or £100 is willingly given for the best



song. The old country is far behind the new in its estimation of high-class scientific and literary merit. Platform lecturing is an art like any other; and England will never get good lecturers till she pays for them. Pray, what sort of fiddling can you get for nothing? Lowell's essay on Emerson is—what I hope these two papers on Lowell will prove to be—a way of referring readers to the fountain-head, more than an analysis of the waters that flow from it. Personally, like so many others, to Emerson I owe my freedom and emancipation from those Stocks of prejudice and those Pillories of public opinion which make so many sit in the world of thought like frightened criminals unable or afraid to stir. When I was at college I exchanged four handsome volumes of Montaigne for one volume of Emerson's Essays. I have never regretted my bargain; and when I open my well-worn copy, I still find the Pantheon and the Forest Primeval alike instinct with the great Oversoul, and vocal with the music of God.

I think I can do no better than close this brief estimate of James Russell Lowell—his literary performance, together with such flashes of personality as leap forth spontaneously from its many-sided facets—with these words of his great friend and master, words fitly applicable to the few men who have measured their own time with temperate eyes—the few workers who have made their own country better and greater—"the few souls that have made our souls wiser": "The world is his who can see through its pretensions. . . The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon."

H. R. HAWES.

## *EVOLUTION & GEOLOGICAL TIME.*

ONE of the commonest accusations brought against the new evolutionist philosophy is that so tersely summed up by Mr. Martineau in his succinct charge of "mincing causation and drawing largely upon time." Most people find it difficult to conceive that the past history of the earth has been of sufficient duration to produce all the variety of animal and vegetable life which we see around us, by the slow action of natural selection alone. The numerous writers who have been at the pains of "answering" or "confuting" Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer with more or less arrogance and success—the former as a rule varying inversely with the latter—have generally insisted upon this chronological argument with a zeal which often far outruns their knowledge. Thus, one may frequently see it objected that if the evolution hypothesis were true, the succession of animal types should be gradual and orderly, the lowest forms being found in the oldest strata, and the higher forms following them in a regular progression, till they culminate in the existing fauna; "whereas," it is constantly urged, "we actually find in the Palæozoic rocks, which are the very oldest of all, the five principal groups of protozoa, annuloids, articulates, molluscs, and vertebrates, living side by side, and differing as widely from one another as they do at the present day." This very specious fallacy is rendered plausible by its carefully muddled statement of the facts, which, while literally and separately true, are so put together as to convey a totally false impression. If we begin by pointing out its errors and omissions, we may pave the way for an exposition of the support which geology, rightly understood and rationally interpreted, really affords to the theory of evolution.

In the first place, nothing could be more misleading than the employment of the term "Palæozoic rocks" in such a sense as that given to it by the above quotation. For the impression conveyed would certainly be that the Palæozoic rocks were one single formation, the earliest with which we are acquainted. But, as a matter of fact,

the vast series of formations so designated comprises a total thickness of strata equal to at least three-fourths of all the known fossiliferous deposits. It is marked off from the far smaller and less chronologically important groups of the Secondary and Tertiary rocks, not because it covers an approximately equal lapse of geological time, but simply and solely for convenience of stratigraphical classification. As we shall see more fully hereafter, the Palæozoic period probably occupied double or treble as long a time as the Secondary and Tertiary periods put together. So that any argument based upon the occurrence or non-occurrence of particular plants or animals in the Palæozoic system is utterly futile, unless it specifies distinctly whether it refers to the earliest Cambrian or the latest Carboniferous deposits—the relics of two periods apparently separated from one another very much more widely than we ourselves are separated from the days of the Chalk and the Blue Lias. It is, in short, as though one were first arbitrarily to divide English history into three epochs—the Primitive period, including all times between the landing of Hengst and the reign of Elizabeth, the Stuart period, and the Hanoverian period—and then to argue that English literature can never have undergone any progressive development, because in the primitive or very earliest of these three epochs it had already produced Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Spenser. Absurdities and incongruities not less ridiculous than these have been gravely put forward as solemn refutations of Darwinism by more than one distinguished but ungeological writer.

Again, while it is perfectly true that we do find the remains of vertebrates somewhere about the middle of the Palæozoic series—that is to say, in the Upper Silurian, underlaid by forty thousand feet of previous fossiliferous rocks—the statement is once more very misleading by its studious generality and dishonest avoidance of detail. For the vertebrates whose remains we thus discover are fishes, the very lowest and simplest class of all their group. The amphibians do not appear with certainty before the Carboniferous period, at the very close of the great Palæozoic series, in comparatively recent times. The first true reptiles are found in the Permian, and they attained their highest development in the all but modern Secondary epoch. Birds are not known till the Jurassic times—the day-before-yesterday of geology. And mammals have never yet made their appearance before the new red sandstone, while it is only in the still soft and claylike mud of the very recent Tertiary epoch that their most important and familiar forms find a full development. The geological record bears out in minute detail the very smallest particulars of the Darwinian theory.

Finally, it is quite forgotten by those who argue in this superficial fashion that we have still under our eyes the sedimentary deposits of a vast and very ancient epoch, the Laurentian, underlying all our known fossiliferous strata, and testifying to an immense lapse of primæval time in which the traces of animal and vegetable life are few and very doubtful. The vast ages thus unaccounted for would be amply sufficient, as we hope to show, for the development of the primitive fauna and flora up to the point at which we find it when the book of palæontology abruptly opens its first chapter with the teeming and diversely peopled seas of the Cambrian age.

Where such wide misconceptions exist or such strange misrepresentations are made, it may be worth while to meet them by a definite statement of the real facts, so far as they concern the evolutionist hypothesis. I propose, accordingly, in the present paper to give an approximate chronology of geological time, based upon such indications as the various strata have afforded to the greatest investigators of our own or recent days. Geologists, as a rule, it is true, have avoided making any definite statements as to the exact number of years which any particular deposit may be supposed to represent; and they have done so on very good and sufficient grounds. There is always a danger that such calculations, however vague, may be upset by further discoveries; and scientific men generally refrain from inferences which new facts may at any moment invalidate. But when the absence of such approximate chronological tables is made the ground for fallacious arguments by the unscientific, who twist aside geological terms so as to give countenance to very dubious reasoning, it is well to step aside somewhat from this wholesome principle, and to place the question at issue before the general public in its most vivid, graphic, and definite light. For this purpose, I propose here to estimate roughly the time occupied by the deposition of the best known formations, and then to point out the relative date of the first remains which mark the earliest known appearance of the chief animal or vegetable groups upon our earth. Such a chronology, extending over unknown millions of years, must of course be highly conjectural and full of acknowledged *lacunæ*; but it will at least serve to place the subject before the reader in a clear and comprehensible form, while it will correct numerous intentional or accidental misrepresentations which occur only too often in the pages of controversial authors.

We must begin by fixing upon some arbitrary period of so many millions of years, representing the total of geological time, which we may divide out proportionately among the various formations ac-

according to their probable relative duration. How long we suppose this arbitrary period to be, viewed *absolutely*, is a matter of small importance, since at best it can only be a happy guess; but the serious point for our consideration is the *relative* amount of the total sum which we must allot to each geological epoch. However, we must to some extent be guided by physical and astronomical data as well as by those supplied to us by the history of our own earth. Now, it happens that on physical grounds alone Sir William Thomson has made a calculation which may serve us as a basis for our chronological system. He holds that the sun has almost certainly illuminated the earth for a less period than five hundred million years, and probably for not more than one hundred million. The reasons given for this calculation, being based upon deductions from the still imperfect theory of energy, may not perhaps be so certain as many persons are willing to believe; but at least we shall probably keep on the safe side if we do not exceed Sir William Thomson's smaller estimate of a hundred million years. Let us call it, for the sake of simplification, a million centuries, and we shall be dealing with a number more readily grasped by the human intelligence. How, then, are we to distribute these million centuries in due proportions among the various geological formations from the very ancient Laurentian to the quite recent Quaternary?

Professor Huxley has pointed out a simple and effective method of roughly making the distribution. Let us take one hundred thousand feet as an average estimate for the total thickness of the stratified rocks containing more or less certain traces of life. Then, if we suppose the strata to have been uniformly deposited at the rate of one thousandth of a foot (or one eighty-third of an inch) per annum, the whole thickness would take just a million centuries for its deposition. This arbitrary figure represents on the whole a very good conjecture for the rate of growth. Of course, some strata would originally take much longer to form up to a foot's thickness than others. Among the early limestone rocks, again, pressed close together by ages of crushing under sea and mountains, until sometimes all traces of the original structure are completely obscured, a foot, doubtless, represents a far greater lapse of time than among loose modern ooze and mud formations, like the chalk and the red crag. Moreover, the oldest strata, being produced by the wear and tear of the elements on solid igneous rocks, hard as porphyry, quartz, or trachyte, must necessarily have taken longer to deposit than the more modern strata, which were in turn made up from the detritus of the earlier and comparatively soft sedimentary rocks so produced. On

other hand, the rapid growth of peat in marshy bogs would permit of very quick deposition of coal. But all these objections are really so much gain for the evolutionist, inasmuch as they show still more clearly the enormously long time which must have been occupied by the deposition of the earliest and least-known formations. The fact is, that as the greater part of England and Wales, and especially of the most populous districts, lies upon the Secondary or Tertiary systems, while the least populous parts lie upon the Primary, there has arisen a very general, though vague, misconception, favoured by the nature of the words themselves, that the Secondary and Tertiary systems are each of them equivalent in duration to the Primary. The newer strata contain more, as well as more interesting, fossils; they compose all the most striking and popularly known deposits; they fill up the larger half of geological treatises; they are, as it were, brought home to everybody's door throughout all southern or eastern England; and so they naturally engage far more of ordinary attention than do the incalculably more important Primary rocks. Occupying the largest space in our minds, our geological maps, and our palæontological works, they come as a matter of course to occupy in imagination the largest space in cosmical time. It is only professional geologists, as a rule, who are able to translate the hieroglyphics of nature, given in terms of thickness, so as to be realisable to their intelligence in the terms of actual duration, which they dimly symbolise. This task we must now endeavour tentatively to perform.

As soon as our earth ceased to be incandescent, and became covered in large part by water, it commenced its depositions of submarine sediments. The oldest known sedimentary rocks, comprising the Laurentian and Huronian systems of Canada, have a total average thickness which cannot certainly be estimated at anything less than 30,000 feet. Sir William Logan, indeed, the greatest authority upon these primæval formations, considered the measurable thickness of his Upper and Lower Laurentian alone to amount respectively to 20,000 and 10,000 feet, while he set down the Huronian system as reaching some 18,000 more. But as doubts have been raised whether the Huronian series are not really the metamorphosed representatives of the Upper Laurentian, we will omit them altogether from our calculation, so as to avoid any possible cause of offence. The great Cambrian system, the next in order of time, has a thickness which has been fairly estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000 feet. We will adopt the smaller figure. The Silurian is pretty certainly known to number 6,000 feet. The Old Red Sand-

stone, with its doubtful contemporary, the Devonian, cannot be put down for less than 10,000. The Carboniferous series amount to at least 12,000 feet, the Coal-Measures alone sometimes attaining to fully that thickness. Thus the whole Primary group, including the so-called azoic rocks, has a total vertical extent of not less than 83,000 feet. By the side of these enormous thicknesses, we can only allow 10,000 feet for the whole of the Secondary formations, from the Permian to the Chalk inclusive, while we shall be generous if we assign 1,000 feet to the little group of the Tertiary and Post-Tertiary deposits. This gives us a total thickness for the whole geological series of 94,000 feet. Let us allow 6,000 more for the breaks between each of these main divisions, or the unrepresented strata, and we have the round number with which we started, 100,000 feet.

A tabular statement will make these relations clear, and will allow us to translate our known thicknesses into conjectural but relatively ascertained dates, upon the system already explained.

	Feet	Years
Laurentian . . . . .	30,000	30,000,000
Cambrian . . . . .	25,000	25,000,000
Silurian . . . . .	6,000	6,000,000
Old Red Sandstone } . . . . .	10,000	10,000,000
Devonian }		
Carboniferous . . . . .	12,000	12,000,000
Secondary . . . . .	10,000	10,000,000
Tertiary and Post-Tertiary . . . . .	1,000	1,000,000
Gaps and unrepresented strata . . . . .	6,000	6,000,000
	100,000	100,000,000

Once more, let us construct a second or chronological table, distributing the margin of six million years equally between all the strata, and adopting the old-fashioned letters A.M. (*Anno Mundi*) in a new sense as marking the lapse of time from the beginning of sedimentary deposits upon our earth. We shall then get a definite chronology in round numbers as follows :—

A.M. 1 . . . . .	Laurentian series begins.
30 millions . . . . .	Laurentian ends.
31 millions . . . . .	Cambrian begins.
56 millions . . . . .	Cambrian ends.
57 millions . . . . .	Silurian begins.
63 millions . . . . .	Silurian ends.
64 millions . . . . .	Old Red Sandstone begins.
74 millions . . . . .	Old Red Sandstone ends.
75 millions . . . . .	Carboniferous begins.
87 millions . . . . .	Carboniferous ends.



88 millions	.	.	.	.	Secondary age begins.
98 millions	.	.	.	.	Secondary age ends.
99 millions	.	.	.	.	Tertiary age begins.
100 millions	.	.	.	.	Present day.

Although this chronology is, of course, entirely fanciful, for which reason I have purposely given it an unreal air of complete symmetry, I believe that it fairly well represents the proportionate duration of the various epochs. If anything, it is a little too liberal to the Secondary, and far too liberal, relatively speaking, to the Tertiary age. But as the popular imagination always errs in the same direction, this acknowledged irregularity may be regarded in the light of a graceful concession to its preconceived opinions. It must be remembered that all the most familiar English strata belong to one or other of these newer eras: the Secondary, including the red marl, lias, oolite, wealden, green sand, gault, and chalk; and the Tertiary, or Post-Tertiary, comprising the London clay, Bagshot beds, red and Norwich crags, drift, and gravel. So that all these deposits, which to most people represent the whole of geological time, really belong to the very last decade of the great geological æons.

Let us next proceed to apply the rough dates at which we have thus approximately arrived to the elucidation of the evolution of life.

The Laurentian epoch, beginning perhaps with the date when the aqueous vapour of the cooling earth first assumed the shape of an ocean, and covering an estimated length of thirty million years, affords us no certain evidence of organic life in any form. The only trace of anything like a fossil which occurs throughout those thirty thousand feet of solid gneiss and quartzite, is the doubtful structure known as *Eozoon Canadense*. If this curious mass of chambered calcareous plates is really of organic origin at all, it must be referred to the very lowest animal sub-kingdom—that of the Protozoa. Principal Dawson and Dr. W. B. Carpenter are of opinion that it must be so classed, and regard it as a primæval ancestor of our own existing foraminifers, those microscopic and almost structureless little creatures whose shapeless bodies are only reduced to a rude external symmetry by their irregular and very variable shells. If this identification be correct, then the history of organic life begins just where on the evolutionist hypothesis we should expect it to begin—with the very lowest and simplest of all living creatures. Recently, however, Professor Möbius has shown some grounds for believing that *Eozoon* is not of organic origin at all, but is a singularly remarkable product of purely physical causes, comparable rather with crystals than with organised forms. Yet, even if we are obliged to give up the animal

nature of this supposed primæval fossil, there yet remain a few indirect traces of evolving life during these first thirty æons of our planet's existence under the solid form.' We must not forget that the Laurentian and Huronian deposits have undergone most violent changes, which have completely metamorphosed their sedimentary character. Nevertheless, though they consist in large part of mica, felspar, and other very altered rocks, they contain large and very thick beds of limestone. Now, we know that all other and later limestones have been produced by deposition from animal organisms, and consist mainly of small calcareous shells ; and we also know that these other limestones, when subjected to heat or pressure, become crystalline and lose their traces of organic structure, so as to exactly resemble the Laurentian rocks. Hence we may reasonably conclude that these primitive limestones were formed as shell-mud at the bottom of very ancient seas, and became afterwards altered by metamorphic action. Again, the large quantity of graphite, or "black-lead," which occurs in regular beds amongst these early rocks, has been held with good reason to indicate the presence of vegetable remains. Doubtless the primitive plants and animals which formed the carbon veins and limestone beds of Canada were of a very simple and undifferentiated character ; but we can hardly doubt, from the nature of the strata as a whole, that the first thirty million years of our ocean were years of abundant life, though naturally of an extremely low and undeveloped grade.

The second great epoch, the Cambrian, extends from the year thirty-one millions to the year fifty-six millions, according to our arbitrary era. It opens with a comparatively rich fauna, and some traces of a corresponding flora. This fact has been greatly dwelt upon by the opponents of evolution, who are fond of asserting that life, when we first meet with it, begins abruptly with almost all the great sub-kingdoms fully developed. They forget, however, that during the long era represented by the Laurentian rocks there was ample time for the development of the lower orders of animals and plants up to the level at which we find them when the curtain rises upon the Cambrian world. Moreover, the organisms of the Cambrian period were still of a notably simple character. Of course, there are absolutely no vertebrates, whether mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, or even fishes. Nor are there any relics of flowering plants, ferns, or any other among the higher vegetable forms. A few very ancient types of sponges, a few sea-lilies and star-fishes, a whole host of minute Protozoa, and an immense number of burrowing sand-worms, apparently formed the chief population of the Cambrian

seas. The higher invertebrates, such as the articulates, are represented entirely by crustaceans of simple kinds, like our existing water-fleas and brine-shrimps. The monarchs of this earliest historical world, the highest living creatures which then existed, were probably the trilobites, curious three-lobed crustaceans, which swarmed among the sea-weeds of the Cambrian and Silurian periods. They were not wholly unlike our little modern wood-lice. A few species of molluscs, belonging for the most part to the lowly organised group of brachiopods, complete the list of the chief animal-forms hitherto discovered in the lower portion of this formation. The plant-remains consist only of sea-weeds and some other dubious specimens. Higher molluscs of the cephalopod order appear towards the close of the epoch. Altogether, we may say that, so far as the evidence goes at present, the first fifty-six million years of our era were spent in the evolution of no higher form than the mud-haunting trilobite and the chambered nautilus.

With the Silurian period, extending from the year 57 millions to the year 63 millions, we enter upon a more vigorous era of development. The cuttle-fish tribe increase vastly in numbers, and the other higher molluscs are plentifully represented. In the Lower Silurian no remains of true fish, the earliest order of vertebrates, have yet been detected; but certain curious little bodies, known as *conodonts*, and found amongst these strata, are suspected to be the teeth of very lowly fishes allied to our modern lampreys. The lamprey class has no solid bones; and therefore teeth are the only remains which could easily be preserved to us from so distant a period. Moreover, it is the simplest and most humbly organised class of fishes, so that we should naturally expect it to precede all others in the order of development. At any rate, by the date of the Upper Silurian the higher fishes had certainly appeared, and their relics are abundantly found in many beds of this epoch.

From the end of the Silurian age, it would be difficult to sketch out, even in so hasty a manner as that here adopted, the general stream of evolution throughout all branches of the animal and vegetable kingdom. It will be better, therefore, to select one or two well-known and interesting groups, and to trace out their subsequent developments without reference to the remainder of the organic world. For this purpose we may choose the three familiar groups of vertebrates, insects, and flowering plants, whose general features are known to all, while their intrinsic interest surpasses that of every other class.

To begin with vertebrates. The earliest remains which can be

conjecturally assigned to the sub-kingdom in question are the *conodonts*, which probably belong to the humblest fishes, and are found in the Lower Silurian. With the Upper Silurian (about A.M. 60 millions) the ganoids and other magnificent armour-plated fish make their appearance. During the Old Red Sandstone period (A.M. 64 to 74 millions) these formidable mailed creatures clearly formed the lords of creation, and swarmed amongst all the seas from which the existing strata were deposited. It was at this epoch, too, that the dipnoi, the connecting-link between fishes and amphibians, appear to have been first developed. The transitional stage, which we should thus naturally expect, is seen to occur at the very place in which the evolutionist hypothesis would lead us to look for it.

Amphibians, such as frogs and newts, do not occur before the Carboniferous age (A.M. 75 millions), and then only with the extinct order of labyrinthodonts, which were in many respects more fish-like than their higher congeners in our own day. Tailless amphibians, like our modern frogs and toads, first appear in Tertiary times, on the very verge of the recent period, at a date which we have set down at 99 millions, A.M.

The amphibians were followed closely—at least, when we speak in units of geological time—by the true reptiles, whose remains have been first detected with certainty some fifteen æons later, during the Permian period, an age which is variously assigned by different writers to the Primary or Secondary epochs respectively. During the whole of the Secondary period (A.M. 88 to 98 millions) the development of reptiles was enormously rapid. The monstrous saurians, with whose shape we are so familiar from numerous pictures or restorations, reigned as unquestioned lords of the world throughout the entire era. Up to a date which we may set down as falling within the tenth decade of our own earth's history, “a monstrous eft” was the highest creature which evolution had yet produced. Our own degenerate snakes, on the other hand, the degraded representatives of the great lizards which ruled during the Age of Reptiles, did not come into being until the Tertiary epoch.

Two orders of Secondary reptiles possess special interest for the evolutionist, from the manner in which they bridge over the gap between their own class and that of birds. The gigantic deinosaurs, huge lizards erect on their hind legs, present numerous points of resemblance, as Professor Huxley has pointed out, to our own ostriches and emus. As to the well-known order of flying reptiles, which includes the pterodactyles, their likeness to birds is so striking that their proper place in the zoologic series has been seriously debated by competent

authorities. Professor Seeley, one of the biologists who have devoted special attention to these genuine "flying dragons," believes that they should be erected into a separate class, nearly related to, and co-equal with, the class *Aves*. In the character of their brain, in the light and hollow structure of their bones, in the arrangement of their breathing organs, as well as in the outer peculiarities of their shape and appearance, the pterodactyles approximate very closely to the type of birds. And it is specially important for our present purpose to note that both deinosaurs and pterodactyles are found in earlier deposits than any known member of the true Avian class, the former order of reptiles being represented as early as the Trias, and abounding in the Oolite, and the latter occurring first in the Lower Lias, and reaching their fullest development in the Oolitic age. Birds, on the other hand, are not known with certainty to have existed before the period of the Upper Oolites.

The first unmistakable bird is the *Archæopteryx macrura* of the Solenhofen slates. This extraordinary creature may be fairly described as a bird approximating as closely to the reptiles as the reptilian pterodactyles approximate to the birds. The links between the two classes are thus complete. The *Archæopteryx* had a long and lizard-like tail—longer, in fact, than the whole body—clothed with quill feathers, arranged in pairs on the side of each vertebra. The vertebræ were separate, as in the tails of reptiles, instead of being firmly welded together in part into the so-called "ploughshare bone." The jaws were provided with distinct teeth. Two claws on the wings were still free, and not united with the flying organ. In other less important anatomical peculiarities, this primæval bird still retained many marks of its reptilian origin. And if we subdivide the Secondary age into ten separate epochs of a million years each, we must roughly assign the earliest deinosaurian to the second of these, the earliest pterodactyle to the fourth, and the *Archæopteryx* to the sixth.

No more recent birds present such strong resemblances to reptiles as this Solenhofen specimen; but as late as the Cretaceous period, the last of the Secondary eras, many birds still retained the teeth in their jaws. Professor Marsh has found three remarkable types of birds in the Cretaceous strata of Western America which display this peculiarity. It is with the Chalk epoch, too, that birds of our own ordinary types first occur. So that the full development of this branch of vertebrates did not probably take place till the very eve of our own modern period. Vast as is the absolute space covered by the Tertiary deposits which separate us from the Chalk, it yet sinks into

relative insignificance when compared with the enormous duration of the more ancient geological periods.

Mammals, or ordinary quadrupeds, though more highly organised in most respects than birds, are less specialised in relation to their means of locomotion, and the connected peculiarities of covering or internal organisation. Hence, it is not surprising that mammalian remains should precede those of any certainly identified birds. The earliest known mammal dates back to the Trias, near the beginning of the Secondary period, about the year A.M. 89 millions. So far as known, the first few species of this class were all marsupials or pouched animals, like the modern Australian kangaroos and banded ant-eaters. But we can hardly doubt that they must have been preceded by still earlier and less advanced types, more closely resembling the semi-mammalian *Ornithorhyncus* and *Echidna*, which still survive in New South Wales. Throughout the whole Secondary age, extending to the year 98 millions of our fanciful era, mammals are rare ; and it is not till the beginning of the Tertiary period that they appear in any numbers, or attain any conspicuous size. From the Eocene epoch to our own time, however, their variety and importance steadily increase from century to century ; and, as Professor Nicholson points out, a progressive advance in the size of their brains has constantly taken place amongst the higher orders up to the present day. "Most of the Eocene mammals," says that able palæontologist, "in which the cranium is known, possessed brains of very small size in proportion to the bulk of the body ; and this disproportion gradually lessens as we pass through the Miocene and Pliocene to the recent period." Descending to minor particulars, the oldest mammals, as already noted, belong to the lowest division, in which are included the pouched animals. Members of the horse tribe do not begin to make their appearance till the earliest Tertiary era, the lower Eocene. Professors Marsh and Huxley have traced onward the development of the existing horse from this primitive ancestor in a most masterly manner. A curiously complete set of gradations have been preserved to us from the lower Eocene, through the upper Eocene and Miocene, with a progressive approximation to our well-known type ; till, at last, the true horses find their first genuine representatives in the early Pliocene strata. The great group of ruminants, including the deer and oxen, are also of Tertiary date, growing more and more varied in number and form as we approach our own times. The elephants and mastodons come in with the very modern Miocene age. The *Carnivores* date as far back as the Eocene, in the beginning of our last æon, but their highest types



first occur in the Miocene and Pliocene, near its close. Amongst our own nearest relations—the monkeys—the lowest type (resembling the lemurs of Madagascar) are found as early as the Eocene—a million years back, according to our arbitrary system. The catarrhine monkeys, with which our affinities are strongest, have not been detected earlier than the Miocene. The French *Dryopithecus* of the last-named age was an anthropoid ape, not unlike the gibbons, our own close relatives. Finally, the remains of man himself, in his earliest and rudest condition, have not been certainly demonstrated until the eve of the glacial epoch, which immediately preceded the existing system of things on our globe. Thus the order of occurrence of all the great vertebrate types is precisely that which the evolutionist hypothesis would lead us to expect.

It is true that in every case later discoveries may apparently upset the truth of the generalisations thus expressed. More careful search may push back any or all of these types a few degrees lower in the chronological scale. Thus the Abbé Bourgeois' researches have made it not improbable that man himself, or at least some quadrumanous animal capable of using and manufacturing flint implements, may have existed as early as the Miocene age. So, too, certain footprints in American Triassic strata are held by many geologists to be those of birds earlier in date than the *Archæopteryx*. Indeed, there is scarcely a single group the time of whose earliest appearance can yet be considered as definitely settled. Nor must we in any case rely too strongly upon the mere negative evidence presented us by the non-discovery of particular remains in particular strata. Nevertheless, after making allowance for all these sources of error, we may yet safely assert that these generalisations represent on the whole the proportionate and approximate date of each fresh introduction. For later discoveries seldom upset the relative position of any two groups. It is true we may find a bird or a reptile earlier than any bird or reptile yet known. But the position of the groups, as groups, remains unchanged; for each group begins with one or two stray representatives, and grows more and more frequent as we progress, so that there can be no doubt about its occurrence as soon as it becomes fully established in the economy of earth. It is questionable whether fish existed in the Lower Silurian period; but there is no question at all that they existed abundantly in the Upper Silurian, and swarmed throughout the Devonian epoch. Accordingly, we may always accept the relative position of each great class or order as now pretty certainly ascertained, and we need not fear that the main generalisations of palæontology will ever be upset by the



stray discovery of a few earlier types in each section than any yet known.

To recapitulate the history of the vertebrate animals, then, we may say that no vertebrate at all is known before the Upper Silurian period, about the year 60 millions of our epoch, when primitive fish begin to show themselves. The amphibians first occur in the Carboniferous rocks, A.M. 75 millions. Reptiles follow in the Permian, A.M. 88 millions. Toothed birds come upon the scene in the Oolite, A.M. 94 millions; and their toothless congeners put in an appearance an æon or two later. Mammals preceded them, apparently, as early as the Trias, A.M. 89 millions. Horses, lions, dogs, elephants, and monkeys do not date beyond the last million years. And man is not certainly known to have existed till a point just preceding the glacial epoch, which has been calculated, though rather upon astronomical than upon geological data, at some two hundred thousand years since. But it should be added that when traces of man first occur, in the chipped flint weapons of the palæolithic age, our ancestors had already reached a considerable stage of primitive culture, and had learned many useful arts, besides practising not a few æsthetic devices. It is probable, from the researches conducted by the Abbé Bourgeois in the Calcaire de Beauce, that the date of the human genus may be ultimately thrown back as far as the Miocene era.

Glancing briefly at another class of highly developed animals, the insects, we find that their geological history is exactly what we should expect if the evolutionist hypothesis were true. The insects rank highest of all animals except vertebrates, and the earliest known species have been found in Devonian rocks in America, belonging to the year 70 millions. Thus this very advanced form of arthropod life did not apparently exist in any shape till a very late date in the world's history. So very primitive and unspecialised is the character of the earliest species, that they cannot be exactly ranked in any of the existing orders; but they are considered to have closest affinity with the neuropterous insects, or dragon-flies, of our own day: whence they have been designated pseudoneuropterous. With the Carboniferous period, A.M. 78 millions, we find a large number of may-flies, more specialised than the Devonian types; and we also meet with cockroaches, crickets, and praying-insects, besides a few lowly organised beetles. As yet no bright-coloured flowers existed, and accordingly we get no trace of butterflies, a single wing which Mr. A. R. Wallace supposes to belong to this order being referred with greater probability, by Mr. M'Lachlan, to the carnivorous dragon-flies.

An ant of very antiquated form discovered by Professor Heer appears in the Lias, A.M. 93 millions. In the Oolite, an æon later, have been found the doubtful remains of the first known butterfly. Sir John Lubbock, however, believes that the order of common flies did not exist before the Chalk period, A.M. 97 millions; while butterflies did not appear until the Tertiary times. Flower-haunting beetles are only distinctly traceable as late as the Miocene; and as for honey-bees, they probably represent the very latest development of all, evolved side by side with the rich and nectar-laden flora of our own modern tropics. The now well-known correlation of flowers and insects, discovered by Darwin, and fully worked out by Lubbock, the Müllers, and many other naturalists, enables us at once to explain the comparatively late appearance of the highest and most beautiful flower-feeding types. Butterflies and bees could not come into being except side by side with the gay and brilliant blossoms which owe to them their existence, and minister in turn to their needs.

When we look aside to the vegetable world, we find in like manner that all the higher types belong to very modern periods. The great division of flowering plants does not occur in any form before the Devonian era, more than half-way through our chronological table. The earliest fossiliferous strata contain no plant remains of higher types than ferns, club-mosses, or horse-tails; and even as late as the Carboniferous epoch, at the end of the great Primary period—say some twelve or fourteen million years since—these simple and flowerless classes formed the vastly larger part of the whole flora of the earth. The first flowers belonged to the dull and inconspicuous kind which we know as cones, and which would only be recognised as such by a botanical eye. The earliest conifers occur in the Devonian rocks; but they were preceded as far back as the Silurian period by a curious “generalised,” or rather undifferentiated, class of plants known as *Sigillaria*, and apparently intermediate between the great extinct mosses and the modern families of conifers and cycads. We can thus bridge over the gap which now separates the highest flowerless plants (or acrogens) from the lowest and simplest type of flowering plants. Blossoms not unlike our own arums appear in the Carboniferous deposits. But the great group of dicotyledons, to which most of our ordinary garden and wild flowers belong, does not show itself with certainty before the Chalk. Accordingly, we see that here too the ascertained order of development exactly coincides with the hypothetical order demanded by the evolutionist hypothesis.

In a thousand minor ways, all these lines of evidence converge.

Thus we find that flowering plants begin with the unspecialised wind-fertilised species, and gradually progress to the specialised insect-fertilised species. Again, we find the butterflies, bees, and other insect-fertilisers developing side by side with the blossoms which they haunt. Once more, we find edible fruits appearing latest of all, together with the fruit-eating birds and mammals, which aid in the dispersion of their seeds. From age to age we see the adaptation of fauna to flora and of flora to fauna becoming more and more regular, definite, and minute. And we may also note another important fact: so far from its being true that all classes of plants and animals occur in even the earliest strata, it is clear that the highest and most specialised types of every great group have only come into existence in very recent and almost modern times. During nine out of the ten great æons which we have roughly calculated at ten million years each, our earth was mainly peopled by no higher creatures than molluscs and fishes, tree-ferns and horse-tails. It is only during the tenth and last æon that birds and quadrupeds, bees and butterflies, palms and oaks, daisies and roses, begin to make their appearance. And not till the very dawn of our own time do we find the highest and most specialised types of all—the ape with his marvellously cunning hand and inventive brain; the parrot with its gorgeous plumage and fruit-grasping claws; the orchids with their extraordinary contrivances of insect mimicry and varied colour; the apples and oranges with their bright hues, sweet juices, and hard-coated seed, all so aptly contrived at once to allure and to evade the sight and taste of parrot and of ape alike. When we consider all these points, it is truly extraordinary that ignorance should so passively be permitted to repeat its foolish shibboleth of “no geological evidence for the theory of evolution.”

In concluding, I must once more urge, as I urged at the beginning, that even a symbolical chronology, such as that here attempted, is at least better than no chronology at all, and far better than a chronology purposely distorted and darkened so as to conceal all the real bearings of the question at issue. No doubt the system I have adopted is a rough-and-ready one, liable to endless sources of error, and based upon a supposed uniformity in the rate of rock-forming which we have every reason to suppose does not really exist. But at the same time I believe it is approximately true in a general way; and it at least serves to bring into due prominence two highly important facts which are almost always misunderstood by the ungeological world. The first of these facts is the immensely long duration of the vast Primary compared with the short Secondary and very

short Tertiary periods. The second is the immensely long duration of the period for which we have no fossil records whatsoever—the period represented by the Laurentian rocks of Canada and the fundamental gneiss of the Scottish Hebrides. A chronology of geological time, however inadequate, may succeed in bringing out these two great principles far more graphically and vividly than any amount of dry details as to thickness of strata and probable rate of deposition. Broken and fragmentary as are the palæontological annals, they contain sufficient glimpses of the true course of organic evolution to correct for all who can read them aright the errors and misconceptions of crude or dishonest theorists.

GRANT ALLEN.

*VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.*

## I.

**M**R. TOM HOOD, in his admirable little essay on *Vers de Société*, well points out that the term Society-Verse scarcely expresses what is meant by the French term,—and that it is unfortunate we have no better. He opposes Society, in this connection, not to the million, but to solitude. He goes on to add :—“It belongs to social, every-day life, and is written by, and written for, ‘men of the world.’ It is rather the elegant and polished treatment of some topic of interest than the lofty and removed contemplation of some extensive theme.” This definition may be accepted as fair though not absolutely exhaustive ; for surely in good Society-Verse there should be much for others beside what are strictly to be denominated “*men of the world.*” Mr. Locker, and Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Calverley might well object to this *primâ facie* narrowing of their audience, from which matrons and maidens are alike cruelly excluded, though doubtless they form a large part of the audience so deeply desired by Society-poets ! Mr. Tom Hood’s arbitrary limitation in his definition is the more extraordinary and unaccountable in that he, at a later part, claims an element of humanity “and permanence of interest for all true Society-Verse—only, it must be half-disguised—veiled in ‘nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.’” Like Thackeray, who did some fine things in this way, the Society-Verse writer “laughs over some things because he does not want you to notice that he is crying !” A great point lies here. The pathetic and serious element is essential to the writer of Society-Verse ; his speciality lies not in any definable elements distinguishing him from the poet pure and simple ; but his mode of expression, which may, so far, be an accident.

True humour and cynicism are inconsistent with each other. Your true cynic is a sceptic also. He is distrustful by nature ; suspicious ; he scorns Man, not because he has fallen below himself, but because he can rise no higher : Byron, for example, in his most sardonic moods, puts himself outside the circle, no matter how clever and ingenious he is. Humour of the truest quality always rests on

a foundation of belief in something better than it sees, and its laugh is a sad one at the awkward contrast between man as he is and man as he might be. In a word, the humourist has an ideal by which all is brought to test. The true writer of Society-Verse is saved from cynicism by the necessity to remain a humourist. Wit alone will not suffice him. He must, in some degree, excite the sensibilities and unconsciously raise the ideal by the mere administration of pleasurable impulse : the suggestion of new relations and affinities in life.

As Parody stands ever on the border of the *Vers de Société* field, and loses its true identity if it over-passes the boundary, so *Vers de Société* itself ever tends to lose its true characteristics under a kind of necessary law of ascent. By this is meant that the artificial atmosphere of Society-Verse proper can only be held in relation to the poet, for musical and artistic ends, by his ever and anon drawing an inspiration from a field above it : else it would become merely conventional and artificial, and as such it would be repudiated by the world it professedly paints, which also needs elevation, escape from its own preoccupations in a thinly-veiled ideal image of them. Thus he must rise, and must lift up the reader, even while he seems merely to skim along a very determinate plane. All the best writers of *Vers de Société* have been also, in their measure, true poets, which means that they often wrote what is more than *Vers de Société* when they professed to write no more than that. There is thus a line to be drawn critically and theoretically between a certain order of poetry proper and *Vers de Société*, but it is very hard to draw it in practice. One who knows the subject well has written :—

“The primary meaning of the term *Vers de Société* is, I take it, that the verses referred to treat<sup>1</sup> of the doings of persons who move in the artificial atmosphere which is known as ‘Society ;’ for example, the verses of Praed—or what people mean by the verses of Praed—‘My own Araminta,’ and ‘The Belle of the Ball,’ for I do not even know that ‘The Vicar’ and ‘Quince’ strictly come under the class. According to this standard, very little of the work of Mr. Austin Dobson, a section only of that of Mr. Locker and Mr. Calverley, comes under the definition. The rest is minor poetry, more often tinged with humour, but not necessarily *Vers de Société*. ‘Verses of Humanity’ would be better ; but directly we get this, we use a term applicable to much so-called modern poetry.”

But wherever you have a true poet at work, even in the artificial atmosphere of Society-Verse, he will imbue it with touches which

<sup>1</sup> Yes ; but they treat of them in a specific way, that is, fancifully or imaginatively, not merely with elegance or wit, though elegance and wit may be brought to the service.

properly lift it above the merely artificial plane. For example, is Mr. Austin Dobson's "Incognita" *Vers de Société*, or minor poetry of a high order? We hold it is both, just as we hold that Thackeray's best efforts are both; and that whenever you begin to draw a hard line, you must break the poems in halves. A hard-and-fast line cannot really be drawn with any hope of finality, or even efficiency.

Society-Verse, in our sense of it, includes certain products of all polished times, which become fully or imaginatively realisable only through experience, more or less direct, of similar conditions. Anacreon in Greek very frequently, Theocritus sometimes, is in the mood. Petrarch once or twice in his sonnets approaches to it, and oftener in his earlier odes, notwithstanding the affected depth of his passion for Laura, which should have so steadied his flight as to prevent all playful curvings and circlings and billings and cooings of the Society-Verse kind. Yet he now and then gains fine effect and relief from slipping into a truly playful vein. What, for instance, shall we say to the 5th and the 10th Sonnets, not to go any further? Here are free renderings of them for the reader's benefit, should he not read Italian:

When, moved by sighs, I call thee by the name  
 That in my heart is written fair of Love,  
 LAUD-like it sounds, of sweetest accents wove,  
 As my fond tongue begins the word to frame.  
 Your REGAL state that next asserts its claim  
 Doubles my courage the emprise to prove;  
 But "Tarry," cries the last, "for powers above  
 All that ye boast alone could reach this fame."  
 Thus all who call you by that word again  
 Are taught at once to LAUD and to REvere,  
 For praise and reverence are your rightful state,  
 Unless, perchance, Apollo should disdain  
 The mortal tongue that, strange to fitting fear,  
 Around his greeny boughs should lightly prate.

---

Glorious Colonna, like a column strong,  
 Our hopes thou bearest of the Latin name;  
 Thou still dost calmly hold thy virtuous fame,  
 Even while the Pope condemns thee as for wrong.  
 Here is no palace, theatre, galleries long,  
 But fir and beech and pine put forth their claim  
 To stir the soul with true poetic flame  
 Amid green grass and hills and sweet birds' song.  
 Raised from the earth to heaven, our spirits soar,  
 As soft the nightingale in woodland shade  
 Pours all night long his melancholy strain.  
 With loving thoughts the heart grows more and more  
 Oh, why is scene so fair imperfect made  
 Because my lord must absent still remain!



Horace—the product of a highly artificial period of Roman life—is, for the most part, in the vein ; and Mr. Austin Dobson assimilates and reproduces this element of vague regret, yet of radiant self-possession and poignant self-reproof, so admirably because he is in so much Horatian. Let the reader look at his renderings of Horace from the Quartet in his last volume—which, moreover, have the merit of exhibiting Horatian feeling shaking hands with the new poetic forms—in this case the Rondel and Triolet, of which we shall have to say a few words immediately:—

VITAS HINNULEO.

*(Rondel.)*

You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy  
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother  
 Through trackless woods. If spring-winds sigh,  
 It vainly strives its fears to smother ;—  
 Its trembling knees assail each other,  
 When lizards stir the bramble dry ;—  
 You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy  
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.  
 And yet no Libyan lion I,—  
 No ravening thing to rend another ;  
 Lay by your tears, your tremors by,—  
 A husband's better than a brother ;  
 Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy  
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

PERSICOS ODI.

*(Triolets.)*

Davus, I detest  
 Orient display ;  
 Wreaths on linden drest,  
 Davus, I detest.  
 Let the late rose rest  
 Where it fades away :  
 Davus, I detest  
 Orient display ;  
 Nought but myrtle twine  
 Therefore, Boy, for me.  
 Sitting 'neath the vine,—  
 Nought but myrtle twine ;  
 Fitting to the wine,  
 Not unfitting thee ;  
 Nought but myrtle twine  
 Therefore, Boy, for me.

Is this not exactly the tone of Herrick, of Suckling, of Lovelace, of Waller, and Skelton, and the rest of our own English Society-

Verse makers, who produced the thing before it had received the name? Nay, is it not the very tone of much in Shakespeare, who included, as by law of affinity, every specific tone that poet could touch? Is it not the tone of Congreve, and of Swift, when he is not sardonic to the extent of dissipating, by bitter breath, the fanciful forms he has created for himself? Prior, and Gay, and Dorset, and Pope—when he can be naïvely playful, which is not so very often as one would think—are in the vein; so is Goldsmith, and, on one or two occasions, even Cowper, who is then always truly naïf and gently playful. Then there is Praed, and, in a sense, Ingoldsby, and Leigh Hunt, and Landor, and Hood the elder: and among Scottish writers, Aytoun, Outram, and some others less known; for we shall rank Lord Neaves amongst living writers of this class, because he has distinctly formed a Scottish School of what we must call Society-writers, who describe a full circle from the broadest fun to finest satire, and all with the utmost playfulness and good-humoured innocence of intent.

But we must not go back on old examples; that would prove endless. We must content ourselves with presenting a few of the most select specimens from writers of our own day, well contrasted and really illustrative. Nothing could be finer as a general specimen of the *Vers de Société* spirit than this—one of the happiest specimens from the happy pen of Mr. Henry S. Leigh:—

#### THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long  
 In the old Arcadian times;  
 When life seemed only a dance and song  
 In the sweetest of all sweet climes.  
 Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,  
 As the pitiless years have rolled,  
 We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,  
 And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way  
 Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.  
 In the nineteenth century lambs at play  
 Mean mutton, and nothing more.  
 Our swains at present are far too sage  
 To live as one lived of old:  
 So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age  
 With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round  
 Heard news of his latest flame;  
 And Tityrus made the woods resound  
 With echoes of Daphne's name.

They kindly left us a lasting gauge  
Of their musical art, we're told ;  
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age  
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—  
From shepherdess up to queen—  
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,  
And nothing for crinoline.  
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,  
And it's funny to think how cold  
The dress they wore in the Golden Age  
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,  
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,  
Are little events that have come to pass  
Since the days of the old *régime* :  
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,  
I'd give—though it might seem bold—  
A hundred years of the Golden Age  
For a year of the Age of Gold.

Mr. Frederick Locker has the true air of the writer of Society-Verse. He is never too much in earnest, and yet he is never trivial. His humour is of a soft and enticing kind. It shines rather than sparkles. He understands thoroughly what is consistent with his aims, and seldom aims too high. With all the external marks of the "man of the world," he touches the domestic sentiment faithfully and to fine issue : he is at home in the walks of the heart, and though he can smile with an averted face, it is because he would rather not say all that he feels and finds his pleasures in. He is sincere as well as gay ; he is serious as well as naïvely satirical ; there is a kindly glow and a firm beat of the pulse felt beneath the courtly polish and polite banter ; the veins can be seen under the lily-white hand. His fancy is obedient to his mood, and moves equably even when he is consciously indulging in surprises. Mr. Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson are now a days frequently named together, and spoken of as though to similar characteristics they owed their measure of success. Mr. Locker lacks a little of Mr. Dobson's subtle feeling for rhythm—he does not attain to the final felicity of some of Mr. Dobson's separate stanzas, though he is less tempted by extensive knowledge into recondite references, odd allusions, and classical by-play. Mr. Locker's pride is to go as straight to the mark, with unhesitating English frankness, as a Society-Verse writer could go. Mr. Dobson has much more artistic *finesse*. So far as two writers of the same class of verse, taken broadly, could be distin-

guished, these two are distinguished by this: Mr. Locker is from an old English gentleman; Mr. Dobson is reserved and dextrous and often seeks to evade direct statement or questioning. He is conscious of his power to tantalise and to teach as well as to amuse. He inclines not seldom, therefore, to parable, to fable, to remind himself by work which is in essence moral. He has a dash of Hogarth in him as well as of Horace. He has, too, the more sensitive feeling for nature more strongly developed than Mr. Locker, as in such poems as "The Seasons;" and in widening the sphere of his possible activity, it may tend sometimes to take from him his directness. He is at once finer and richer than Mr. Locker; but Mr. Locker is more concentrated, and surer of his ground. Mr. Dobson loves to experiment, to try new fields, and is apt to ignore the value of the successes he has achieved, and to compromise himself by writing for the mere ingenuity of the thing—"trifling" a little, though always like a scholar and a gentleman—and he has, in the minds of some very good critics, lost not a little by it. He is more versatile, but less self-sustained, than Mr. Locker; more a man of ideas; more of a student and a scholar than a man of the world. Sometimes, indeed, there is a shaded and reserved purity in his verses—as in one notable stanza of "Incognita"—which is altogether unexpected, and is not likely to be valued at its true worth by the readers of Society-Verse. Mr. Locker succeeds by his mixture of good English sense, subdued humour, and complete knowledge of cultivated life; Mr. Dobson succeeds by his nimble fancy, delicate grace of expression, quaint inventiveness, and wide scholarly sensibility, and general dexterity of intellect which controls it and detracts from the sense of spontaneity too largely. He uses his wide learning well, to impart a weight to his verse which other poets would be often too trivial. Besides, he has a turn for the comic, the farcical or more dignified grotesque; and this, in combination with his power to throw his fancies into dramatic form, raises the expectation that he *might* become a playwright, and succeed in a kind of poetry which good society in France particularly admires, and which may presume that there will be more and more demand for her knowledge of French literature and French life increases among us. Of this we have no promise or suggestion in what Mr. Locker has given to us.

One other point we must notice in Mr. Dobson—it is a remarkable faculty of restoration. He will choose a certain era, with a few characteristic touches, exhibiting most careful and lowly study even of out-of-the-way books and details, he will present

pregnant and clear, in a stanza or two. Both his volumes show many instances of this, proving that he is as much an antiquarian as a poet can afford to be. His "Gentleman of the Old School" and his "Gentlewoman of the Old School" perhaps show him at his best in this line. Sometimes, as in "The Tale of Polypheme," and the "Ballad of Beau Brocade," he condescends to the veriest trifling in this line also—such trifling as might be left to weaker hands, while he took up work with more humanity and promise of permanence; for he can write "Verses of Humanity" as well as Verses of Society, and it is doubtful whether his success in the first does not a little spoil him for full success in the last, though his success in the last may only aid him in the attainment of true grace in the first. Such pieces as "The Young Musician" bear witness for him here. But we must justify our deliverance so far by specimens. The first is from Mr. Locker, and is titled, "To my Mistress's Boots," an admirable specimen of fun-hiding earnest:

TO MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

They nearly strike me dumb,  
And I tremble when they come  
Pit-a-pat.  
This palpitation means  
That these boots are Geraldine's,  
Think of that.  
Oh, where did hunter win  
So delicate a skin  
For her feet?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perished, so you did,  
For my sweet.  
The fairy stitching gleams  
On the toes and in the seams,  
And reveals  
That Pixies were the wags  
Who tipped these funny tags  
And these heels.  
What soles! so little worn!  
Had Crusoe—soul forlorn—  
Chanced to view  
One printed near the tide,  
How hard he would have tried  
For the two!  
For Gerry's debonair,  
And innocent and fair  
As a rose.  
She's an angel in a frock,  
With a fascinating cock  
To her nose.

**Those simpletons who squeeze  
Their extremities, to please  
Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
Geraldine's.**

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*  
To Geraldine's were frights,  
And, in truth,  
The damsel, deftly shod,  
Has dutifully trod  
From her youth.

The mansion—ay, and more,  
The cottage of the poor,  
                Where there's grief  
Or sickness, are her choice,  
And the music of her voice  
                Brings relief.

**Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty puss-in-boots  
  These to don,  
Set your little hand awhile  
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll  
  Put them on.**

By way of complement we may here set down "The Jester's Plea"—a piece in a stricter vein of moralising—nevertheless full of the essential quality of such verse :—

## THE JESTER'S PLEA.

[*These verses were published in 1862, in a volume of Poems (by several hands) entitled "An Offering to Lancashire."*]

The World ! Was jester ever in  
A viler than the present ?  
Yet if it ugly be—as sin,  
It almost is—as pleasant !  
It is a merry world (*pro tem.*),  
And some are gay, and therefore  
It pleases them—but some condemn  
The fun they do not care for.

It is an ugly world. Offend  
Good people—how they wrangle !  
The manners that they never mend !  
The characters they mangle !  
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,  
And go to church on Sunday—  
And many are afraid of God—  
And more of MRS. GRUNDY,

The time for Pen and Sword was when  
 "My ladye fayre" for pity  
 Could tend her wounded knight, and then  
 Grow tender at his ditty !  
 Some ladies now make pretty songs,—  
 And some make pretty nurses :—  
 Some men are good for righting wrongs,—  
 And some for writing verses.

I wish We better understood  
 The tax that poets levy !  
 I know the Muse is very *good*—  
 I think she's rather heavy :  
 She now compounds for winning ways  
 By morals of the sternest—  
 Methinks the lays of nowadays  
 Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom halts, I humbly try  
 To make the most of Folly :  
 If Pallas be unwilling, I  
 Prefer to flirt with Polly,—  
 To quit the goddess for the maid  
 Seems low in lofty musers :  
 But Pallas is a haughty jade—  
 And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves  
 Of party stirring passion,  
 Or psalms quite superseding staves,  
 Or piety "the fashion."  
 I bless the Hearts where pity glows,  
 Who, here together banded,  
 Are holding out a hand to those  
 That wait so empty-handed !

A righteous Work !—My masters, may  
 A Jester by confession  
 Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,  
 The close of your procession ?  
 The motley here seems out of place  
 With graver robes to mingle,  
 But if one tear bedews his face,  
 Forgive the bells their jingle.

Mr. Austin Dobson can touch a yet lighter strain, and impart to it a tone of truest elevation and dainty fragranciness of finish. This is a specimen, though we were for a moment or two divided between it and the piece called "*Incognita* :"—



DORA *versus* ROSE.

*"The case is proceeding."*

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—

At least, on a practical plan—

To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,

One love is enough for a man.

But no case that I ever yet met is

Like mine : I am equally fond

Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,

And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—

Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—

Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers ;

Miss Do., perpendicular saints.

In short, to distinguish is folly ;

'Twixt the pair, I am come to the pass

Of Macheath between Lucy and Polly—

Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rose I have singled

For a soft celebration in rhyme,

Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled

Somehow with the tune and the time ;

Or I painfully pen me a sonnet

To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,

And behold ! I am writing upon it

The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter

Is all overscrawled with her head):

If I fancy at last that I've got her,

It turns to her rival instead ;

Or I find myself placidly adding

To the rapturous tresses of Rose

Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,

Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma ?

For Rose I would perish (pro tem.) ;

For Dora I'd willingly stem a—

(Whatever might offer to stem) ;

But to make the invidious election,—

To declare that on either one's side

I've a scruple—a grain more affection,

*I cannot* decide.

And as either so hopelessly nice is,

My sole and my final resource

Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—

Some feat of molecular force,

To solve me this riddle, conducive

By no means to peace or repose,

Since the issue can scarce be inclusive

Of Dora *and* Rose.

*(After-thought.)*

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),  
 Not quite so delightful as Rose—  
 Not wholly so charming as Dora—  
 Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—  
 As the claims of the others are equal,—  
 And flight—in the main—is the best,—  
 That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel  
 Is easily guessed.

Mr. Mortimer Collins has written one or two admirable pieces which, however—though of first-rate quality in points—do not maintain the same unity and exquisite balance as those of Mr. Locker or Mr. Austin Dobson. This is, perhaps, the best:—

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

*(Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.)*

Lady, very fair are you,  
 And your eyes are very blue,  
 And your nose ;  
 And your brow is like the snow ;  
 And the various things you know  
 Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,  
 And your Algebra and Greek  
 Perfect are ;  
 And that loving lustrous eye  
 Recognises in the sky  
 Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,  
 You can doubtless an eclipse  
 Calculate ;  
 But for your coerulean hue,  
 I had certainly from you  
 Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual  
 I were Adams mixed with Whewell,  
 The same day  
 I, as wooer, perhaps may come  
 To so sweet an Artium  
 Magistra.

Mr. Calverley, too, we should have quoted from, had we space. Besides Mr. Henry S. Leigh, we must name Mr. Gosse, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pennell, and Mr. Savile Clarke,—all of whom have produced gems in this cameo-carving of verse.

## II.

WE cannot pass from this section of the subject without a word or two about the new forms which have recently come into vogue.

These are admirably fitted for certain purposes, and in expert hands occasionally yield a most satisfying effect. In the mass of instances, however, restraint is the first feeling on reading them, and, therefore, we fear, not much can be hoped from the movement as a permanent thing. Mr. Dobson has written some exquisite Triolets, as well as Ballades, after the true form, and he has given, in an appendix to Mr. Davenport Adams's recent Volume,<sup>1</sup> a very admirable paper descriptive of the peculiarities of all these forms ; and this, if supplemented by his article in the "Mirror of Literature" on the *Ballade*, will well convey as full an idea as any English reader can desire in respect to them. Their relation to *Vers de Société* is not quite so accidental as it might appear : for Mr. Austin Dobson has himself pointed out that for the most part they might be made effective in epigram, but only, we think, in epigram that has elements to ally it closely with Society-Verse. We give below one or two specimens of these forms of verse. The first shall be a *Ballade*—the rule of which is that it shall be written on three rhymes and no more—arranged as a slight attention to this specimen will at once show to the careful reader :—

#### THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

##### *Double Refrain.*

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,  
 In November fogs, in December snows,  
 When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;  
 But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,  
 And the jasmine-stars to the lattice climb,  
 And a rosalind-face to the casement shows,  
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

When the brain gets as dry as an empty nut,  
 When the reason stands on its squarest toes,  
 When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;  
 But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,  
 And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"  
 And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—  
 Then hey! —for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

In a theme where the thoughts have a pendant-strut,  
 In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"  
 In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—  
 There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;  
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows,  
 And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,  
 And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—  
 Then hey! —for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

<sup>1</sup> *Latter-day Lyrics : being Poems of Sentiment and Reflection by Living Writers.* (Chatto & Windus.)

*Envoy.*

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;  
But whenever the May bells clash and chime,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

And these three Triolets :—

*A Kiss*

Rose kissed me to-day,  
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?  
Let it be as it may,  
Rose kissed me to-day.  
But the pleasure gives way  
To a savour of sorrow :—  
Rose kissed me to-day,—  
*Will* she kiss me to-morrow ?

*Circe.*

In the school of coquettes  
Madam Rose is a scholar ;—  
Oh, they fish with all nets  
In the school of coquettes!  
When her brooch she forgets,  
Tis to show her new collar :  
In the school of coquettes  
Madam Rose is a scholar!

*A Tear.*

There's a tear in her eye,—  
Such a clear little jewel !  
What can make her cry ?  
There's a tear in her eye.  
“ Puck has killed a big fly,—  
And its *terribly* cruel ; ”  
There's a tear in her eye—  
Such a clear little jewel !

A clever writer in *Fun* has admirably shown how some of these forms may be used for Society-Verse. He has given a whole series of them, including the Rondeau. Here we have a Rondel and a set of Triolets :—

LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

*Rondel.*

I hide her in my heart, my May,  
And keep my darling captive there !  
But not because she'd fly away  
To seek for liberty elsewhere.  
For love is ever free as air!  
And as with me her love will stay,  
I hide her in my heart, my May,  
And keep my darling captive there.

Our love is love that lives for aye,  
 Enchained in fetter strong and fair,  
 So evermore, by night and day,  
 That we our prisoned home may share,  
 I hide her in my heart, my May,  
 And keep my darling captive there.

## A PAIR OF GLOVES.

*Triolets.*

My love of loves—my May,  
 In rippling shadows lying,  
 Was sleeping 'mid the hay—  
 My love of loves—my May!  
 The ardent sun was trying  
 To kiss her dreams away!  
 My love of loves—my May,  
 In rippling shadows lying!  
 I knelt and kissed her lips,  
 Sweeter than any flower  
 The bee for honey sips!  
 I knelt and kissed her lips,—  
 And as her dark eyes' power  
 Awoke from sleep's eclipse,  
 I knelt and kissed her lips  
 Sweeter than any flower!  
 The pair of gloves I won,  
 My darling pays in kisses!  
 Long may the sweet debt run—  
 The pair of gloves I won!  
 Till death our love dismisses  
 This feud will ne'er be done—  
 The pair of gloves I won,  
 My darling pays in kisses!—

## III.

THE Scottish School—of which Professor Aytoun, Mr. Outram, and others of the Blackwood band, were the proper founders—was originally based on merely humorous character-sketching, as seen in "The Annuity." It has passed—perhaps in peculiar consonance with the national character—into two main lines: convivial humour of the broader kind, always with a more or less pronounced purpose of specific satire of foibles and extravagances; and a free criticism of the national orthodoxy, with a view of broadening and liberalising it. In this latter phase it has been, so to say, taken possession of by the Broad-Church party; and some of the happiest efforts of Dr. Norman MacLeod in verse would belong to this class—especially the "Waggin o' oor Dog's tail." It is felt in the "Curling Song" also; and, indeed, it might be said that Norman MacLeod never fell into the lighter mood without carrying a shade of this earnest

purpose with him. But he was not artistically delicate, and his points were not always taken with full feeling. He lacked wholly the art Horatian, and must, for this reason, rank only as third- or fourth-rate, in spite of his fine spirits, his readiness, his spontaneity, and earnest purpose. It has been well said that the Scötsch are peculiar in that they can afford to scrutinise their own oddities, and, on occasion, to look at themselves precisely like a third person. This is seen in much of the verse we are now dealing with. A few specimens of the more typical classes are all that we can afford to give. The first shall be from Lord Neaves on "The Origin of Species :"—

### THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

#### *A new Song.*

Have you heard of this question the Doctors among,  
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?  
This has lately been said, and now shall be sung,  
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,  
It required a few millions the change to complete;  
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,  
Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,  
To little or nothing at first did aspire;  
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,  
Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,  
By budding or bursting, produced such another;  
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,  
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer designates them well—  
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;  
But which of the two, Doctors only can tell,  
Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing grew buoyant with life,  
And each to itself was both husband and wife;  
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,  
Which nobody can deny,

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,  
And they thought a division of labour would do;  
So their sexual system was parted in two,  
Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that severed by fate,  
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,  
Never pleased till they gain their original state,  
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot ;  
 Some put out a finger, some put out a foot ;  
 Some set up a mouth, and some sent out a root,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb ;  
 Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim ;  
 Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,  
 As nature sent food for the few or for all ;  
 And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

A Deer with a neck that was longer by half  
 Than the rest of its family (try not to laugh !),  
 By stretching and stretching became a Giraffe,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

A very tall Pig, with a very long nose,  
 Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes ;  
 And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,  
                     Which nobody will deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,  
 Held its hind legs so close that it grew to a tail,  
 Which it uses for thrashing the sea like a flail,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same source ;  
 The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse ;  
 So men were developed from Monkeys, of course,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,  
 When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,  
 As a Lord of creation established his reign,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,  
 A relapse to low life may our prospects impair ;  
 So of beastly propensities let us beware,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,  
 And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views ;  
 Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,  
 When they'd sink to an oyster or insect some day,  
 Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,  
                     Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,  
 And descending through varying stages of shame,  
 They'd return from the Monad from which we all came,  
                     Which nobody can deny.



In slightly different view we may cite the following:—

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.

*A Lyric for Sunday Night.*

We Zealots, made up of stiff clay,  
The sour-looking children of sorrow,  
While not over-jolly to-day,  
Resolved to be wretched to-morrow.  
We can't for certainty tell  
What mirth may molest us on Monday;  
But, at least, to begin the week well,  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,  
Shall come to us freshing and frigid;  
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,  
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.  
With sermons from morning till night,  
We'll strive to be decent and dreary:  
To preachers a praise and delight,  
Who never think sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares;  
In this way they agree well together:  
The Mason by stone and lime swears;  
The Tanner is always for leather.  
The Smith still for iron would go;  
The Schoolmaster stands up for teaching;  
And the Parson would have you to know,  
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind nature is fair;  
But our system obscures its effulgence:  
How sweet is a breath of fresh air!  
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.  
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,  
Might be free to the poor man for one day;  
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers  
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain  
Till hateful and hurtful we make it!  
What though, in thus pulling the rein,  
We may draw it so tight as to break it!  
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,  
For then they get social or frisky;  
But of course they can sit still at home  
And get dismally drunk on whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell  
How mirth may molest us on Monday:  
At least, we begin the week well,—  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

We have preferred to give these to the yet better known "Origin of Languages," or the song, "I'm very fond of Water," as being less likely to be familiar to our readers.

Professor Blackie, who not seldom ruins his poems of this class for any purpose but chorus-singing, through his rough-and-ready off-hand style, and his inveterate disregard of form, has written at least two good things, of which we shall present a copy to our reader, assured that he will laugh lightly over them. The first is metaphysical, and is named—

#### CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

Since father Noah first tapped the vine,  
And warmed his jolly old nose,  
All men to drinking do much incline,  
But why, no drinker yet knows ;  
We drink and we never think how !  
And yet, in our drinking,  
The root of deep thinking  
Lies very profound,  
As I will expound  
To all who will drink with me now !

The poets—God knows, a jovial race—  
Have ever been lauding of wine ;  
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,  
And the draught of the beaker divine ;  
Yet all their fine phrases are vain ;  
They pour out the essence  
Of brain-effervescence,  
With rhyme and rant  
And jingling cant,  
But nothing at all they explain.

But I, who quaff the thoughtful well  
Of Plato and old Aristotle,  
And Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, can tell  
The wisdom that lies in the bottle ;  
I drink, and in drinking I know.  
With a glance keen and nimble  
I pierce through the symbol,  
And seize the soul  
Of truth in the bowl,  
Behind the sensuous show !

Now brim your glass, and plant it well  
Beneath your nose on the table,  
And you will find what philosophers tell  
Of I and non-I is no fable :  
Now listen to wisdom, my son !

Myself am the subject,  
This wine is the object,  
These things are two,  
But I'll prove to you  
That subject and object are one.  
I take this glass in my hand, and stand  
Upon my legs, if I can,  
And look and smile benign and bland,  
And feel that I am a man.  
Now stretch all the strength of your brains !  
I drink—and the object  
Is lost in the subject,  
Making one entity  
In the identity  
Of me and the wine in my veins !  
And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill,  
This point can better explain,  
You may learn from them, with method and skill,  
To plumb the abyss of your brain ;  
But this simple faith I avow,—  
The root of true thinking  
Lies just in deep drinking,  
As I have shown,  
By a way of my own,  
To this jolly good company now.

The next is on a very suitable theme for a professor who at once is a book-worm and is not :—

**SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY.**

Some book-worms will sit and will study  
Along with their dear selves alone,  
Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy,  
And their heart is as cold as a stone.  
But listen to what I now say, boys,  
Who know the fine art to unbend ;  
And all labour without any play, boys,  
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.  
There's Moodie, no doubt he's a fellow  
Of heart, and of head has no lack ;  
But his cheek like a lemon is yellow,  
And he bends like a camel his back.  
I tell him the worst of all evils  
Is cram ; and to live on this plan  
Is to nourish a host of blue devils,  
To plague him when he is a man.  
Sure Solomon knew what was fitting  
To keep a man juicy and fresh,  
And he says there is nothing like sitting  
O'er books to bring grief to the flesh.

From quarto to folio creeping,  
 Some record of folly to gain,  
 He says that your red eyes are keeping  
 Dull watch o'er the night oil in vain.  
 I guess you have heard many sermons  
 Not wiser at all than my rhymes,  
 But perhaps you don't know what determines  
 Their sense to be nonsense sometimes.  
 Though bright the great truth may be beaming,  
 Through dimness it struggles in vain,  
 Of vapours from stomach upsteaming  
 Unhealthy, that poison the brain.  
 Beside her old wheel when 'tis birring,  
 A spinster may sit and may croon ;  
 But a meddlesome youth should be stirring  
 Like Hermes, with wings to his shoon ;  
 With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,  
 Making sport with the ball on the green,  
 Or roaming about with a wallet  
 Where steamboats and tourists are seen.  
 Then rise from the lean-visaged study,  
 That drains all the sap from your brains ;  
 Give your face to the breeze, and grow ruddy  
 With blood that exults in the veins.  
 Trust me,—for I know what I say, boys,—  
 And use the fine art to unbend,—  
 All work, with no season of play, boys,  
 Makes Jack a dull boy in the end !

At no great distance behind these come some of the efforts of Sheriff Nicolson, of which this is perhaps as effective as any:—

#### THE BRITISH ASS.

*(Roared in a Den of Scientific Lions at Edinburgh, 7th August, 1871.)*

*Air, "The British Grenadiers."*

Some men go in for Science,  
 And some go in for Shams,  
 Some roar like hungry Lions,  
 And others bleat like lambs ;  
 But there's a Beast that at this Feast  
 Deserves a double glass,—  
 So let us bray, that long we may  
 Admire the BRITISH ASS !  
*Chorus*—With an ASS-ASS-OCIATION,  
 Etc., etc.

On England's fragrant clover  
 This beast delights to browse,  
 But sometimes he's a rover  
 To Scotland's broomy knowes ;

For there the plant supplies his want,  
That doth all herbs surpass,  
The Thistle rude—the sweetest food—  
That feeds the BRITISH ASS!

We've read in ancient story,  
How a great Chaldean swell  
Came down from all his glory,  
With horned beasts to dwell;  
If you would know how it happened so,  
That a King should feed on grass,  
In "Section D, Department B,"  
Inquire of the BRITISH ASS!

To Grecian sages, charming,  
Rang the music of the spheres,  
But voices more alarming  
Salute our longer ears  
By Science bold we now are told  
How Life did come to pass—  
From world to world the seeds were hurled  
Whence sprung the BRITISH ASS!

In our waltzing through creation  
We meet those fiery stones  
That bring for propagation, |  
The germs of flesh and bones;  
And is it not a thrilling thought  
That some huge misguided mass  
Will, one fine day, come and sweep away  
Our dear old BRITISH ASS!

The child who knows his father  
Has aye been reckoned wise,  
But some of us would rather  
Be spared that sweet surprise!  
If it be true that, when we view  
A comely lad or lass,  
We find the trace of the Monkey's face  
In the gaze of the BRITISH ASS!

The Ancients, childish creatures!  
Thought we derived from heaven  
The godlike form and features  
To mankind only given;  
But now we see our pedigree  
Made plain as in a glass,  
And when we grin, we betray our kin!  
To the sires of the BRITISH ASS!

<sup>1</sup> "He who rejects with scorn the belief that the shape of his own canines, and their occasional great development in other men, are due to our early progenitors having been provided with these formidable weapons, will probably reveal by sneering the line of his descent."—DARWIN'S "*Descent of Man*," I., 127.

*AMONG THE SUGAR-CANES.*

**W**E had some passengers on board the "Egmont," bound from Brisbane to the northern ports of the Colony, with whom I soon made friends after my custom. Imprimis, a couple of dogs chained up in the fore part of the ship ; a nondescript, said to be a colley and of high repute with cattle, and a small black and tan. The bigger dog, as usual, took his troubles philosophically, and surveyed the surroundings, let them be rough or smooth, with big brown eyes that could not probably be other than placid. The toy dog, used, no doubt, to endless petting, yelped and pulled at his chain night and day, troubled at the absence of his young mistress, who lay very sick, with a pillow supporting her weary head, on one of the saloon skylights. Deserted by their owners, these passengers hailed my approach three or four times a day with boisterous delight. A couple of swans in a gigantic coop would return no demonstration of friendship, though, puzzled as they must have been under such circumstances, they suffered one to touch them. There are probably not a dozen white swans in all Queensland, and the novel appearance of these strangers was abundantly proved by the curiosity of a family of colonial boys and girls who now for the first time saw the birds which had previously existed for them in picture-books only. These swans on the second night were deposited at Rockhampton safely, and the circumstance was thought worthy of special articles in the morning newspapers, welcoming them to the public gardens, and thanking the curator of the same for procuring them in Sydney and bringing them through so long a voyage successfully. On the lower deck I found other friends in three blood-horses and a couple of hacks, bred on the Clarence River, New South Wales, and destined for a northern station. Horses, even if they are not sea-sick, never seem to enjoy a sea voyage ; these were remarkably meek, if not depressed. The young stud horse had life enough left to nibble feebly at the tarpaulin manger under his nose, but he and his companions in misery had left their food untouched, and looked wofully like roysterers on the morrow of a hot revel. I think these fellow-voyagers are worthy of introduction here as living examples of the determination of the

colonists, by extending the useful hand-in-hand with the beautiful, to make their adopted home, so far as in them lies, a copy of the old country.

On shore it had been hot. It was nearing the end of October, and summer had set in early, with promise of roasting weather, though shortly afterwards it changed its mind, and left for 1879-80 a season of coolness—the more enjoyable because it was out of all rule. At sea it was pleasant as yachting in the Solent in June when the sky is blue and the wind westerly. Along the shore, appearing as a hedge of clouds to the far left, as we headed north, the fiery serpents of heavy thunder storms were playing for two days, but the ocean and the islands out at sea were sunny and calm. It was an undesirable termination of such a voyage to arrive at Flat Top Island at two in the morning, and be transferred to a small tender, upon whose dewy decks we had to pass five hours under the glare of a moonlight which rendered caution in sleep necessary. The tide came at last, and then we steamed up the Pioneer river to the port of Mackay, which is contending at present with the drawback of a river curiously channelled and shallowed by sandbanks, and agitating for the Government—by cutting through the dunes at one point where there are but a few hundred yards between river and sea—to give it free access to the watery highway of the world at large.

Mackay is the metropolis of a great sugar-growing district. It was born of sugar, lives by it, and is a thriving specimen of a small colonial town. It is within the tropics and, being flat and bare, would be a very warm spot but for the trade winds which blow with blessed regularity during the summer. Even with this advantage, Mackay is not the town, nor is any second-rate colonial town, the place one would choose for a residence, without a special reason. If people in this quarter of the globe would plant shade trees as soon as the streets are laid out, and let an abundance of green foliage grow simultaneously with houses and wharves, all the conditions of life would be altered.

Upon the adjacent sugar plantations life is infinitely more enjoyable than in the town, and I could almost have fancied that a latent jealousy which I detected in the townspeople against the planters had something to do with this state of things. Be that as it may, the planters know how to reduce the discomforts of tropical life to a minimum, and in matters of comfort, and even luxury, are excelled by none and equalled by few classes in the colony.

It seemed strange for a time not to hear the ordinary conversation



of Australian country life, and to be in an atmosphere where there was not the remotest flavour of sheep and cattle. People as a rule talk of the things by which they live ; and just as there is iron in the speech and thought of the Black country, cotton in Manchester, and coal at Burnley, you may safely reckon, in hotel, coach, and steam boat, to hear in any of the Australian colonies that hides, tallow, and wool come continually uppermost. Here I experienced a decided exception. The talk centred around Java and Bourbon cane, centrifugals, juice, crushings, and the latest ruling prices in the London markets ; and very soon I was as strongly impregnated with the saccharine odour as my immediate fellows. There was this notable difference between the squatters and sugar planters—the former at the time (1879) were bewailing the ruinously low prices of stock, the latter were rejoicing in magnificent yields of cane just when the market was high and rising. The misfortunes of the Mauritius planters saddened none of the Mackay growers, so far as I could detect ; it was their opportunity, and they were not slow in making the most of it.

The plantation at which I resided during my stay in the district was about four miles from the town, and its proprietor, who was M.P. for the electorate, after introducing me to the leading men of Mackay, drove me away to his house. The river Pioneer, a broad but too shallow river, ran side by side with the road the whole way, and on the other hand the plantations filled the prospect, the cane luxuriant and beautifully green. Our talk was more of alligators than of sugar, however, a monster having been reported as just then haunting a sandbank below the bridge over which we passed. My host was naturally anxious to show me the reptile, but it was not to be seen, though it had been observed the day before, and was actually stalked two days later.

One of the loveliest gardens I had seen in Queensland surrounded the house of my bachelor host, and the gardener, anticipating his first appearance after the close of the session, had newly mown the grass and removed every weed from the beds. The richly flowering tropical shrubs were at their best, the English flowers, especially the verbenas and geraniums, were in full bloom, and recent showers had freshened everything that was green. From the creeper-screened verandah the mill was visible, and the merry laughter and shouting of the “boys”—Kanakas—intermingled musically with the noise of the machinery and the whistle of the engine. An unmistakable air of bustle, prosperity, and content characterised the first glimpse of plantation life. There were more human figures in the outlook than

can be seen in other phases of colonial industry, and although they were the dark coffee-coloured figures of nearly nude South Sea Islanders, the picture would not have been half so bright without them.

Two or three days spent amongst the sugar-canes and amidst the operations of a plantation, put me in possession of a bewildering amount of information about sugar-growing, taught me its immense importance to Queensland, and produced in my mind the feeling that it would be an excellent thing in many ways to be the proprietor of one of these Pioneer river estates, and have around me willing, laughing "boys" to anticipate my wishes and reduce the necessity for exertion to the lowest point. It may have been a fortunate thing for me that I had not at that period a loose fifty thousand pounds to invest in the purchase of a certain eligible estate and mill which might perhaps have been obtained for that sum, for the quiet rides through the cane, the sport (of which I shall have something to say presently), and the conviction forced upon me by cross-examination and calculation that some of the mills were crushing-out gold, would have been temptation irresistible. But the sugar-planter has his bad seasons, and I was well aware that the Queensland men had suffered pretty smartly in previous years, and that some of them were in the hands of the banks, and only now saw a prospect of release clearly before them. That sugar production will be one of the greatest of industries in the future of Queensland it is impossible to doubt.

The Kanakas seemed to swarm in and around the mill. Their costume was simple and easily adjusted, being nothing but a scanty loincloth. It was so scanty and so tightly stowed away that until you were at close quarters they seemed to be in a state of nature. Their sleek bodies glistened with a warm coppery tint, and they worked under the blazing sun with no other head-covering than their woolly pates. As for condition, they were models of fulness and firmness of flesh, and some of them quite ran to aldermanic proportions in the article of paunch. As a rule, the Polynesians are small, but I noticed some half-dozen upon the plantation splendidly proportioned, and displaying ropes of magnificent muscle. The women—there were three—wore a gown of gaily patterned print, and they worked steadily at some of the lighter forms of labour. In the fields, and upon the heaps of refuse in the yard, the Kanakas chatted gaily as they worked, but at their stations in the mill the business went on without a word and without a hitch. Carts, drawn by stout horses, came from divers directions with loads of newly cut cane,

and the drivers were invariably "boys"; and "boys" still would meet the eye in every nook and corner.

Three years ago I published an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, upon the Polynesian in Queensland, repudiating the idea that he was a slave, pointing out that he perfectly understood the nature of the contract which, according to law, he makes with his employers under the eye of a Government agent, and maintaining that he is contented, happy, and fairly dealt by. Close observation since and many visits to sugar plantations, great and small, have confirmed those opinions. The South Sea Islanders engage to serve for three years, and then are sent back to their islands in the Government labour schooner. From the moment of their engagement by the recruiting agent on the beach of their island homes to the moment when the boat lands them upon the same spot on their return, they are under the watchful protection of the Government and under the equally watchful eye of the European colonists who are hostile to Polynesian labour, and ready to pounce upon and magnify their ill-treatment. The accusation is indeed sometimes made that the Government evinces more anxiety for their welfare than for that of European immigrants. I have been amongst the Kanakas on board the newly arrived schooners, upon their plantations after they have settled down to their term of service, and in the Brisbane streets, when, dressed more sprucely than a white artisan, they have purchased their guns and axes, and et-ceteras, with their recently received wages on the eve of their departure, and my impression has always been that they are as happy a class as any in the colony, and more happy than the majority of white working men. They suffer from pulmonary complaints, and show a high rate of mortality, but still they are anxious to come, and numbers of them voluntarily remain after their contract has expired, or return a second and third time from the Islands.

The sugar plantation is a pretty and homely object of our scenery. The mills, with their lofty chimney stacks, are generally on the banks of a river whose dense scrub has been cleared. At a distance the crops display the lovely tints of a young corn-field, and the narrow paths give an air of occupation and industry which at once strikes the eye accustomed to the open forest or half-cleared farms. The plantation crops are always green and, whether in the form of ratoons or fully grown cane, are delightful to look upon.

The carts were shooting out their loads of cane fresh from the plantation as we arrived on a visit of inspection. The Queensland planters have always aimed to secure the best varieties of cane the world could offer, utilising from time to time the experience of the

States, Java, and Mauritius. The heap before us was of a big yellow cane that originally came from Java, and was producing more than two tons and a half per acre—a remarkably good average when we remember that in the early days of sugar-growing here the planters considered they were doing well with an average of a ton and a half. A variety called the Rose Bamboo was also yielding a very satisfactory density. On the previous night the men, according to their custom, ran a fire through the cane ready for cutting, to clear it of dry leaves and other rubbish, and although the heavens had reflected the widespreading conflagration, the cane, now unloaded on the great heap, was practically none the worse for the ordeal, although it naturally had lost its exterior colour and bloom.

The heap of cane, denuded of leaves, was formed at one end of the open mill, and close to the machine, aptly called the cane carrier, incessantly supplied by the “boys” who deposited their burden into the sloping trough, along which it was carried by an endless revolving band up to a couple of Kanakas who fed the rollers. These powerful crushers drew the cane into their grip, expressing every particle of juice and throwing out, as they worked, the refuse, technically known as megass, which was at once seized by Kanakas and removed to be stacked for fuel. The juice—and the mill was just then pressing out 12,000 gallons a day—ran, somewhat the colour of dirty water, into the cast-iron receiver, and thence through a strainer, kept clear by a female Kanaka. By a powerful pump the juice was next pumped into a wooden gutter, which conducted it to the clarifiers, as required. In the clarifiers it was brought to boiling point, and around these vessels “boys” armed with paddle-shaped pieces of wood were skimming off the muddy-looking head of scum. Here the natural tendency to acidity in the juice was corrected, and subsequent granulation prevented, by the use of lime. In this process all impurities rose to the surface, to be at once skimmed off. Thus cleaned, the juice streamed through another wooden gutter into the batteries, two in number and each holding 1,800 gallons. The dusky ministering angels presiding over the amber-tinted seething liquid, now boiled into a bubbling foam, were, like their brethren at the clarifiers, occupied in skimming, with the difference that the scum removed at this stage was worth storing in a tank. The juice was boiled until it reached 22 degrees Beaumé ; time about three hours. Twelve feet below us four Kanakas were stoking at as many furnace mouths, and their coffee-coloured bodies and black heads contrasted well with the whitey-brown megass they thrust in, pushing themselves at the same time so well forward that they seemed in a fair way to become fuel

themselves. A white man was in charge of these battery furnaces, but the actual work was done by "boys."

Arrived at its proper density, the juice was ladled out of the batteries and conducted through pipes into four subsidars, where it settled for four-and-twenty hours, and in such a manner that it could be drawn off clear of sediment. The grand object throughout was to clear the juice of every scintilla of impurity. Finally skimmed in the heater, into which it was pumped by an ingenious bit of machinery, the juice next found its place in seven charcoal filters, and, taking leave of us there in that state, presented itself next as clear syrup. Each filter contained about two tons of charcoal, and through it the juice percolated into a tank, where it lost the brownish tint of its former existence and became transparent. Then came the vacuum pans, into which it was drawn as required, and in which it was boiled, to leave them a sticky compound of sugar and molasses.

Here it is that the sugar-maker's skill is put to the crucial test; here would be made the difference between good sugar and bad; for the art of sugar-boiling is to get as much grain as possible from the mass, and to be able to make it large or small at will. A little carelessness at this stage will spoil all. This was why, into the huge dome-shaped pan, a skilled operator continually thrust the "proof stick" (really an iron rod) to mark the course of the boiling. He thus, so to speak, felt the pulse of the whole business, and the hammock slung close by showed that night and day, when the process was in operation, he must be on his watch-tower. At hand there were barometers, thermometers, steam gauges, and water gauges to be set one against another, and on the domed roof of the pan there was a circular glass of the peepshow pattern, through which the watcher commanded a view of the interior, where two tons of stuff could be accommodated. Descending to the next floor, this pan presented itself to us as a gigantic cast-iron egg, through the bottom of which there oozed the semi-liquid sugar, to travel its sluggish way through a wooden trough into the coolers. Outside, I had noticed that the primary machinery was worked by an engine of twenty horsepower; here I found that the vacuum pan required for its own purposes a twelve-horse engine to keep its air- and water-pumps in action. In the coolers we had arrived at a dark brown damp sugar, yet not so damp but that it was necessary to temper it with molasses to secure its free action in the centrifugal, a whirling cylinder making a thousand revolutions a minute. Into this cylinder the sugar was shovelled, the machinery was set in motion, and all that could be seen in the giddy movement was that the dark brown gradually faded into

white. In five minutes the mad whirligig was stopped, and its circular wall of gauze wire was caked with white sparkling sugar. The molasses had been driven through the minute perforations, but the true article remained as wheat remains on the threshing-floor.

Having now made our sugar, and while still upon the subject, a few more details may be added to complete the description of a sugar-mill in operation. During the last two minutes of the centrifugal's performance a "boy" had poured in, by means of a teapot, a pure solution of sugar—*eau sucré* considerably above proof—and this had cleansed and polished the crystals. The molasses were re-boiled, and again reboiled, the sediment each time representing a sliding scale of inferior sugar. Passing through an open shed, where the temperature was less like a hot-house than that in which I had been perspiring, and having had pointed out to me, as representing some of the losses of the business, a quantity of disused machinery that four years ago was the fashionable system but was now sunken capital, we breathed freely in the sugar-house where the prime sugar, direct from the centrifugals, was put into canvas bags and the second quality into "Madagascar pockets," each holding 70 lbs.

Like the New Testament ancients, the sugar-planters always seem to be seeking some new thing, so that upon one plantation the system adopted may be different from that of another. The speciality of the mills through the important portions of which I have conducted the reader was purification by charcoal. Other mills purified by boiling. Whether it was because of the charcoal I know not, but no one could deny that *my* mill produced a sugar that had never been beaten. The proprietor certainly had to pay for his fancy. The process of making charcoal was a manufacture in itself, and demanded its own premises. There I found a huge heap of calcined bones, retaining their original shape; a handmill to grind them in; a winnowing machine to separate dust from the true charcoal; and upon the wooden partitions there were some bold chalk drawings of South Sea Island war canoes and birds and beasts, and a good-humoured caricature of the manager of the plantation, all sketched in leisure moments by the light-hearted Polynesian. In one of the war canoes the steering man was putting "the thumb of derision to the nose of contempt"—proof that the artist had not lived for nought in an English colony.

It was always interesting to stroll through and around the mills. Had I been a dentist the pain, however, would have been too severe, for when the "boys" got to know me as an appanage of the proprietor or manager, whom they regard as a friend, they would show

a "box of ivories" that would be the envy and despair of a professed artist of the dental art. I learned to like their merry, simple ways, and I see nothing incongruous in their uncovered skins, ranging from coffee colour to black, according to their islands; whether going and fro with burdens, wielding the ladles, tending the fires, or driving the horses, they were always quiet, plodding, and contented. The only puzzle was that these "boys," who in their own country bask in the sun and allow such food as their women do not bring them to drop into their mouths, should voluntarily enter into servitude and at once become amenable to discipline. Upon this particular plantation there were twenty white men to 100 Kanakas. There were 100 acres for crushing that year, and 500 acres additional available for future cultivation. The yield as a whole was averaging two tons to the acre, and the price of sugar at that period averaged £25 per ton. But the year, both as to yield and the price of sugar, was unusually good.

Mackay is the sugar district *par excellence* of the colony; there are districts farther north that may prove equally suitable climate, rich river scrubs, and available harbours are everywhere. All that is wanted is capital. The law allows the employment of Kanakas within thirty miles of the coast, and the present Government are not enforcing even that restriction; and it is strenuously insisted upon by all who have practical acquaintance with sugar-growing, that it is impossible without coloured labour. The industry is increasing with rapid strides. Ten years ago the exports of sugar were returned at £41; in 1871, the first year when a comparison will hold, the amount was £16,262; in 1877, the official returns were £180,000, and 1879 will show a great increase upon that gratifying total. The first four years of sugar-growing in Queensland showed a steady increase, but in 1876, which was a disastrous year to the planters, the figures had sunk to £21,561; in the previous year they were £70,207; and in 1874, which was a very good season, they stood at £108,373. These figures will illustrate at one and the same time the extent of the industry, its possibilities, and its fluctuations. According to a competent authority, Queensland should have produced in 1879 not less than 15,000 tons of sugar, which at £25 per ton, represents a money value of £375,000. The actual production, I am assured, would not be much more than half that amount.

Sugar was first grown in Queensland in the East Moreton district, is, roughly speaking, the Brisbane district; but the first planter, though successful in producing cane, failed in getting sugar from



Nevertheless, the Government recognised his enterprise by a grant of 2,000 acres of land. The first sample of Queensland sugar was crushed on the Caboolture river, about thirty miles from Brisbane, and there subsequently sprang up on the Albert and Logan rivers plantations still in existence. The crops, however, in the southern portion of the Colony are liable to suffer from frost. Sugar was subsequently grown on the Mary river, where farmers still cultivate the cane largely.

But, as I have said, Mackay is the present centre of the richest plantations, and of the 15,000 tons estimated to be the yield of 1879, the Mackay fields would contribute 8,000 tons. The pioneer planter is Mr. Spiller, who owns two plantations, from which he anticipated to crush 2,250 tons. At the time of my visit, the early part of November, he had already crushed 1,375 tons, and there yet remained two months' work. Yet for years this gentleman hovered on the brink of disaster, and has only within the last two seasons reaped adequate reward for hardships endured and capital employed. In 1865, when he came to the district to try the experiment, the river banks were virgin tropical scrub, and the surrounding country out of the limits of civilisation. On one occasion the blacks surrounded the cottage in which Mrs. Spiller was alone, and for twelve hours she remained with loaded rifles by her side, barricaded and ready to open fire at the first sign of hostilities. Her husband, in view of such an eventuality (common enough even now in the unsettled districts), had taught her the use of firearms, and she would have made a good account of the foe if the occasion had arisen. The blacks, however, for some unaccountable reason, raised the siege, and departed without committing any serious mischief. In that district there are now sixteen large sugar plantations, equipped with all the latest improvements.

Two years after planting his cane Mr. Spiller, who had travelled in Java, and made himself acquainted with sugar-growing, crushed his first cane with rough, hard-wood, home-made rollers, and made half a ton of sugar. He was now able to show me the outgrowth of that modest effort, in the two extensive plantations which he owns. The largest is the River Estate plantation, which, at a push, has produced seventy tons of sugar in a week. He employs between four and five hundred hands. Yet until the year 1870 he was hopelessly blocked for want of machinery, the first properly appointed mill in the district being the Alexandra, owned by Mr. Davidson. Mr. Spiller is now pushing his sugar fields up the sides of hills where an ordinary observer would never think of planting; he has laid down a

tramway two miles long, for the conveyance of firewood from the scrubs, and as the scrub is cleared the cane is planted.

At this rate the face of the country has been entirely changed during the last five years. We rode through the rustling cane to eminences overlooking as fair a view as the eye could desire. From one of them we could count ten mills peeping above the tree-tops, each probably belonging to a plantation averaging 1,000 acres in extent. Interspersed amongst the level living green of the cane were clumps of scrub, and the never-fading tropical foliage along the river banks. It was veritably a sea of bright verdure, whose waves were very palpable, albeit they were but waves of shadow playing and passing. Twenty square miles of this mostly level cultivation in brightest array, were below and around us. Very literally there was here scattered

Plenty o'er a smiling land.

Scenery more romantic and majestic I have often seen, but a fairer scene of peaceful plenty, never, as we sat in our saddles upon the hill-top and looked over the planter's paradise, enclosed with its semicircular rampart of mountains. Now it was apparent why this was the sugar-growing district *par excellence*. The rainfall is certain in its season, and the mountains distribute a proper proportion over the basin, which faces the quarter out of which the welcome south-east trade winds blow. It can count with certainty upon warm tropical rains in January, February, and March, and upon being relieved in the dry months by showers born of the mountain barrier. Frost, the sugar-grower's worst enemy, next to a falling market, is unknown. One singular mishap may be recorded. The favourite cane at one time was a Bourbon variety, but in 1874 it showed signs of deterioration. The whole district was afflicted with an unaccountable and unexpected rust, which a year before had appeared in the more southern plantations, and had been attributed to frost. One morning all the Bourbon cane in the Mackay district seemed as if a fire had passed over it during the night. The glorious green expanse, upon which the sunset fell in changing hues, was brown and blighted at dawn, save where patches of a new variety, the Black Java, had been planted, and there a small oasis in the desert was visible. The blight had passed by the Black Java, and destroyed the productive Bourbon. Thenceforth, not only Black Java, but other new canes were introduced, until there were about thirty-six different kinds of cane in cultivation. Experiments still continue, and the friend with whom I stayed took me into his kitchen garden, and showed me a bed of experimental canes, recently imported. At present most

confidence is felt in Rose Bamboo, Meera, Big Yellow, Otamate, Gingham, Raphoe, Malabar, Caledonian Ribbon, and Bois Rouge. Every year there are slight symptoms of rust, but the planters, in view of the hardy canes they have introduced, and aided by the experiences of planters in other countries, are not in much dread of the common enemy which plays such havoc with the wheat-growers.

There is plenty of work to do upon a plantation at other times than crushing. As soon as this the busy season is over, say at Christmas, the young cane, or ratoons, must be cleaned, and the next year's crop must be generally looked after. There will be land to plough and prepare ; perhaps new ground cleared for addition to the plantation. From March to July canes are planted, and by that time crushing is once more approaching. All the year through the weeds have to be kept down, if the planter would maintain his repute and get the most out of his cane.

Planters' hospitality is as famous in Queensland as in the West Indies, and being generally men of education, and having under any circumstances an unstinted supply of labourers, they surround themselves with more of the luxuries of life than the general run of colonists. The "boys" are quiet and handy fellows in a house, and there is no need for the pressure of the domestic-servant curse on a sugar plantation. The planters are, from one cause and another, considered by their brother colonists "good form," and men who are not required to rough it, as are people dwelling in the bush. They live near each other, as a rule, and can cultivate the graces of society, while the semi-tropical or tropical scrub scenery around the plantations has always a richness and attractiveness of its own.

Sugar alone, let me now observe, would not have tempted me to Mackay, backed though it was by the warm hospitality of my friend and host. I had been among the sugar-canes before, and could at any time reach a plantation within the compass of a day's ride from Brisbane. There was a more potent attraction to lure me on a voyage of 600 miles. That attraction was indicated in one little word on a previous page—the word "sport." In this Magazine, in the June of 1878, in an article generally deploring the poor angling prospects of Queensland, it is mentioned, upon hearsay, that far away north, leagues above the tropic of Capricorn, there was a big fish named the palmer, which rose fitfully at a large hackle, and was probably named palmer in consequence. This unknown fish I had never forgotten, and at length I determined to make its acquaintance. The murder is out, though I have waded to it through much sugar.

What tackle I had went with me in the "Egmont," and I begged or borrowed from acquaintances, who haply had preserved them, four or five salmon flies, which I thought might be serviceable. My friend and host, who had told me about the palmer three years before, and every year renewed his invitation to me to try it, was no angler. But he had seen the fish, and had assured me on the word of a gentleman, a bachelor, a member of Parliament, an Oxford man, and ever so much more, that I should find some sport. But unfortunately he gave me no details. He could tell me how to race abreast of a buffalo and pistol him on the prairie; he had graduated with honour amongst prairie hens and canvas-back ducks, but he was, to my thinking, brutally ignorant of angling. Consequently, I soon discovered that I was very ill prepared indeed, as the reader will admit in a few moments.

The Pioneer river ran by the end of the garden, and, though only four miles from the port of Mackay, had thus soon put off its sea-going dress. It no longer looked the approach to an estuary, but a rippling stream with clear banks, and gently sloping shores of sand. Once or twice before venturing forth I had seen Kanakas returning from angling expeditions with strings of miscellaneous fish, and had noticed fish moving in the water when the tide was rising. These, however, were the whiting, bream, and flatheads, to be found in all tidal rivers. Four miles farther up there was no tide perceptible. Rocks abounded in the bed of the stream, and broke its current in many picturesque ways. It there became a really beautiful river. Instead of slimy foreshores, and mangroves thickly sprouting out of them; instead of muddy tide and monotonous current,—there were gloomy pools overhung with rocks, garnished with reeds, adorned with lilies, and ruffled by wild duck; or clear rushing streams, eddying and roaring over stony ledges, and gliding and spreading with foamy grace in their impetuous escape. Where trees grew, glossy tropical foliage hung in festoons from the branches and interlaced tree with tree; where trees had grown, but had fallen beneath the axe, flowering shrubs and scrub undergrowth covered the ground, and above them rose the elegant pale-green branches of bananas, planted by the Kanakas of the neighbouring plantations for their own delectation, in groves of their own, on Sundays and other off-days. In some of its best reaches the river possessed all the inspiring, eye-satisfying, ear-delighting characteristics of a home salmon stream, with the added wealth of tropical vegetation. The Pioneer, in a word, was a revelation to me—a different type of river from any I had seen in Queensland.

The sun was too bright and hot for angling at any other times than morning and evening, and the first visit was one of my numerous disappointments. My two companions, the one a planter, the other a squatter, two old College companions, and both kindness itself, had brought their rifles in the hope of shooting an alligator. The pools appeared more dark and gloomy than they actually were when I knew that they were the haunt of this hideous reptile, and the repeated warning to take care that I did not mistake a rock for one of them added to the excitement, for I had that day seen a horse whose flayed hind-quarters bore livid testimony to the need for warning.

My trusty little fly-rod was quite useless here. Favourite traces and flies at last were found wanting. Three times in succession the gut, rotten by previous use, but more by disuse in a warm climate, parted, when a fish took the white moth with which I had made a beginning. A small artificial minnow was then rigged up upon a general rod, but without swivels what could be done? Certainly, not much. Still, there were two brace of fish to show. They were called herring, but had nothing of the herring in their character. They were about eighteen inches long, with large mouth and decided teeth, thin of body, greenish on the back and silvery underneath, and more like some descriptions of guard-fish than herring. They gave excellent sport, and took a fly greedily. Sometimes they may be caught in any quantity. One of my four was taken with a gaudy salmon fly. The fish were well on the feed as evening approached, but before long every scrap of tackle that would hold a fish had ignominiously given way. This, to a real angler, I am aware, will sound like an admission of unparalleled weakness and stupidity. As my companions reminded me, as we drove along the sandy track homewards, a true sportsman should—especially in fresh fields and waters new—be prepared for any emergency. I could urge nothing in defence, but pretended to be much interested in the reflection of the field fires in the sky.

The next day was for a wonder grey, and eventually wet; one of those warm muggy days fatal to fish. Fortunately my despair was not of long duration. The owner of the Alexandra plantation was a true sportsman, learned in all branches of angling, and when I modestly told him of my predicament, and asked him to lend me an old tracing, and a spinning bait, if he had one, he placed his whole armoury at my disposal. Had I been at Speyside, I could not have been better supplied. He furnished me with a peerless eighteen-foot spinning rod and winch, treble gut tracings with brass swivels, and four phantom minnows of the largest size, the precise equipment I

had the night before decided I should have brought. Moreover directed me to the likeliest spots, at one of which he had cut a tree that interfered with a throw into a boil at the foot of a small

From the top of a flattish boulder jutting out at a point where the river was split into three parts, and the torrents fretted and roared day long, and where I could command every description of work kept at work for two hours; hours of abandonment to such sport that compensate for a hundred blanks. It was a pleasure to use the long perfectly balanced rod, and hear the whirr of the big winch; and pleasure even higher to feel the savage plunge of the palmer, as it learned that the nicely spinning phantom, so delicate gudgeon working its way up stream, was a delusion and a snare. At this spot I killed seven fish, the largest 8½-lbs., the smallest 4-lbs. It would have been agreeable to meet with one of the eight and twenty-pounders that are occasionally taken, but I was satisfied knowing that the season was not far enough advanced for really good sport, and that the water was very low.

My good friends had looked on with patience and content, most pleased that he had not brought me to the Pioneer on the scent, the squatter always ready with the landing net. By the time I had exhausted the water from the boulder point of view, I was ready upon the higher rocks over which the main channel of the river tumbled. Overhead a canopy of vines gave shade and shelter, and at our feet the water gambolled between and around the boulders. At our side lay the rifles for the accommodation of a stray hunter, and at our back a brook had created a gurgling channel of its own, preferring a peaceful and unostentatious outlet to the more impetuous violence of the adjacent cataract. And near and far beyond the river bed we were hemmed in by strange abundant foliage. In the middle distance of the main stream, across a line of rocks, a high and dry upon the drift wood brought down by the last flood lay, white and perfect, the skeleton of an alligator that in life must have measured twelve feet. The bottles had been deliciously filled, and the feast was even luxuriously spread.

As the recently caught fish hung suspended from the branches of a tree they looked uncommonly like pike, and the resemblance struck me when the first palmer came within scanning distance of the water. Even its manner of striking and fighting had reminded me of the pike, and the colour, as it flashed for a moment and disappeared in the final struggle, was exactly that of the familiar jack. However, the likeness ceased. Though there was a tendency to a bill-like head of the pike, I found that the palmer had no teeth.

that the bony rim of the mouth when stretched open was a pure oval. The dorsal fin was spiked like that of pike-perch. The eye in one light seemed red, in another yellow, in another opal. It was a strong, gamesome fish, and the eight-pounder gave me not a little trouble. "Cast the bait close under the fall," the obliging lender of the tackle had told me. Upon this hint I improved somewhat. The overhanging trees, the gap made by the sportsman just mentioned, and his long rod, enabled me to drop the phantom on the edge of the cascade, and over it came plump into the creamy bubble. It was taken in an instant, and the fish made a furious rush round the fountain hollowed out at the foot of the fall. He was well in hand, however, and acknowledged as much by darting through the shallow water, thirty yards without a pause, down stream, artfully making for and gaining a reef of rocks, into which I feared he was hopelessly entangled. It took a quarter of an hour to dislodge him by such gentle humouring as slackening the line and straining it from different positions suggested; and then came a smart tussle with the bended rod in open water.

The sport continued good intermittently during the afternoon, and I became reckless in the matter of wading. Cautioned twice by my friend when floundering waist-deep across the narrows, I forgot all warnings in the excitement of spinning, until by-and-by I received a caution of another kind. A deep pool seemed a probable place for a palmer, particularly the glide of a byewash on the further side. To send the bait to the desired spot could only be effected by wading in a distance of a couple of yards. Half a dozen casts producing no results, I backed out upon the rocks, and, simultaneously with my achieving foothold, a dark shadow in the water beneath turned and glided slowly, a fainter shadow every moment, into the deepest part of the pool. There crept over me, as I peered aghast into the water, a cold shiver that almost repeats itself as I recall the adventure. One of my friends—from whom I had wandered unwittingly—was already shouting to me to keep away from the pool, and he had no reason to shout twice. It was a notorious alligator-haunt.

Some naturalists protest against the word "alligator," averring that our Queensland hero is a crocodile. Whatever it may be, it is a dangerous customer to men and beasts. Horses and cattle going down to drink are often wounded. I know of two instances of men riding across a ford being mutilated in the leg, and of Polynesians and children being attacked while bathing, and dogs carried away. I saw the track of one of these creatures well defined from the water's



edge, about twenty yards into the scrub, where its soft, dingy white eggs had been laid. Mr. Spiller told me of an encounter with an alligator in the early days of his plantation. When out shooting, his dog suddenly howled and retreated from a patch of reeds. Looking down, he saw within five yards of his feet an alligator about nine feet long. For a moment he was nonplussed, his barrels being charged with No. 4 shot. But he was equal to the occasion, for, keeping his eye steadily upon the enemy, he drew his charges, and substituted a couple of bullets which happened to be in his pouch. Meanwhile the alligator kept his hideous little eyes fixed upon him, but, beyond an uneasy wagging of his tail, did not move. Mr. Spiller slowly raised his gun and sent a bullet into the alligator's eye, without touching the eyelid. The beast made a spasmodic advance, but was stopped for ever with the second bullet. These alligators are found in all the rivers from the Fitzroy at Rockhampton northwards, and are an ever-present source of danger. They have been shot twenty feet long. It requires a true shot to kill them direct, and they generally escape for the time, to be found dead afterwards. The white skeleton we had in view at luncheon-time was doubtless an example.

REDSPINNER.

## *ABOUT NOTHING.*

MANY years ago it happened to me to be in a place where I ought not to have been, busily occupied with matters wherewith I ought not to have been occupied, and entirely happy in my employment, when suddenly a dark shadow fell between me and the sunshine, and a tall, familiar figure in gown and trencher-cap confronted me with the demand, "What are you doing here, boy?"

"Nothing, sir," said I unhesitatingly, being naturally ready with the formula which "every schoolboy knows."

"Don't tell me lies, boy," was the stern rejoinder. "You *must* have been doing something. Don't you know that you are always doing something, and always will be during every minute and second of your waking life? And as a general thing, the chances are that you will be doing no good."

I was a great deal too young and too much in awe of those set in authority over me to find solace in an unspoken *tu quoque*. I slunk away, oppressed by a novel and alarming conviction of responsibility—a conviction, the strength of which was in no wise lessened by the circumstance that this same moralist was pleased, upon more than one subsequent occasion, to charge me in specific terms with doing nothing, and to administer correctives to my person upon that express ground. For I plainly perceived that he, who was wise, just, merciful, and righteous—at least, he always gave us to understand that he was so—could not mean to accuse me of doing that which he had himself declared to be impossible, and that his figure of speech was merely intended to imply that I had fulfilled his prediction and had been doing no good. And so, when, in reading a review upon a humble work of mine the other day, I came across the casual observation that "because one has nothing to say, it does not therefore follow that one should say it," I did not understand the critic to be complaining that I had exercised a needless reticence—which might seem to be the strict interpretation of his words—but rather that I had needlessly said what my respected schoolmaster would perhaps have defined as nothing, *i.e.* something that was of no good.

Far be it from me to dispute the truth of such an assertion. My obscurity is my shield ; and it is a comfort to know that, if the work in question has done nobody much good, it assuredly cannot have done anybody much harm. But, dear me, what a fortunate thing it is that the punishments inflicted in later life upon useless efforts are only of a moral nature, and fall upon a metaphorical cuticle, which has, perhaps, grown a trifle tough with years ! If all of us who have said and written things that were of no good to anybody were to receive the swift retribution of our school-days, with what sore backs we should crawl about the streets, and how the air would resound with the whistling of birch-rods ! Critics and criticised might then mingle their moans ; statesmen would repose uneasily upon their leather-covered benches ; leading articles would admit in a few, short, sad sentences, their inability to lead : there is too much reason to fear that many of our most distinguished divines would be incapacitated from mounting the pulpit-stairs next Sunday ; and before such a *régime* had been in force for a week, silence, mournful and profound, would have fallen upon all the stricken land.

It is, in short, obvious that if all utterances, the worth of which may be set down at zero, were to be banished from among us, society would find itself in a sorry plight. Empty talk—and perhaps, to a limited extent, empty writing also—is a harmless and not unpleasant accompaniment to the drudgery of existence. It is like the twittering of birds in the branches, or the stirring of leaves in summer woods, or the breaking of wavelets on the shingle—or shall we say it is like the cackling of geese upon a common?—all of which sounds fall agreeably upon the ear, and please the brain with a cheerful sense of surrounding life, and really stand in no need of justification. We cannot be always giving or receiving improvement. But some people, as we know, don't like to hear geese cackle, and want to know what the wild waves are saying, and persist in prying into the causes of things, and finding sermons in stones, and deriving profit out of everything. Of these are the curious race of commentators who, starting from the assumption that their author is a great poet, or a great philosopher, or whatever it may be, will have it that all his recorded words must be great, and twist his sentences this way and that, cudgelling their brains to get at his meaning, with no suspicion that, perhaps, he did not mean very much after all, or that, if he did, it does not greatly signify. Everybody has heard of one of these perplexed persons who in despair went to Goethe himself to ask what was the signification of a certain passage in "Faust," and received in reply a candid assurance that the poet really didn't know.

Of these, too, are the wiseacres who ponder over oracular sayings of emperors and prime ministers : of these are the tribe of interviewers and their readers, and the dreadful people who pester great men to write themselves down asses in albums, or to favour the petitioner with a few words of sage counsel—whence come, sometimes, results which are almost pathetic. It is not so long ago that the newspapers entertained us with an anecdote of an eminent prelate recently deceased, to whom, as to one noted for learning and wisdom, a young man had applied with the usual idiotic request. The good bishop no doubt found, as humbler folks might have done, that he had nothing to say, and duly proceeded to say it. But as, from the nature of the case, it was essential that he should clothe his nothing in a garb at once striking and original, he reflected for a short space, and then came out with the following astounding bit of advice :—“Always verify quotations.” Well, really one would have thought that he might have done a little better than that. In that delightful book “Holiday House,” Uncle David, wishing to bestow a parting word of warning upon his nephew and niece, solemnly cautions them against cracking nuts with their teeth ; which, as a good, sound, practical counsel, might be considered preferable to that delivered by the Right Reverend Father. Doubtless it is well to verify quotations ; and it is also well to live within your income, to be abstemious in your habits, to love your neighbour as yourself, and to follow the dictates of your conscience. The Bishop, however, probably perceived that his questioner would be grievously disappointed if he were either sent away with no advice at all, or were merely advised to keep those precepts which he had observed from his youth up ; and, accordingly, a piece of wisdom suitable to the occasion is produced.

But why should this pestilent young man have forced the poor old gentleman into saying this foolish thing ? Why could he not be content with nothing pure and simple, but must needs insist upon having nothing dressed up to look like something ? There are people, I say, who won't put up with a round O, were it as symmetrically drawn as Giotto's—who can't bring themselves to listen to anything that is neither instructive nor pretends to be so. But with these persons we need not trouble ourselves, since they will certainly not waste their valuable time in perusing desultory remarks which professedly have Nothing by way of a text. Others there are, such as the writer—and it may be hoped also the reader—of this paper, who are less exacting. We have an understanding of the beauty of repose ; we know that it is an innocent, a delightful, and a whole-

some thing to lie supine upon the grass in warm weather, to watch the clouds sailing high above the tree-tops, and to drop the reins upon the neck of thought. We have no objection, every now and again, to doing nothing and thinking of nothing ; and one of us—sooner than drop asleep in the rocking-chair by the open window yonder—is prepared even to go the length of writing about nothing.

Is not this text, indeed, as good a one as another to hang a brief discourse upon, seeing how extensive a part Nothing (in the sense attached to the word by Pedagogus) plays in the affairs of the world we inhabit ?

Ich hab' mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,  
D'rum ist's so wohl mir in der Welt !

Zero, big and clear, is written up here, there, and everywhere. How many loves and quarrels, wars and treaties, plots and projects, and high-sounding programmes have had to acknowledge this rotund cypher as their ultimate resultant ! The library-shelves of the British Museum groan beneath the weight of accumulated zeros ; musty zeros, neatly engrossed upon parchment, choke the Public Record offices of Europe ; a gentle shower of zeros floats through the slumberous atmosphere of many a church, twice at least, in every week : in all quarters of the globe honest men are diligently manufacturing and disseminating this harmless blank.

All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

It is a terrible waste of energy. Perhaps so ; but might it not be an even more terrible thing if all this energy were condemned to achieve permanent results ? When a sufficient head of steam has been got up to keep the engine of Progress going, is not a safety-valve a useful and comforting contrivance ? The superabundant steam escapes in a white cloud not unpleasing to the eye, and evaporates speedily into thin air, injuring no one.

There is a depressing theory to the effect that no word was ever spoken, no deed ever done, but has had its consequences immediate and infinite ; just as—to use a somewhat threadbare simile—the smallest pebble, dropped into a pool, will send circling ripples to the very limits of the glassy surface. But this is a dreary view of things, which we may surely be permitted to ignore. The responsibilities of life are large enough, in all conscience ; we don't need to survey them with the aid of microscopes and magnifying-glasses. Far more agreeable is it to contemplate the all-embracing zero, and the void whither the sayings and doings of some great men, as well as small

ones, seemingly tend. If, upon one occasion or another, we have said nothing a trifle too loudly, it is reassuring to know that we have erred in good company. Are not better and wiser men than we perpetually shouting out nothing at the top of their voices? Take, for instance, those pulpit utterances to which passing allusion has just been made. It was recently my privilege to listen to two preachers whose circumstances and surroundings differed widely, but whose sermons, I am bound to say, resembled one another very closely in respect of issue. Number One was the incumbent of a fashionable London church, and addressed himself with the assured ease of a practised orator, and without any aid in the shape of notes, to a large and presumably well-educated audience. He made a good start, and for a time we rolled pleasantly along a broad high-road of mellifluous commonplaces; but presently he began to show signs of swerving towards a by-path of doctrine, at the end of which there was, so to speak, a palpable brick-wall, dangerous to heedless drivers. I don't think he had the remotest intention of turning down this *cul-de-sac*; but to my great delight he did so, and evidently did not realise his position until he had reached the very end of it, and was face to face with that insurmountable obstacle. I awaited results with no small curiosity. I thought he would make a feint of getting over the wall, or that he would try to work round it, or, perhaps, to knock a hole in it with his head. But not at all. He paused, blew his nose with great deliberation, restored his handkerchief to his pocket, and then with a brisk—"But to resume," trotted back to the safe highway of platitude, down which he bowled us merrily for another ten minutes or so, pulling up finally at our destination of zero in true workmanlike style. Such conduct certainly did not seem to show a high respect for the intelligence or the congregation, but probably the speaker knew what he was about, and was aware that that assemblage was not composed of persons likely to be severe upon fluent inconsequence. So much for Number One, a truly adroit zero-monger.

Number Two was the chaplain of a large county asylum. His auditory—*exceptis excipiendis*—consisted of some five hundred lunatics, who, not being considered too mad to take part in a religious service, might, one would have thought, have been capable of understanding a few plain words of hope. I therefore looked for something very brief, simple, and explicit; but, to my utter amazement, we were called upon to listen to a mystical, metaphysical kind of discourse, which, so far as I could make out, had neither starting-point nor aim, and which came to an end at last for no other apparent reason

than that everything must come to an end sooner or later. I can answer for one sane person present who would have been quite unable to say what in heaven or earth the man was driving at. I don't know what the five hundred lunatics thought. When it was all over I had the honour of being introduced to the preacher, and, for want of something better to say, I asked him whether he found that he could gain much influence over his flock.

"Oh no," he answered, shrugging his shoulders; "there is nothing to be done with them. But," he added, with a touch of modest satisfaction, "I can control them with my eye."

He had a pair of goggle eyes before whose glassy imperturbability I could well believe that the most excitable maniac might have fallen back discouraged. "There was no disturbance, you see," he continued; "we very seldom have any disturbance." And he seemed to attribute the credit of this gratifying circumstance entirely to the visual and in no degree to the articulating organ with which he was blessed. I was afterwards informed, it is true, that a few Sundays back, a patient had jumped up in the body of the chapel, and had loudly apostrophised his pastor as a—well, as an adjective fool; but his, I suppose, must have been one of the very bad cases. Upon the occasion of my visit all passed off decently and in order.

Now, these two reverend gentlemen, if tried by the rule of Pedagogus, could hardly have escaped flagellation; for I defy any man to lay his hand upon his heart and say that he was one whit the better or the wiser for Number One's dissertation, and Number Two did not even profess to have made an effort at rendering himself intelligible. And yet it would be rather hard to say that either of them deserved punishment. The first had to address a class of persons who, next to being bored, abhor nothing so much as being asked to exercise their thinking faculties. He offered them a string of well-expressed truisms, interspersed with pretty metaphors and illustrations, and sent them away contented. The second confessed his inability to influence the mentally afflicted through the medium of speech; and so (I suppose) he did his best to gratify their tastes by presenting them with a declamation full of sound, signifying nothing. There is every reason to believe that their respective methods of producing zero gave satisfaction to their respective hearers. It is undeniable that they might have done better, and indeed ought to have done better; but what then? Neither of them is a failure. On the contrary, the numerous admirers of the one testify by their constant attendance at his church that they look upon him as a bright and enduring



success ; and if the same test of efficiency cannot be applied to the other, it must at least be confessed that his task is an exceptionally discouraging one. What would *you* say, Sunday after Sunday, to five hundred madmen? For the matter of that, what would you say to five hundred sane persons? I have an idea that, if given sufficient time in which to prepare it, I could preach one really admirable sermon, and it would not surprise me to hear that you also entertained a similar modest notion. But what about fifty-two or a hundred and four sermons in the course of the year? And next year?—and the year after? Among all the spinners of emptiness, I think the clergy are those who merit the largest share of leniency and obtain the least. The unfortunate occupant of the pulpit must hold forth once a week, whether he will or no ; and it would be as unreasonable to require a perpetual supply of grain without chaff from that hebdomadal mill as to expect a similar boon from the politicians with whose oratory a general election deluged the country not long ago, and who cannot object to hearing their speeches rated at zero, seeing that some of them have since shown so much willingness, not to say eagerness, to admit the impeachment, and to explain that if, in the heat of the struggle, they said so and so, and so and so, they in truth meant nothing at all—nothing, that is, except in a general way, “Codlin is your man, not Short.” It is evident that a candidate can’t announce himself in that bald, concise sort of way ; some flowers of rhetoric must needs be scattered among the throng, where they are usually appraised at precisely their proper value. Every now and then, to be sure, some thick-headed, humourless creature will start up and demand explanations, proofs, authorities, or what not ; but we may be pretty sure that by the nation at large the time-honoured joke of an appeal to the electorate is tolerably well understood, and that the number of votes lost to A. by the eloquence of B., or *vice versa*, is small indeed.

Yet surely it would be a pity if the eloquence were altogether suppressed. It is mostly innocuous ; it is sometimes amusing ; at the least it affords subjects for conversation and for the letting loose of the stored-up wisdom of leading articles. By-and-by, when the honourable and right honourable gentlemen are duly elected, comes more eloquence, followed by more leading articles ; and what is the upshot of a great part of it? Heaven forbid that the insignificant writer of this disquisition should compare the legislators of his country to that class of animals from whom much cry and little wool is to be expected. Still, it can’t be denied that there is a good deal of cry. It would not be difficult to point to certain matters upon which

a stupendous amount of argument and discussion has been expended, and of which the outcome is as invisible as was the Spanish fleet before it came in sight. I do not allude to the measures which engage our attention at the present day ; for these are, of course, of the last importance, and are fraught with incalculable consequences to the human race ; but looking back into history, one seems to be able to distinguish a host of bitter controversies which have terminated in a general "As you were!"—revolutions succeeded by restorations and reactions—long wars which have ended in nothing, or even in less than nothing ; the result presenting itself in the form of a row of figures with a doleful minus-mark for prefix.

And what of the separate atoms who, through their rulers and representatives, have thus spent time and money, and split hairs, and waged wars? Has the harvest proved more satisfactory to them individually than collectively?

Ich setzt' mein Sach auf Kampf und Krieg,  
Und uns gelang so mancher Sieg ;  
Wir zogen in Feindes Land hinein,  
Dem Freunde sollt's nicht viel besser sein,  
Und ich verlor ein Bein.

Here is a minus-mark with a vengeance. Alas! the history of the world is the history of the individual. Who can cast a backward glance upon the resolutions, the projects, the promises of bygone years, without seeing a crowd of zeros dwindling away into the distance, with here and there a minus-mark amongst them? I once heard a generous gentleman assert that, if he had his life to live over again, he would not make it in a single particular ; but I imagine that he, if sincere, was very nearly a unique specimen of the race. For most of us the past has little to show but a succession of disappointments and mistakes—"For who knoweth what is gained for a man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?"

But perhaps enough has been said upon a subject which, it may be seen, is susceptible of indefinite development. In ages past and to all appearance, in ages yet to come, men have laboured and will labour anxiously, indefatigably, at the production of nothing. Pending the advent of the millennium, this state of things must be submitted to, and, indeed, is not without its consolations. For wasted labour is better than no labour at all. It is better to do nothing actively than passively ; it may even be better to write an idle essay about nothing than to fall asleep in the daytime.

Two-and-thirty years ago, when they were setting up *ateliers*

*nationaux*, to the huge delight of some 100,000 lazy workmen, in Paris, all sorts of grand results were predicted for this singular enterprise. There was to be an end and a finish of the do-nothings. Not only was compulsory idleness to be abolished at once and for ever, but voluntary idleness likewise was to be shamed into disappearance; and, as time went on and ideals realised themselves, a paternal government, having the supreme direction of work, was to help every man in that art or trade for which nature had best fitted him, and thus put an end also to misplaced energy; so that altogether it was a very fine scheme. But that, too, ended in nothing.

W. E. NORRIS.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

### THE PHOTOPHONE.

SCIENCE is usually stern and cool ; sober, deliberate, and calculating : but now and then it suddenly breaks loose in wild, sensational outbursts. The photophone is the most recent instance of such impropriety. The idea of talking to a sunbeam, and the sunbeam repeating the conversation to a friend a quarter of a mile distant, is apparently more congenial to Baron Munchausen than to sober physicists.

It is far too startling to have escaped the daily newspapers, and therefore my readers must know more or less about it already. Still, I cannot pass it over altogether, especially as some of the first published accounts of it dashed forth very confidently a rather plausible but totally fallacious explanation of the marvel. They stated that Mr. Bell had succeeded in converting the light-waves into sound-waves. There is no foundation for this. The tremors *producing* a ray of light are very different from the tremors *of* the rays of light, or rather of the beam of light, upon which the action of the photophone depends.

Place a tumbler—or, better, a finger-glass—of water on a table in such a position that direct sun-rays shall strike the surface of the water, and from this surface be reflected on the ceiling. A patch of light corresponding to the size and shape of the water surface will there be seen. Now draw a well-rosined violin bow along the edge of the glass so as to produce a sound. Immediately the sound starts the water will be agitated, quite a storm of little waves will appear on its surface. The sunbeam reflected from the surface will be similarly agitated, and the image on the ceiling correspondingly disturbed. If mercury be substituted for water, the experiment will be more demonstrative.

This flickering, waving, or agitation of the sunbeam is quite different from the tremors of the luminiferous ether which are supposed to constitute the light itself. It is the ready-made light that is disturbed, not the light producer.

The above experiment is suggested because it may be easily made, and the effects are coarse enough to be just visible. With suitable apparatus we may prove that a solid surface is agitated similarly to the water surface when acted upon by the waves of sound. This is done by making the well-known experiments of sprinkling sand on glass or metal plates and drawing a violin bow across their edges, or that of similarly covering a stretched membrane and singing to it. In both cases the sand or finer powder arrays itself in beautiful geometrical figures corresponding to the "nodes," *i.e.*, the valleys between the wave-hills of the plates or membrane, and thus demonstrates the vibration, and to a certain extent draws its portrait.

If such a solid vibrating surface be made to reflect a beam of light, it is evident that the beam will flicker according to the varying angles which the waves of the undulating mirror surface present to the incident rays, and this flickering beam may be reflected upon another surface, as our beam from the tumbler of water was reflected to the ceiling surface.

This is what is done by Mr. Bell in the construction of his photophone. The voice of the speaker is directed against the back of a flat mirror made of material sufficiently elastic and flexible to be set in decided undulatory movement by the sound-waves of the air. A plate of thin glass or mica, covered on one side with a bright film of chemically deposited silver, is used. A beam of sun-light concentrated by a lens strikes the silvered face, while the voice behind throws the plate into undulatory motion. The light beam is reflected from this, and trembles or flickers in exact correspondence to the movements of the reflecting surface. The trembling beam is caught upon the "receiver," a disc of hardened india-rubber stretched like the drum of our own ears at the end of a suitable hearing-tube. The open end of this tube is applied to the ear, and a miniature repetition of the speaker's voice is heard.

Now, what is the action of the receiver? This is the most puzzling question. I will only venture to suggest a probable or approximate explanation, which further investigation must either confirm or refute.

When light falls upon any substance, it may be either reflected, absorbed, or transmitted, or all these in different degrees. If the substance is opaque, only reflection or absorption occurs. The hard rubber reflects a little, and absorbs much, of the light it receives. But what happens to the rubber when such absorption takes place? The light disappears altogether *as light*, and is converted into heat

or expansive force ; in this case of the flickering beam the intensity of the received light varies with the flickerings, as on the ceiling of our primary experiment, where the crests and hollows of water waves are pictured by different degrees of luminosity—or, relatively, of light and shade. Thus the receiver will be heated or expanded variously in different parts of the receiving side, a series of molecular strains or disturbances will be set up that must buckle and undulate the thin film or disc, and do this with a rapidity, degree, and character corresponding to the wavings of the reflecting plate that received the voice. This agitated surface communicates a corresponding agitation to the air within the tube, and thus transmits to that still more sensitive receiver, the membrane of the ear-drum, a correct though feeble copy of the original air-waves.

I should not have dared to venture this explanation, which demands the doing of so much by such minute and rapid variations of expansive strain, had we not already learned that sounds are similarly transmitted by equally minute and rapid variations of magnetic strain in the receiving plate of the telephone, and also, as Mr. Bell has lately shown, by analogous variations of electric strain in excessively thin films of selenium, the conducting power of which is so curiously altered by the action of light.

After reading the text-book accounts of the magnitude of sound-waves, we naturally find some difficulty in reconciling them with such minute movements as those above considered ; but this reconciliation will be less difficult if we reflect upon what unquestionably occurs within that small lump of bone (the mastoid process) that projects downward on both sides of our skull, and may be felt as a projection behind the ear. Within this there is, stretched across a little ring of bone, a delicate though tolerably stiff membrane, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. It is drawn out to due convexity and kept in proper tension by a delicate cord attached nearly to its centre, and beyond it is a chain of almost microscopic movable bones, and a series of complex channels in the process of bone above named.

All the *mechanical* or acoustic business of hearing is done in this little space, and every modification of audible sound is conveyed by modifications in the vibrations of this little membrane, aided, probably, by tremors of the skull-bone itself. Distinguishing, as we do, not only the various words of speech and notes of music, but also the tones of different voices, and even the sound of different foot-falls, how inconceivably minute must be the modifications of the tremors of our auditory apparatus in receiving, transmitting, and distinguishing such innumerable variations of air tremor ! And what a multitude of such delicately

fashioned waves must flutter through the small cavity of the tympanum, the still narrower looped arches of the labyrinth and the windings of the cochlea, all included within a projection of bone no bigger than a filbert nut !

### LONDON FOGS.

**N**OW that we are entering upon "the gloomy month of November, when the people of England cut their throats and hang themselves," the subject of fog is quite in season. What is fog? and why should London be so pre-eminently selected for its visitations? A general answer to the first of these questions may be easily given. Roughly speaking it is a stratus cloud resting on the surface of the earth. The designation "stratus" has been given to those clouds that are shapeless and diffused through the air in horizontal or nearly horizontal accumulations.

The material of this, like that of other clouds, is small particles of water, some say vesicles or minute hollow spheres like soap-bubbles, but this theory is questionable. Whatever be the form of the particles, they are there, and are suspended in the air as liquid water. The atmosphere always contains water, but in clear air the water is gaseous, while in clouds, fogs, and mists there is unevaporated liquid water, in addition to the clear aqueous vapour.

If you watch the silvery clouds that reflect the summer sun rays, a process of dissolution may frequently be observed. A thin detached waif or "rack" may be followed by the eye as it sails along, gradually diminishing until it vanishes, and even a massive towering cumulus may be seen to all dissolve "and leave not a rack behind."

This occurs when the clear air around is not saturated with vapour, but is thirsting for more, and obtains it by evaporating the little suspended particles of liquid water that form the visible cloud. If the air around is saturated no such evaporation takes place, or the contrary may occur by the cooling of saturated surrounding space, and thus the cloud increases.

It has been generally assumed that in all cases where a fog or mist prevails the air is saturated, but several reliable observations have shown that in the neighbourhood of large towns fogs remain while the air is far from saturated. In one case the dew-point was  $18^{\circ}$  Fahr. below the temperature of the air, *i.e.*, the air only contained as much vapour as was due to it had it been  $18^{\circ}$  colder. Here, then, is a physical conundrum. How can these minute particles of liquid water remain suspended in such thirsty air without becoming evaporated?



Dr. Frankland has answered this question, and I think satisfactorily. When coal is imperfectly burned, as it is whenever smoke is visible, a certain quantity of coal tar is formed and thrown into the air in vaporous condition. This coal-tar vapour condenses on cold surfaces, especially on the surface of water, as may be seen by examining some of the tanks in which the London water companies compel their helpless victims to hoard a stagnant reserve.

Dr. Frankland examined the effect of a film of coal tar spread upon the surface of a shallow vessel of water, and found that it acts as a cover or shield, greatly retarding, or almost preventing, the evaporation that would otherwise take place. Here, then, we have an explanation of "dry fog." The particles of water floating in the smoky atmosphere of a coal-burning city are coated with an oily film, which, although inconceivably thin, constitutes a varnish, retards the evaporation, and renders possible the maintenance of their liquid state under conditions of atmospheric dryness that would dissipate them into invisible vapour in the country.

That such a fog should irritate the eyes, tickle the nose, and inflame the throat, is not surprising, when we consider how the varnished water-particles must strike their moist membranes, and there adhere and deposit their coal-tar varnish upon such sensitive surfaces.

The dark colour of the "London peculiar" is also explained. The country fog or mountain mist is white, being composed of particles of pure water; the London fog and the Manchester or Sheffield or Birmingham fogs have the delicate brown tint of water in which coal tar has been diffused.

Such a fog has but little power of self-dissipation, like that so beautifully displayed by the morning mists that rush up the mountain sides and vanish as they rise. It is only removed by a sweeping breeze which blows it beyond the valley in which the reeking town is buried. Hence our London fogs only display their full hideousness during a dead calm.

#### A NOVELTY IN LEATHER.

**I**T is now well and practically known that gelatine undergoes some curious changes when subjected to the action of chromic acid, or of a salt containing much of this acid, such as bichromate of potash. Quite a multitude of patented processes for converting photographs into some sort of printing plates depend primarily on this action. The Woodburytype, the Autotype, Photolithography, Phototypography, Photozincography, &c. &c. &c., are carried out by ingeniously turning to practical account the action of chromic acid on gelatine.

In the early days of photography, Mungo Ponton discovered that paper which had been dipped in a solution of bichromate of potash and dried in the dark became, like the chloride and other salts of silver, sensitive to the action of light; and further investigation proved that this property belonged, not to the body of the paper itself, but to the size varnished over its surface. This chromatised gelatinous size became insoluble in proportion to its exposure to the light, so that when the paper was washed, the variable removal of the variably soluble gelatine left a faint picture, if the prepared paper had been duly exposed in a camera.

This faint shadowy suggestion skilfully followed up, led to the production of more decided pictures on a surface of glass covered more thickly with gelatine, and treated with chromate of potash, or chrome alum.

Such a thick film washed away in different degrees produced a printing surface, exaggerated very conveniently by the fact that the insolubility was accompanied by a swelling or thickening of the gelatine film. It would be a long story to tell how carbon dust was sprinkled over this variable glue, to which the dust variably adhered; how the gelatine picture was actually stamped into metal by the "nature-printing process;" how gelatine picture-films were skinned off from one surface and transferred to another; how their varying adhesion to water and repulsion of oil was made available for inking them like lithographic stones; how zinc plates are etched from these gelatine pictures; how lithographic stones have the picture film laid upon them; how such films are tortured until they submit to receive an electro deposit of copper upon them, which brings the picture standing up in bold metallic relief to be backed with type metal and wood, and then printed in a common press with ordinary type. By walking down New Oxford Street anybody may see some of these results in the Autotype Gallery there, and thousands of book and newspaper illustrations, supposed by the uninitiated to be wood engravings, are produced by one or another of these processes, each of which is a triumphant example of the union of science and art.

But this is not what I intended to write about when I began this note. Its proper subject is leather.

Take a solution of gelatine—clear soup will do, and smell it. Take some tincture of galls or infusion of oak bark, and smell that. Then mix them together and smell the mixture. A new odour will have become created, a very familiar odour, suggestive of St. Crispin; the smell of a practical shoemaker's shop, the smell of leather. If both solutions were clear as they should be, another change is observable, the mixture becomes turbid with a turbidity due to flocculent particles;

this is tanno-gelatine or the essence of leather. It is gelatine rendered tough and insoluble.

The skin of animals is mainly composed of gelatine, and the process of tanning consists in converting the soft and soluble gelatinous integument into tough and insoluble tanno-gelatine.

The reader will now perceive the drift of this long preamble which is simply that chromic acid is about to be substituted for oak bark, catechu, sumach, divi-divi, valonia, and the other sources of tannic acid. So much having already been done by photographers with chromic acid and gelatine, and during so many years, it is only surprising that chromising—(if I may coin a word)—as a substitute for tanning should not have been invented long ago. In spite of the old adage, something that is very like leather may be produced by steeping prepared hides in a solution of bichromate of potash instead of ordinary tan liquor.

The inventors and their representatives of course claim many advantages over ordinary tanning, one of these being rapidity of action, less than half the time being required for the leathering of the gelatine. We have yet to learn what is the quality of the new product. The records of the patent office include a very long list of processes for shortening the tedious process of ordinary tanning, such as sewing up the skins as bags and forcing the liquor through them; the application of the principle of exosmosis by exposing one side to a dense solution and the other to a weak one; pricking the skin with small holes, &c. &c. &c.; but, with the exception of the latter (Snyder's process), the usual effect of rapidity is to produce harshness and brittleness, and this whether the hastening means be mechanical or chemical; thus the best leather is still that which is slowly tanned by old-fashioned simple immersion in unsophisticated tan liquor made from oak bark only.

We shall see what the chrome leather proves to be; this can be done by wearing a pair of boots made from it. *Engineering* tells us that the new leather is being made "in fourteen tanneries in Germany, and is being introduced into Russia, Belgium, France, and Italy."

#### PRACTICAL SCIENCE IN FRANCE.

THE French Association, framed on the model of our British Association, has had a successful meeting. *Nature* tells us that "the most attractive excursion was undoubtedly to the cave where champagne is manufactured by the old process," and that "a demonstration of the principles of the operation was given in the

caves of Pommery, where Madame Pommery kindly permitted the visitors to make *practical test* of the quality of her celebrated produce." I have not seen the report in which is embodied the results of this practical testing, which, if properly written, should begin and end with "Hip, hip, hurrah!" If not, the French *savans* are not yet on a level with the red lions of our British Association.

#### A PERFORATED MOUNTAIN.

MY old friend Torghatten was lately introduced to the British Association at Swansea by Professor W. J. Sollas. It is an insular granitic rock, one of the thousands of such islands that fringe the coast of Scandinavia. It is situated a few miles south of the Arctic circle, and composed of stratified granite or "gneiss." When seen at a distance from the south, it is remarkably like a round-topped broad-rimmed hat. It is 824 feet high, and pierced with a very curious natural tunnel 530 feet long (Professor Sollas says 600, but this is wrong). This tunnel is 250 feet high at its western entrance, 66 feet high at its eastern entrance, and about 200 feet high in the middle. The floor slopes downwards from east to west, being 470 feet above the sea-level on the east side, and 400 feet on the west. As the passenger packet passes on the east side, the daylight is seen fairly through the mountain.

Professor Sollas attributes its origin to mechanical disintegration aided by joints. When I first visited this region in 1856, but little was known of this remarkable perforated mountain, beyond what could be seen in passing. I then ventured to suggest an explanation of its origin, which the accurate measurements subsequently made by Norwegian surveyors help to confirm. Torghatten stands out a short distance from the mainland of Norway, and to the west of it, of course. Every valley opening up on this coast is more or less terraced, and these terraces indicate a former submergence of this part of Scandinavia in varying degrees, the maximum reaching about 600 feet. By eye measurement at the time, I estimated the height of this tunnel at about 600 feet, and thus concluded that once upon a time the waves dashed against that part of the rock and battered out this tunnel as one of those ordinary sea-caves that abound on every rocky coast where the material of the rock varies in hardness or friability. I was not then aware of the difference between the height of the east and west opening, only having seen it from the east. The fact that the west side of the tunnel, which is exposed to the open sea, is about four times as high as the east mouth, confirms my theory, seeing that all the well-known sea caverns of this kind on our own and other coasts have similar

proportions in relation to their sea and inland extremities. The down slope of the floor corresponds in like manner, the west side being 70 feet lower than the east.

Besides this, the maximum height of the cavern corresponds remarkably with the height of the highest terraces, being 650 feet against their 600. The additional 50 feet is accounted for by the height of roof above sea-level, and the subsequent falling of the roof, as shown by blocks now lying on the floor. Such a cavern, started at the time of maximum submersion, would have its floor lowered as the land rose above the sea when they formed the lower terraces that abound in the valleys.

The "joints" described by Professor Sollas undoubtedly exist, and mechanical disintegration has taken place since the original excavation of the tunnel. This is proved by the blocks that have fallen from the roof and now cumber the floor, just as the boulders lie on the floor of a cavern under Dunluce Castle, which only differs in being now at the sea-level. On a subsequent visit nineteen years later, I observed several abortive attempts at similar caverns on the rocks of the neighbourhood, that is, hollows which overhang on the face of the cliffs, where joints and the mechanical disintegration described by Sollas were exhibited. But mere mechanical disintegration, and consequent falling of rock, cannot excavate a long tunnel. Horizontal traction, as well as vertical fall, is required. The material separated by the joints must be carried away from one end to the other—530 feet, in this case ; or, at least, from the middle to each end—265 feet in each direction. The only agents we know capable of doing this with granite rock or pseudo-stratified gneiss are the sea-waves or a torrent river.

Such caverns abound inland in limestone, but these are due to the solvent action of water containing carbonic acid. It has no such action on gneissic or other similar metamorphic rocks, while every sea-coast formed of such rocks exhibits more or less of such perforation by the waves. St. Katherine's Rock, at Tenby, is an insular mass perforated by a tunnel closely resembling Torghatten ; the cliffs of Mohir on the Irish coast, and the whole face of the serpentine formation of Cornwall about the Lizard, abound with such tunnels, arches, sea-caverns, &c., all visibly done by the waves hammering out the softer portions of the rock. But an ancient sea-cavern upraised some 600 feet above the present sea-level is a rare phenomenon, and nobody need wonder that it is the subject of strange legends, such as one that I have narrated in "Through Norway with a Knapsack."

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## TABLE TALK.

**T**HE stage in England has never been, as it is in France, a school of language, and its authority with regard to pronunciation or accent is far from being accepted as important, still less as final. Until recently, however, it has not been regarded as absolutely misleading, and those who would not dream of referring a student to the pronunciation adopted by actors would not, at least, think of cautioning him against it. It seems as if the moderate amount of credit hitherto assigned the stage in this respect will shortly have to be withdrawn. If nothing is done to teach a young actor his art, if he is allowed to scramble on to the stage with no preliminary practice in the country under the supervision of those who will correct with rebuke or ridicule flagrant vices of style, and if he is allowed to alter at will the words assigned him, the result cannot be other than fatal to the claim of acting to rank as art. At the present moment there is not one actor in a score able to pronounce half a dozen lines of verse without committing some egregious blunder, or without marring or in some wise altering the text. The most common form of error arises from the insertion of accent where none is requisite. Very sparing indeed in its employment of accent is our language. In not one sentence in fifty is any form of special emphasis required. An actor now not seldom supplies a misplaced accent, or a ridiculous emphasis, and flatters himself he is giving us a new reading. Let one who wishes to judge of this subject take the play of Hamlet: I am not speaking from the book, but I doubt whether there are a dozen cases in all, in the acting edition of Hamlet, in which there is any need for decided emphasis. The only cases I recall occur in the closet scene, wherein Hamlet responds to his mother's statement, "Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended," with the rebuke, "Mother, *you* have my father much offended." Here the emphasis upon the word "you" can scarcely be too strong, since the responsibility and the guilt are at once shifted from the shoulders of Hamlet to those of Gertrude. In the following lines, the opposition between "an idle tongue" and "a wicked tongue" may also be marked in a similar fashion. In an average performance of Hamlet, meanwhile, there are some scores of

misreadings, the whole of which spring from the attempt to place accent or emphasis where none is required. The old joke concerning the exponent of Ratcliff in Richard III., who, in answer to the King's question, announced himself, "My lord, 'tis I, the early village cock," depends, of course, upon wrong punctuation. Errors equally extravagant, though different in origin, are, however, now common on the stage, and I do not exaggerate in saying that there are few of our younger actors, male or female, who do not frequently destroy the meaning of the words assigned them. Strong measures are necessary to remedy this evil, and, if such are not taken, our stage will come under a reproach of ignorance and perversity, and will incur the contempt of all men of education.

I AM glad to see that the anonymous complaint of Dr. Howard Furness, which I was the first to strengthen with the authority of his name, concerning the manner in which the Tower is shown to strangers, seems likely to bear fruit. With the approval of the Secretary of State for War, the Constable of the Tower has appointed a committee to investigate the objects of interest in that building, and to frame regulations for the future admission of visitors. This seems like a direct answer to the appeal, and doubtless is such. In constitution the committee is all that can be required; it is only to be hoped that the rules of red tape will be relaxed, and that its hands will not be hampered.

MR. DOBSON'S volume of "Literary Frivolities," which constitutes the latest addition to the Mayfair Library of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, is an absolutely delightful companion for an unoccupied half-hour. It is a book which may with equal pleasure be read all through or dipped into at any point, and the collection of literary triflings it supplies is admirably ample. No work of this kind is likely to claim completeness, and there are one or two instances of the forms of frivolity he describes which Mr. Dobson will do well to include in his next edition. It is difficult to think of Milton in connection with frivolity. Still, in dealing with monosyllabic verse, and quoting from Hall, Young, Lodge, Herbert, and Shakespeare, Milton should not be forgotten. The lines in which he depicts, by the use of monosyllables, the progress of the fiend through the

Boggy Syrtis, neither sea  
Nor good dry land,

which, in order to arrive at the earth, he is compelled to cross, are finely conceived to indicate a journey of this kind:



The fiend,  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Pope seems, in his version of Homer, to have in part imitated these lines, since he translates the famous verses of the *Iliad*, xxiii. 116—

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κátαντα, páραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον, etc.,

intended to describe the roughness of a road—

O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go,  
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,  
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shockt axles bound.

Spenser furnishes one or two good instances of monosyllabic verse, to which fact it is probably attributable that Phineas Fletcher, his arch imitator, whom Mr. Dobson quotes, has essayed the same form of art.

A COMPANION volume to that Mr. Dobson has supplied might be formed out of the contributions to the newspaper press of recent writers. Among gems have to be counted Jeffrey Prowse's rhymed description of Mentone, which was printed as a column of prose in a daily newspaper, and the imitation of the Laureate's "In Memoriam" which appeared in *Punch* a dozen or more years ago, in the shape of an advertisement of Ozokerit. The latter is one of the finest parodies ever written.

I AM glad to see a recommendation in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that fountains, such as I mentioned were to be found at most French railway stations, should be constructed in England along our principal lines. One of the most noteworthy sights of a railway journey in France is the crowd at the fountain with the men and women waiting in a queue to fill their bottles or to wash their hands and faces. The erection of drinking-fountains at our railway stations would do more for the cause of temperance than any quantity of closing, Sunday or other, of publichouses. No reason why a scheme of this kind should not be immediately carried out presents itself to me except that it is not punitive enough in its character to commend itself to those who believe in no legislation that is not repressive. Meanwhile, as I am dealing with the question of closing, I will mention that a case came under my notice recently in which a petition in favour of Sunday closing was being passed round a Sunday school and signed by all the children who were old enough to write their names.

IN his newly-published life of Étienne Dolet, which may claim to be a work of remarkable scholarship, research, and erudition, Mr. Christie, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, after

pointing out errors and shortcomings in many accepted works, supplies a formidable list of omissions and errata in that "*Nouveau Biographie Générale*" which is, as a whole, one of the most creditable products of French scholarship, and one of the most inseparable companions of the modern student. Under the head of *Nicolas Bérauld*, *Jean de Langéac*, *Gratien du Pont*, *Liset*, &c., error, misinformation, or no information at all, is supplied. I have rarely on occasion to find serious fault with this work, but have failed to find it the name of *Touchard-Lafosse*, the author of "*Les Chroniques de l'Œil de Boeuf*," or that of *Sacchetti*, one of the best known of Italian novelists—a man who appears in English biographical dictionaries, and whose works have been reprinted by the famous *Typographical Society of Milan*. Mr. Christie draws attention to the fact, which most who use the work must have noticed, that whereas letters A—P occupy more than forty volumes, somewhat less than are assigned to those from Q to Z. It is not known to him, or indeed to many students, and so is worth recording, that this state of things was due to the somewhat tardy discovery that printing the "*Biographie*," as it had commenced, would entail on the publishers a heavy loss. The scheme was accordingly terminated with a rapidity and a want of completeness fatal to the claims of the book to occupy the foremost position which might otherwise have been assigned it. It is pleasant to find Mr. Christie, in the preface of this volume, while dismissing as unimportant or inaccurate most references in English works to the subject of his biography, singling out for praise some essays upon *Étienne Dolet* which appeared in *Gentleman's Magazine*. Not less pleasant is it to hear a man who occupies a quasi-ecclesiastical position as Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, rebuking the ignorance and bigotry which are current in England, and speaking of *Rabelais* as "the great genius of the age" and asserting that "a word of praise from him is itself sufficient to confer an immortality." That Mr. Christie should, in dealing with the life of the great printer and martyr, speak indignantly of the *St. Bartholomew's* massacre in a phrase quoted in the book, *Peacock* calls "*philoparasitism*"—i.e. roasting by a slow fire for the love of God—is natural. His eloquent protest is none the less good to read in days like these, wherein "an influential party, led by men of exalted rank and high culture, greatly regret and would gladly see restored" the traditions which celebrated Church festivals by such slaughter as that of *St. Bartholomew*. I, for one, share with Mr. Christie the comforting assurance that a reactionary effort is futile and ridiculous, and that "an unsurmountable barrier is placed between the good old times and this nineteenth century."

SYLVANUS URBAN

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1880.

## *QUEEN COPHETUA.*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Deftor was neither Faustus nor  
Cornelius, that great conjuror :  
For out of bale of blackest linen  
That ever rascal wrapped a sin in,  
He with Hey presto ! would evoke  
Some playful quip or honest joke,  
So that the rogue who knew them lies  
Would stand dumbfounded with surprise  
To see how falsehood lies no further  
From truth than homicide from murder.  
For what is Truth (he used to say),  
But Falsehood turned the other way ?

HELEN had been carried off into the drawing-room, to be entertained by her hostesses until it should be time to summon the gentlemen from their wine to the tea-table. Everything had evidently been prepared for the reception of the new great lady, who had a house in town, in due form. But, with all their pride in being the aunts of such a nephew as Gideon and of such a niece as Helen, it was clear that the Miss Skulls, though in their own house, could not contrive to feel at home. The old themes of talk between the great house and the Rectory had faded out with all these years ; Helen had changed, and yet all that might have caused the change suggested nothing to say. She seemed, they could not help thinking, a great deal more like the brotherless orphan than like the heiress and the bride who ought to have been full of Gideon and Copleston, and eager to learn from her new aunts what she ought to think and

do. Gideon's own talk, too, about railways and coal-pits made them feel as if they were sitting upon a powder-magazine to which the train had been laid. Helen asked them no questions, and let their attempts to interest her in the increasing deafness of old Grim ramble round her in vain. It was very far, indeed, from her intention to be impolite, but she was more tired out than she herself knew. She fancied herself ashamed at being so little moved by her return to the neighbourhood of her old home : whereas, in truth, her seeming apathy did not arise from the want, but from the fear, of feeling. She could not dare to let herself feel. . . . And so Bertha Meyrick was married ! . . . "Yes, better die of a bullet than a heart-break," was the refrain to her thoughts that kept on ringing through her mind. She had her own views of what love and marriage ought to mean, and it was better for Alan to be safely dead than to have married one who could have cared for him so little as to marry another man before she could possibly have learned that her first lover was not still alive. Were all women, even Bertha, like herself ? and was it by the very nature of their sex that they sold themselves to any satisfactory bidder ? She was catching Gideon's own views about such things. "Well—I must drift on, like the rest," was the end that her thoughts came to. No wonder the Miss Skulls thought her changed and dull. She made them feel dull themselves.

Presently Miss Sarah was summoned mysteriously from the drawing-room ; and, when she came back, it was to say, with an awful gravity,—

"Gideon says you are to go to him in the study at once. Something very strange has happened, Helen—something very strange, Anne. Mr. Waldron has called to see Christopher. I wonder what *he* can want to say ? And Christopher is so little fitted to face excitement now—and Mr. Waldron once threw a lamp at his head, and broke it ; he has never got over that shock, and never will. I wish Mr. Waldron would ask to see *me*. But, luckily, Gideon is there."

"Gideon wishes *me* to see Mr. Waldron ?" asked Helen, startled at last into taking an interest in one of her new aunt's speeches. "He could not mean such a thing. You must be mistaken, indeed."

"Gideon is not the one to make mistakes, nor I to be mistaken. If he wishes you to see that man, he has good reason for it, you must be sure," said Miss Sarah, whom something in Helen's tone did not please. "'Helen must see him, too.' Those were his words."

"'Must see him ?' Well, then, if he said *must*," said Helen, "I will go."

She meant a great deal more than met even her own ears. If she must henceforth drift, and surrender all that was left of her blind and useless will to the control of blinder chance and circumstance, then drifting could only mean implicit obedience to the will of Gideon Skull, in great things and small. If Walter Gray had been right, it was the only semblance of a duty left her: one cannot go on fighting with the wind all one's days. Where there is nothing to be gained by battle, one must at last, if only for sleep's sake, give oneself up to the blast, and let it drive one whither it will. To do something, anything, simply because she was told she must, was almost a luxury in her present mood, which was not likely to prove only a mood. As for seeing Waldron, that was nothing, after she had been brought to see Hillswick steeple again. It was better to meet the face of an enemy than to look upon that of a friend.

"Anne," said Miss Sarah, as soon as Helen had left the room, "there is something wrong between her and Gideon, mark my words. I hope he has got a good wife as well as a rich one, because I have always been strongly of opinion, and always shall be, strange as some people may think it, that a bad wife is a decidedly objectionable person, however rich she may be. I have always thought that, and nothing will ever make me think differently. And there was always something—something, you know—about Helen Reid. She never would take advice any more than that table, and was as obstinate as she was high."

"But she went when she was told," said Miss Anne.

"Yes, when Gideon said *must*," said Miss Sarah. "That's just where it is, Anne. I should like to see the man who would say 'must' to me!"

Helen went straight to the study, and did not pause before entering after she had once touched the handle of the door. There, by the light of a pair of candles, she saw her husband, his uncle, and—

Walter Gray.

If this was drifting, it was drifting as we drift in dreams. It was so startling that she could scarcely feel surprise. She had been summoned to an interview with Victor Waldron, and she found herself face to face with Walter Gray. She did not ask herself what it meant, or how it was possible. Everything was possible, since Bertha was married. And what did anything mean, whatever it might be?

Nevertheless, she was too much absorbed in this new recognition

to note the expression of her husband's face as he watched the meeting between his false wife and her treacherous lover. He was bent upon probing to its depth every glance of the eye, every movement of the hand, every change of colour. And who ever looked for things of this sort that he failed to find?

Helen's eyes did become filled with a sudden light, her hand did tremble, and her colour came and went again. Such signs may mean a thousand things, from mere confusion and bewilderment to anything short of actual guilt: for actual guilt is the only thing that looks like innocence in the eyes of those who judge by visible signs. How far Helen's deepest heart was innocent there is no need to say. Sheer bewilderment, and nothing more, was the root of all she showed now. And there is nothing which looks so much like guilt as bewilderment, as all who do not judge by visible signs know well. In the eyes of Gideon Skull, who found what he looked for, she was already judged and doomed. His revenge was justified before it had begun.

He almost smiled as he said, "Mr. Victor Waldron—my wife, Mrs. Gideon Skull—but I forget: you two have met in Hillswick before."

He looked at Victor now. Victor, with the thought of his unanswered letter still stabbing him, only bowed. But Gideon could not fail to read the sublimity of hypocrisy in that bow. It was not returned by Helen: and Gideon read something worse than hypocrisy in her greater honesty.

"I am glad of the chance," he said, "that brought you to call upon my uncle Christopher, while I and Mrs. Gideon Skull"—he seemed to find a zest in dwelling upon the whole of her married name—"are here. It will save a great deal of trouble to us all: and, when a thing has to be done, the sooner the better. No time like now for an unpleasant thing."

"As you say—no time like now," said Waldron. "And so——"

"Yes—and so. You had better hear my—my wife's business with you before we come to your business with my uncle, whatever that may happen to be. Do you remember the day when my wife's father, the late Henry Reid of Copleston, died?"

"I don't think you need ask me that," said Victor. "Go on—with whatever you have to say. Assume that I forget nothing, if you please."

He was speaking in this cold way to the man who had, like a scoundrel, as he held, tricked Helen—or rather say any woman—into a marriage she had learned to abhor. Gideon translated his tone into

the incapacity of a traitor to speak courteously to him who has it in his power to lay all his treachery bare. Each man was honest—each in his own way. For some moments neither said a word more. Victor was waiting for Gideon : Gideon was turning his triumph, so to speak, over with his tongue, and tasting it luxuriously, and meditating how he could use it the most effectively for making Waldron feel it with the greatest possible amount of defeat and humiliation. Helen must see her lover come out glaringly in his true colours—a beaten traitor, who had tried to pit himself against her husband, and had failed. She was not the woman he had learned to think her if, when she found him under another man's feet, her easily purchased love did not change to womanly scorn. But Helen's thoughts were for those moments of silence far away. She was realising that in truth Victor Waldron and Walter Gray were indeed one and the same : how could she have failed to identify her few days' friend with her old enemy? Yet—Victor Waldron, her brother's friend, the comrade who had last held his hand and seen him die ! She no longer felt bewilderment : that is all too weak a word when chaos has come.

“ You forget nothing ? ” at last asked Gideon. “ So be it, then. I will not remind you how you came to England with the sole purpose of proving a fancied claim to Copleston—a claim which vanished, if I remember rightly, on a first inspection of a parish register. Nor will I remind you how you, nevertheless, obtained the whole estate because my wife's father—ay, and Alan Reid's father—died without a will. As you say you remember everything, we will go on——”

“ Gideon Skull,” began Waldron eagerly, “ I—— ”

“ Wait ! I advise you to hear me out,” said Gideon, with all the weight of his voice and manner, “ before you say one word. Your turn shall come to say whatever you please—or whatever you can.” He laid two documents, one in a blue envelope, upon the table, but kept one hand over them. “ Read these first, and then say *your* say. But, before you read——”

And now Helen knew, or thought she knew, why she had been brought down from London to Hillswick, in order to be present at whatever interview might take place between Victor Waldron and Gideon Skull. No doubt, she imagined, since Copleston was to come to Gideon through her, it was necessary that she should authorise, by her presence, his claim in her name. And then, as if she had never dreamed for one single moment of surrendering her will to circumstances and Gideon——

“ I must speak first ! ” said she. “ Since you are Victor Waldron



—if you are—I will have nothing to do with taking Copleston from Alan's only friend. . . . his friend at last, whatever you once had been ! Let things go. Let things be as they are. *This* is not my doing."

Gideon smiled no more. "I have no doubt Mr. Waldron perfectly understands you, Helen," said he. He meant to speak a biting sarcasm : but he only scowled, and his words fell without a meaning. "And you shall have your turn too. To go on with what I was saying"—He paused : for he had so much to say, and so many ways of starting tempted him, that he scarcely knew how to begin. "As you remember so many things, Waldron—I beg your pardon—Mr. Waldron," he said at last, "you may remember my once telling you that what I had once done for you, and what you refused to recognise, I might be able to undo. Neither you nor I foresaw at that time that I should ever be in a position to make it my right, as well as my duty, to vindicate the claim, the right, of one of Henry Reid's children to what was his to leave them—my right, my duty, as the husband of Helen Reid, now Helen Skull. I tell you, as an honest man, that nobody ever regretted any deed on earth more than I regretted what I had so thoughtlessly done for you when you refused to—when I discovered, too late, what manner of man you turned out to be. I had believed in you as a Quixote, a Bayard, an Arthur : you turned out a—Waldron—a Victor Waldron : a man who would use a fool of a friend as a tool to rob widows and orphans, and then kick the tool away. It always seemed to me impossible that Henry Reid, knowing the nature of his marriage, should have left no will."

An angry colour was coming into Victor's face ; but he showed no other sign of feeling Gideon's hammer-blows.

"I have here an affidavit," said Gideon, "on the part of a clergyman and a magistrate, the Reverend Christopher Skull, who is here. He states that Mr. Henry Reid of Copleston *did* make a will. He states—— Wait till I have done. He states that Mrs. Reid induced him, by her arguments, to suppress that will, to humour her in some wild belief that her son would be ruined by suddenly becoming a man of fortune. He states, moreover, that——"

"Is that so, Mr. Skull ?" asked Victor quickly, turning to Uncle Christopher. "I would rather not see your affidavit, if you please. I will take your word."

"My poor friend did it for the best—for the best," stammered Uncle Christopher, "according to her lights. She convinced me for

the time. Of course I understand now that it was wrong—sadly wrong. But there is one thing against which the wisest of us is unable to provide : and that thing is what we cannot foresee. Yes—not even the wisest man who ever lived can foresee the unforeseen. It is sad, but it is true ; and, being true, it is doubtless right that it should be so. I assure you I should have acted very differently if I had acted in a totally different way.”

“ You hear what my uncle says,” said Gideon. “ He will contradict me as lucidly as he has confirmed me, if I misquote his evidence, in his presence, in the least degree. Unfortunately, by excess of caution, he mislaid the will. He believed he had placed it in a certain chest in the steeple belfry. Now, it is obvious—we must all be frank and business-like here—that he has exposed himself to a charge of suppressing a will of which he himself had been made one of the executors.”

“ Gideon ! ” cried his uncle, in a sort of wail intended for manly indignation against his nephew’s uncomfortable practice of trampling over his relations’ tenderest feelings and calling things by their right names.

“ And therefore,” Gideon went on, “ I have, for my good uncle’s sake, preferred to settle this business privately between you and me, to avoid any sort of scandal or lawyers’ meddling. He—my uncle—is prepared, like the brave, honourable gentleman and clergyman that he is, to take all the consequences of his error, whatever they may be. He will give his evidence in a court of justice, if need be. But I don’t think you will care to drive him to such an extremity ; you’ll find it hardly worth while to spend your last penny in fighting a case you’re bound to lose. Victor Waldron—once upon a time I would have cut off my right hand rather than do against you what I am doing now. But—now—I have no regrets, no scruples, knowing you for what you are. And if I had, there is only one honest thing to be done. To come to the point—here is my wife’s father’s will ! ”

He was a little disappointed to be able to read in Victor’s face nothing but the most extreme surprise, as the reputed owner of Copleston received the document which was to deprive him of his lands. However, he remembered that his former friend had always been rather a cool hand, unlikely to commit himself in any way, and that surprise was probably the most prudent expression anybody could assume.

“ This is Miss Reid’s Mrs. Skull’s—father’s will ? ” asked Victor. “ I really do not understand.”

Helen's heart sank deeper than ever. A minute ago, her only wish was that her inheritance should remain in the hands of Walter Gray, and not pass into those of Gideon Skull. But that was while her heart believed that, in the person of Victor Waldron, she had been wronging Walter Gray. If his protests, at the time her father died, against depriving Alan of Copleston had had a grain of honesty in them, he would now be leaping at the chance of surrendering what he had been compelled to take and keep against his own desire. He would not have seemed astonished, or failed to understand; he would have outrun Gideon himself in acknowledging her father's will. It was this belief concerning the nature of Walter Gray that had been at the root of her protest five minutes ago; her dread lest he, of all men, should think her, of all women, capable of fighting for a right which she had professed to scorn as much as he: a right which for her meant nothing but a life-long slavery to duties which she felt powerless to fulfil. And so even Walter Gray, who had shown how easily he could give up such a thing as love from a sense of duty, paused, doubted, and failed to understand, when called upon by duty to give up such a thing as Copleston. Had she been really wronging Walter Gray in feeling him to be better and stronger than Victor Waldron, or Victor Waldron in ever having thought him worse than other men? Were all men able to throw away what they called love so soon as it became an inconvenience to what they called their consciences, but would hold on to lands and gold as if to get and to keep these made up the whole duty of man? Yes, all men—since it was so with Walter Gray. That he should lose gold and lands to Gideon Skull was bad enough; but not half so bad as his want of eagerness to throw them all away. It was so bad that she even ceased to condemn him. Why should she condemn Victor Waldron for simply being like all the rest of the world? Only, she wished she had never known him as Walter Gray. She could still have believed in something, if only she had never known. Without knowing it, she had just received the heaviest blow to her inmost life that she had ever had to bear. It almost seemed to her as if Gideon Skull, in his openness and frank measure of himself as no better than his neighbours, was the best man she had ever known, because the most honest one. He, at least, never preached about duties as a fine name for desires, or pretended to be ruled by fine sentiments that he could not feel.

“You will find it plain enough,” she heard Gideon say, “if you read.”

“I have read enough of it,” said Victor presently. “It does

appear to be what you say. You know the contents, of course. Does anybody know them but you?" He had not yet spoken a word to Helen: and she noticed that he did not look at her while thus talking with Gideon. Could he, even Walter Gray, be thinking of disputing her father's will? But she forgot—he was Victor Waldron now: not Walter Gray.

"Nobody," said Gideon, "except you and me. I have had nothing to do with lawyers. I had to think of my uncle, and of my wife's mother, and of everybody concerned—even of you. It is a matter to be arranged quietly, as you must yourself see. It is enough that the will is there, beyond question or cavil. You must either admit it or be prepared to fight a costly and hopeless battle. There—I have said my say."

"You have shown this will to nobody but me? Are you sure?"

"What if I had shown it to fifty? But I have shown it to nobody, not even to my uncle, except my wife and you. Of course you can let your own lawyer see it, if you think it worth his fee."

"You have done right there," said Victor, with a strangely grave and troubled look, and still avoiding Helen's eyes. Had Copleston managed to hook itself to his heart, after all, now that he had at last fairly taken possession and made it part of his life for ever? It is surely one thing to wish to be rid of a fine estate while one knows that one cannot get one's wish—quite another when it begins to slip from one's fingers without one's will. Honestly and justly he might feel that Copleston would fare better in his usurping hands than in Gideon's rightful ones. "I think," he said, "that you and I had better settle this matter alone—without any witnesses: without even the presence of——"

"What! Do you know that sounds very like an offer of a compromise—as humbugs, who don't like plain words, call a Bribe? Certainly not. I am in a delicate position as my wife's husband. She must take part in everything I say and do; and it is above all things needful that a witness should be here—in the person of my uncle, who has a right to be here."

"It was in your own interest I made the offer," said Victor, yet more gravely than before; "and in your interest—remembering an old friendship—I make it yet again."

"In my interest? I see. You think to deal with me as you did once before: but once bit, twice shy. I intend to have the protection of my uncle's presence."

"You will not see me alone?"

"No. Is that plain enough for you? I have nothing to say

except out loud, and I will hear nothing except what is said out loud. I'd say it still plainer, if I knew how. You needn't give your answer to-day ; but when you do give it—— No ; on second thoughts, you must give it to-day, and here, and now."

"Very well, then ; I will, since you will have it so," said Victor. "This is my answer—take it as you please." The angry heat in him to which every word of Gideon's had been fuel, burst out at last. He took the will, tore it across and across, and threw the pieces into the blaze of the fire.

Helen turned almost sick at the sight of what she could only take for sheer madness of greed when driven to bay. Gideon, for the first time in his life, turned pale.

"*Are* you mad?" he burst out. "By —— you must be. There is a will. Do you know what it means in this country to destroy a will? Uncle Christopher, I call on you to bear witness that Victor Waldron has committed felony. Ay, and useless felony, after all," he said, in a voice strangely unlike his own, that trembled with scorn. "There are other ways of proving the contents of a will that can be proved to have been destroyed, if I know anything of the law."

"And I say it was no will," said Victor ; "and if it were, you tell me yourself that nobody knows its contents but you and me. You know what I am doing, Gideon Skull, and you know it too. You had better say no more."

The two men faced one another silently. Helen could only see in them two wild beasts fighting over a carcass, with force for teeth and fraud for claws. Gideon looked dark, stubborn, and hard. Victor eager and angry—almost as if he still persuaded himself that he was carried away by zeal in a just cause, instead of by madness in an infamous one. They were wolf and vulture, thought she.

But suddenly the fire died out in Victor's eyes, and he spoke calmly as if he were speaking to a circle of friends, with the eyes still bent upon Gideon which had not as yet even once turned toward her.

"And now," he said, "I will say my own say. Gideon Skull, it is well for you that no eyes have seen that paper but your own and your wife's and your uncle's and mine. You know, as well as I, why you took care that this should be so, and why, in destroying the paper, you did you the best service man could do to man. I meant to have let you destroy it yourself, but I had to do it for you, as you would not let me see you alone. We will say no more about that ; let it go. Yes, let it go, as I let Copleston go. . . . Miss Reid—Mr. Skull——"

At last his eyes turned, and looked full into hers. How could they dare to meet hers without shame? But they did so meet hers, even with the reverse of shame.

"From the day when, by your father's grave, you declared that there could be nothing but War for ever—War to the knife—between you and me, it became the wish of my life that something should happen to make you know me, and how much I value all the land in Britain when it means War—with you. You would not listen to me when I tried to speak a word. Alan was like iron with pride—for his mother and for you. I do think, before he died, *he* knew that Walter Gray was not the man to care for Copleston only because it meant so many pounds a year. I hoped, when I found you did not recognise me, to make you feel like him. Well, it was a vain hope: as soon as you knew I was Victor Waldron you . . . But perhaps you will know when, for your sake and Alan's sake, and I hope for right's sake, I think so little of Copleston for my own sake as to let it go to—but you know what I mean by that. Only understand that I might keep it if I pleased. Understand, if you please, that I defy all the lawyers in England to prove the paper I have just destroyed. From the very beginning it was never worth more than it is now. . . . If I had seen it three days ago, I should have admitted it: but you would have thought to the end of your life that I had surrendered because I found fighting impossible, and not of my own free will. . . . You would have received Copleston from other hands than mine. Thank God, that is not to be. I, who have done all this evil—it is Victor Waldron who has been permitted to give you back Copleston. . . . *Here is your father's Will.*"

He had held a folded paper while speaking; he now rose, came to Helen, and placed it quietly in her hands.

"You need not read it now," said he. "You may be sure—till you read it—that it is as I say. Old Grimes, who has a taste for documents and antiquities, found it in the lumber-chest the Reverend Mr. Skull speaks of, and—with his characteristic honesty—brought it to me, whom it very decidedly concerns. I have shown it to a lawyer at Deepweald; there is no doubt about its being your father's will; that will which the evidence of the Reverend Mr. Skull goes amply to prove. I admit it—and my admission is everything, so I am advised. You will see that—like the will I have destroyed—it leaves everything to Alan, with charges for your mother and yourself, and, in case of his dying childless, then to you and yours. And now—one word more; and I will say it before your husband as I would before all the world. . . . It is no grief or loss to me to

lose Copleston ; but it does rub my skin up the wrong way to leave it to Gideon Skull—for he says rightly that, under this will, that is his which is yours. . . . But I think we have all learned one lesson, anyhow. My way to improve upon Providence would have been to throw *this* will behind the fire, and to pay half my income by way of blackmail to old Grimes. I can't see what good can come from Gideon Skull's being owner of Copleston ; and I think I see a considerable amount of good that I could have done. . . . It's *not* so easy to give up the whole thing, when I had made up my mind to make the best of it, now that the time is come ; and I could have turned fraud into duty without more than half shutting one eye ; and have taken the part of Providence, which is a long way above the part of law. . . . Well, I don't ; that's all. Perhaps I'm afraid of committing a felony ; perhaps of being found out in one ; perhaps I'm only a fool ; perhaps—but anyhow, there's Copleston, for you—and Gideon. . . . I don't think, Mrs. Skull, you'll mind for one minute taking a hand that gives you Copleston—and that will never offend you again."

She did not know of the letter he had written her, or she would have understood him a great deal more ; for every word he had spoken to her needed that letter for its interpretation. He did not know that it had never reached her hands, or he would not have been meeting what he deemed her pride and her coldness with greater coldness and pride. There was pride even in the way he held out his hand. She let him take hers—and then something, more subtle than anything which has a name, ran from eyes to eyes, and told them more than can be told in words. No written letter was needed to tell her how and why he was giving up wealth and power, even as he had given up passion. It was certainly not because he was afraid of felony ; he had not been thinking of that sort of law.

Somehow, he seemed so to speak his next words to her that, though others were by, they reached her ears alone. At least, she heard them plainly, though neither her husband nor his uncle appeared to hear.

"It is hard to compel you to give Copleston to Gideon Skull. I would have kept it to save you from that, though it is not my own. But—'do what you ought,' you know ; if Providence wants helping through, that seems like the way. I've given you something to live for now. For Alan's sake, be a real wife to the master of Copleston, and make him what the master of Copleston ought to be. You can do it, and there's nobody to do it but you. I have lived to help you, after all."



"Gideon—you have made me, a magistrate and a clergyman—Me," she heard her husband's uncle stammering, with a sketch of real indignation in his voice, when Waldron had gone—"you have made me commit Perjury—you have made me swear to a false Will ! I can forgive most things, Gideon—almost everything ; when you came back to us, as I hoped and trusted, like the Prodigal, I remembered nothing against you ; I and your Aunt Sarah and your Aunt Anne received you as if you had been our own son. We forgave everything. But to make me a tool to help you to commit Forgery—No ! Gideon—I will never speak to you again."

"Forgery !" said Gideon, fiercely. "Forgery !—to make a fair copy of a real Will ? Are you crazy, Uncle Christopher—or a fool ? How was I to know that that scoundrel had found what you had hidden away ? Was my wife to lose Copleston because you were a fool ? Forgery ! It was the remedy of accident and error for the sake of justice—it was what the Courts of Equity have to do every day. . . . I will not have my honesty slandered—no ; not even by you !"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A ghostly flight are they that rise  
Around the rock-hewn wall ;  
Yet none, by pennon and devise,  
May fail to name them all—

By Sword, or Scrip, or Bleeding Heart  
Held high, that all may see :  
Hard round that castle do their part  
That phantom chivalry.

Which come as friends ? and which as foes ?  
Which banners lose or win ?  
More wise than man is he who knows,  
Till All have entered in !

GIDEON SKULL had nailed the colours of Honesty to the mast. He had certainly been detected in what looked, from the outside, like an exceedingly ugly piece of business ; but it was impossible for a man in whom honesty was a passion to perceive that to replace a lost document could be called Forgery by anybody but an imbecile curate or a straw-splitting attorney. He could place his hand upon his heart, and dare anybody to say that, throughout the whole course of this history, he had ever told a single lie. If others had allowed themselves to be deceived by the bare, literal truth, which he made it his pride and his boast to tell, that was surely the fault of their own

stupidity, for which he could not be held accountable. The will he had put forward, though—from unavoidable necessity—written, signed, and executed by his own hand, was as true and honest a will as that which his uncle had hidden and old Grimes had found. He felt himself as much beyond reproach in this business as in that of his marriage with Helen. He had never told her that he was actually a rich man, and he had honestly believed that he was going to be one. And so, in the matter of the will, it was his uncle who had chosen to swear to its genuineness ; and he was not his uncle's keeper.

And, forger or no forger, he had won Copleston after all—thanks to Mrs. Reid's violent effort to straighten what seemed the crooked lines of the world instead of following their curves.

He had won it—but the bitterness of the prize ! Tragedy had entered into the life even of Gideon Skull.

He had come down to Hillswick, full of all zeal of revenge in the name of justice, and of greed in the name of passion. Never, since the world was made, had a man found Love, Hate, Revenge, Self-Interest, Justice, Pride of Will, Copleston, Waldron, Helen, Self—in a word, all Right and all Passion—so completely blended in one ; so that he might gratify all his desires by one single word or touch without feeling his especial kind of conscience one whit disturbed. All his wishes and principles had been turned loose into a masquerade with licence to wear one another's masks and dominoes as chaotically as they pleased. He might picture himself to himself as a man who, inflamed by a righteously indignant sense of having been wronged, and by a sense of justice so exalted as to place him above all personal considerations, had come to thrust out a usurper and to reinstate a rightful heir : as a true and faithful knight who, for his lady's sake, had vowed to regain Copleston : as a husband generously bent upon showing his wife that he was the true and the strong man—her romantic and sentimental lover to be a sneak and a cur. How could he help it, that the unscrupulous doing of complete justice meant his own gain ?

A first and unsatisfied passion in such a man, heightened, strengthened, and deepened by every belief and instinct that has part in him, is no child's play. Copleston was indeed his and hers. But it had not come to her from him. It had come to her straight from Victor Waldron. Volumes could not tell what this meant to him. It was the lover who had come out as the faithful and generous knight : while it had been himself who had been made to look a liar and a felon in Helen's eyes. Most people would

not have seen a very wonderful feat of generosity in Victor's giving up an inheritance to an heir whose right was beyond question. But Gideon was simply stunned by the discovery that a man who had Copleston, and could have kept it, should let it go. Waldron having the true will, the ace of trumps, in his hand, had any forger in his power, and might have done anything he pleased—so felt Gideon. It is strange and painful enough to an innocent beginner in life when he first discovers that the world contains some rogues; but it was ten times more strange, nay, more painful, to Gideon Skull to find that the world, which he believed himself to know through and through, contained a single man whose professions of the commonest honesty were anything better than a conventional sham. His one pride had been that he had been free from the sham. The very existence of Victor Waldron dislocated his entire theory of the universe: and who can bear to have it suddenly thrust upon him that he has been wrong about everything for more than forty years?

And then—at last he knew that Copleston had come to mean nothing to him beyond his one grand hope of Helen's life and heart: according to his views of how lives and hearts are to be gained. Could he have been wrong in that too? And, right or wrong, he had gained Copleston, but in such a way that he, even Gideon Skull, would rather have lost it a thousand times.

The Uncle, having had his answer, left the room, with some real dignity about him, to avoid a storm. Gideon and Helen were left alone together once more. He expected her to have followed his uncle, with an air of scornful disgust, such as she had shown him that night when she heard for the first time that Alan had died. But she stayed. If he had proved wrong about all things he had ever looked for, why not in this also—if in great things, why not in the small, by which the great things are made? He had lost all belief in his own wisdom, and in the world's dishonesty: he had nothing to say, nothing to do. Helen sat as if absorbed in thought, seemingly without the least intention of breaking the dead silence by a word—if, indeed, he could suppose her to be conscious that she was not alone.

"Well," he said at last, to break the oppression of silence, and with a special savageness of tone, simply for want of a better, "I suppose you are satisfied at last, now that you can have ecclesiastical authority for adding forgery to your catalogue of my misdemeanours. I suppose you're looking forward to have me found out in a murder. Perhaps I shall be, before I've done—now that I *have* found out the

way to please you—I shall be giving some scoundrel what he deserves, and the parsons and the lawyers and the other old women will call it Murder. I suppose nobody has ever had so great a pleasure as you would have in seeing me hanged.”

All the firm ground upon which he had ever believed himself to have a foothold seemed to slip away from him as Helen rose, and, instead of sweeping from the room in scorn and anger, came up to him where he sat, gloomy and sullen, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

“Gideon!” said she. It was only a single word: but a single syllable may contain a world of indignant scorn. And in her word there was simply—none. Only a solemn, simple gravity which he had as yet never heard in any voice, except in Victor Waldron’s a few minutes ago. He looked up and stared at the face from which such a word had come in such a tone.

“Gideon—I have been thinking—that it is not for me to upbraid you. My poor mother—I can understand without knowledge, for I can remember enough to explain what I have heard—she, by meaning well to Alan, and out of her over-great love for him, brought on him nothing but evil: and yet, how can I blame *her*? Why, I cannot even blame you. . . . Whatever you have done, I have done—and worse, and more. I married you without love, and for another’s sake, and to put right what I thought wrong. How can a woman wrong a man more? . . . I—I am afraid—it is the worst wickedness a woman can do. . . . No: it is *not* for me to blame you, whatever you have done. I do owe you my whole duty, for amends. Let us help each other to be good, Gideon: and try to think less ill of me than I deserve. Let us do what everybody ought to have done always: let us try to make the best of things as they are.”

Gideon was beginning to feel like a child in the ways of the world. “What the devil do you mean?” he growled out; but, in his heart, it was more like a cry for light than a growl.

“I mean, we took one another for better or worse: and that you took me for worse than I took you. Gideon—I want to do my whole duty; don’t make it harder for me—no, I don’t mean that—I mean, help me all you can.”

He could not tell that she was accepting Victor Waldron’s gospel. But suddenly a new light flashed through his mind, which made him the Gideon Skull of old. He rose from his chair, thrust her hand from his shoulder, and faced her with renewed confidence in himself and in his knowledge of women and men.

“No—I will have nothing to do with you—I am not such a

blind idiot as that comes to ! While your lover had Copleston, you were false to me—now that *I* have it, you are false to *him*. I don't understand him—but I understand *you* ! Dare to tell me you would not make love to old Grimes, if he became owner of Copleston !”

Helen could only stand dumb and crimson before him. None could guess more profoundly than she felt, how it was for love's best sake that she had been clutching at what love had shown to be duty. But she could meet his look bravely at last ; for the most shameful part of his charge had wildly missed fire.

“Gideon !” she said, “I can only tell you that, if Victor Waldron were the richest man on earth, and you the poorest, my place should be with you, and I would never see him again. . . . You have a right to suspect of anything a woman who married a man for the reason that I married you. . . . But try me in any way you can find, and see. . . . Do you know what I most wish with my whole heart and soul?—that Copleston were Victor Waldron's very own, so that you might see what I would do ; and that my duty, instead of meaning wealth, might mean poverty and every sort of struggle—Oh,” she cried eagerly, “it would be so infinitely easier to do then !”

“You—you tell me that, if he were rich and I were poor, you would choose me? . . . Helen, answer me this, and answer it truly—I shall know well enough whether you speak truth or no. Answer it truly—if you were free, and if he came to you rich and I poor, which would you choose then? No—not that—if we came to you on equal terms? No—not that again ; which of us two would you choose, he or I, if I came to you rich and he poor? . . . Speak, Helen—say instantly, truly, which you would choose ; I do not mean to be blind any more. Have you not even the wit to say, ‘I would choose you,’ and honesty enough to say, ‘Whoever had it, I would choose Copleston’? Helen—I swear before Heaven, I will believe you if you say ‘I would choose you,’ even if I know it to be a lie !”

“Gideon,” faltered Helen, “you bade me speak the truth—and I cannot ; but I want to do what I ought, and I will—do not make it too hard !”

“So that is the whole truth !” said he. “You would do your duty as my wife because the man you love bids you ; Victor Waldron gives me Copleston ; Victor Waldron gives me my wife. . . . Good-night, Helen. Perhaps I shall understand things better—some day. I suppose you think I want Copleston still? Not I. . . . I only want a dose of sleep. I can always get what I want, where that's concerned. Go to bed yourself ; and tell my uncle that I'm taking a nap here for an hour. I suppose it isn't your fault that you prefer

that sort of man—sane or no—who has all the proper sent his tongue's end, and can afford to throw away estates as if handfuls of dust, to one who doesn't want duty, or anything wrong, but only—*you*."

It will be remembered that Gideon Skull had at 16 before put in practice an exceedingly peculiar art of sleep, means of which he could ensure himself absolute escape from anything that troubled him—even against the disturbance of But, in truth, he had used it far oftener than once; often indeed, to make himself master of the art, whatever it was. The only condition he required for it was the certainty of solitude; he needed no help from narcotics or any sort of to induce the result. Some physical peculiarities must have been the result possible, but his only apparatus was a concentrated will applied, as may be inferred, to the nervous centres; a self-mesmerism, in which the will of the patient aided the operator, since the two were one, and thus acquired no double power. According to cases which have become history by no means stood alone in the possession of the power of himself at will less into an ordinary condition of sleep than of a trance, resembling nothing so much as a suspension of for the time. By its nature, it could not continue long; but complete as long as it lasted that he never failed to rise, at of a period varying from a few minutes to nearly an hour, with sensation of having come to life again after a temporary separation of body and soul, during which the latter at least, if not both, had an infinitely refreshing holiday. And to-night he needed the profundity of rest and annihilation of thought more than ever to-morrow he might be wholly himself again and see clear life must henceforth mean and be.

As soon as Helen, reduced to self-conscious silence, had to prepare for the facing of a new life in her own very different, as before, partly undressed, loosened the rest of his clothes stretched himself at full length upon a sofa on his back, with his head low. His first proceeding was to withdraw every sort of thought from his mind—an operation which, as most sound and sleepers know, practice and habit render perfectly easy, and no real effort of will. Everybody who knows how to do it has his own receipt for it; some people substitute abstract facts for proper thoughts, others fancies: Gideon's way was exceedingly simple and consisted in merely watching the development of the colours with which darkness amuses closed eyes. But to-night

the first time, it seemed as if his receipt would prove vain. To-night, for the first time, he had not merely thoughts and plans to extract from his brain, but something which did not seem to be in his brain at all. Not only did the darkness become filled with its normal hues of red and green, orange and blue, but a living face was painted upon the black background, and that was Helen's.

Try as he would, that face would not shift or move. He could only feel that he had lost her for ever ; that the love which bade her devote herself to a wife's duty was not for him ; that she only gave him her life because she could not give him her heart and her soul. It was a hideous prospect for the man who had too late discovered that he, even he, had a soul that could love as well as a body that could desire ; and that all he had done, out of what he thought wisdom, had been to lose Helen by gaining that Copleston which was to buy her and had cut him off from her. Why had he not known from the beginning that it was Helen's own self he wanted, and not Copleston ? His own irremediable blunder in life and in his belief about life no longer filled him with shame : it overwhelmed him with despair. What was he to do with a wife who had vowed to be his slave only because she could never love him ? In a word, Gideon Skull was crushed and maddened because he had at last found out that all men are not scoundrels, that all women are not heartless fiends, that Helen was a woman, and that he himself was a man, with the need in him of good as well as of evil.

He could not contrive, try as he would, to disbelieve in Waldron's hitherto incredible honesty, or in Helen's indifference as to who might be the owner of Copleston. But all this had become but half material to him now. He felt that he had been taking hold of the world by the wrong end, or rather had believed it square when in truth it was round. A round shape may not be better than a square one—it is enough that a globe is not a cube. If disbelief in one's whole self and an impossible love means what we mean by a broken heart, Gideon's first discovery that he, or any man, had what is called a heart at all was proved by its breaking.

"Let us be good," were Helen's last words. They must mean something beyond a hypocritical common form. "Good!"—thought Gideon. "I dare say I could be that, if I could begin things all over again; I could run a blockade every time, and pluck every feather out of Sinon and Aristides, and do everything I haven't done, if I could begin all over again. . . . There must have been something wrong, after all, about either the world or me. . . . Well : then I must abolish the world for an hour, and I *will*. I



won't give in; no, not even now. Can't be good? Bah! no can't about anything. Gideon Skull the Good!—Well, any a change. I don't suppose it will be so very hard to be pretty Copleston. If Helen—— Gideon Skull the Good!—For how

Though he was alone, the fancy took the form of a sneer; it was only the sneer without which he would have as yet impossible to own, even to himself, that Goodness is a thing as a word. "Good" is a child's word. And Gideon, new to it was real at over forty years old, used it like a child—and it was the sneer that was an empty form.

One sort of will, or another, began to do its work at last; before him softened without fading away. Then, with some and passive sort of consciousness that some form or fashion of life was before him after all, he let himself sink, rather than compelled himself, into that state of trance wherein all his found absolute repose. As when Helen had first heard of death, his heavy jaw relaxed, and his breath came so quietly faintly that his chest could not be seen to heave. No wonder he required absolute freedom from disturbance when he entered this form of rest, for any intruder would assuredly have taken for a dead man.

Helen had slept but little; for she had spent nearly the whole of the night in thinking out some plan whereby she could, in spite of that passed between her and her husband, crowd her life with so much fulfilment of all that duty in its heaviest sense mean that she, and—if it might be—he also, should be willingly dispense with every thought of happiness for the rest of their days. She had learned from his latest words, and her deepening knowledge of him through herself, that he had been crushed and softened; and she had never suspected, till to-night, that he had ever felt for her more than a sort of passion to which she had of set purpose closed her eyes, combined with a very strong passion for Alan's lands. If he had come to need and want her herself—what would that mean? It would make her wife a thousand times more hard, but ten thousand times more true. To devote herself to Gideon Skull loving her, instead of to Gideon Skull hating her, looked impossibly hard, without greater than she could hope to find; but even so it must be. She thought of what Victor Waldron had meant now. To think how all these things had sprung from a mother's attempting to be her son's provider she did not dare. Nor did she look forward with any special an-

to what the morrow might bring. Life was going to consist of too many days to make her especially heedful of any one of them—life was likely to be too long to let her think much of hours that were so near. She would have plenty of time to thrust Victor Waldron from her heart and to give it, though empty of all but honesty, into the hands of Gideon Skull, to whom it belonged as rightfully as did Copleston.

So she had not yet quite lost her old courage after all—unless, indeed, some one had given her some new courage that was not her own.

There was of course nothing for her to notice in Gideon's not having left his uncle's study before she was dressed, since he had chosen to convert that into a bedroom. But she, a little restored to her old self, and therefore, as of old, letting her deeds run before her thoughts by seizing the first possible moment for putting into execution any resolve however immature, herself went into the study to call him, as a better wife might have done.

She had never seen him in one of these trances; and, seeing him thus still, white, without sign of breath or motion, was seized with a strange and new alarm. "Gideon!" she breathed out in a frightened whisper, as she laid her hand on his brow. He neither heard nor moved.

In truth, the man had never had a soul to part from before. It had come to him that night in the form of the bewildered soul of a new-born child, and, having once escaped, had been too frightened to come back again.

Only this remained—that the old Gideon had ceased to live before the new-born Gideon had died.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

Boughs that are serest  
Will soonest be sheen :  
For Spring-time is nearest  
When Summer hath been :  
When the frost that thou fearest  
For closest and dearest  
Alone is between  
The seeking, forsaking,  
The losing and taking,  
The sleep and the waking,  
The Russet and Green.

HERE, many will fairly enough suppose, this chronicle of Copleston has reached its natural and conclusive end. Mrs. Reid, by

planning everything for the best, had, almost beyond even expectation, done everything for the worst ; Gideon Skull, with all the will in the world to do harm, had done more than could have been dreamed of in the direction of straightening what had been twisted beyond all hope of being thoroughly right again. Good had done its worst, bad its best, and there was nothing more to be done. As for Helen and Victor—it is easy enough for any moderately fertile imagination to make out an almost inexhaustible list of what might have been when all else was over and done. She might have felt that it was for him to speak out very plainly to her, if there was to be anything more than distant and mostly silent friendship between them. He, a poor man whom the temporary ownership of a great estate had thrown terribly back in the world, might have felt invincibly incapable of asking an exceedingly rich widow to marry him. In short, a complete romance might be erected upon the way in which they might go on misunderstanding one another and keeping apart until it became almost, or quite, too late for any understanding to come to them. The only possible objection to such an exercise of fancy would be that it would assume a man and a woman, who had been taught a little sense very sharply, to be an absolutely impossible pair of fools.

In any case—though it may seem little enough to any purpose—it happened one day, as it had often happened before, that the ancient fly belonging to the “George” at Hillswick brought a lady, a gentleman, and their luggage into the inn yard. The gentleman handed out the lady, and led her, leaning on his arm, straight into the coffee-room. He rang the bell and asked if they could have a bedroom. The waiter answered that he would go and see.

It was a merely formal and customary answer, however, for there were always vacant beds at the “George,” except at election time and on yet rarer occasions. But the waiter’s object in hurrying out was by no means an empty form. Hotel guests in Hillswick had always been rare, and had for some time past been rarer than ever, since Gideon Skull had ceased to visit his uncle ; and it was only natural for the waiter to wish to know if he alone had failed to recognise the new arrivals. It made a considerable difference at the “George” whether guests were Somebodies from round Deepweald, which was the county town, or Nobodies from Everywhere.

Everybody about the place had seen the arrivals, but nobody knew them. Their luggage, though eminently satisfactory in every

other respect, was labelled with neither name nor initials. They were a Lady and a Gentleman, even from the "George" point of view; that was clear. She was something more, too, for she was both young and pretty. She was little, and slight, and fair, with a charmingly delicate complexion, laughing lips, and smiling blue eyes. She was the picture of happy wife, too lately married to have found out yet that marriage means something a great deal nobler than escape from life's troubles. She looked up at her husband with something of the shyness that belongs to the first experience of a great change, but with a smile of love and trust that was touching because of its simple perfection. Nor did he look unworthy to receive her half-proud, half-humble smile. In the first and best place, he looked like a Man. As to lesser things, he was tall, broad, and strong, brown-bearded and well bronzed, with a face that was almost too grave, but without sternness, and with truth written in every feature and line. His happiness was doubtless more serious, though it might be very far from being less deep than hers. As for the rest, there was but little to observe. They came without a servant or any signs of whether their purpose in coming to Hillswick was business, pleasure, or chance, and the lady was dressed simply and plainly for travelling.

They dined together in a private room, and with appetites too healthy to gratify the curiosity of the waiter very far during the meal. But when the last dish had been removed,

"I suppose you know all about Hillswick?" said the gentleman to the waiter.

"Well, sir, as much as I've come to hear in a month or so. I'm a Deepweald man myself, and Hillswick is but a poor little bit of a place, after towns like Deepweald or London."

"And so one comes to know them sooner. Let me see—— I used to know a little about the place myself, once upon a time. I remember the name of the Rector—I should say of the Curate-in-Charge."

"Rector he is, sir. The Rev. William Blane, M.A."

"Blane? I meant Mr. Skull—Mr. Christopher Skull."

"No, sir. I've heard of him. He was here before Mr. Blane. He gave up through old age, and the parishioners gave him a silver tea-caddy for a testimonial for his long and faithful service; and he's gone to live at Deepweald, where I come from myself, with the Misses Skull. He was much respected, I believe, by all that knew him. So I'm told." The waiter lingered; he was evidently on the track of news to carry back to the bar.

"Who keeps the 'George' now?—Mr. Reynolds?"

"Oh no, sir! He retired long and long ago; almost, as one may say, before you were born. It's Mr. Pool keeps the 'George'—Mr. Pool, from Redchester."

"Mr. Bolt, the doctor?—I remember him; I suppose he is still here?"

"I believe there was a medical man of that name, or used to be; but that was before my time. But where he is now, I can't say. Shall I inquire at the bar?"

"And you told me," said the lady—"you told me that Hillswick was the one place where change never came. I thought there couldn't be such a place—and you see!"

"I have made a bad beginning, Lucy, I must own. Well—I suppose that there is such a thing as change even in Hillswick, if one puts long enough intervals between one's observations. But the Parson, the Doctor, and the Landlord, all together—it does shake one's faith a little in the immutability of things. But wait a minute, and you'll see. . . . Of course, old Grimes is still clerk and sexton here?"

"Why, sir," said the waiter, "you must know Hillswick like a native born, to know the name of the man that was sexton when Mr. Skull was Curate-in-Charge, and Mr. Reynolds kept the 'George'! You never heard how he came into a fortune, then?"

"Old Grimes into a fortune? No!"

"He did, though. People do say it was through finding ancient documents in the church tower, that proved him to be a long-lost heir. I don't mean to say it was thousands, but he gave up Church work, and came to the Bar——"

"What?"

"To the Bar of this House, sir—every day, taking his glass, and talking about old times. There wasn't a day he didn't come, till he got to be a regular fixture, haunting about the churchyard between-whiles, whenever there was a funeral, till he died in harness, as one may say. They missed old Grimes terrible at the 'George.' They do say he was near on a hundred years old."

"Then I give it up, Lucy," said the stranger, with a smile that was not wholly a smile. "Since old Grimes is dead and buried, I give up Hillswick—it is a different place from what I used to know. . . . I suppose Mr. Waldron is still at Copleston?"

"Well, sir, not exactly, so to say, in residence," said the waiter, who, as a Deepweald man, knew the phrases of a Cathedral city. "But that will soon be, now, after the wedding, if all's true they say."

And for my part, sir, I shall be pleased to see a proper married gentleman settled down at the place—it will be good for business, and make things a bit brisker than they are now. Hillswick is not like Deepweald, sir, as you perceive. And that wedding, sir——”

“Well—the church is still standing, any way—I saw that, as we drove through the town. And yet, if I had been asked which would hold out longest, old Grimes or the steeple, I would have backed old Grimes. Come, Lucy! It’s a fine evening: we’ll take a stroll, if you’re not too tired.”

“You’ll be taking a look round our church, sir?” asked the waiter, as Lucy was putting on her hat and shawl. “Shall I send up Boots to show you the way, and get the keys? I don’t think much of the church myself, sir, naturally, being a Deepweald man; but there’s some curious things there, I’ve heard say.”

“The way from the ‘George’ to the Church? I’ll show Boots, if he wants to know. No, thank you: I don’t want the way or the key. . . . So, Lucy,” he said, as they left the inn door, “now you see the only town I had ever seen, to know it, till I was five-and-twenty. *You* won’t fancy I wouldn’t have things as they are, because you will guess what all this means to me.”

“I *do* guess,” said Lucy gently. “It must mean a great great deal to you—and as if I could think that all the old memories on earth could make any difference between you and me! If you did not feel them very deeply indeed you would not be you.”

“Do you know where we are going now?”

“Where should we be going? Are we not going to say good-bye to all that is left of us here—to your father’s grave?”

“Lucy, I can’t tell you how strange it is to come back to Hillswick with *you*, and to find it to be the only place in the whole world where I can feel unknown and alone. You are part of myself everywhere else; but here I am almost a man who never knew you, and whom you never knew. Of course, it is all mood and fancy, so you won’t really mind—and you need not, any way. . . . My dear little wife, you don’t know how dear my sister was to me——”

“Don’t I? If losing me would help me to find her and your mother—I would——”

“No, you would not: don’t say anything of the kind. We are one. I cannot think they are living still, whatever you may say. If they were, I must have found traces of them, long and long ago. Just think, Lucy. When I left that French hospital—where *we* met—and came home, they had left their lodgings, and had given no new address, not even to the *Argus*, where they might be found. That seemed incredible, unless——”

"But it does not mean death, Alan."

"It *must* mean death, Lucy. Only Death could have taken my mother and Helen—my mother and me. Only Death could have let them pass away from my life without a sign. They were not careless or thoughtless people; and anything but Death would have been a well, some only impossible thing. Helen was as pure and as true as—as you. Mystery as it is, Death is the only thing which it can be solved. My mother must have caught something that Helen took from her—or—but who knows? No: I never found them, were either alive. Dear—you have done your best to keep my hope living; but you have done all you can. You have my Whole and my All."

"Except your memories, Alan. I want to share them, and I cannot destroy them. I could not have left England without a picture of your old home to carry with me wherever we may go."

They entered the churchyard, which proved a little disappointing. It was far better kept under the rule of the new rector and sexton than in the days of old Grimes and the Reverend Chubb. Nobody was there but the dead: the visitors had taken the yard to themselves. Lucy's husband needed no guide to the straightest path to the tomb of old Harry, where the "*If thou good and faithful servant*" was still as deep and clear as had been carved yesterday. Lucy did not disturb her husband's silence by a word; nor was he ashamed to let her see how he was moved.

Presently she withdrew herself from him, feeling that it was his wish to be alone for a while with the memories of that past life in which she had no real share. But he took her hand and said:

"Don't go. All that is mine is yours." And she stayed.

The sun was on the verge of setting when they at last came round. They would have chosen to leave the churchyard as they had entered it, so that their picture of it might not be less harmonious by any sort of life with which their hearts could be concerned. By ill luck, however, they no longer had the yard to themselves when the approaching twilight warned them it was time to return. She took his arm, and moved slowly along the broad gravel path that led from the lych-gate to the door.

"To-morrow is Sunday," said he. "We will come to see you here, so that you may have that also in your picture; and then we shall see Copleston——"



Before he could say another word, he was face to face with Walter Gray and—Helen ; and Helen saw her brother, among the graves, and risen from the grave.

They had thought each other dead ; and they had met alive, and here, and now. That was enough for the wonderful moment that followed the first wild shock of surprise—if surprise be not an absolutely meaningless word. For we know that there was no real reason for surprise that Alan and Helen, not being dead, should meet in Hillswick churchyard rather than in any other place that the world contains : and as for coincidences of days and hours, these are quite as common as the unseen sympathies of action which compel their happening. If Alan had gone where his father was buried and where his sister was living, and had found nothing, then indeed it would have been almost as strange as if he had left England for ever without a farewell.

But surprise is indeed all too weak a word to tell what rose up in the hearts of Helen and Alan—they thinking and knowing nothing of the chances that are above ruling, and yet must needs be ruled. It was enough, and more than enough, that they were he and she. Lucy, indeed, might feel surprise : for she only saw her husband seemingly rooted to the ground at the sight of two people whom she did not know. But even before she heard the names “Helen !”—“Alan !” she knew all.

It was Walter Gray—to call him by Alan’s name for him—who called them down from the air where wonders cease to be wonderful, to the solid ground where nothing can be understood until it has been explained, and where faith needs the crutches of reason.

“Yes !” said he : “we *are* we three—Alan, Helen——”

“It is Gray,” cried Alan. “Thank God for that—I shall know what has happened now—It *is* my sister Helen ? as surely as that you *are* Walter Gray ?”

“As surely as that I am Victor Waldron,” said he.

And so Alan Reid, Bertha Meyrick’s dead lover, came to life again, himself married to a stranger, to find his sister Helen the widow of Gideon Skull, the mistress of Copleston, and leaning on Victor Waldron’s arm. Such was the catalogue of seemingly monstrous fruits that had grown from the soil of Mrs. Reid’s great plan. No human being could have dreamed of one of these things—and they were all true.

Alan had yet to hear that his mother had died.

Helen was living at Copleston ; and Mr. and Mrs. Alan not sleep that night at the "George." Victor was staying weald till the time of his marriage with Gideon Skull's wife close at hand. There was considerable confusion of Hillswick on the subject of the ownership of Copleston ; Victor nor Helen had thought it worth while to publish of the title for the benefit of the town. And, as all the w a marriage between the heir of the Waldrons and the the Reids would very quickly set matters upon the be footing.

Victor returned to Deepweald that evening as usual, brother and sister to themselves. Even Lucy managed to herself from her husband's life for full two hours or more. Helen justified to Alan her marriage with Gideon would the reach of the boldest guess, had she made any attempt it at all. She could not dare to say "I did it for Alan's sake" she had to say, to the face of Alan himself, "I did it For Alan's sake to commit a sin—she had never known a meant until now. She could only tell her tale ; and she did him hard, in the hour of finding his mother dead and herself alive.

"And you do not even ask after Lady Lexmere," she said when, for this one night, nothing more was left to say.

"And who on earth is Lady Lexmere? Is there any forgotten whom I ever knew?"

"Only Bertha—Bertha Meyrick, whom you once told Easter Eve, you loved with all your —"

"So Bertha Meyrick is Lady Lexmere? Well, Helen, when I come to think of it, that is one of the things that have been—and are the better for not being. I did care a great deal about Bertha, it is true. But love! That is a very different thing. That comes and does *not* go."

Helen could not help sighing—her last sigh on Alan's life. Was it not to save Bertha and Alan from a heart-break that she had been the wife of Gideon? And now Bertha was a Lady Lexmere, whom, it seemed, Alan had never cared enough, in his real risk the breaking of a straw. . . . If she had only known!

She could only go straight to Lucy. "It was you, I nursed my brother back into life," said she, "when his life was thought his life beyond saving. I once had a sister named Bertha. But she has changed her name to Lucy, now. He *does* love her, and I know—now—what love means."

Then Alan, dreaming before he slept, laid himself down to rest in the old home, and did not dream.

Next morning the sun shone. The sun does not always shine seasonably, but he did to-day—or at least some people in Copleston thought so, so it came to the same thing. Alan, who had a young Englishman's wholesome scorn for sentiment—long may that scorn flourish!—felt that he ought to be cheerful, and did his duty in that respect as in all lesser things. Lucy could not help being happy, and took all new things for granted. Helen alone was grave, and yet not wholly out of sympathy with the sunshine, which has something better than brightness when the sky is not wholly free from clouds.

After breakfast the Arch-Enemy, Victor Waldron, rode over from Deepweald. His experiences of Copleston had been many and various, and enough in number and variety to turn many a sane brain. Firstly, he had never dreamed of owning Copleston. Secondly, he had come from America to see if he had not a lawful claim. Thirdly, he had decided that he had no claim whatever. Fourthly, Copleston had become his own, against his will. Fifthly—still against his will—it had been proved not his own. Sixthly, it had ceased, by his own act, to be his own. Seventhly, it had been on the eve of becoming his own by marriage. And now, Eighthly, the appearance of its true owner had lost it to him once more. And he was as glad of its final loss as of anything that had ever happened to him since he was born—save one.

Even still, not everything had been explained. It has taken this pen more than an hour or two to get to the root of every why and every how. But Alan and Lucy, instead of talking, had wisely gone out into the park and its sunshine, neither of which he had hoped to see again. I fear that, in his heart, his mother, with all her anxiety and eagerness of devotion, did not live in his heart like his father, who had never let anybody see anything but the sun, even when hidden out of all other sight by clouds. So Victor Waldron and Helen were alone.

“So, Victor,” said she gravely, “I cannot give you Copleston now. . . . By no deed of mine, *against* all my deeds, it has come back to its own.”

“And thank God for that!” said Victor. “You are my Queen Cophetua.”

“No! I called myself that when you told me that—when I saw that you would—leave me without one word—because I was rich

and you were—— That is not so any more. Nobody will accuse you of marrying Copleston now.”

“ You called yourself that—then? I call you that—now. You *are* my Queen Cophetua. You give me yourself—a royal treasure to me, Beggar in all else that I am.”

“ Victor! It is you who have been Good—not I.”

“ No. But were it so—Helen—you are *my* QUEEN COPHETUA all the same.”

*The End.*

## *CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A FISHERMAN.*

WHEN men opened their newspapers one cheerless morning of January 1875, and then said to each other with bated breath, as if they had lost a personal friend, "Kingsley is dead," it was impossible to avoid dwelling a minute or two on his character. Immense energy and boundless enthusiasm for whatever interested his mind seemed his leading characteristics. As the parish priest, the novelist, the poet, and the sportsman these tendencies were conspicuous. Nothing came within his ken, whether matters of observation or speculation, without the eager mind fastening upon it, fancy investing it with bright colours, and all its relations with kindred thoughts or phenomena being carefully gathered up. Then, a fascinating style, which exactly reflected the enthusiastic nature of his mind, brought his conclusions before men in a manner which they could not but admire, if they were fain at times to hesitate before drawing the same inferences as the writer who so charmed their sober judgment. The logic of the affections, indeed, was more potent in Charles Kingsley's mental operations than that of pure thought. Hence his abstract speculations were of much less value than those subjects round which the play of imagination and the light of an enthusiastic conviction could flash. His writings on fishing were eminently of this latter character. He threw himself into this delightful recreation with ardour; and the world at large, which hangs over his novels, is probably indebted to the trout-stream, and the quiet hours there spent, even more than the angler, charming as is every word which Kingsley wrote on fishing.

It will probably please many readers of his widow's interesting biography of her husband, if the scattered notices of Kingsley's sport and his numerous and characteristic remarks on points so dear to fishermen be gathered together. With the addition of his admirable "Chalk Stream Studies," it will then be easy to estimate Kingsley as a fisherman. In this character he is certainly not amenable to Mr. Justin McCarthy's charge of having dabbled in

too many subjects to excel in any. As an angler, Kingsley was unrivalled.

In angling, as in most other subjects, the child is father of the man, and many a trout must Kingsley have secured in the North Devon streams beside which he passed some of his early days, and which he was ever delighted to revisit in after-years. The first glimpse, however, which Mrs. Kingsley gives of him shows him engaged at Shelford, near Cambridge, where he writes to his father that he hooked a very large trout, which, after being played for three quarters of an hour, "grubbed the hook out of his mouth after all." In March 1844 we find him in Wilts, fishing at a place redolent with many fragrant memories to a lover of Walton's books. "Conceal my pleasure," he breaks out, "at finding myself in Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he and Dr. Donne and Iz. Walton may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers." A trip to his beloved North Devon gives us several pictures of his piscatorial ardour. "In the Torridge," he writes, "caught my basket full, and among them one 2 lbs.!! Never was such a trout seen in Clovelly before." And again he records of the same river, "Caught 1½ dozen very bright sun, which was against me." Fishing was the only recreation he allowed himself during his early life at Eversley, and many scattered notices in his letters, too minute to be here reproduced, show how eagerly he pursued it and what a charm a new stream possessed for him, as it does for all observant anglers. In 1845 he took another trip to Devon, and writes to his wife from Dartmoor, "Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton, the old Druids' sacred place, to see logan stones and cromlechs. Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life; scenery more lovely than tongue can tell" (he had been fishing all day on the moor); "it brought out of me the following bit of poetry, with many happy tears." We shall make no apology for quoting the lines, instinct as they are with the quintessence of Kingsley's genius, whether as a poet or an admirer of nature. The critical reader will notice in them the apt fusion of ideas which might have been evolved by Wordsworth with the far-reaching hopes and fears of later transcendentalism. Indeed, these verses might serve as the keynote of all the writer's poetry and philosophy. They exactly show his mental attitude in the presence of nature and the manner in which he was wont to wed the deepest longings with his beauty.

*Poet.*

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,  
I cannot tell what you say ;  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,  
I cannot tell what ye say ;  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams,  
I cannot tell what ye say ;  
But I know in you, too, a spirit doth live,  
And a word in you this day.

*The Word's Answer.*

Oh, rose is the colour of love and youth,  
And green is the colour of faith and truth,  
And brown of the fruitful clay ;  
The earth is fruitful and faithful and young,  
And her bridal morn shall rise ere long,  
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams  
And the laughing green woods say.

In 1851, he seems to have found fishing days contracting into afternoons or evenings, as many another angler finds when the duties of a busy life increase. He was wont now merely to throw his fly for an hour or two over the little stream which bounded the parish of Eversley during his afternoon's walk. The same year produced a very characteristic letter to his friend Mr. T. Hughes. If it may be taken as a sample of the multifariousness of his daily employments, and the nervous energy with which he would throw himself into each task, no one need wonder that the keen sword so soon wore out the scabbard. "I have had a sorter kinder sample day. Up at 5, to see a dying man; ought to have been up at 2, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous!! and didn't make row enough; was from 5.30 to 6.30 with the most dreadful case of agony—insensible to me, but not to his pain. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at 8. . . . Prayed the commendatory prayers over him and started for the river. Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful agonized face between me and the river pondering on *the* mystery. Killed 8 on 'March brown' and 'governor' by drowning the flies and taking 'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a north-easter. Clouds burn up at 1 P.M., I put on a minnow and



kill 3 more. . . . My 11 weighed altogether  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., 3 to the lb.; good, considering that I had passed many a 2-lb. fish, I know."

How often are anglers caught in a thunder-storm and in danger are they near trees and running water, the best possible conductors! The thoughts that must in such a storm have many a fisherman's mind with awe, who silently kept them to himself, are laid bare in the next extract of the same year, while Kingsley is fishing during a severe thunder-storm on the lake at Bramshill. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed a great deal during the storm for we were in a very dangerous place in an island under high trees and it seemed dreadful" (he is writing to his wife) "never to see you again."

In August 1851 a comic element occurs in Kingsley's fishing annals. He was fishing near Trêves, was taken to that town under arrest, and spent a night in prison, "among fleas and felons, on a bare floor." He is not by any means the only Englishman who has got into trouble by fishing in continental waters. To be sure he was taken for a political enemy, an emissary of Mazzini; while on the present day ardent English anglers compromise themselves by fishing without special permission and the like. But the unpleasant result is much the same in either case.

To this period belongs a graphic sketch which Mr. Martin has given of Kingsley's study. It is curious to see how the poetical tastes of its owner predominated; and no more pleasant study it may be added, could be conceived for an angler and literary man. "Many a one has cause to remember that study, its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick fireplace covered with matting; its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing rod, or landing net, or insect net leaning against them; on the table books, writing materials, sermons, manuscripts, proofs, letters, reeds, feathers, fishing flies, clay-pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps, the brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion - a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont Scotch terrier; wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race." "Fishing," indeed, the owner of this delightful room might well write to a friend, "is *par excellence* a parson's sport." And here is his own account in playful hexameter of a day's fishing in May 1852.

I and my gardener, George, and my little whelps, Maurice and Dandie,  
Went out this afternoon fishing; a better night nobody could wish,  
Wind blowing fresh from the west and a jolly long roll on the water;

After a burning day and the last batch of May-flies just rising.  
Well; I fished two or three shallows, and never a fish would look at me.  
Then I fished two or three pools, and with no more success, I assure you.  
"I'll tell you what, George," said I, "some rascal's been 'studdling' the water;  
Look at the tail of that weed there, all turned up and tangled—Tim Goddard's  
Been up the stream before us, or else Bonny Over, and sold us!"  
"Well sir," says he, "I'll be sworn, some chap's gone up here with a shore-net!"  
Pack up our traps and go home is the word; and, by jingo, we did it.  
As I sit here, word for word, that was mine and G.'s conversation.

In the next month despondency seizes him at his continued want of success in fishing. Such a feeling is what might be expected in the case of so enthusiastic a temperament. Where another man would persevere, or lay aside his rod for a time, until his nerves were less tightly strung, or natural conditions more favourable, Kingsley is dispirited, and a slight trace of bitterness, very alien to his usual mood, may be traced in the letter which he wrote concerning his ill luck to Mr. Ludlow. The very fact that the fisherman takes the disappointment so seriously proves how closely fishing in its highest aspects touched Kingsley's heart. "I had my usual luck yesterday morning, killed little fish and lost a huge one. . . . God is the Giver. I have not had a decent day's fishing for four years; to such poor half-brutes as——from whom you can expect nothing better, God gives those enjoyments which they are capable of thanking Him for—that even so He may lift their hearts to Him; while to such as us He denies them, because we have been given other and higher things. My luck has been absurdly bad; I was allowed extraordinary success for three years, till I was acknowledged the best fisherman in the neighbourhood, and since then I can catch nothing." Something of the same feeling which inspired these sorrowful words may have actuated the American angler-moralist, Thoreau, whose sentiments form so curious a parallel in many points that it is worth while quoting them for those who are not acquainted with the charm of his writings. "I have found repeatedly in late years that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have skill at it, and, like many of my fellows, a certain instinct for it which revives from time to time, but always when I have done I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished. I think that I do not mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the first streaks of morning. There is unquestionably this instinct in me which belongs to the lower orders of creation; yet with every year I am less a fisherman, though without more humanity or even wisdom."<sup>1</sup> How different were the two

<sup>1</sup> *Walden*, p. 230.

men, and yet how deeply are both alike stirred by some of the many thoughts suggested by angling !

Four years afterwards Kingsley is seen apparently in his normally cheerful frame of mind, giving Tom Hughes directions how to fish in a clear burning sun with a gentle ripple : " ' Throw your fly and let it sink (never draw it), and in half a minute take it out gently to see if aught's at the end of it, and if so, hit him as if you loved him and hold on.' " Some of his favourite flies may interest anglers ; stone flies of a darkish colour with abundance of yellow about the tail, governors with *pale* partridge wing and *pale* honey-coloured tail ; " pheasant wings and orange tails are only fit for cockneys to catch dace with at Hampton Court."

How carefully he studied the natural history of the various flies which the trout-fisher so cunningly imitates is apparent from a letter to Mr. I. H. Stainton, the well-known entomologist (even if it were not evident from the pages of his "Chalk Stream Studies"), of date April 7, 1856 : " I find my sole amusement in fly-fishing once a week, but no more;" and he consults him about arranging the *phryganæ*, adding, " I have already found out (from Pictet) that our famous Gwynnant fly of Snowdon is his *hydropsyche variegata* or *montana*. Stephens's illustrations shew 190 British species of *phryganæ* (?). *Phryganea grandis* and *pantherina* are ' flame brown ' and ' caperer ' ; all caddises." Such diligence and so many unwearied pains may well rebuke the lazy race of anglers who too often fish with a " red spinner," or " blue upright," without having the least idea what object in nature these *nominum umbræ* are meant to represent. We have met not one but many fly-fishers who had never so much as heard of Ronald's "Fly-fisher's Entomology," which describes and figures the commonest of the insects imitated by the fly-dresser. With Kingsley, to employ a fly of silk and feathers was only an irresistible impulse to make acquaintance with the insect itself. He would beat the bushes and search the banks of a stream with unwearied care and attention rather than fail to discover the exact insect on which the fish were that day feeding. Nay, he would even forego angling altogether for the charms of entomology, and be as delighted at the capture of some semi-transparent gauze-winged gnat as another man with taking a three-pound trout. In a word, Kingsley was a scientific and not merely a dilettante fly-fisher. And well is it for his admirers and for fishermen generally that such was his disposition, else they would never have possessed his "Chalk Stream Studies," that treasure of scientific angling.

To return, however, to the order of time ; in 1856 much of his

luck seems to have come back to Kingsley. Are we wrong in thinking that the evening's fishing described in the following letter to Tom Hughes was the *motif* for much of the evening fishing so pleasantly described in the above-mentioned essay, published in *Fraser's Magazine* during 1858? "You'll be pleased to hear that I got a fishing at Lady Mildmay's famous Warnborough preserve last night. The day was B. B. B.—burning, baking, and boiling—and as still as glass, so I did not tackle-to till 5.30, and between that and 9 I grassed 20 fish, weighing 22 lbs., besides losing a brace more whoppers. Biggest brace killed 3 lbs. and 2 lbs., a dead bright calm and a clear stream. In fifteen minutes I had three fish, two of 3 lbs., and one of 2 lbs., but lost one of them after a long fight. Not so shady, Tom, for all on shorm-fly and caperer."

To this year, 1856, belongs that pleasant fishing trip to Snowdon in which Kingsley was accompanied by his friends T. Hughes and Tom Taylor. He writes eagerly to the former begging him to join in his holiday trip. "We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-gwyrtryynnwwddelld; there, I can't spell it, but it sounds Penny-goorood, which is the divinest pigsty beneath the canopy, and at Beddgelert old Jones, the clerk and king of fishermen, will take us in." And he goes on to mention that he is working at the *phryganea*. In due time the trip came off and was full of fun, as may be gathered not only from those who shared in it, but from the accounts left of it by Kingsley. The night before they left, Tom Taylor, with his usual thoughtfulness, suggested that each of them should write a humorous verse or two in their host's visitors' book, in order to do him a good turn who had done his best to make them comfortable. Accordingly, the celebrated verses were duly inscribed by the friends, which ere long were torn out of the book, for the sake of the autographs, by some unscrupulous traveller (who will scarcely dare, however, to shew his prize), and on being replaced by the kindness of the authors were a second time abstracted. Mrs. Kingsley gives them in full in the biography. Here we shall merely subjoin a characteristic verse of each author:—

*Tom Taylor.*

I came to Pen-y gwryd with colours armed and pencils,  
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;  
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,  
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks.

*Tom Hughes.*

There's big trout, I hear, in Edno, likewise in Gwynnant Lake,  
And the "governor" and "black alder" are the flies that they will take;  
Also the cochybonddehu, but I can only say,  
If you think to catch big fishes, I only hope you may.

*Charles Kingsley.*

I came to Pen-y-gwryd in frantic hopes of slaying  
 Grilse, salmon, 3-lb. red-fleshed trout, and what else there's no saying ;  
 But bitter cold, and lashing rain, and black nor'-eastern skies, sir,  
 Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.

Here are a few more memoranda to show the still eager angler with his rod which "knows all waters from the top of Snowdon and Dartmoor down to lowland Loddon and Kennet." In June 1857 he once more writes of his favourite pastime to Tom Hughes : "I caught a fairish lot on the caperer, which they took as a relish to the May-fly ; but the moment they were ashore the May-flies came up. A party with doubtful h's and commercial demeanour appears on Wednesday on our little stream and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here ; fly, a little green drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wings, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast, went home, and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemeræ, with green peacock-tail heads." That trout alone were not his quarry is amusingly apparent from the next citation (part of a letter later in the year to the same friend) : "Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size (Farlow's make). I killed 40 lbs. weight of pike, &c., on it the other day at Strathfieldsaye, to the astonishment and delight of —, who cut small jokes on 'a spoon at each end,' &c., but altered his tone when he saw the melancholies coming ashore one every ten minutes, and would try his own hand. I have killed heaps of big pike round with it. I tried it in Lord Eversley's lakes on Monday, when the fish wouldn't have even his fly. Capricious party is Jacques. Next day I killed a 7-pounder at Hurst."

Little more is heard of fishing in the pressure of literary and parochial work until, in July 1858, Kingsley is seen at Malham Tarn, Wiltshire, and he writes of it : "Simply the best trout-fishing I have ever seen. My largest fish to-day was 1½ lb. (a cold north-wester) but with a real day I could kill 50 lbs. Unfortunately, it wants all my big lake flies, which I, never expecting such a treat, left at home. The fishing is the best in the whole earth." Two years after, a great event in every fisherman's memory happened. "Markree Castle, Sligo, July 4, 1860.—I have done the deed at last, killed a real actual live salmon, over 5-lbs. weight, and lost a whopper from light hooking. Here they were by hundreds, and just as easy to catch as trout; and if the wind would get out of the north, I could kill 50 lbs. of them in a day." The rest of his notes show, however, that Kingsley never

lost his love for trout-fishing in the pursuit of the nobler quarry, as do so many anglers.

A visit to his beloved chalk streams at Whitchurch in May, 1863, leads him to write to his wife: "Quite safe here, and so jolly at being on the chalk. Just starting to fish Whit. I took seven brace this afternoon (none very large, but what would be a great day at Wild-moor) in three hours." In a note to Froude we hear a little more of his sport: "After the rain it was charming. They took first a little black gnat, and then settled to a red palmer and the conquering turkey-brown, with which we killed so many here before. My beloved black alder they did not care for; for why? She was not out. I kept seven brace of good fish, and threw in twelve. None over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb., though."

At length a black cloud passes over the clear skies of these happy days, and the shadows of evening draw on apace. Sheer hard work and constant exertion, bodily and mental, begin to tell even upon Kingsley's athletic frame. Controversy, anxiety, and strain of mind broke down their victim, and, after a long illness, he once more writes to T. Hughes, but in a very different key from the former jubilant letters: "May 1865.—I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds (I am too weak for a day's fishing, and the doctors have absolutely forbidden me my salmon). I have had two or three this year of three and two pounds, and a brace to-day near one pound each, so I am not left troutless." And a line to his old friend, Rev. P. L. Wood, in 1873, strikes a still sadder chord: "God bless you! shall we not kill a trout together again?" This is amongst his last utterances on fishing. More important matters and deeper truths employ his thoughts. Illness increased, and he set sail for America, where he grows enthusiastic on the beauty of the pine forests and rocky trout-streams; but we do not hear of any fishing, though he writes from Quebec: "The bishop here is a Hampshire man and a trout-fisher," and sends a message to his son, "tell him there are lots of trout here but it is too hot to catch them." Ere long the chronicle ends but too abruptly.

These scattered notices display not merely an ardent but a scientific angler. The contemplative side of the gentle art, with all the virtues with which our forefathers were wont to endow its professor, from Dame Juliana Berners's time to the days of *Salmonia*, was strongly represented, as we have seen, in Charles Kingsley. It is not enough for him to catch fish; he must know the reason why such and such a lure proves tempting in one kind of weather more than in another. Even he, however, could not penetrate that inscrutable

mystery which surrounds the apparently capricious commencement and sudden cessation of fishes rising to fly. Like the humble follower of the craft, he can but murmur, "unknown atmospheric conditions." But the boy-like eagerness of Kingsley for the water-side is balanced, as it were, by the keen eye and thoughtful judgment of manhood. Nothing escapes his notice by the trout-stream—bird, beast, fly, flower, all come under his eye, and are duly recorded; no one of nature's marvels is passed by unnoticed. And so it comes to pass that Kingsley's piscatorial writings (alas! all too few) breathe the balmy air of a summer's eve, when the swallows glance and snare up the hovering May-fly from the very jaws of the eager trout. To read a page of his exquisitely natural writing when he has his rod in hand delights an angler only just short of actual participation in the same joys. Literary interest—such, for instance, as breaks out in Wilson's more impassioned rhapsodies on fishing—is conspicuously absent from his words, pure and sparkling as the air of his Hampshire meadows; but just because they are so exquisitely true to the angler's simple pleasures are they so highly valued by brother disciples. When he is pleased to be didactic we listen with eager attention, certain that some secret of air or water hitherto undreamt of will be revealed to us; and we are never bored, as, sooth to say, Halieus and Poictes occasionally do bore us in the philosophical pages of Sir H. Davy. Every fly-fisherman must gratefully acknowledge that his trout-stream has been rendered more attractive since he perused Kingsley's charming "Chalk Stream Studies" and his eyes were unscaled to nature's beauty by the tone of thankful admiration which runs through them. And this, we opine, is what would most have gratified their author.

A few words might have been added on this same "Chalk Stream Studies,"<sup>1</sup> which we regard as the model of a fishing essay, but the last paragraph almost renders them needless. As a model of lucid exposition in fishing matters, a sparkling narrative which must suggest to every angling reader memories of similar happy days at the water-side; above all, as an essay stamped with all the earnest versatility of its lamented author, "Chalk Stream Studies" will for continue to bear off the palm among the numerous papers which have since been written in the same style. Its freshness is perennial as our favourite trout-stream in meadows where "the crystal water sparkles among the roots of the rich grass, and hurries down

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, September 1858. Now accessible in the author's volume of "Prose Idylls."



innumerable drains to find its parent stream between tufts of great blue geranium, and spires of purple loosestrife, and the delicate pink and white comfrey bells, and the avens—fairest and most modest of all the water-side nymphs, who hangs her head all day long in pretty shame, with a soft blush upon her tawny cheek." Its love of nature and the many fanciful touches which adorn it, as in the words just quoted, betray the divine vision of the poet. Genial, pleasant, and full of thoughtfulness to the keepers and underlings who so greatly minister to the angler's amusement, no better essay could be placed in the hands of a tiro or of one who was wont to think scornfully of the angler's craft. Had Kingsley written nothing but this one fishing essay, he would have deserved well of many a generation of anglers. Nor are the higher lessons of the craft ever forgotten in the fulness of its delight in the beautiful. It is indeed—

A work of thanks to such as in a thing  
Of harmless pleasure have regard to save  
Their dearest souls from sin ; and may intend  
Of precious time some part thereon to spend.<sup>1</sup>

Water-side pleasures have been celebrated by Kingsley in his other books, but there is no need to pursue the subject further. Other anglers may have excelled him in delicacy and length of casting ; it is only natural that abundance of leisure in which to practise the mechanical parts of fishing should result, with any devotee of the science, in the attainment of high manual dexterity. Other men may have been more invariably fortunate in catching fish, which also means generally that such men have the power of choosing only those days in which the stream will "fish well," as the saying is, and enjoy a longer acquaintance with the habits of the fish which frequent it ; whereas, one whose fishing days are snatched with difficulty from more serious work, and who is not wholly dependent upon weather-wisdom, will of course frequently fail to catch many fish. Others, too, may possess a larger acquaintance with the literature of the craft. But, in knowledge of flies and fish, in all that pertains to the higher branches of fly-fishing, extending beyond the confines of natural theology, imagination, and fancy, no name in the present generation of anglers ranks higher than that of Charles Kingsley.

M. G. WATKINS.

<sup>1</sup> "Secrets of Angling." By I. D. (written before 1613).

## *THE CAPTIVE OF CASTILE.*

**W**ITHIN a few miles of the little village of Simancas there stands, overlooking the turbid waters of the Duero, a building, now part of the convent of Santa Clara at Tordesillas, but which in former times was occupied by Spanish Royalty as one of its numerous rural palaces. Within the yellow-grey walls of this gloomy pile there lived, during the weary years of a long life, a queen who had never known sovereignty, a daughter who had never known a father's care or a mother's love, a wife who had never known domestic happiness, a mother who had found in her first-born her bitterest foe.

Early in the summer of the year 1500, Juana, the eldest daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel of Spain, became, owing to the death of her sickly little brother Don Juan, heiress to the crowns of Castile and Aragon. According to the clauses in the treaty of marriage between Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile, the fertile kingdom of Castile on the death of its queen was to descend to the eldest surviving son, and, in default of male issue, to the eldest surviving daughter of the marriage. The health of Isabel was delicate, and it was expected that not many years would elapse before she would be succeeded on her throne by the handsome Juana, a tall girl with hazel eyes, aquiline nose, a full small mouth, but with the yellow complexion of her sister Katherine, subsequently the wife of Henry VIII., which somewhat marred her beauty. Juana had been married at an early age to the Archduke Philip of Austria, the sovereign of the Low Countries. From this union had sprung amongst other children Charles, afterwards the famous Emperor of Germany.

And now it was that the position of the future heiress to Castile became fraught with great danger, for the wealthy possessions over which she was one day to rule were the envy of those by whom she was immediately surrounded; her foes were limited to her family circle. The aim of Ferdinand of Aragon was to fuse the discordant elements within the Iberian peninsula, and thus to create a united Spanish monarchy; deprived by special treaty from interfering with the

affairs of Castile, his hopes of establishing a kingdom of Spain were thus completely frustrated. On the marriage of Juana with Philip, it had been stipulated that the Archduke was to occupy the position of a queen's consort in Spain, with no right of his own to meddle with matters of government. The restrictions thus placed upon the husband galled his hard and domineering nature, whilst his poverty and extravagance made him all the more anxious to appropriate the splendid revenues of Castile. Charles, as the eldest son of Philip and Juana, was heir presumptive to the Austrian dominions, the Burgundian states, the provinces of Castile and Aragon, and it was expected that he would succeed Maximilian upon the Imperial throne. From his boyhood this cold and ambitious youth had been taught that God had vouchsafed to him so much greatness in order that he might found a Universal Empire, and through it secure peace to Christendom, and defend the cause of our Saviour against both infidels and heretics. Thus the future sovereignty of Juana in Castile became a grave obstacle in the path of those who were nearest to her. Between the ambition of Ferdinand and the welding together of a united Spanish monarchy stood his daughter Juana and Castile. Between the avarice of Philip and the control of the revenues of Castile stood his wife Juana. Between Charles, who had succeeded to his Burgundian dominions, and who was soon expected to possess the Austrian principalities and the Empire of his grandfather, and the establishment of his universal empire, stood the Spanish crown to which his mother was heiress. Hence father, husband, and son found the unhappy Juana a difficulty in the execution of their own special schemes. And yet, only to her son would the death of Juana have been of advantage. Were she to die, the fair estates of Castile would neither descend to Ferdinand her father, nor to Philip her husband, but to Charles. Thus the objects of the three fortune-hunters were not identical: the death of the future queen of Castile would benefit the son, whilst her husband and her father had the keenest interest in preserving her life. If Juana could be kept alive, and yet be excluded from the exercise of her royal prerogatives, the ends of Ferdinand or of Philip might be attained. It is necessary clearly to grasp these preliminaries to understand what is to follow.

During the seventeen years that preceded her marriage with the Archduke Philip, Juana was brought up under the immediate eye of her mother Isabel. It has been the fashion with certain historians to represent this lady as a most devout and unselfish woman; one devoted to her church and the welfare of her children. Yet, a more vindictive or unscrupulous creature never concealed her baseness

beneath the mask of religion. She usurped the throne of her niece, she was one of the chief agents in introducing the terrors of the Inquisition into Spain, she crippled the energies of her subjects by the severest taxation, and on all occasions she was found to be merciless in her rigour, and a demon in her spontaneous and unaccountable hates. After her death crowds assembled beneath the windows of her palace at Medina del Campo, to give vent to the curses and execrations they dared not utter in her lifetime. "Her soul," cried the mayor, amid the vindictive cheers of the mob, "has gone direct to hell for her cruel oppression of her subjects!" With such a woman as her friend and adviser, the handsome Juana passed the most impressionable years of her life. The slightest departure from the tenets of the Catholic faith was punished with rackings, burnings, and floggings; executions took place daily, the chief spectacles that met the eye were the hideous *Autos da Fé*, and the one topic in every household was the *espionage* of the Inquisition. To a young girl not wanting in independence of thought or in sympathy, the reign of terror she saw around her caused the future heiress of Castile to raise her voice against the miseries occasioned by her mother's rule. Whenever any punishment especially savage was about to be dealt out to a victim, it was always inflicted for "the love of Christ and His holy Mother," until the name of religion became identified in the mind of Juana with all that was cruel and repellent in man. She refused to confess, to pray, to attend mass. She hated the black cassock of a priest, and rigidly shunned the society of the nuns who then crowded the chambers of the palace. Such wilfulness and heresy were, however, not permitted to take root in the heart of the daughter of so pious a mother. The girl was forced to attend to her religious duties, and to pay at least outward homage to the creed of her ancestors. To prove to her that a princess of the blood was not exempt from the pains and penalties attendant upon heresy, we learn that even the *premia* had been applied to her.<sup>1</sup> The *premia* was a form of torture then in use in Spain. The victim was hoisted in the air by a rope with heavy weights attached to the feet: it was not unusual for the judge, before applying the torture, to inform the sufferer that the operation often resulted in the limbs being broken or dislocated. It is not, therefore, surprising that there should have been, as we learn, on the part of Juana little of that affection which exists between mother and daughter.

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Queen Juana. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Marquis of Denia to the Emperor Charles V., Jan. 25, 1522.

Life was, in short, hateful to the girl, and to escape from the maternal tyranny she gladly consented to unite herself to a husband. Yet, alas ! the change was scarcely for the better. The Archduke Philip was as cruel as he was despicable. He robbed his wife of her dowry, he deprived her of almost the necessaries of life, whilst he squandered vast sums upon his illicit attachments. With that strange devotion so often to be found in woman, these insults and adversities only increased all the more the passion of Juana for her husband. She lived only to please him. His frequent absences were bitterly bewailed, whilst his return, which was often only to result in slights and bitter humiliation to the young wife, was eagerly welcomed. As we read of her entreaties, her prayers ever unheeded, her alternate fits of temper and caresses—the whole story, in short, of her sad domestic life—we are strangely reminded of her niece and of another Philip. Deserted, and a stranger in her palace at Brussels, the unhappy Juana was deprived of every consolation. She seldom communicated with her parents, for the remembrance of her home-life had embittered her relations with her mother. Beneath neglect and misery her health was gradually giving way. Religion, the comfort of so many troubled souls, was denied her, for she refused to believe in its efficacy. She attended, it was true, to the outward forms and ceremonies of public worship, yet it was evident to all that she was only watching the mechanism of her creed, and had little faith in its animating spirit.

To the Queen Isabel, the institutor of the Inquisition and the champion of the Catholic faith, the news that reached her ears from Flanders touching the almost open heresy of her daughter, was very painful. Her devout Majesty deemed it right to be correctly informed as to the facts of the case, since she was resolved that no renegade should succeed to the proud throne of Castile. Accordingly, in the summer of 1497, she despatched one friar Tomas de Matienzo, sub-prior of the Convent of Santa Cruz, to Brussels to converse with and, if need be, to convert her unhappy daughter. The reception of the prior was far from cordial. Juana, as a married woman, was no longer subject to her mother's control, and as the wife of a foreign sovereign she was independent of the jurisdiction of Spain. She knew that the crown of Castile was assured her, and, whatever were the religious opinions she held, she had seen enough of the miseries south of the Pyrenees to feel sure that the cruelty of the Inquisition had not increased the love of her future subjects for the faith of Rome. Accordingly, she treated the envoy with distant reserve. Matienzo begged her to tell him something of her life, so

that he could write home to her anxious parents as to her state, but Juana coldly replied that for the moment she had nothing to say. She, moreover, declined to inquire after any person in the whole of Spain, and contented herself with only briefly answering the question put to her. For this coldness the young wife had a definite reason beyond the natural dislike of being spied upon. She had heard that the sub-prior was to receive her confessions. "I can tell you, Highnesses," writes the friar to Ferdinand and Isabel,<sup>1</sup> "that she was not gratified by my coming, and that with good reason, for before I had arrived certain persons—and I believe it was the Countess of Camin—wrote to her from Bilbao that I came as her confessor. Juana was at once undeceived upon this point. "He had not come," said the friar, "like an inquisitor to pry into her conduct, and he would not write or say a word except what came from her lips. Upon this we are told that she became "somewhat more quiet," but none the less was the mission of the sub-prior an utter failure.

Juana permitted her mother's envoy indeed to visit her, but in the interview nothing of any importance was disclosed. She had her priest and her oratory within the palace, but both appeared to be more for show than for use. "I do not know," writes the friar,<sup>2</sup> "whether her presence or her want of devotion was the reason that she did not confess on the day of Assumption, although two of her confessors were in attendance." At the end of a few days the friar came to the conclusion that the task set before him was hopeless. "Nothing can be done here," he sighs, "either by letters or word of mouth, and all will turn into nothing." Yet Juana seems to have conquered her prejudice and to have been gracious to him. She thanked him for the news he had brought her from Spain, and said she should be glad if he would tell her of her faults. "Seeing her so humble," writes the friar,<sup>3</sup> "I forgive her all she has done before." And to prove his forgiveness he told her, "among other things, that she had a hard and pitiless heart, and was devoid of all piety, as is the truth." Yet a few lines further on, in the letter he writes to her parents, he adds, "She has the qualities of a good Christian!" But the correspondence of this good friar is full of contradictions. He complains of the coldness of Juana towards her parents in Spain, that she promises to write home, and yet does not write, whilst avoiding all inquiries natural to a daughter, and then almost in the same breath he states that she is grateful to her mother "in telling her how she ought to live," and that she is ever ready to cry when she thinks of

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, Aug. 16, 1498.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* To Queen Isabel the Catholic, Jan. 15, 1499.

the distance which separates them. He finds fault with her neglect of her religious duties, and declares that she is "devoid of all piety"; and then asserts that in her palace at Brussels "there is as much religion as in a strict convent. In this respect she is very vigilant, and deserves praise, although here, in Flanders, they believe the contrary." Whilst in several other minor matters he is equally inconsistent.

If, however, from the letters of this worthy envoy we fail to obtain much insight into the spiritual state of the handsome Archduchess, we learn not a little as to her temporal condition. "Here," he writes,<sup>1</sup> "her servants have two principal complaints against this lady ; in the first place that they are badly paid ; and, secondly, that she does not occupy herself with the government of her household." The reply of Juana, however, to these charges is perfectly satisfactory. "I told her of these accusations," continues the friar, "and she answered that she has often spoken with the members of the Council about the pay of her servants, but that they answer that more is due to the Flemings than to her servants. I asked her why she did not speak to the Archduke. She said, because he tells it directly to his councillors, and she receives great injury from it. As for the government of her household, she says they do not permit her to take part in it."

Surrounded by those who hated her country—for there was no love lost between Fleming and Spaniard—and neglected by her husband, the situation of Juana was pitiable in the extreme. Her ladies-in-waiting and the officials of the Court were the creatures of the Archduke, and "have so much intimidated this lady that she dare not raise her head." Her poverty was also great. "She is so poor that she has not a maravedi to give alms. This very year, when she was pregnant, she asked the State to give her the same grant as it was the custom to give to other ladies, and they responded to her demands with a grant of 60,000 florins, payable within three years ; but, according to what is said, she does not get anything, because the receiver of the Archduke receives them, and they are distributed as favours." She was treated as a mere puppet ; grants of money were distributed by her authority but without her sanction ; and papers relating to important official matters were brought to her, in the absence of her husband, for her signature, without their contents being disclosed to her. The sub-prior concludes his correspondence with his employers by recommending Ferdinand and Isabel to give some pecuniary help to their daughter, for "her servants die of starvation, and that will continue until your Highnesses provide for them." At the same time, he begs to be recalled, as he can be of no

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, Jan. 15, 1499.



service, and is "no longer wanted here." He himself, he is forced to admit, is in a sad plight. He has spent all his money, and has pledged "my person, my companion, and my servant," as well as the "animals" he brought with him. "In this country," the impoverished monk moans, "they think it a greater honour well to drink than well to live, and on what I pay here for my lodgings I could live in Castile."

Whilst Tomas de Matienzo was thus endeavouring to bring the lost sheep to the fold, he had been assisted in his unsuccessful efforts by one who had especial claims upon the attention of Juana. Friar Andreas had been her tutor; he was a man of sincere piety, and he had heard with much pain that the confessions of his young pupil belonged to a class which was little considered. He had written frequently to the Princess-Archduchess, but she had vouchsafed him no answer. She was now expecting very shortly to be confined, and the friar thought the opportunity one not to be lost, and that his former charge might be in a more fitting mood to give heed to his advice. "I am told," he writes to Juana, after making mention of her sisters and of the delight with which they listen to his counsels, "that your Highness confesses to those sort of friars who live in Paris and that you had given to one of them thirty florins to make good cheer, and that you live with those drunkards from Paris. My opinion is that your Highness should not confess except to a friar who lives according to the rules of his convent, who has not a pin of his own, and to whom your Highness cannot give anything, nor show him favour, but only to the convent in which he lives, which ought to be of the Observant Fathers." He then recommends to her notice the father and friar who is to deliver this letter to her. "If he were not so young," he continues, "your Highness would do well to entrust your soul to his keeping, and not to that of those who, during many years, have not been subject to the rules of their convents, and who are swarming about in Flanders. He is a good preacher, and if your Highness would, in case of need, make use of his services at certain times of the year, I know that your Highness would be satisfied with his preaching." Only religion, he asserts, can ensure happiness, and without it all the wealth and power of the world are as nothing. "God be thanked," he says, "your Highness may believe me that I am more happy in my monastery, living on bread and water, than your Highness with all you possess. I ask pardon that I am so bold with you whom I love so much, and serve by day and night before God. Have courage and be as cheerful as you can, have a pur

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, Sept. 1, 1498.

conscience before God, and confess well and oftentimes. . . . I hope in God that He will deliver and preserve you well, and that you will give birth to a son, for I pray to God that He give you issue, and that the child be a son. Write me directly, so that I may offer him to God, and to our Lady, and to St. Domingo, and St. Peter the Martyr. If, with the help of God, you have given birth to a son, send me a frock or a shirt of his, for that has been promised to St. Peter the Martyr. . . . If your Highness does not answer me, I shall never write again, and this will be my last letter. God give you happiness and an easy delivery. So be it ordered by His mercy." To the earnest pleading of friar Andreas no reply was however given. In the days of her youth Juana had been compelled to listen to much ghostly counsel and advice, and, from what she had seen and heard, religion was to her only another word for the most fiendish intolerance, a degrading superstition, and laws based on neither justice nor mercy. She had had enough of priests and confessors in Castile; she could dispense with their teaching now that she was in Flanders, and her own mistress.

"If we read attentively," writes Mr. Bergenroth,<sup>1</sup> "the letters of the sub-prior and friar Andreas, we plainly perceive the influences of the education to which Juana had been subjected. By nature probably more intelligent than energetic, her character had had no room for healthy growth and free development under the narrow, hard, and oppressive rule of her mother. Fear, not love, predominated in her, and was the motive of her actions to a greater extent than could have been wished. But although she submitted to the domination of others, she was always conscious of the wrong done to her, and never permitted herself to be entirely conquered. Thus her life was a succession of attempts at rebellion, which, however, collapsed as soon as she was called upon to vindicate her independence by active measures. Although she was especially afraid of her mother, and would please her in small things which required no great exertion, yet, in matters concerning her conscience or such as demanded energy, she opposed to Queen Isabel a passive resistance and an inertness which it was impossible to overcome. The sub-prior, judging from his standpoint of a mere creature of the queen, was probably not entirely wrong when he accused her of a 'hard and pitiless heart,' and yet she was equally right in indignantly denying it, for even her accuser was forced to confess that she was not in want of good reasons to defend her cause. That the differences between mother and daughter referred to religious questions

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, Preface.

as well as to politics can hardly be doubted. Her refusal to confess or to accept a confessor at the hands of Queen Isabel, the complaints of her former tutor of the perverting influence of the Parisian theologians, and the accusation of the sub-prior that she had no piety, admit of no other explanation."

The failure of her envoy, and the obstinacy with which Juana persisted in holding her loose religious opinions, greatly irritated the heart of Isabel the Catholic. The Queen knew that her end was nigh, and she was ever brooding over the thought that she would be succeeded on the throne by one "not well disposed towards the true doctrine." She became melancholy, and Ferdinand, whose policy it was to widen the breach between mother and daughter, did all in his power to show the folly of the stipulation by which the King of Aragon was barred from interfering in the affairs of Castile. Isabel reflected upon the future, and, after much deliberation, resolved upon the course to be pursued. Juana was to be disinherited. That the heiress to the throne of Castile was imbued with heretical opinions was not however in itself sufficient to appeal to the Cortes to alter the succession. Nor could it be considered as a barrier to her accession that Juana had married a man who detested Spain, and that in consequence she might often have to be absent from her country and her subjects. Some graver reason for the ousting of the heiress from her rights must be suggested. And now it was that it became darkly rumoured that the health of the Princess-Archduchess was not strong, that she was unfit for the business of government, and that at times she did not act as one of sound mind. In the family of Isabel there was the taint of insanity, and it did not therefore require much credulity on the part of a nation to give credence to a mother when she declared that her daughter had been disqualified by mental alienation to wear the crown and wield the sceptre. Even in these days, with all the facilities which steam and electricity afford to obtain information and expose fraud, men have been branded as mad who afterwards have been proved to be perfectly sane. How easy was it, then, in the early part of the sixteenth century, when it took months to journey from Castile to Flanders, when what was done by the Court was unknown to the people, and when national intelligence was at a low ebb, to proclaim to a Parliament at Medina del Campo that a poor girl immured in her palace at Brussels was irresponsible for her actions! Yet the papers before us do not corroborate such a statement. The sub-prior who visited Juana frequently, who upbraids her for her want of piety, and who mentions her poverty and her dependence upon her arrogant and tyrannical

household, never hints in the slightest degree at her insanity. He makes but one allusion to her personal appearance. "She is very gentle," he writes to her parents, "and so handsome and stout, and so much advanced in her pregnancy, that it would be a consolation for your Highnesses to see her."<sup>1</sup> Her former tutor in his letter to her appeals to her as if she were a rational being; nor can we find amongst the documents now brought to the light at Simancas any confirmation of those stories of her derangement, both when she was a young girl at Medina and when she was a married woman at Brussels. At the same time, let us remember how strong was the temptation for unscrupulous men like Ferdinand and Philip to declare that Juana was insane.

With the aid of the Cortes, Isabel issued letters patent practically disinheriting her daughter. "It may chance," she decreed,<sup>2</sup> "that at the time when our Lord shall call me from this life, the Princess Doña Juana, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Burgundy, my very dear and beloved first-born daughter, heiress and lawful successor to my kingdoms, lands, and seigneuries, may be absent from them, or, after having come to them and stayed in them for some time, may be obliged to leave them again, or that, although being present, she might not like or might be unable to reign and govern. If such were the case, it would be necessary to provide that the government should be nevertheless carried on in such a manner that my kingdoms should be well governed and administered in peace and justice as is reasonable." Therefore, to prevent scandals and disunion, she now nominates her husband Ferdinand, "in consideration of his great experience in government," governor and administrator, "instead of and in the name of the princess our daughter, until my grandson, the Infante Don Carlos, first-born son and heir of the said princess and her husband Prince Philip, has attained the age required by law for governing and reigning in these kingdoms." And the better to confirm the position of her husband, Isabel, a few days before the issue of these letters-patent, drew up a will in which she commanded both Juana and the Archduke her husband "to be always obedient subjects to the king my lord, and never to disobey his orders; but to serve him, treat and revere him with the greatest respect and obedience, giving and causing to be given him all the honour which good and obedient children own to their good father, following his orders, and carrying out his counsels."<sup>3</sup>

Shortly after this arrangement had been entered into, the Queen

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, August 1498.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Nov. 23, 1504.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Nov. 19, 1504.

of Castile departed this life. On the very day of her death, the eager widower mounted a large scaffolding, erected in the square before the Royal palace, and announced to the crowd below that he had taken the crown of Castile from his head and given it to his daughter Juana, but that he would continue to reign in her name as "governor and administrator of Castile for life." In the Cortes which met at Toro, Ferdinand delivered an able speech from the throne, and his powers were confirmed by the representatives of the kingdom. So far, everything had tended to satisfy the ambition of the monarch of Aragon : he had played his cards with success, and the game seemed now in his own hands. But there soon appeared on the scene one who had no intention of seeing himself quietly ignored, and his just claims set aside in this arbitrary fashion. Within his palace at Brussels, the Archduke Philip had watched the movements of his father-in-law with little of that reverence and obedience which Isabel had enjoined upon him. The designs of the avaricious Ferdinand did not deceive the husband of Juana, and Philip at once determined to checkmate them ; by diplomacy first, then by the sword if necessary. Accordingly, he assumed the title of King of Castile, and addressed a protest from Flanders against the usurpation of Ferdinand of Aragon.<sup>1</sup> He complained that ever since the death of Queen Isabel, the king, his father-in-law, had seized every opportunity to make himself master of the dominions of Castile, to the great injustice of his daughter, the lawful heiress, her husband, and her children. Yet this usurpation had not been effected openly : "for never is a great evil committed but under colour and dissimulation of some good." To avoid the indignation of the grandees and the people, Ferdinand had not styled himself King of Castile, but its perpetual governor and administrator—a distinction without any real difference, because in very truth he was king, "for he has disposed of everything according to his will, precisely as if he were the king." And in addition to the injury the father had already inflicted upon his daughter, Ferdinand of Aragon had not scrupled to support his policy by the circulation of the foulest lies. He had declared, in order to colour his usurpation, that "the Queen Juana was mad, and that in consequence he was entitled to govern in her stead," at the same time adding, in order to prejudice the people of Spain against the Archduke Philip, that she was kept in prison by her husband in the Low Countries, "together with other lies and tales." In conclusion, the Archduke stated that it was his wish to treat Ferdinand with

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* King Philip to Jehan de Heudin. Date not known.

all respect and reverence ; but he could not tamely submit to see his wife and children deprived of their just rights before his very eyes.

Thus we see from this paper that, whilst it suited the interests of Ferdinand to brand his daughter with the stigma of insanity, such charge was indignantly repudiated by the Archduke Philip, and classed with the "other lies and tales" then being circulated by his respectable father-in-law.

The dispute between Ferdinand and Philip with regard to the throne of Castile continued for several months without any definite result. Early in the spring of 1506, however, the Archduke resolved to end the contest one way or the other, and, accompanied by his wife and children, crossed the Pyrenees with the avowed purpose of taking possession of Castile by force of arms. At this time Spain was divided into three parties, each ready to fight for the cause it affected. There was the party which supported the claims of the King of Aragon, there was the party which was ready to welcome the cause of the Archduke and the Archduchess, and there was a third party led by the Constable of Castile, eager to drive both Ferdinand and Philip out of the kingdom, and to set up Juana as the rightful queen. As soon as the news reached Ferdinand of the invasion of his son-in-law, his rage knew no bounds ; "he wanted to fly at King Philip with *capa y spada*, his cloak to cover him, and his sword to plunge into the breast of the hated intruder." But caution and a keen eye after his own interests had always been the chief characteristics of the wily old King of Aragon, and as he saw that, as Philip advanced farther and farther into the country, the people flocked to his standard and proclaimed themselves ready to swear fealty, Ferdinand bethought himself that it would be wiser to enter into an alliance with his foe than into hostilities. A union between himself and Philip would checkmate the tactics of the Constable, for, of the three parties into which Spain was then divided, the one which supported the lawful heiress to the throne was the most formidable. With the crown placed upon the brows of Juana, Ferdinand would be soon expelled the kingdom, whilst Philip, who had made himself objectionable to a large portion of the Spaniards, would after a short reign inevitably share the same fate. Thus the interests of the father-in-law and the son-in-law were to a certain extent identical ; both wanted Castile, and to both the accession of Juana would be dangerous. Ferdinand had every confidence in his own diplomacy, and felt that, in an interview with Philip, the victory would not rest with the young husband of his daughter. Accordingly he despatched Cardinal Cisneros with a



message of love to his son-in-law, begging for a personal meeting during which he hoped they might be able to arrange their differences.

The request was granted. At an early hour on the morning of June 27, 1506, the rivals met at the little village of Villafafila. Ferdinand as became one of so simple and guileless a nature, was attended only by a few of his most faithful servants mounted on donkeys; Philip on the contrary, was escorted by an imposing body of horse. After the preliminary courtesies had been gone through, Ferdinand invited his son-in-law to follow him into the village church, the better to escape observation and the prying ears of listeners. The two entered the building alone, and remained some time in earnest conversation. Through the portals of the little church the courtiers saw Ferdinand speaking with considerable animation, whilst Philip with his arms folded listened attentively, and occasionally bent his head as if in acquiescence. To the *grandees* of Aragon it seemed evident that their subtle old king "was once more achieving one of his many intellectual triumphs." On issuing from the sacred edifice, Ferdinand acquainted those who eagerly surrounded him with the arrangement that had been entered into. To the surprise of all, the victory remained with the apparently pliant and submissive Philip. The King of Aragon had consented, by a treaty "of the most intimate friendship and alliance" with Philip, to cede all his claims to the government of Castile to his "most beloved children," and pledged himself not in any way to interfere with their authority. Side by side with this treaty, which, ere the ink of the signatures had had time to dry, was thus publicly divulged, was another document which Ferdinand and Philip had drawn up, the contents of which were not then disclosed. In this second paper the incapacity of Juana is plainly declared. It is stated that she is not "inclined on any condition to occupy herself in the despatch of any business concerning the Royal prerogatives and government, or in any other business; that, even if she were inclined to do so, it would be to the total destruction and perdition of their kingdoms." At the same time, to prevent any of the evils which might arise from "her infirmities and sufferings, which for the sake of her honour are not expressed," it had been concluded between Ferdinand and Philip that, should the Queen Juana attempt to meddle in the government, "neither we nor the said most serene king our son shall suffer it, but on the contrary shall be unanimous in preventing it." Thus Philip was *de facto* King of Castile.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Additional treaty between Ferdinand and Philip, June 27, 1506.



What was the object of Ferdinand in thus readily consenting to deprive himself of the rights in Castile accorded to him by his wife Isabel? The question is easily answered. We can now guess what was the nature of the earnest conversation that took place in the village church of Villafafila. Ferdinand had there assured Philip that his wife was insane; that it was to both their interests to support the rumour of her insanity; and that in Philip's open denial of the fact in Flanders he had proved himself his worst enemy. With the Queen Juana incapacitated for government, the control of the revenues of Castile passed into the hands of Philip, and he thus became actual master of his kingdom. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and Philip, who had lived in constant intercourse with his wife without ever making mention of her madness, suffered himself, for his own base reasons, to be persuaded by Ferdinand, who had not seen his daughter for the last three years, that Juana was of unsound mind and unfit for government. Why, then, it may be asked, should Ferdinand thus consent to deprive himself of his dominions for the benefit of a son-in-law whom he hated? He had committed an act of rascality without any apparent advantage to himself? Not so. In a public document, the unhappy Queen Juana had been declared—not merely by her father, who had for months past stoutly maintained the fact, but by her husband, who, from his relationship, must have known the truth—a madwoman. Such a statement coming from such a source must be credited. The queen admitted to be insane, the government of her realm must devolve upon a regent. It had been agreed that Philip was to act in this capacity; but *should any accident happen to Philip*, his successor would undoubtedly be his father-in-law. Thus between Ferdinand and the resumption of his duties as administrator of Castile there only stood Philip. As a proof of his sincerity in transferring the government to his son-in-law, Ferdinand determined to banish himself from the kingdom and to visit Naples. Before his departure, and to propitiate his followers, he signed a protest pretending that the renunciation of his own and his daughter's rights had been wrung from him by Philip by force; but, in order not to lack information as to the conduct of affairs in Castile during his absence, he had appointed one Mosen Ferrer, his gentleman of the bedchamber, as ambassador at the Court of Philip. This official was instructed to take care of the interests of Ferdinand, and to do all in his power to promote friendship between Philip and the Catholic king. So carefully were the interests of Ferdinand studied, that before the exile reached the shores of Naples, Philip had been sent to his last account through

the then not unusual agency of poisoning. Ferdinand returned once to Castile, and assumed his former position as governor administrator of the realm. He had not been put to much inconvenience by acceding to the clauses of the treaty of Villafañila.

And now dark rumours began to be circulated as to the Queen Juana. It was said that the evils which had been so long anticipated had declared themselves. The shock which the death of her husband had occasioned had completely shattered her nervous system. She sat wrapped in silence for days together, taking no interest in anything around her, and denying herself even necessary food and rest. It had been considered advisable to keep her closely watched so that during one of her paroxysms no hurt might befall her. The body of her husband had been embalmed, and she refused to be separated from it. Wherever she went, it accompanied her; and she addressed it as if it had been alive; and she felt herself assured in spite of the death she had witnessed, and the drugs and spices with which the corpse was filled, that it would soon be restored to life. In every city in Castile and the Low Countries there was one general expression of pity for the poor lady whom grief had deprived of her senses. No one doubted but that she was in truth mad. About eccentricities and delusions there might be some dispute; but when it was known that the unhappy queen denied the death of her husband, and that she had been seen in her travels accompanied by the corpse, there was left no room for discreditable public report. A woman who believed in the suspended animation of an embalmed body must indeed be sadly bereft of her reason.

By one powerful sovereign these rumours were disregarded. Henry VII. of England had been a widower for the last three years. He had been anxious to console himself for his loss, and had permitted in review before him all the unwedded dames who were fit to be united with a monarch. But Henry was one of those earnest single-minded lovers who are intent only upon one object. He had no prejudice in favour of birth, or beauty, or youth, provided the lady to whom he proposed to give his hand was in the enjoyment of a handsome dowry. Money, however, she must have; with the rest he could dispense. Now, amongst all the heiresses of Europe, the Queen of Castile was the wealthiest. It was true that her sister Katharine was now the widow of Henry's first-born; but the King of England saw no reason why one sister should not be his wife, though the other happened to be his daughter-in-law. He had heard that the health of Juana unfitted her to re-enter the state of matrimony; this was a mere matter of detail not worth serious consideration.

The dowry of Castile was a splendid prize, and amply atoned for any physical or moral shortcomings. He wrote to Ferdinand, begging permission to pay his court to the handsome Juana. The King of Aragon was too much the slave of the same influences as his brother of England not to estimate at its right value the nature of this proposal. Nor had he signed the treaty of Villafafila and then intrigued against Philip merely to benefit another. If any one knew the wealth of Castile and thoroughly appreciated it, it was the father of the widowed Juana. Ferdinand, however, had no wish to make an enemy of our seventh Henry, and his reply to Doctor de Puebla, the Spanish ambassador in England, was couched in very courteous terms. "Concerning the marriage of the King of England my brother," he writes,<sup>1</sup> "with the Queen of Castile my daughter, I am pleased with all which you write on that subject. . . . As soon as I arrive at Castile, I shall be very careful to ascertain whether the queen my daughter is willing to marry; and if she is, I shall do all in my power to make her marry the said king my brother, and no one else. Tell all this in my name to the king my brother, and assure him that, as soon as I see the queen my daughter, I shall let him know as quickly as possible what she thinks of it. He may feel sure that he has already gained my good will." He writes in a similar strain to his daughter Katherine, Princess of Wales, who appears to have warmly encouraged the idea of the marriage. "The King of England may rest assured," he says,<sup>2</sup> "that he has my good will already, owing to the love I bear him, and to his excellent personal qualities, as well as because, if the queen my daughter is to marry, I know no prince in the world who would be so acceptable to her, to myself, or to my grandchildren, and who would offer so great advantages for preserving all our states during my life and after my death, as the said king my brother, especially as he is determined in such a case to settle all affairs to my satisfaction. As he is so virtuous, so prudent, and so powerful, it would be a great comfort and advantage to me to have him during my lifetime for a son; and I am perfectly sure that he would do all he could to preserve and increase my honour and states, as well as those of the queen my daughter, and not try to injure them, as he who is now dead has done."

Encouraged by the Spanish ambassador and by the Princess Katherine, Henry ardently pressed his suit. He wished to send an embassy to Castile; he would go over in person himself. He became

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Ferdinand to Puebla, June 8, 1507.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Ferdinand to Katherine, June 8, 1507.

at last importunate that Ferdinand should give him a decided answer. It had been circulated in England that Juana was not of sound mind, but to Henry her malady had been no obstacle, nor does it appear to have been objected to by the Council. "If the queen were to marry the King of England," writes the Spanish ambassador to his master,<sup>1</sup> "whether she be sane or not, I think that having such a husband as the King of England she would sooner recover than with any other, and your Highness would have the regency sure and undisputed. And if her infirmity should prove incurable, it would be no inconvenience if she were to live here. For it seems to me they do not much mind her infirmity, since I told them it does not prevent her from bearing children." The King of Aragon now thought it advisable to damp this ardour on the part of his would-be son-in-law. He had spoken truly when he had said that he would never consent to Juana wedding "with any one else than the King of England my brother," but he had no real intention of her marrying at all. He was perfectly content with his position as regent, and with the complete control he exercised over the revenues of Castile, thanks to the afflicted condition under which he had given out his daughter laboured. The malady of Juana had served her father with many an excuse before now to extricate him from a difficulty; it must again be employed for the same purpose. For the present, he said, the marriage could not take place, and all ideas on the subject must be postponed. "You must know," he writes to Puebla, after desiring him to assure Henry that unless the King of England weds Juana no one else will,<sup>2</sup> "that the said queen my daughter still carries about with her the corpse of King Philip, her late husband. Before I arrived they could never persuade her to bury him, and since my arrival she has declared that she does not wish the said corpse to be buried. On account of her health, and in order to content her, I do not contradict her in anything, nor wish that anything be done that could excite her; but I shall endeavour to persuade her by degrees to permit the corpse to be buried. When I arrived she had made up her mind that on the anniversary of his death the usual honours should be paid to the king her husband; and until the ceremonies of the end of the year were performed, I did not like to mention the marriage to her. When the ceremonies were over I touched on this matter, in order to know whether she was inclined to marry, without, however, mentioning any person. She answered, that in everything she would do what I advised or commanded, but that she begged me not to com-

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Puebla to Ferdinand, April 15, 1507.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Ferdinand to Puebla, end of 1507 or beginning of 1508.

mand her to give an answer to my question until the corpse of her husband should be buried. That done, she said, she would answer me. Considering these circumstances, I do not urge her until the said corpse shall be buried, because I think it would produce an unfavourable impression. I have sent to Rome for a brief, in order to try whether she could thereby be persuaded to bury the corpse sooner." Of this matter we hear no more, for whilst these and similar excuses were being made by the cunning Ferdinand, Henry had been gathered to his fathers, and had passed into that future where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

From the contents of the Simancas papers which have now been published, we are able to solve all the mysteries contained in this painful story. We now learn that at the very time when Ferdinand was pretending to be so anxious about consulting the wishes of his daughter as to marriage, and was assuring Puebla that the unhappy widow was so irrational as to request the *grandees* and those who visited her to pay royal respect to the corpse of her husband, Juana was in close confinement. It was evident from the clauses of the treaty of Villafafila that strong measures would be taken to prevent the unhappy queen from acting as a free agent, and from evidence which cannot be disputed it is now certain that the miserable woman, at the instigation of both her father and her husband, was shut up in prison shortly after Ferdinand and Philip had come to terms as to the future government of Castile. Before quitting Spain for Naples, the King of Aragon had debated the question with his faithful servant, Mosen Ferrer, whether it would not be safer to lock the queen up in some dungeon. How this suggestion was acted upon is clear from the statements of the servants of Juana made years afterwards, and at a time when they had nothing more to fear. Writing from Valladolid, September 4, 1520, the Cardinal of Tortosa declares to the Emperor Charles V. that "almost all the officers and servants of the queen say that her Highness has been oppressed and detained by force in that castle (Tordesillas) during fourteen years, as though she had not been sane, *whilst she has been always sane, and as prudent as she was when first she married.*" Fourteen years, reckoning back from the September of 1520, brings us to the same month of 1506, that is to say, to a date when Philip was still alive. In a second letter to the emperor, the cardinal states that, according to public rumour, the imprisonment of the queen under false pretences was imputed as much to Philip as to Ferdinand.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle*, vol. i. pp. 48 et seq. *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*. Cardinal of Tortosa to Charles V., Sept. 4, 1520; Nov. 13, 1520; also Preface of Bergenroth.

The story of Juana's weird attachment to the corpse of Philip about which so much was made at the time, appears also, by the revelations of these Simancas papers, capable of a very simple construction. Philip died at Burgos, and it was his wish that his remains should be interred at Granada. It had been arranged at the same time that Juana was to be kept in close confinement in the castle of Tordesillas. Now, as Tordesillas lies on the road from Burgos to Granada, it is not straining after a conclusion to suppose that the same escort which attended upon the queen, whether to save expense or from more sinister motives, was also bidden at the same time to conduct the remains of Philip. If this were the case, the story of Juana travelling about with the body of her husband is easily accounted for. We must also remember that the unhappy woman was not a free agent; it had been the object of Philip, and it was now the object of Ferdinand and his creatures, to represent the Queen of Castile as insane. What course more calculated to further the ends they had in view than to compel Juana to travel about with her husband's corpse, to have it placed in a conspicuous part of the cortège, so that all the world might draw from this morbid affectation of the widow conclusions most prejudicial to her interests? It is evidence that such a scheme was carried out at a later date; was it not thought of then because the trick had answered so well before? In the August of 1518 it was considered advisable for the captive queen to be removed from Tordesillas to Aranda. At once orders were given for a funeral cart to be in readiness, in which the body of Philip was to be placed to accompany the procession.<sup>1</sup> Yet there had been no necessity to disturb the dead. Owing to the vault of Granada being unfinished, the corpse of Philip had remained for many years in the church of the convent of Santa Clara at Tordesillas, only a few yards from the castle in which the widow was confined. We have heard how devoted Juana was to the form of her dead husband, how she could not bear to be parted from it, and how she thought he would soon return to life. But what are the real facts of the case? We learn that, though Juana often visited the convent of Santa Clara, yet she never expressed the least desire to see the tomb of Philip; that she frequently spoke of her late husband, but "never thought that he was alive or would wake from his long-protracted slumber, and in fact only alluded to his death "just as any other widow would have mentioned the decease of her husband."<sup>2</sup> Why, then, should

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Marquis of Denia to Charles V. Aug. 10, 1518.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Date of month not known. 1519.

orders have been given to remove the corpse and to place it in a conspicuous funeral cart, were it not to prove to the world that, in spite of the years that had intervened, the unhappy queen was as insane as ever, and still refused to be parted from the remains of her cherished husband, as she had twelve years ago when journeying from Burgos? We think there can be little doubt that there was an evil object to serve in the arrangements which made Juana travel to her prison at Tordesillas accompanied by the coffin of the late King of Spain.

Within the dreary walls of the palace, washed by the waters of the Duero, the unhappy queen was now to pass the rest of her days. One wing of the building was set apart especially for her use. Though, according to the Cardinal of Tortosa, "she had always been sane," the wretched creature was watched night and day by a staff of twelve women relieved by turns. She was permitted no intercourse with the outer world, and whenever she approached the windows of her asylum—for such it was—which looked on to the river, she was roughly ordered back. Escape was impossible: communication with those who might have befriended her was impossible; and as she watched the grim visages of the attendants who ever guarded her, all hopes of release died within her. For the first twelve years of her confinement, and until the death of him who had so belied the name of father, she was placed under the tender mercies of Mosen Ferrer, the man who it was believed had been the poisoner of her husband. From such a gaoler what treatment could be expected? The demise of Ferdinand and the accession of his grandson Charles to the throne of Spain rendered it necessary to reinvestigate the state of affairs in the palace at Tordesillas. During the absence of the young king, who was then busy in Flanders and unable to pay a visit to his new dominions, Cardinal Cisneros was appointed viceroy of Castile. Instructions were sent by his Eminence to the Bishop of Mallorca to continue all in office who had been appointed by Ferdinand to watch the queen, and to make a report of what he saw. A brief examination of the treatment which had been adopted towards Juana was sufficient to acquaint the bishop with the fact that Mosen Ferrer was a most unfit person for the post he occupied. He at once informed the cardinal that great cruelty had been committed towards the poor lady, and advised the removal of her present guardian. The suggestion was immediately acted upon: Mosen Ferrer was suspended from his office because he "was suspected of endangering the health and life of her Highness." In vain the dismissed official remonstrated at the



treatment he received. He had not, he said, expected for his services, nor did he think that such an affront was to his "old white hairs" by treating him in that manner impossible, he argued, for him to be the bad man he was if else so good and wise a king as Ferdinand would not have the confidence he had in him. Was he not himself an Aragon? It was from no fault of his that the poor lady was and since it was not in his power to restore her to health, he could be blamed. The plausible apologist however admits that "her from destroying herself by abstinence from food as her will was not done, he had to order that she was to be put to preserve her life."<sup>1</sup> After such an avowal, few will feel reproach the cardinal for the course he adopted.

It might have been imagined that one of the first acts would have been to visit his mother, and to verify for himself the truth of the painful reports he had heard. But Charles, his design of forming an universal empire, had the same reasons for keeping Juana a close prisoner as an afflicted man had Ferdinand his grandfather and Philip his father. He told Cardinal Cisneros that it was very necessary to watch the queen, she was to be treated well, and that some one would soon come from Flanders to succeed Ferrer; then he dismissed the subject and became far more interested in the condition of the German army, his cavalry, light horse, and men-at-arms, and the defence of the coast around Malaga.<sup>2</sup> At the expiration of two years, thereby proving his solicitude for his mother's welfare—the blooded calculating son appointed the Marquis of Denia, grandee of the first class, "governor and administrator of the household of the queen my mother, who lives at Tordesillas, with power to command and govern all persons belonging to the household, as well as the magistracy and commonalty of the town."<sup>3</sup>

The letters of the Marquis of Denia, thanks to the discovery of Mr. Bergenroth, now lie before us, and we can study for ourselves if perusing a diary, the whole of the sad story of Juana's confinement. The correspondence of the marquis divides itself into two classes—the one for the public eye, the other for Charles. In the first the contents of the letters are such as might be expected

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Mosen Ferrer to Cisneros, Madrid, 1516.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Charles to Cisneros, April 30, 1516.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* Charles to Denia, Mar. 15, 1518.

allusions to the "infirmity" of the queen, her incapacity to attend to her own affairs, the medical treatment she receives, and the like ; matters which Charles could show to his privy councillors and ministers, and thereby prove the truth of the report as to the condition of his mother, whilst at the same time bearing witness that all that the love and anxiety of a son could suggest had been adopted.

It is, however, with the correspondence of the second class that we have to deal. On appointing Denia to his post as guardian of the queen, Charles had addressed to him the following positive order:—" *You shall neither talk nor write to any person about the affairs of her Highness, except to myself, and always send the letters by trustworthy messengers. That is necessary; although it seems superfluous to give this order to so intelligent a person and to one so much attached to my service as you, nevertheless I have thought it advisable, because the case is so delicate and of so much importance to me.*"<sup>1</sup> These instructions were implicitly followed.

We have already heard that Juana, on her first arrival at Tordesillas, was regarded by her attendants as sane, and we know that after her long imprisonment she died bereft of reason and a prey to the most distressing delusions. When we are informed of the treatment that she had to undergo—she, a young woman born to all that women envy and men respect, a queen in her own right, fond of admiration and of the homage that beauty exacts, not lacking in intelligence yet deprived of all pursuits that preserve and enrich the mind—such a result is not surprising. It was because she had been originally of sound mind, that, being watched and controlled and grossly humiliated, she was rendered insane. Though sovereign of one of the wealthiest countries in Europe, the Queen of Castile was only allowed by her son some 28,000 scudos a year—equivalent to about £5,000—for the expenses of her household, a sum, we are told, "considerably below the income of many of her subjects." Out of this allowance she had to pay for the maintenance of her daughter, the Princess Catalina, who was permitted to share her mother's confinement, and a portion of the salary of the Marquis of Denia, together with "all he wanted for the sustenance of himself and his family." Consequently the wretched Juana, in addition to her other sufferings, was often crippled by poverty. The grant was paid into the hands of her treasurer, nor was she permitted to have the smallest sum in her possession. Indeed, of what use was money to her, since she was never permitted to be at large to spend it? She might, however, have bribed her attendants, and hence, perhaps, it

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Charles to Denia, April 19, 1518.

was that her purse was always kept empty. Woman-like, she was fond of ornaments, and in the lifetime of her father she had received occasionally gems and jewelry which had much delighted her. Her miserable son not only refused to continue to her such presents, but took away from her even those she possessed. Leading the life she did, her health frequently gave way, but only in the most urgent cases was a physician ever sent for. It was not considered advisable that any one belonging to the world outside should be made acquainted with what took place within the palace.

To preserve the strictest secrecy as to the condition of Juana in charge was one of the greatest anxieties of her guardian. The women who attended upon Juana appear to have given Denia great trouble. They were always wishing to go out of the palace gates, to take walks, to visit their friends, and to attend marriages, christenings, and funerals. When the wife of the marquis remonstrated with them, they mutinied and openly insulted her. The soldiers on guard had strict orders to allow no persons to quit the palace, but these terrible damsels so intimidated the sentries that in such cases the rules were always suspended. The marquis himself was powerless in their hands; he could neither keep them within bounds nor silence their tongues. "They are a bad lot of women!" he groans. It must have indeed fared ill with poor Juana when, by any word or deed of hers, she ruffled the tempers of this angry band. Denia states his reasons why he objects to the attendance of the queen gadding about. "The consequence of their visitations," he writes to Charles,<sup>1</sup> "is that they cannot forbear talking to their husbands and relations and friends, and gossiping of things which ought not to be known, for, indeed, secrecy is a necessity. Members of the privy council have written to me things which they cannot know except through the licentiate Alarcon, the husband of one of these women, Leonor Gomez, who never can hold her tongue. None must know what passes here, and least of all those of the privy council. . . . It is not good to have married women, and least of all, wives of privy councillors." Why should there have been the necessity of such secrecy? Why should the privy council, especially, be kept in the dark? On the contrary, if the stories of the Queen's malady were true, the more talk there was about her unhappy inmate of the palace the better would the interests of Charles be served. Juana, it had been alleged, was a madwoman, incapable of looking after her own affairs, and deprived on that ground of her kingdom. She had been declared insane by Ferdinand.

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, July 30, 1581.

by Philip, and now her son Charles had joined in the cry. The more, therefore, the world was acquainted with the truth of this charge, the readier would malicious rumours be silenced. Ah! but if the woman was not mad? If, through the chatter of her attendants, all Aragon and Castile were informed that a great fraud had been practised, that their queen had been unjustly deposed, that she was as rational as any of her subjects, and that the reports as to her insanity were only so many cruel and infamous lies? These certainly would have been ugly statements for Charles, not yet firmly seated on the throne, to hear and perhaps to refute. The Marquis of Denia, from his point of view, was undoubtedly right in wishing to prevent "those bad women" from gossiping.

Another matter also occasioned him much anxiety. As we have seen, the creed of her forefathers had always sat somewhat lightly upon Juana, but since her confinement at Tordesillas she had entirely neglected her religious duties. She refused to attend mass, to go to confession, or to study her breviary. She may have thought that a religion which exhibited its toleration by committing to the flames all who did not accept its teaching, and its sense of justice by cruelly imprisoning a helpless woman under false pretences, was one utterly unworthy of belief or adherence. To the devout mind of the Marquis of Denia this indifference on the part of his charge was most painful. He wrote to Charles upon the subject, and begged for advice as to the course to be pursued. The affectionate son, who had spoiled his mother of her revenues and had shut her up in horrible captivity, was deeply hurt at the news. He gave orders that the guardian of the Franciscan friars and the general of the Predicant friars, who were frequent visitors at Tordesillas, should see the queen, and employ all their casuistry to convert her; he also directed that mass should be said in her presence. An altar was accordingly erected in the corridor of the palace, since Juana declined to have one fitted up in her own apartment, and the marquis was hopeful that by persuasion and intimidation the prejudices of the queen would at last be overcome. "We are daily occupied," he writes to Charles, "in the affair of saying mass. It is delayed in order to see whether it could not be done with her consent, for that would be better, but with the help of God her Highness shall hear it soon." For the space of six months Juana resisted; then a reluctant assent was wrung from her. Accompanied by her little daughter and two friars, she entered the impromptu chapel in the corridor. She knelt down, repeated her prayers, and was sprinkled with holy water. But when they brought her the "*evangelium*" and the "*pax*" she could not

conquer herself sufficiently to accept them, and made a sign that should be given to her daughter. Was her assent to attend these subsequent ceremonies obtained by fair means or by foul? In the letters of Denia to Charles there is a very suspicious state of mind. "I have always thought," he writes, "that her Highness being indisposed as she is, in punishment for our sins, nothing would do her more good than some *premia*, although it is a very serious thing for a vassal to think of employing it against his sovereign." We know what the *premia* signified, and no one will deny that it was a very serious thing to ask a son for permission to have his mother put to the torture. Charles replied, laying down no special instructions but leaving the matter to the marquis, in whom he had full confidence. In a further communication Denia expresses an opinion that in applying the *premia* to the queen it would be a service rendered to God and to herself, that "persons in such a disposition require it" for their own good, and that her mother, pious Isabel, had herself felt bound to inflict it upon her. It is therefore not improbable that when her tender guardian found his argument and persuasion useless to remove the prejudices of Juana, he summoned to his aid the terrors of torture. From the papers before us we perceive how opposed was the queen to the ceremonies of the Romish Church, how she endeavoured to influence her daughter Catalina against them, and how to the very last her soul was considered by the faithful in great danger.<sup>1</sup>

Entirely removed from all intercourse with the world, the queen was kept in utter ignorance of what was stirring outside her walls. She had not been informed of the death of Ferdinand, her father, and continued to write to him as if he were still on the throne. "I have told the queen our lady," writes Denia to Charles, as an excuse for keeping up this delusion, "that the king, my lord father, is alive, because I say that all that is done and displeases her Highness is ordered and commanded by the king. The love which she has for him makes her bear it more easily than she would if she knew that he is dead. Moreover, this is of great advantage in many other respects to your Highness." Tender, single-minded guardian, excellent, noble-hearted son! On the death of Ferdinand, Charles had at once assumed the government of Spain. For the sake of silencing the gossip of the world he was obliged to pay a short visit to his mother. Juana was informed that the sole object of her coming into Spain was to beg Ferdinand, who had been mor-

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, July and Aug. 1518; Jan. 1522; May 1525.

in his grave, to treat her less cruelly! The Emperor Maximilian had died, yet the poor queen was kept in ignorance of the fact, and encouraged to keep up a correspondence with him, as if he had still been amongst the living. Similar falsehoods were also told her of persons that had been long deceased. What was the purpose of these deceptions? "The answer is not difficult to find," says Mr. Bergenroth; "the story of the queen carrying the corpse of her husband with her, and believing that he still lived, had served its purpose many years, but was now worn out. A new proof of insanity would have been very welcome. If, then, it could be shown that she disbelieved the death of her father and of the Emperor, and, still better, if she could be induced to write a letter to one who was dead, Charles would be provided with a piece of evidence of incalculable value." Charles and his agents were regardless of the consequences of their conduct; for, to use the words of one who had attended upon the queen, "they wished her mad."<sup>1</sup> It is difficult to understand, in perusing the letters relating to the imprisonment of Juana, why the poor woman was not despatched by a speedier process. Her husband had been put out of the way by poison; why should her own life have been preserved? Murder would have been far more merciful than this living death of solitary confinement.

A brief interval of release was now to break upon her weary captivity. Exasperated by the spoliations of the Flemings, by the taxation which pressed heavily upon the people, and by the continued absence of their king, the commons of Castile rose up in revolt. Under the leadership of Juan Padilla the angry mob marched towards Tordesillas with the intention of rescuing the queen from her oppressors. The palace was a solid building, and garrisoned by old and proved soldiers. Had it attempted resistance, the Castilians would in all probability have been forced to raise the siege, but now great fear seized upon all who had been in attendance upon the queen. Outside the walls was a mighty crowd, and the officers of the household knew what punishment was in store for them if the truth leaked out as to the treatment Juana had received at their hands during the last few years. With the cunning of treachery, they thought they could save themselves by laying all the blame upon their master. Denia was denounced as a monster, and his conduct towards the queen commented upon in no measured terms. The soldiers refused to fight for so base an agent, and vowed that they would at the first summons deliver the palace over to the enemy. Denia was, however, made of sterner stuff than so easily to

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, 1518; Oct. 1519.

be intimidated. He entered the apartments of Juana, and told her that the commons were rebels of the most dangerous character, and wanted to carry her off to some dungeon, and, therefore, she should do wisely to send an order forbidding them to enter Tordesillas. The queen saw through the designs of her crafty guardian, and refused to sign the despatch required; she had less to fear from those outside her palace than from those who were inside. In this attempt, Denia paid a visit to the Infanta Catalina, and soon wrung from the frightened girl the order he could not obtain from the queen. A letter was despatched to the captains of the revolutionists, in the name of Juana, stating that the queen was ill, unfit to receive visits, and that she would deeply resent any marching upon Tordesillas against her express desire. The commons, however, declined to be deterred from their object; the members of the town council forced themselves into the presence of the queen, and informed her of "a great many things which had happened since the death of her father the Catholic king, exposing the falsehoods told her by the marquis." The following day Juan Padilla occupied Tordesillas with his troops, and the queen, treated as a prisoner, was forbidden to quit the fortress.

We now see how false were the reports as to the queen's state. During the months which intervened between August and December 5, 1520, Juana was perfectly mistress of herself and her palace. The Marquis and Marchioness of Denia had been disinherited, and the other attendants soon followed their fate. The queen had been deeply agitated at learning the news of her father's death, and other family matters which had been concealed from her; but gradually she recovered herself and became able to undertake the duties imposed upon her. The members of the Junta requested permission to have an audience and lay before her their grievances. She replied with as much good sense as if she had been in life a practical statesman; "they may come here, and I shall be glad to concert with them what is serviceable for my kingdom. I shall be pleased with what is good and sorry for what is bad. I hope in God that all will end well." The Junta arrived, and the queen listened to the discourses of the various deputies with attention. They earnestly besought her "to take courage to reign and govern and command your kingdoms, for there is no one in the world to forbid or impede you; being the most mighty queen and lady in the world, you can command in everything, and should not forsake all your kingdoms and subjects who are ready to die for you and in your service." Her reply was clear and dignified. "I



all the people very much," she said, "and am very sorry for any injury or damage they may have received ; but I always had wicked persons about me who told me falsehoods and lies and deceived me with double dealing, whilst I always wished to stay where I could occupy myself with those affairs which concerned me. . . . I am much pleased with you because you are to employ yourselves in remedying all that is bad. May your consciences be smitten if you do not do it !" She then said that she would occupy herself with the affairs of the country, and appointed a committee of four "of the wisest amongst you " to assist her in the work of government.<sup>1</sup>

The struggle in Castile now resolved itself into a contest between the commons and the grandees ; and both parties bade for the support of the Queen. The object of the commons was to rid the country of the Flemings, to abolish the Inquisition, and to substitute Juana for her absentee son. The Spanish nobles, on the other hand, had greatly enriched themselves, since the death of Isabel, at the expense of the State, and their spoliations had been winked at both by Ferdinand and Charles, who had been glad to gain the adherence of the grandees upon any terms. Should the queen be raised to the throne and become subject to the influence of the commons, the peers knew that they would have to disgorge their wealth and fall from their high estate ; thus self-interest prompted them to support the cause of the son against the mother. To openly advocate the party of Charles would, however, have thrown the queen entirely into the hands of the commons, and have inflamed all the more the hate of the country against the Flemings ; the grandees therefore played a double part ; they pretended to be most loyal to Juana, whilst they embraced every opportunity of repeating the old story that she was insane. Had the queen decided at once to vote for the policy of the commons and to sign the constitution demanded by the Junta, all resistance would have been at an end, and she would have been restored to the sovereignty from which she had been so long deprived. Cardinal Adrian, who had been the tutor of Charles, was then one of the viceroys of Spain, and from his letters to his master we see how powerful was the position of the commons, and how the revolutionists only wanted the consent of Juana to be masters of the situation. "Your Majesty may believe," he communicates to Charles,<sup>2</sup> "that if the queen signs, without any doubt the whole kingdom will be lost and will throw off the royal

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Conversation of Juana with the Junta, Sept. 1 and 24, 1520.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* Adrian to Charles, Nov. 13 and 17, 1520.

obedience to your Majesty. Thus may you in mercy see in what condition and how doubtful is your royal kingdom of Spain and the danger of postponing your royal arrival in Spain." "Your Majesty would lose this kingdom," he writes again, "if her Highness should sign. She has often promised to do it, and if a few good men had not dissuaded her from signing, she would have done so long ago." Over and over again the anxious cardinal states in his letters that the fate of Spain rests in the queen's hands, and that by one stroke of her pen she could deprive her son of his usurped dominions.

Why, then, did Juana persistently refuse the great opportunity offered her? In those days, when the people were looked upon as serfs and as an inferior order of beings, "specially created," as a grandee had said, "from the beginning of things to be the servants of the nobles," the daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon may be excused for not placing implicit faith in the pretensions and professions of the democracy. In sympathy and by hereditary prejudices, Juana was the most bigoted of aristocrats. She had always been accustomed to associate the grandees with the government of Spain, and the lower classes with the obedience of subjection. The position was now reversed: the mob had entered her palace and had usurped the functions of government. Could she trust them? Could she fly in the face of the traditions of her country? Would she not have to fear more from the hate and jealousy of the ousted nobles than from the people? Her doubts were cleverly increased by Cardinal Adrian and those of the Imperial faction who were in her confidence. Nor, with the love of a mother, would she listen to a word said against her son. When the commons complained that Charles had prejudiced her cause by assuming the title of king, she tried to excuse him by pretending that it was a custom in Spain that the eldest son of the queen should enjoy the title. When they accused him of past misdeeds she cried, "Do not disunite me from my son; all that is mine belongs to him, and he will take good care of it!"<sup>1</sup> Was ever maternal faith more deep, maternal love more blind? In spite of the cruelties and rebuffs she had received at the hands of the infamous Charles, she still remembered that he was her son; and hope still sprang up within her that his heart would turn towards her and make her future happier than her past. Upon this affection the friends of the Emperor now traded. They informed her of the "unspeakable grief" that the conduct of the rebels had occasioned Charles in endeavouring to force his mother to act contrary to the spirit of the Spanish constitution. Her son had the fullest confidence in

<sup>1</sup> *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Hurtado to Charles, Dec. 10, 1520.

the loyalty of the grandees, and it would be well if Juana imitated his example. There was not a noble in Spain who would not sacrifice his property and life in the "holy and just" cause, to set at liberty the queen and rescue her from the tyranny of the "barbarians." The revolutionary party were only desirous of placing her upon the throne to rob the State of its revenues, and to make her the tool for their wicked deeds. Thus they argued ; and so torn by conflicting doubts, Juana knew not which side to espouse. She refused day after day the entreaties of the commons to sign the necessary proclamation ; now she was too ill, then she would confer with the ministers of the crown, then she would sign it to-morrow, and so on, until the patience of the Junta was well-nigh exhausted by her excuses. Still, she did not let the people abandon all hope ; if she did not consent to all they asked, she was not opposed, she said, to their schemes. Meanwhile, this delay was most useful to the grandees ; it gave them time to collect their forces and to march upon the enemy. And then came the result of all this indecision. The army of the nobles advanced towards Tordesillas, the commons were defeated, and the last chance of freedom had been thrown away. The grandees victorious, Juana was once more placed in strict confinement, and once more confided to the tender mercies of the Marquis and Marchioness of Denia. She never had another opportunity for escape. For five-and-thirty years she remained in close immurement. Gradually her reason gave way. She believed she was possessed of evil spirits ; she imagined she saw a great cat lacerating the souls of her father and her husband : her habits became finally those of the hopelessly insane. Shortly before her death a lucid period intervened. To spare her children the shame of having been sprung from an infidel mother, Juana was forced to take the sacrament. She died April 12, 1555, between five and six in the morning, "thanking our Lord that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to Him."

Such was the life of the ancestress of the Austro-Spanish dynasty. "It goes far," writes Mr. Bergenroth, "to reconcile the humblest with the lowliness and hardships of his position ; but we do not know which of the two to pity the more, Queen Juana or Charles. The only alternative left to him was to choose between uprooting all human feeling from his breast and of renouncing everything that makes life worth having, or of accusing himself, in the midst of all his Imperial grandeur, of being a mean and miserable delinquent. That was the price he had to pay for his plan of universal monarchy. It would be high at any time, but naturally was highest when right, virtue, and honour were cheapest."

*CHARLES KEAN.*

**T**HE son of an eminent father may be supposed to enter the race for fame under favourable conditions; but he carries assuredly, a heavy weight. He must submit to invidious comparison, his expectation being perhaps unfairly raised concerning him, disappointment becomes unavoidable, and a measure even of disparagement ensues. The warmth of his first welcome gradually abates, and he finds himself painfully exposed to the cold blasts of criticism. He is liable to censure both for being like and unlike his progenitor. In the one case he is contemned as a poor copy of a great original, in the other it is charged against him that he departs presumptuously from an admirable example. It is hard for him to please. He must almost wait until a new generation has arisen that can judge without reference to his sire, can accept him for himself and for his own merits, and not because of his pedigree, the accident of his birth, and the excellence of his predecessor.

In a speech delivered at a public dinner some few years after his first hard-won success as an actor, Charles Kean described particularly the disadvantages under which he had laboured at the commencement of his career: "Thrown before the public by untoward circumstances at the early age of sixteen and a half, encompassed by difficulties, friendless and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were criticised in so severe and spirit-crushing a strain as almost to unnerve my energies and drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study could enable me to correct the faults of youthful inexperience. The resemblance I bore my late father was urged against me as an offence, and condemned as being 'strange and unnatural.' Since that heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To the generous inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first gleam of success that illumined my clouded path."

Charles John Kean was born at Waterford on January 18, 1810, when his father's position and prospects seemed hopeless and gloomy. He was engaged at a salary of five-and-twenty shillings a week

leading member of a company playing now at Swansea, now at Carmarthen, now at Haverfordwest, and thence crossing to Ireland. He figured in tragedy, in comedy; he sang, he danced; he was accounted "one of the best harlequins in Wales or the West of England," and a skilled "getter-up of pantomimes"; he was stage manager, and he taught fencing. With all these advantages and accomplishments, he had suffered much from indigence and even the pangs of hunger. Three years later, and Edmund Kean had appeared at Drury Lane Theatre; the pit had risen at him; his success was prodigious; Fortune showered her gifts upon him. This abrupt turning of the tide, this sudden bound from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to fame, proved terribly trying. What wonder that the poor player, who had endured so heroically the buffets of Fortune, sank under the weight of her rewards! For three months he had been idle in London, earning nothing, waiting, hoping, watching, praying for his opportunity to appear at Drury Lane. He had no money; he could not pay the rent of his humble lodgings in Cecil Street. "He lived—he, his wife and child—in the most penurious way," writes his biographer; "they had meat once a week *if possible*." Help from the pawnbroker was needed to obtain for him substantial food on the night of his first personation of Shylock in London. He returned home after that triumphant performance wild with joy, as he cried to his poor, trembling wife, breaking down with the excess of her anxiety, "Oh, Mary! my fortune is made: you shall ride in your carriage!" Presently he exclaimed, "Oh, that Howard were alive now!" Howard was his first-born son, who died in 1813. Then the little child, Charles Kean, was lifted from his cradle, as though to share in the family happiness, and to be kissed by his father as he said, "Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton!" The child figures curiously in these early scenes of Edmund Kean's triumph. Mr. Whitbread, one of the Drury Lane managers, calls to express his sense of the actor's services to the theatre, and places a draft for £50 into the baby hands of Charles Kean. The actor's benefit is announced, and an eye-witness relates that "money was lying about the room in all directions." Charles Kean, "a fine little boy, with rich curling hair, was playing with some score of guineas on the floor; bank-notes were in heaps on the mantel-piece, table, and sofa. . . . I think the receipts of that benefit amounted to £1,150." Yet, a little while before, the actor had lacked pence wherewith to buy bread!

On the eve of his venture at Drury Lane, Kean had exclaimed, "If I succeed, I think I shall go mad!" There was more of truthful

prophecy in this utterance than he was conscious of at the time. Mrs. Kean duly rode in her carriage. Charles Kean, after preparatory courses at the schools of Mr. Styles of Thames Ditton, and Polehampton at Worplesdon, entered Eton as an oppidan in 1824, to rise to the upper division, to obtain credit by his verses, and to distinguish himself as second Captain of the Boats. The further career of Edmund Kean need hardly be recounted. His fortune came and went, slipping through his fingers into the mud. He had received princely rewards : he considered them like a boor or a savage. Since Garrick's time, no actor had earned so much in so brief a period. But riotous living and reckless extravagance made waste alike of the man and his money. The plea of absolute insanity seemed the only explanation of the terrible excesses of his later years. He was little more than thirty-five when his physical powers showed unmistakable signs of premature decay ; his mind was shattered, his memory was gone, he could learn no new parts ; his means were exhausted, he was precariously from day to day upon the earnings which his great infirmities rendered more and more uncertain.

Charles Kean had been brought up to believe himself the heir to a prodigious fortune. He desired to enter the army ; his father proposed the navy as a preferable service ; his mother's wish was that he should become a clergyman. There was no thought of adopting the profession of the stage. But in 1827 came an offer of a cadetship in the East India Company's service. Edmund urged peremptorily that his son should accept this offer, and prepare to quit England forthwith. Mrs. Kean, in broken health, heavily dejected, miserable, implored her son not to leave her. For many years she had been living apart from her husband because of his dissoluteness, violence, and vicious excesses. Her state was pitiable. The poor allowance of £200 a year which he had agreed to pay her upon separating himself from her, Kean, in one of his fits of ungovernable fury, had threatened to suspend. It was hard upon the Eton boy of sixteen to decide what course he should adopt. He determined at length upon accepting the cadetship if his father would secure an income of £300 to Mrs. Kean for three years. "I will not leave her sick and helpless as she now is," said the father. "without some assurance that provision has been made for her support." But if he had the will, Kean had no longer the power to give effect to such a proposition. He lived from hand to mouth, he had saved no money ; his profligate habits absorbed all that he received.

Charles Kean was removed from Eton and left to depend entirely upon his own resources. He was thrown, indeed, penniless upon the world. Kean lent his son no further assistance—even to the amount of sixpence. What was the boy to do? Nor had he only his own welfare to consider; the cruel, crazy husband now entirely withdrew the small income he had pledged himself to pay the suffering wife. Mother and son were absolutely destitute. No wonder the boy listened to a proposal made by Mr. Price, the American lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. The offer seemed to drop from the clouds. Charles Kean signed an engagement for three years to appear upon the stage in certain leading characters with a salary of £10 a week for the first year, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years, should success attend his efforts. He was such a boy at the time that there was discussion whether he should be announced in the playbills as *Master Kean* or as *Mr. Kean, Junior*.

He had seen his father act, and he could fence well—he had been taught by Angelo at Eton—otherwise he knew little enough of the player's art. No word of instruction had he ever received from Edmund Kean. Once, when a boy of twelve or so, he had ventured upon some recitation of a theatrical sort in the presence of his father, who, after listening moodily for some time with a scowl of disapproval upon his face, said at last, "There—that will do. Good night. It is time to go to bed. No more—a—*acting*, Charles!" He was resolved, he said, to be the first and last tragedian of the name of Kean. "That boy will be an actor, if he tries; and if he *should*," he cried passionately, "*I'll cut his throat!*" It is not to be supposed that he meant what he said. Kean was much addicted to mountebank exhibitions and speeches.

Charles Kean made his first essay as an actor at Drury Lane on the 1st October 1827, when he personated Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas." He was so new to the stage that a dress rehearsal had been ordered that he might "face the lamps" for the first time and accustom himself to his theatrical dress. The house was filled to overflowing. Young Norval does not appear until the opening of the second act, when he should enter after the retainers of Lord Randolph have brought forward as their prisoner Norval's faithless servant, "the trembling coward who forsook his master." The audience, unfortunately, over-anxious to greet the new tragedian cordially, wasted their enthusiasm in applauding the subordinate representative of the servant, mistaking him for Charles Kean, who thus encountered but a half-hearted and uncomfortable sort of welcome. Disconcerted somewhat, the youth recovered himself presently,



proceeding with his part and obtaining, as it seemed, the approval of the audience, who rewarded his efforts with encouraging cheers. He called him before the curtain at the conclusion of the tragedy. It was clear that he had not triumphed, but he had not absolutely failed. Edmund Kean was not present. A friend supplied him with an account of the performance. It was the cue of the elder Kean and his friends at this time to undervalue his son, and even to censure him in that he had become an actor in opposition to the wishes and the commands of his father. "When Charles first came on the scene," Edmund Kean was informed, "he trembled exceedingly, supported himself on his sword, and appeared to have much ado to retain his self-possession. He bowed to the audience several times gracefully, and like a young gentleman of education. He regarded his composure wonderfully. . . . His voice is altogether peculiar to his appearance that of a well-made genteel youth of eighteen. In his speech, 'My name is Norval,' he hurried, and spoke as though he had a cold or were pressing his finger against his nose. His performance on the whole was better than could have been expected from a novice, in many instances graceful." The newspapers dealt severely with the young actor. No allowance was made for the circumstances in which his effort was made, for his youth and inexperience. No word of encouragement was offered him, nor was there admission of the possibility of undeveloped faculties. The school-boy attitude was judged as the performance of a mature and practised actor. "Not simple disapproval or qualified censure, but sentence of incapacity, stern, bitter, crushing, and conclusive." The poor boy was nearly heart-broken. He proposed to Mr. Price that his engagement should be cancelled. But the American manager gallantly stood by the youngest member of his company, counselled perseverance and renewed effort. "Douglas" was played six nights. Charles Kean then appeared as Selim in "Barbarossa," as Frederick in "Lovers' Vows," and Lothair in "Monk" Lewis's forgotten tragedy of "Adelgitha." He earned little applause, however, and played to dwindling audiences. His services being no longer needed at Drury Lane, the season drawing towards its close, he journeyed to Dublin, where, in April 1828, his Young Norval was received with a most indulgent reception. From Ireland, after some more stay, he passed to Scotland, and, while fulfilling an engagement in Glasgow, effected a reconciliation with his father, then leading a secluded life in the house he had built for himself in the Isle of Bute. Edmund Kean even volunteered to play for his son's benefit, and they met on the stage for the first time in the Glasgow Theatre on

1st October 1828—the anniversary, as it chanced, of Charles Kean's first appearance in London. They appeared as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus." In the last pathetic scene, when Brutus, overpowered by his emotions, falls upon the neck of Titus with an agonised cry of "Embrace thy wretched father!" the audience, we are told, after sitting for some time suffused in tears, broke forth into loud and prolonged applause. "We're doing the trick, Charley!" whispered Edmund Kean to his son.

In December 1828 Charles Kean reappeared at Drury Lane, personating Romeo for the first time. He was improved, it was held, by his experiences in the provinces, but he attracted little attention. On "Boxing Night," 1828, by way of prelude to the indispensable pantomime, "Lovers' Vows" was repeated, when Charles Kean's Frederick received valuable assistance from the Amelia Wildenheim of Miss Ellen Tree—the future Mrs. Charles Kean; they now met upon the stage for the first time. In the summer Charles Kean appeared with his father in Cork and Dublin, sustaining the characters of Titus, Bassanio, Welborn, Iago, Icilius, and Macduff. In the autumn he accepted an engagement at the Haymarket, his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest" winning hearty applause from the audience and the decided approval of the critical journals. "For the first time," notes his biographer, "he felt that he had succeeded."

In 1830 he was a member of an English company visiting Amsterdam. The expedition proved altogether unfortunate; the manager, a needy adventurer, decamped, leaving his players in a sadly poverty-stricken plight, to return home as best they could. During the same year Charles Kean made his first journey to America, where he met with the most fervent of welcomes. He was absent two years and a half, returning to England early in 1833 to fulfil an engagement at Covent Garden, then under the management of M. Laporte, at a salary of £30 per week. He reappeared in London as Sir Edward Mortimer. He was but coldly received, however, and played to thin houses. Laporte, a shrewd *impresario*, then bethought him of engaging Edmund Kean, and presenting father and son together upon the stage for the first time in London. Accordingly, "Othello" was announced for representation on the 25th March 1833, with Edmund Kean as Othello, Charles Kean as Iago, and Miss Ellen Tree as Desdemona. This was Edmund Kean's last appearance upon the stage. He was now the merest wreck of what he had been. He had been wretchedly weak and ill, and cold and shivering all day long. There had been no rehearsal.

The play began. He was very feeble; he could scarcely walk across the stage. "Charles is getting on," he observed; "he's acting well; I suppose that's because he's acting with me." Brandy freely administered to him, but his strength was fast failing. This was so plain to those upon the stage, that a servant was directed to air another dress, so that Mr. Warde, a respectable tragedian of the second rank, might be prepared to assume the character should Kean be unable to complete his performance. Before the third commenced he said to his son, "Mind, Charles, that you keep before me in this act. I don't know that I shall be able to keep, but if I do, be sure that you lift me up." The play proceeded. He delivered the famous "Farewell" with all his wonted pathos; when he attempted the outburst, "Villain, be sure," &c., he staggered and sank into his son's arms. His acting was over for ever. "I'm dying, Charles; speak to them for me," he whispered; and in a fainting state he was borne from the stage. He lingered some three weeks, dying at Richmond on the 15th May 1833.

Charles Kean remained at Covent Garden until the close of the season, winning applause in his first original part, Leonardo Gonzales, in Sheridan Knowles's successful play of "The Wife." There seemed no prospect of a renewal of his engagement, however; nor was he tempted to Drury Lane by an offer of £15 per week—half salary he had received at Covent Garden. It was plain to him that there was as yet no abiding-place for him upon the London stage; he had insufficiently impressed the public, while the press treated him with a sort of scornful reprehension. But the provinces were open to him; he knew that he could obtain profitable engagements enough out of London. "I will not return," he said to Mr. Dunn, the Drury Lane treasurer, "until I can command my own terms—£50 per night." "Then, bid farewell to London for ever," replied Mr. Dunn, "for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." But five years later Charles Kean, in his own carriage, was driving to Drury Lane, engaged for a stated number of performances, upon his own terms—£50 per night. He played Hamlet twenty-one times, Richard III. seventeen times, and Sir Giles Overreach five times, and attracted crowded audiences. During the absence from London he had earned £20,000 by his provincial engagements. He had visited Hamburg with an English company, under the direction of Mr. Barham Livius, one of the earliest translators of Weber's "Der Freischütz"; but the authorities interfered, prohibiting the performances of the "foreign intruders" as injurious to the exhibition of native talent. In 1839 Charles Kean fulfilled his second engage-

ment in America, reappearing at the Haymarket in the following year. He was married to Miss Ellen Tree, in Dublin, on the 29th January 1842. The fact of this union was for some time withheld from the public; and, by an odd chance, the bride and bridegroom, who had been wedded in the morning, appeared at night upon the stage in the comedy of "*The Honeymoon*." A little later, and they were supporting a new play at the Haymarket—"The Rose of Arragon"—one of the least attractive works of Sheridan Knowles. Miss Ellen Tree had made her first appearance upon the stage at Covent Garden in 1823, when she was scarcely seventeen. She played Olivia in "*Twelfth Night*," the occasion being the benefit of her sister, Miss M. Tree, who represented Viola.

It was in 1850 that Charles Kean, having for his partner the favourite comedian Robert Keeley, became lessee of the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, and first undertook the cares and toils of management. The preceding years had been occupied with protracted engagements in America and the provinces; for two seasons Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean had appeared at the Haymarket, less as "stars" than as permanent members of a strong company, content to play such parts as the management might assign to them. They brought with them Mr. Lovell's drama of "*The Wife's Secret*," which had enjoyed many representations in America; they appeared in the new plays of "*Strathmore*," by Dr. Marston; "*The Loving Woman*," by Mark Lemon; "*Leap Year*," by Mr. Buckstone; and in "*King René's Daughter*," an adaptation from the Danish of Henrik Herz; and they sustained many of their accustomed Shakespearian characters. Charles Kean no longer priced his performances at £50 per night; nevertheless, as an actor, he had risen greatly in general estimation. In 1848 he had been selected by the Queen to conduct the dramatic representations at Windsor Castle, which were continued annually at the Christmas season some ten years, with interruptions in 1850 owing to the death of the Queen Dowager, and in 1855 because of the Crimean War and the national gloom it had induced. Early in 1851 Macready retired from the stage; and it must be said that for many years the admirers and private friends of Macready had been among the most hostile of Charles Kean's critics. He was now to be viewed as in some sort the last of the "legitimate" tragedians; perhaps he was also to be accounted the least of them. He had survived the wreck of the patent houses; he was almost the only representative of the long line of players who had played "leading business," appeared in high tragedy, upon the stages of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The one establishment

was now devoted to the uses of Italian Opera ; the other had sunken the level of a minor theatre—had been turned into a circus, a menade concert room. The Act of 1843 had absolutely abolished the theatrical protective system, and instituted free trade in drama. It was not surprising, perhaps, that in stage-politics Charles Kean should be an extreme Tory. He had lived to see the decline of that poetic drama and that school of heroic acting which at the outset of his career had seemed so firmly founded. He could not believe that the period was one of transition only. He could discover no hope upon the horizon. To his thinking the drama was lost, and lost for ever. "The change is going on every night," he said before the Parliamentary Committee on Theatrical Licences in 1844, "we are going deeper in the mire." There were no actors. There was no supply of young actors. There was no training for them, no possibility of educating them. "Actors," he said, "cannot slip into experience without going through a training. In my boyhood I never considered that a man had gone through his probation until he had been on the stage for seven years ; but now an actor plays the leading parts of Shakespeare before he has been on the stage a year or two years !" He had forgotten, apparently, his own boyish attitude. He deprecated the licensing of more theatres ; there were already too many. "If you go on licensing theatres, you will drive the higher class of drama off the stage—the art will vanish." He said that "the greatest blow the drama ever received was the doing of it with the patent theatres ; from this it had never recovered, and never would." The remedy—if the state of things really needed a remedy—should have been, not less, but more patent theatres, in accordance with the increase of the population.

But for the nullifying of the patents by the Act of 1843, how could Charles Kean have played Shakespeare at the Princess's Theatre, and it was with every disposition to make the best of his position of affairs that he entered upon his managerial career. "I can't now," he said at the time, "be bound by the old rules which keep troubling ourselves about what John Kemble didn't like and Macready wouldn't do. I've thrown away the dignity of a tragedian. I'm prepared now to undertake any part. I'll play low comedy if need be. I *did* appear as a footman at the Haymarket only a little time ago." This was in the comedy of "Leap Year"—the footman proving to be a lover in disguise, however. The entertainments at the Princess's were therefore various enough, and Charles Kean advanced further towards melodrama than he had ever ventured in his earlier years ; low comedy he was not really required to un-

take. The partnership with Mr. Keeley did not long endure, although the firm closed their first season of thirteen months with a net profit of £7,000 ; it was the year of the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. In the November of 1851 the Princess's Theatre reopened under the sole direction of Charles Kean.

New plays of pretence were forthcoming at any rate during the earlier years of Charles Kean's management, before he devoted himself so exclusively to his richly embellished revivals of Shakespeare. At the Princess's were first produced Douglas Jerrold's dramas of "St. Cupid" and "A Heart of Gold," Dr. Marston's "Anne Blake," Mr. Lovell's "Trial of Love," Mr. Slous's "Templar," "The First Printer," by Mr. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, and Mr. Boucicault's "Love in a Maze"; and to these are to be added the plays of foreign origin, "The Duke's Wager," a version of "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," "Louis XI.," "The Corsican Brothers," "Pauline," "The Courier of Lyons," "Marco Spada," "Faust and Marguerite," &c. It is curious that out of this list certain of the foreign plays only have secured any hold upon the English stage, or undergone the honour of reproduction. A revival in 1853 of Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus" attracted great attention, not because of the tragedy's intrinsic merits, but in that Mr. Layard's excavations and discoveries at Nineveh had been ingeniously turned to account by the stage-decorator. A spectacle was provided, rich in winged bulls, costumes, armour and arms, and curiosities of Assyrian architecture, such as Lord Byron assuredly had not dreamt of. Sardanapalus, very dusky of skin, and wearing a long and elaborately plaited beard, was personated by Charles Kean, Mrs. Kean appearing as the Ionian Myrrha. In his revivals of Shakespeare, Charles Kean had for his predecessors the Kembles and Macready, if he had to deal with a much smaller stage and a weaker company than were at their disposal. But he advanced beyond their example. He was so far true to the poet's text that, while condensing it, he did not garble or adulterate it; but he made it more and more an excuse for displaying the arts of the scene-painter, the costumier, and the stage-machinist. All was admirably contrived, the utmost pains being taken to secure archæological correctness and to content antiquarian critics. But the play seemed sometimes to grow pale and faint because of the weighty splendour of its adornments. As Macready expressed it "the text allowed to be spoken was more like a running commentary upon the spectacles exhibited than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text. It has, however, been popular," he added, "and the main end answered." The Shakespearian plays revived at

the Princess's Theatre in this costly, luxurious, and resplendent fashion were "King John," "Macbeth," "King Henry V," "The Winter's Tale," "King Lear," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Richard II.," "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "King Henry V." "Richard III." was also produced, but, sad to relate, in deference to the men of Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, and Edmund Kean, the text was Cibber's, and not Shakespeare's !

These revivals succeeded because of their magnificent spectacles or pageants, yet it is to be said that with them Charles Kean's exertions as an actor were invariably well received ; he found indeed, much and faithful admiration ; he had fairly conquered the public. His term of management over, he was enabled to figure prosperously as a "star," and to sustain the great Shakespearean characters upon country and colonial stages with but the slightest aid from the scenic artist or the stage manager. He had found it hard to retrieve the errors of what may be called his first historical manner, and to subdue the prejudices excited against him by his raw and boyish efforts, his premature appearance upon the stage. By dint of assiduous and wary labour, helped by his genuine talent of his art, he had become a skilled and finished actor. He persevered with himself not less than with his audience. He fought for them from them their applause, having first forced himself to deserve it. And he worked with trying, harsh, ungrateful materials. Nature had not been kind to him. He was low of stature, and, although he acquired a certain grace and dignity of bearing, he was inelegantly formed. The early description of him as one who "spoke as though he had a cold, or were pressing his finger against his nose," remained true to the last ; his pronunciation of certain words was thus affected, and something of ludicrousness or caricature seemed often to mar his elocution. His voice was strong, however ; he was capable of feats of rapid enunciation, and he could indulge at times in a spontaneous passionate vociferousness that was highly effective if it occasionally degenerated into rant. Lockhart, writing in 1838, commended the "sweet melancholy" tones of the actor's voice, and, while admitting that he "would never declaim like Kemble," held that "his whispering was as effective as ever Mrs. Siddons's was." But there was little character in Charles Kean's oratory ; it lacked musical variety, it was too prosaic, and here and there was marred by errors of emphasis or odd inflections and spasms of the voice. He was far happier in his delivery of short sentences, sharp questions, or stinging replies. His face, and his features, were immobile of expression, although his heavy-lidded



eyes were bright and penetrating. He was versed in all stage accomplishments, was adroit of attitude, fenced well, gesticulated with address, making good use of his small and shapely hands; an air of refinement attended him, and for all his lack of comeliness he always wore the look of a gentleman. For the more stately of Shakespeare's heroes he was deficient in physical attributes; his Othello and Macbeth, for instance, seemed too insignificant of presence, although in Wolsey and Lear he fought successfully with Nature and became picturesque. His Hamlet was admired for its polish and carefulness; it was indeed a thoroughly thoughtful and artistic performance, while its theatrical efficiency was beyond question. As Richard and Shylock, he simply followed as closely as he could his father's interpretation of those characters. A certain supreme energy and chivalric exaltation of manner always carried him successfully through such parts as Hotspur and Henry the Fifth. In comedy he was often excellent. The habitual sadness of his face lent a strong effect to his smiles, while his peculiarities of voice could be readily turned in the direction of drollery. His Mr. Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," his Duke Aranza, Don Felix, and Mr. Oakley, were admirable examples of comic impersonation; his Benedick, although he could not look the character, was full of humorous animation and intelligence. Perhaps the main secret of his success lay in his earnestness of manner and his incisiveness of delivery, seconded by his special power of self-control. He had learnt the value of repose in acting, of repressing all excitement of attitude and gesture, and he imported into modern tragedy a sort of drawing-room air little known upon the English stage before his time. In this wise he did not the less, but rather the more, impress his audience. There was at times what has been called "a deadly quiet" about his acting which exercised a curious silencing and chilling influence over the spectators; they became awed, were set shuddering, and remained spell-bound, they scarcely knew how or why. It was particularly in plays of the French school, such as "Pauline" and "The Corsican Brothers," that these qualities of his art manifested themselves. At the same time he never sank to the level of conventional melodrama, but rather lifted it to the height of tragedy. He might appear in highly coloured situations, but he betrayed no exaggeration of demeanour; his bearing was still subdued and self-contained. His solemn fixedness of facial expression, the sorrow-laden monotony of his voice—defects in certain histrionic circumstances—were of advantage in the effect of concentration and intensity they imparted to many of his performances. He was thus enabled to

distinguish himself greatly in what may be called "one-idea-ed" of which his Mr. Ford in comedy and his Louis XI. in tragedy be taken as examples. His claim to be remembered as an actor may be found to depend upon these characteristics or peculiarities of his professional method which, being individual and personal, "differentiate" him from earlier and later players.

Charles Kean's management of the Princess's Theatre closed in 1859. In the July of that year a banquet was held in his honour at St. James's Hall, the Duke of Newcastle of that day presiding, and Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's administration, making a speech upon the occasion. Many eminent personages were assembled, including certain of the actor's contemporaries at Eton College. Mr. Kean's later years were devoted to the fulfilment of various engagements in London and the provinces of America and the colonies. But he did not extend his repertoire; he undertook no new characters; he was content to repeat again and again the performances which had already secured him so large a share of public favour. His "grand tour" was on a scale superior to that of earlier actors, however prone to stroll, could scarcely have completed, and included California and Australia. It may be said, indeed, that, aided by his wife and a small company travelling with him, he played in every part of the habitable globe occupied by English-speaking inhabitants and possessed of a stage upon which players could present themselves.

Charles Kean died, after a brief illness, at his house in London on the 22nd January, 1868.

DUTTON CO.

## *AFTER EIGHT MONTHS.*

**I**T is, as history goes, a matter on which Mr. Gladstone might be felicitated, that after eight months the *personnel* of his Government should, except in one or two unimportant details, remain intact. In times past, eight months have proved a period sufficient not only to revolutionise Ministries, but to destroy them. Mr. Gladstone has not sought in inactivity for inglorious security. A Ministry which has abolished the malt tax, dealt with the relations of employer and employed, and boldly grappled with the question of rabbits, cannot be said to have been lacking in courage. These have been, in point of national importance, the three principal accomplishments of the new Ministry, as far as it has gone. Yet such defections as have taken place in its ranks have been due to none of them. It is Ireland, a cause which made and marred Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry, that has been responsible for some ominous shakings of the structure of the present one. It is, I believe, a fact in natural history that fish always begin to go bad at the head. In the case of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry the reverse has proved to be the case. It was at the tail that signs of approaching decay were discovered by the eager and delighted eyes of a watchful Opposition.

For some anxious weeks in August there were current rumours which presaged the downfall of what four months earlier was hailed as the strongest Ministry of modern times. It was said that Lord Hartington had protested against Mr. Forster's Compensation for Disturbance Bill. It was certain that the Duke of Argyll had put his foot down. The air was full of mutterings of an approaching storm. The House of Commons stood at gaze, like Joshua's sun at Ajalon. Every one was oppressed with the sensation of a coming convulsion of nature, and breathed with difficulty the storm-charged atmosphere. But the expected manifestation was not in the whirlwind, as represented by Lord Hartington ; nor was it in the fire, as personated by the Duke of Argyll. It was the still small voice of a lord-in-waiting which proclaimed to a listening world that here was a man who could not, on his conscience, any longer hold his white wand and wear his gold-striped trousers with the knowledge that he

had for colleagues the author of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill and the Cabinet who upheld it.

The mountain in labour had brought forth a mouse, and the suppressed laughter with which the consummation was greeted burst forth when, by an odd coincidence, another lord-in-waiting, after adding to the solemnity of the act by ten days' delay, threw in his lot with Lord Listowel. Of comparatively more serious import was the resignation of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Like Napoleon III., the Marquis represented a name, a cause, and a defeat. The name was his own, a very respectable one, though perhaps scarcely carrying much weight in politics which its owner, in generous appreciation of his personal merits, attached to it; the cause was Whiggism; the defeat had been sustained when, after some resistance, Mr. Gladstone, in forming his Ministry, had been obliged to find room for the most important offices for representatives of the Radical wing. In at least one family circle there would be no difficulty in settling the question whether the head of the House of Lansdowne or a junior member for Birmingham were better fitted for Cabinet office. The difficulty was, or would have been nine months ago, that in grasping the possibility of such a question ever arising. Lord Lansdowne, with proud humility, accepted the second-class office conferred on him by Mr. Gladstone. But he would have been less than Lord Lansdowne and more than human if, when such a Bill as the one Mr. Forster's was brought in, affecting the rights of proper government in Ireland, he should consent to go on assisting Lord Hartington to govern India. Accordingly he resigned; and the Opposition, with a sense of humour had compelled them to say very little about his defection on a Cabinet question of the lords-in-waiting, cackled triumphantly when they heard that the able and clever young Under-Secretary for India had severed his connection with Mr. Gladstone.

In the case of Lord Elcho, the exultation over-mastered his manners. After a fashion unprecedented in parliamentary history he one evening interrupted a debate, and brusquely put to the Premier the question whether it was true that Lord Lansdowne had resigned. "Yes, sir, it is," Mr. Gladstone shortly answered, and the matter ended. The eagerly expected process of disintegration stopped at Lord Lansdowne. He went his way, and the world plodded on revolved on its axis. It was perhaps a quite undesigned accident that, whilst there were many promising young men ready to succeed to the office that Lord Lansdowne had made vacant, it was not filled up for several weeks. This may have been a mere accident; but at the same time it served to show how very unimportant the inci-

was, whether from a political or an administrative point of view. The Government could not only get on without the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords, but his presence at the India Office was really of so slight consequence, that whether a substitute were found now or a month hence was absolutely immaterial.

In addition to these movements, a change in the *personnel* of the Ministry has been occasioned by the well-deserved promotion of Mr. Adam to the Governorship of Madras. During the time spent by the Liberal party in the wilderness—it seemed to some impatient spirits full forty years—Mr. Adam established a claim scarcely repaid by his nomination to the post of First Commissioner of Works. That was an office to which he had been promoted in the last months of Mr. Gladstone's former Administration. In the meantime, when many more prominent partakers of the loaves and fishes had sought their ease in Opposition, Mr. Adam was nightly slaving in the unpaid office of Whip. When the general election came, he was at the head of an organisation which, admirably officered and enthusiastically worked, did much to ensure victory. The battle won, Mr. Adam accepted as his share of prize money the office he was understood to have earned by labours already accomplished in the autumn of 1873. The Governorship of Madras will remove him from participation in those political scenes in which he has, through the best years of his life, borne a large share. But the appointment is a princely one, and will doubtless prove the avenue to other honours.

In reviewing the history of the first eight months of Mr. Gladstone's Government, with a view to apportioning the measure of success achieved by its several members, there is no difficulty in assigning the position of the least fortunate. This is a bad eminence on which stands the shaggy form of Mr. Forster. It should be admitted that the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant is, beyond comparison, the most difficult in the Ministry. In former times it was held that the Home Secretary ran the Irish Secretary pretty close in the matter of predestined embarrassment. It was doubtless this tradition which settled the disposition of the office. The two men of the first rank on the Liberal side who have the most sublime confidence in their own abilities are Mr. Forster and Sir William Harcourt. Accordingly, when arrangements for the disposition of offices came to be made, Mr. Forster took the Irish Secretaryship, and Sir William Harcourt the Home Office.

There is no doubt that Mr. Forster entered upon his new office, if not with a light heart, at least with a confident one. He had a

notion, shared by many people, that his temperament peculiarly fitted him for the task. If Mr. Forster were to draw his own character, we should probably find limned a man of preternatural sagacity, illimitable knowledge, and singular gifts of diplomacy, which enabled him to get precisely what he wanted, whilst apparently conceding to the prejudice or passion of those with whom he had to contend. Ireland had known various kinds of Governors within the last ten years. There had been Lord Hartington, unapproachable and *insouciant*; Mr. Chichester Fortescue, amiable, but lacking in force of character; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, cold and unsympathetic; and Mr. James Lowther, whose government of Ireland was a sort of political horse-play. Mr. Forster would show the world how Ireland was to be governed. The hour had come, and here was the man, a heaven-born Irish Secretary, the very "boy for Galway."

After eight months the conviction is beginning to grow in the public mind that there is not more than the usual amount of exaggeration in the statement freely made in Ireland, that Mr. Forster is the worst of all recent secretaries. In the parliamentary range of duties he certainly has been a conspicuous failure, and is directly responsible for that catastrophe which, happily for Liberalism, flickered out in the fitful fury of revolt among the lords-in-waiting. It is not necessary in this connection to discuss the intrinsic merits of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. It may have been as beneficial as its author described it, or as subversive of all laws, human and divine, as the excited imagination of Lord Elcho pictured it. Apart from the merits of the Bill, it was quite clear that Mr. Forster had no slightest conception of the nature of the voyage on which he was embarking, and that this ignorance, culpable in a statesman, led to a condition of affairs damaging to the Ministry of which he was a member, and disastrous to the country he had undertaken to govern. It has been described with some circumstantiality how, in his overweening self-confidence, he resented counsel, and warned even members of the Royal Commission, who, fresh from investigation of the land question in Ireland, had presumed to think the Secretary might like to benefit by their labours. To Mr. Forster the idea of any one teaching him anything is either ludicrous or impertinent, according to the humour in which the attempt finds him. Had he not, in 1849, visited Ireland, and made himself acquainted on the spot with the condition of its people? It was ridiculous for men who had not visited the country till thirty years later to knock at the door of the Irish Office and volunteer to teach him his business.

The whole history of his unfortunate Bill was eloquent of the attitude of a crassly confident man groping in the dark, and comforting himself with the conviction that he could see farther in such circumstances than was possible to ordinary people walking in the sunlight. He was so ignorant of the logical consequences of his own scheme, that he proposed to bring it in as a clause tacked on to another measure. This was a step taken in accordance with that profound diplomacy from which so much was hoped. "Unbending on principles, yielding in details," is the motto he would write under that self-limned portrait outlined above. If the House objected to his scheme when introduced in one form, he would withdraw it, but only to introduce it in another. This he did, with what result many nights of angry discussion, the unparalleled prolongation of the session, and the upheaval of the lords-in-waiting testified. I rather incline to the belief that his connection with the Irish office will at no distant date be cut short by his own act. His self-content will be deeply injured by conspicuous failure that has all the world for witness, and in a moment of impatience he will throw up a task the impossibility of which is demonstrated to his mind by the simple fact that he cannot accomplish it.

This is the more to be regretted as it is the failure of an honest man animated by generous impulses. No one who has watched Mr. Forster in the troubles that beset him in the closing weeks of the session could question his sincerity, or doubt his consuming desire to benefit Ireland. The very confidence with which he had undertaken the task aggravated the bitterness of his disappointment. Perhaps it is well that the disenchantment that follows on a juster appreciation of his own capacity, and a fuller realization of the difficulties of the task he has undertaken, has arrived so early in his career as Irish Secretary. With his honest purpose and generous sympathies, and without his "cock-sureness" and inclination to undervalue the opinions of other people on questions he has adopted as his own, Mr. Forster may triumphantly falsify the prediction ventured on above.

The Premier himself has proved the centre and the pivot of influence. However far Republicanism as a principle of Government may prosper in France, it certainly does not thrive within the narrow limits of a Cabinet. The most prosperous Administrations known in English history are those of which the head has been so strong that there has been no possibility of comparison, or of competition, between his supremacy and that of any one of his colleagues. As a general rule, it may be said that a Ministry is strong or weak in pro-



portion to the ability and strength of character of the one man who sits at the titularly its head. If Mr. Gladstone's colleagues have any ground of complaint against him, it is that he is not only strong but headstrong. His capacity, alike for construction and administration, is so illimitable, that he is constantly tempted not only to do his own work but other people's. We, the vulgar, know nothing that Lord Salisbury would admit as "authentic" with respect to the condition of affairs within the Cabinet. There is a prevalent opinion, more particularly in parliamentary circles closest to the Treasury bench, that they resemble a despotism rather than any other form of orderly arrangement of household affairs. This conclusion or surmise certainly receives confirmation from facts which pass before our eyes every day. It cannot be forgotten that a short period back, when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his famous resolutions on affairs in the East, he was in variance with the colleagues who now assist him to administer the business of the Empire. He stood literally alone before the Government, skirted by the front Opposition bench, and such support as was forthcoming was drawn from below the gangway, under the guidance of Mr. Chamberlain, who had not then been in office, and had no reason to believe that within so short a time he would hold the distinguished position he now fills. So hopeless was Mr. Gladstone's isolation, that he was obliged to withdraw his resolutions, which he did amid the jeers of his open enemies and the sneers of his constitutional friends. Mr. Gladstone has not swerved in the slightest degree from the views on foreign policy he then formulated, and during the term of Opposition enlarged upon in innumerable speeches. Yet we find the men who then stood coldly aside now engaged in an apparent unanimity in prosecuting the policy Mr. Gladstone advocates.

This may be inevitable, and certainly it seems not without justification, since it is beyond question that it is directly and personally due to Mr. Gladstone's deathless enthusiasm and unquenchable courage. That right hon. gentlemen, who a year ago sat on the front bench to the left of the Speaker, now fill the front bench to his right. It would be a lapse from the habitude of human nature if the Government position were agreeable to those immediately concerned. Mr. Gladstone would be better loved in proportion as he were more masterful and less greedy of work. In the many representations made to him of the necessity of husbanding his resources, and saving his life for the sake of the country, there are none more sincere than those which come from his own colleagues. It is possible that

than probable that in the coming session we may see some effect of these and other kindly meant warnings. I think it very doubtful that Mr. Gladstone can be induced, under any compulsion less than that which carried him in August to the verge of the grave, to regulate his excessive energy or put ordinary bounds to the measure of his work. At the present moment he doubtless thinks otherwise, and has formed pretty plans of going home at midnight and leaving the direction of affairs in the hands of Lord Hartington. He may even begin the session with this careful husbanding of his strength. But all his good intentions and prudent plans will vanish at the first approach of trouble. As long as the political barometer points to fine weather, he will permit himself partial surcease of labour. But when a storm arises, even though it be in a teacup, he will sit as far as necessary into the night, and will make a perhaps more than necessary number of speeches.

Only a few days before he left the House and took to the bed by the side of which all the world watched, he had deliberately entered into a trial of physical strength with Mr. Parnell. "The hon. member has the advantage over me," he said. "He is young and I am old. But if it comes to a trial of endurance, we shall see who will win." And so all through the weary night, till the summer sun shone in through the many-coloured windows, Mr. Gladstone, pale and worn, wearily sat in his place, which he filled again at the usual hour the same afternoon, having in the meantime transacted business comprising the affairs of the universe. The Ethiopian may change his skin and the leopard its spots; but pending these unusual disturbances of nature, it will be well not to rest on the hope that next session Mr. Gladstone will be anything different from what he has shown himself this year, or from what he has been throughout a life already seventy years long, and occupied with work equal to the aggregate accomplishment of seventy men.

The Premier has more than fulfilled expectation raised upon his renewed acceptance of office. Never has he been more eloquent, never more energetic, and never more capable than during the first session of the new Parliament. Next to him the laurels of the session rest with the Indian Secretary. It was only in the last weeks of the session that Lord Hartington found his opportunity, which probably no one grudged him, for he is above suspicion of seeking it to his own advantage, or even enjoying it when it is thrust upon him. At the beginning of the session he had fallen back into his old and worst manner. Relieved by a surprising turn in events of the thankless post he had filled during five years, he gladly sought the

comparative retirement now open to him. He took up his post at the lower end of the Treasury bench. He was not too frequent attendance, and except when (as in the case of the debate on Forster's Bill) he was importuned, he never took part in the debate. He made wordy replies to unimportant questions, scarcely taking trouble to open his mouth for full articulation, and, when on his legs, preserving an attitude of glum stolidity that made the House rather glad when, as generally happened, he left the place as soon as he had made an end of his monologue.

The illness of Mr. Gladstone suddenly and unexpectedly brought him back to the position of leader, created a change as instantaneous and even more marked than, that noted at the beginning of the session. At the morning sitting on the Friday when Mr. Gladstone succumbed, Lord Hartington was lounging about in his heavy way at the end of the bench, his stolid look being unbroken by any more vivid expression than is to be derived from a frown. On Monday, when the House met, it found him seated in the Premier's place, alert, watchful, ready for anything that might come up, and capable of dealing with it. During the five years he has been in the Opposition, he had slowly moved public opinion towards appreciation of his sterling qualities. But nothing accomplished by him during that period prepared the House for the capacity displayed during the troubled weeks of the closing session. On many points Lord Hartington would naturally shrink from comparison with Mr. Gladstone. But as leader of the House of Commons he was vastly superior to the too impressionable genius from whose reins he slipped last August.

Of other Ministers, none, with the exception of Sir Charles Dilke, has had opportunity of greatly distinguishing himself. Even Sir Charles was expected that Sir Charles Dilke would do well. But he has disappointed the most friendly expectations. He has shown himself a thorough master of the difficult and delicate business pertaining to his department, and has commanded both the respect and the confidence of the House. It is a wholesome axiom of English politics that foreign questions should be removed from the arena of party conflict. This is an axiom honoured rather in the breach than in observance; and it is a happy accident that has placed the direction of foreign affairs in the hands of two men who are, almost without exception, the most popular in their respective Houses.

Mr. Chamberlain has not appeared prominently, but this is the crowning tribute of his success. Before he became a Minister he proved his capacity as a debater, and his readiness to take part

question that might come under discussion. Since he has reached the assured position of a Cabinet Minister holding high office, he has been content to stand aside. Nothing in the session has been more remarkable than his apparent self-effacement. But this has been only apparent. Whilst others were talking, Mr. Chamberlain was working. He got his Bills through (one of them dealing with the class of legislation which hopelessly wrecked the reputation of Sir Charles Adderley, and ingloriously made him a peer), and has impressed the House with a sense that it has not as yet quite taken his full measure.

Another member new to Ministerial office has also created a favourable impression, even in circles where an earlier militant habit had made him unpopular. Mr. Gladstone's choice of Mr. Mundella as Vice-President of the Council met with instant approval, and it has been justified by the earliest essays of the new Minister. He has shown great tact in piloting through the House the important amendment of the Education Act which signalised the session, and, like Mr. Chamberlain, has displayed a hitherto unexpected capacity for saying nothing at the right moment.

Sir William Harcourt has gone through the perils of the session pretty well ; partly, perhaps, because it has been singularly free from the pitfalls of deputations. Speculating several months before the general election on the *personnel* of " Her Majesty's Next Ministers," mention in these pages of Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary was received in some quarters with well-merited ridicule. It certainly did seem ridiculous at the time, it being generally accepted as the strongest probability that when the Liberals returned to power Sir William Harcourt would naturally become one of the Law Officers of the Crown. Since the prediction has come true, the ridiculous aspect of the situation has not altogether disappeared. Sir William Harcourt, snubbing deputations and polishing his wit on the epidermis of the unpaid magistracy, does not suggest the model of a successful Home Secretary. This is a case in which what in racing phraseology is called "public form" will probably be justified. Among the troubles that await Mr. Gladstone's Government in coming years there will be some, and not the least serious, arising out of Sir William Harcourt's career as Home Secretary.

Of the rest, Mr. Childers at the Army is very much the same as Mr. Childers at the Admiralty. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, though his chief is in the other House, has happily had few opportunities of making speeches. When these have fallen in his way he has made the most of them, and has never failed to recall the cry wrung from

one of his present colleagues in accents not less agonised became *sotto voce* :—

Oh, the dreary, drear Lefevre,  
Oh, the barren, barren Shaw.

Mr. Grant Duff has had a bad time of it, being more than nervous frightened out of his life by the truculence of Sir Wilfred Lawson, who has insisted upon "wanting to know" about Sir Bartle Frere. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has been ill; Mr. Thomas Brassey is ill; Mr. John Holms are very wisely biding their time; Sir Henry James is rather better in office than out; Sir Farrer Herschell has done admirably; Mr. Osborne Morgan has passed the Burials Bill, and the Lord Advocate's modest requirements in the matter of a new seat have not been gratified.

In respect of moral and authoritative position, the Ministry have fully maintained the prestige of the Treasury bench. They number in their ranks all the great orators that Death and the House of Lords have left to the Commons. The supreme excellence of their debating power is, moreover, buttressed about by much ability of a second- and third-rate order. As there are no two men in the House who might be bracketed with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in the matter of the highest form of oratory, so there are no twenty men on either side who could stand man for man with twenty who sit on the Treasury bench. Each department is so ably officered that its head is able to hold his own and conduct his business without requiring that the big guns of the Cabinet should be brought into action whenever his office challenges the attention of the House. That this has always been so is a fact that will be recalled to mind when mention is made of the names of Sir Charles Adderley, Mr. Sclater-Bell, Mr. James Lowther, Mr. Bourke, and Sir John Holker, who held the most important offices in the late Government.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDRED

## *SHAKESPEARE AS A PROSE WRITER.*

**I**T is related of Lord Mansfield, one of the profoundest and acutest lawyers who ever adorned our Bench, that he found himself very much impeded in his early career at the Bar by the reputation which he had acquired for polite learning. A young man who associated with Pope, supped at the "Grecian," and could turn an Ode of Horace, was obviously quite incompetent to wrestle with the technicalities of Coke. It was in vain that he showed convincing proofs of the range and accuracy of his legal attainments. It was in vain that he surrounded himself with the ponderous tomes of Glanvill and Bracton. His plodding brethren would not believe him. They shook their heads at him "as a wit." They could conceive of no alliance between Themis and the Muses—between the idealism of poetry and the plain prose of the law. A fate somewhat similar seems to have befallen our great national poet. We have so long contemplated Shakespeare as a writer of verse, that it seems never to have struck any of his myriad commentators to contemplate him as a writer of prose. During the last century and a half his works have been studied from almost every point of view. Eminent theologians have discussed his theology, eminent lawyers have discussed his legal acquirements. Physicians have illustrated his knowledge of the phenomena of disease. Scholars have estimated his obligations to Greece and Rome. Psychologists and metaphysicians have been busy with his philosophy, historians with his history, and philologists with his language. But from the appearance of Rowe's preface to the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's *Essays in England*, and from the days of Lessing to the days of Gervinus and Delius in Germany, we cannot call to mind a single attempt to estimate his position and merit as a writer of prose. Delius has indeed dealt at some length with this portion of Shakespeare's work, but his essay is almost entirely confined to an examination of the text itself. His criticism is not comparative, and he has therefore failed to realise the great services which Shakespeare rendered to English prose. He has not shown in what points his prose essentially differs from that

of contemporary writers. He has not traced with sufficient minuteness the history of its development in the great dramatist's work. He has not distinguished with sufficient precision its various stages.

The truth is that Shakespeare's prose is a phenomenon remarkable as his verse. In one way, indeed, it is still more remarkable. The prose of Shakespeare stands alone. It was his own creation, as absolutely his own as the *terza rima* was Dante's, as the Spenserian stanza was Spenser's. For everything else, with the exception only of pure comedy, he had models. English blank verse had been all but perfected by Marlowe and Peele before it came into his hands. That he added much to it is true. He varied its pauses; he made it more flexible, more perfectly adapted to the ever-changing phases of thought; but it was not its creator. The historical play had been formulated before he took it up. Tragedy had been formulated. If we except all his plots were borrowed. His lyrics, matchless as they are, borrowed nothing in form, tone, and style from the lyrics of his immediate predecessors. But his prose is essentially original; and how much he contributed to the development of this important branch of English literature will be at once apparent if we compare his prose with the diction both of those who preceded and those who followed him. In two qualities, and in two qualities alone, had English prose excelled, and those qualities were harmony and majesty. For it had been indebted to Hooker, and Hooker had learned them from the Latin Classics. Such a style was, however, only adapted to subjects which admitted of rhetorical treatment. It provided for one mode of expression. The rhetorical diction of Hooker, the theologians; the pedantic epigrammatic diction of Lyly and the euphuists; the coarse colloquial vulgarity of Nash and the authors of the Martin Mar-Prelate tracts; the loose and slovenly prose diction of Peele and Marlowe; the diffuse, involved, and Italian period of Puttenham and Sidney; the curt and somewhat awkward condensation of Bacon,<sup>1</sup> in his earlier style, represent very fairly the school of prose which were flourishing when Shakespeare entered upon his task. Daniel, Donne, Hall, and Raleigh, who are beyond question the best prose writers—we are speaking merely of style—in the latter quarter of the seventeenth century, had not begun to publish when Shakespeare was engaged in composition. The translation of

<sup>1</sup> We make no exception in favour of *The Advancement of Learning*, which was published in 1606, for its style is as Latin in its rhythm and structure as that of Hooker. Bacon's best prose compositions, and of a very high order of excellence they are, are the *Essay on Adversity* and the *Fragment on Death*; but they, to be remembered, did not appear till 1625.



Bible did not appear till 1611. Now, it must be obvious to any one who will take the trouble to consult them, that these writers, so far from furnishing Shakespeare with a model, do not even contain the germs of those qualities which constitute good prose in a tolerably advanced stage of its development. In one or two passages in his comedies, where they border closely on farce, Shakespeare may, it is true, have borrowed something from Nash and Peele, and he has of course employed occasionally the "three-piled hyperboles and spruce affectations" of Lyly, both seriously to enrich his diction and half-contemptuously to point his parodies. But here all influences from, and all imitations of, his predecessors cease.

What, then, did Shakespeare do for English prose? He gave it ease, he gave it variety and grace; qualities in which, till he took it in hand, it was entirely deficient. He showed for the first time how it could be dignified without being pedantic, how it could be full and massive without subordinating the Saxon to the Latin element, how it could be stately without being involved, how it could be musical without borrowing its rhythm and its cadence from the rhetoricians of Rome. He made it plastic. He taught it to assume, and to assume with propriety, every tone. He showed its capacity for dialectics, for exposition, and for narrative. He purified it from archaisms. Indeed, his diction often differs little from that of the best writers in the eighteenth century. The following passage, for example, will, in point of purity, rhythm, and composition, bear comparison with any paragraph in Addison:—

First my fear, then my courtesy, lastly my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech you undo me, for what I have to say is of my own making, and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt not, prove my own marring. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercy. Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? But a good conscience would make any possible satisfaction, and so must I.

*Epilogue to Second Part of "Henry IV."*

In light and fleeting dialogue he is not inferior to Vanbrugh and Farquhar. In point and terseness he is not inferior to Congreve. Indeed, it is easy to see that Congreve frequently modelled his prose dialogue on that of Shakespeare. A more magnificent piece of rhetoric than Hamlet's reflections on man was never penned either by Milton, Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne. A finer specimen of grave and logical disquisition than the dialogue between Bates, Williams, and the King in the fourth act of *Henry V.* it would not be easy to find in the whole range of our prose literature. The dialogue between Rosalind and

Celia, and between Rosalind and Orlando in *As You Like It*, the same relation to our prose drama as the dialogues of Molière bear to the dramatic prose of France. The speech of Brutus (*Julius Cæsar*, act ii. scene ii.); the two monologues of Iago (*Othello*, act i. scene iii.), of Henry V. (*Henry V.*, act iv. scene i.), the soliloquy of Edmund (*Lear*, act i. scene ii.), of Hamlet (*Hamlet*, act ii. scene ii. and again act v. scene i.), the speech of Speed (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii. scene i.), are, regarded merely as compositions, mere pieces. The only dramatist who could for one instant stand in comparison with Shakespeare as a prose writer would be Ben Jonson, but Ben Jonson's best is far inferior to Shakespeare's best. Jonson's most ambitious prose is cast in a Latin mould. His dedication, for example, of "The Fox" to the two Universities is infinitely more Latin than English; the prose of his "Discoveries" is no advance on that of Sidney; and his dialogue, even at its lightest, is seldom free from stiffness and pedantry. In a word, Shakespeare carried prose composition not only further than any writer during the Elizabethan age,<sup>1</sup> but further than any writer previous to Hobbes, Cowley, and Temple. In the comparative infancy of our prose literature he achieved one of the rarest triumphs of its maturity—the union of the graces of rhetoric with the graces of colloquy. He attempted several styles, he excelled in all. Since his time many eminent poets have distinguished themselves in prose composition. At a time before his time, such a double triumph was unique; for who could compare the "Vita Nuova" with the "Paradiso," the "Tale of Melibœus" with the "Knight's Tale," or the "Dialogue on the State of Ireland" with a canto of the "Faery Queen"? Notwithstanding this all. He was the first of our writers who perceived that the mechanism of prose differs essentially from the mechanism of verse, and who discerned how far the laws which govern the rhythm and cadence of metre might, without confusing the lines of demarcation between the two modes of expression, operate beneficially on the rhythm and cadence of prose.

In examining Shakespeare's prose more particularly it is, we think, possible to discern five distinct styles. First will come the euphuistic; secondly, the coarse colloquial prose, modelled on the language of vulgar life; thirdly, the prose of higher comedy; fourthly, the professedly rhetorical; and, lastly, highly wrought poetical prose.

The style which Lyly had, both by his celebrated romance

<sup>1</sup> We are speaking, of course, of the extent and variety of his power of expression. In certain qualities he is excelled perhaps both by Hooker and Bacon, and by Samuel Daniel, whose style is, for the age in which he lived, wonderful.

also by his comedies, made popular—a style which was almost universally affected by the court circles, and which continued to taint our literature till it received its death-blow from Sir Philip Sidney—has left considerable traces on Shakespeare's diction. Euphuism is employed, as we observed before, sometimes seriously and sometimes satirically. Some of the dialogue in *As You Like It*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in the *Winter's Tale*, offers obvious illustrations of the first, though we may observe how the poet's tact and taste has led him to soften down the glaring extravagance of his model. His wit has all the flavour of Lyly's, but, unlike Lyly's, it is seldom forced ; with all the point and epigram of his model, he has none of his monstrous conceits, none of his false imagery, none of his frigid puerilities. A very good specimen of this modified euphuism is to be found in the second scene of the fifth act of the *Winter's Tale*. Who does not recognise the genuine Lyly in such a sentence as "There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears ;" or again in "one of the prettiest touches of all, *and that which angled for mine eyes caught the water though not the fish, was,*" &c. ? His satirical parodies of Lyly are to be found, not so much in entire scenes and dialogues, as in particular passages—though *Love's Labour's Lost* is from beginning to end one mass of euphuism. An exhaustive catalogue of the characteristics of euphuism might, indeed, be compiled from this single play. Don Adriano de Armado is a euphuist of the first water, and so also, in their way, are Moth and Holofernes. Again, Osric, in *Hamlet*, is evidently intended to ridicule Lyly's young gentlemen. The speeches of Falstaff and Henry when they are acting the King (*Henry IV.* part i. act ii. scene v.) are obviously in the same vein. "For though camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears," sounds like an extract taken verbatim from "The Anatomy of Wit." Shakespeare's obligations to Lyly were therefore of a comparatively unimportant character. His satirical parodies proved that he fully recognised the puerility of euphuism, and where he directly imitates it he imitates it, generally speaking, for the purpose of laughing at it, though he has, it is true, occasionally enriched his diction with some of Lyly's characteristic peculiarities.

We now come to the second of our five divisions—the realistic colloquial prose, modelled on the language of common life. This is the language of the clowns, of the fools, of the citizens, officers, and of all the baser characters ; the language of Touchstone, Launce, Bottom, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickly, Thersites, Dogberry, Trinculo,

Stephano, Cloten, and of the rabble when the rabble are brought on the stage. It is, as a rule, studiously garnished with allusions and proverbs. It will admit of many varieties, as it is the expression of many moods and the instrument of many different characters. Sometimes it is made the vehicle of such jargon as that which Dr. Caius, Fluellen, or Evans express themselves, or of the broken English of Catharine. Sometimes it embodies the invectives and licentious facetiousness usual in the wit conversation between the Prince and Falstaff, and is seen to perfection in the pot-house scenes in *Henry IV.*, or in Kent's onslaught on the Steward in *Lear*. Sometimes it is a mere transcript from the dialogue of ordinary life, as in that wonderfully realistic scene in which Sir John and Shallow meet (*Henry IV.*, part ii. act iii. scene ii.), or in the scene between Henry V. and Catharine (*Henry V.*, act v. scene ii.). At other times it expresses the comments and grievances of the clown, like Mrs. Quickly, or the incisive common sense of Michael Willenbush and Menenius, or the bustling ambition of Bottom and his fellows; and at other times it rises to a sort of rhythmic dignity, as in the soliloquies of Falstaff, and occasionally in the speech of Autolycus; but whatever phase it assumes, it is always the unidealised speech of the people. The dramatists who preceded Shakespeare, notably Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, had indeed employed it, but in their hands, except where it is mere fluent scurrilousness, it is usually struggling with that kind of awkwardness incident to the style which is partly literary and partly studying to be dramatically appropriate. The prose scenes, for example, in Marlowe's "*Faust*," "*Jew of Malta*"; in Greene's "*Looking Glass for London*," and in Peele's "*Old Wives' Tale*," cannot for an instant be compared to Shakespeare in point of style. He is as much superior to them in power of colloquial expression as he is superior in creative genius. We must go forward more than half a century to Bunyan, before we shall find any author who displays such perfect command over the speech of the vulgar, and who can reproduce it with such exactness. We make no exception in favour of Dekker, Heywood, Middleton, or any of the other representatives of the Plebeian school. They have, it is true, great skill in the conduct of homely dialogue, but it is not the skill of Shakespeare.

We now come to a kindred but different style—the prose, that is to say, of the higher comedy; and this is, in our opinion, a style in which Shakespeare was the absolute and immortal creator, a style in which he has never been surpassed. This is the diction of his ladies and gentlemen when they do not express themselves in rhyme or blank verse. Though it is occasionally marred by the coarser

which was in the days of Elizabeth and James not merely venial but habitual, it is as a rule essentially refined. Its coarseness never degenerates into vulgarity. Its tone and spirit are those of an aristocratic society. It is generally polished and graceful. It abounds in wit and epigram. When it rises, it is never stilted ; when it sinks, it is never mean. It reflects every shade and every tone of thought with exact fidelity. As the vehicle of light and playful irony it is eminently happy. Its persiflage is not inferior to the best which can be found in Molière or De Musset. Its rhythm is sometimes so musical, its cadences are so exquisitely modulated, that it may be fairly questioned whether the most finished paragraphs in Addison could, in point of composition, be pronounced superior to it. Let us illustrate our meaning:—

*Jacques.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy which is emulation, nor the musician's which is fantastical, nor the courtier's which is proud, nor the soldier's which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's which is politic, nor the lady's which is nice, nor the lover's which is all these. But it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

*Rosalind.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your land to see other men's ; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

What could be more perfect than the *lexis* and the rhythm of this passage ? It is a piece of prose without a flaw, from whatever point of view it may be examined, whether we regard the arrangement of the words, the evolution of the sentences, the pauses, the cadence of the final sentence, the harmony of the whole paragraph. Again, take Speed's speech in the first scene of the second act of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona":—

You have learned like Sir Proteus to wreathe your arms like a malecontent, to relish a lovesong like a robin red-breast, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his alphabet, to weep like a young girl that had buried her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont when you laughed to crow like a cock, when you walked to walk like one of the lions. When you fasted it was after dinner, when you looked sadly it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, so that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

These extracts might indeed, so far as diction is concerned, be extracts from one of Gray's or Cowper's letters, so melodious, so easy, so elegant, so free from all taint of archaism are they. And yet Dr. Johnson could say that Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave harmony to English prose ! We cannot afford to extend

verse. Of all De Quincey's many inaccurate assertions, he never made one more inaccurate than when he asserted that he—the English opium-eater—had been the first to introduce English literature to what he calls poetical impassioned prose. He might have pretended to forget, possibly he might really have forgotten, Raleigh, who furnished him with the model for one of his finest apostrophes;<sup>1</sup> he might have overlooked Milton, Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, but it is strange indeed that he should have overlooked Shakespeare. Another very eloquent example, but in diction more subdued and less ornate, may be found in the gaoler's speech in *Cymbeline*, act v. scene iv.; in Lear's speech, "Why, thou wert better in thy grave," &c., *Lear*, act iii. scene iii.

The above classification, necessarily arbitrary and imperfect, and adopted rather for purposes of convenience than proceeding on any fixed critical principle, leaves of course much of the poet's prose still unspecified. We have still to take into account his grave didactic style, of which we have several examples in *Hamlet*—his many soliloquies and reflections where the language rises and falls in exquisite unison with the sentiments embodied in it, as in Benedick's speech, *Much Ado About Nothing*, act ii. scene iii.; Launcelot Gobbo's, *Merchant of Venice*, act ii. scene ii.; the speeches of Falstaff; the speech of Autolycus, *Winter's Tale*, act iv. scene iv.; of Thersites, *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. scene iv.; the Porter's, *Macbeth*, act ii. scene iii.; Edmund's, *Lear*, act i. scene ii.; the serious and set speeches, which might be amply illustrated from *Measure for Measure*, from *Othello*, and from *Cymbeline*; the epilogues, as at the conclusion of *As You Like It*, and the *Second Part of Henry IV.*; the various documents and letters cited by the characters.

It is interesting, for it is, we think, quite possible to watch the stages by which Shakespeare's prose arrived at maturity, and to see how it became, by degrees, a favourite instrument of expression with him. At first he used it very sparingly. In some of his earlier works it finds no place at all. There is no prose, for example, in the First Part of *Henry VI.*; there is none in *King John* or in *Richard II.*; there are only about a dozen lines in *Titus Andronicus*; there is only one short scene in *Richard III.* In *Romeo and Juliet* the proportion of prose is very small, and in the conversation between the Nurse and Lady Capulet (act i. scene ii.), where we should have expected to find it, we find blank verse. In the two parts of *Henry IV.*,

<sup>1</sup> Compare the concluding paragraph of the *History of the World*—"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death," &c.—with the celebrated apostrophe to opium, beginning, "O just, subtle, and mighty Opium," in the second part of the *Opium Eater*.



on the other hand, prose and verse are used in almost equal proportions, but the prose portions are, without exception, confined to the comic scenes. In *As You Like It* the tone of the prose is raised; in *Hamlet* it begins to encroach on the province of blank verse, that is to say, it is employed in grave and serious passages; and in this way the poet continues to employ it through the whole series of his maturer works, except in the *Tempest*, where it is confined to the baser characters, and in *Henry VIII.*, where we find it only in one short scene. The stages in the development of Shakespeare's prose are, we think, as clearly discernible as the stages in the development of his verse. It appears for the first time in the Second and Third Part of *Henry VI.*, and here it differs in no respect from the style of Marlowe and Peele—it has all their characteristics, all their stiffness, all their archaism, all their coarseness. In *Love's Labour's Lost* it is, of course, and is intended to be, merely parody. In *All's Well that Ends Well* we find it in a state of transition. It is frequently rough, involved, and uncouth, but it is also occasionally compact and musical. Side by side, for instance, with periods like—

Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose

we find periods like—

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

In *As You Like It* the composition of the prose is as perfect as that of the verse.

How delicately the poet understood and how carefully he studied the rhythm of his prose may be seen, not only in his use of expletives, in the arrangement of his antitheses, and in his introduction of balancing clauses, but in the nice measurement of his subordinate sentences, and in his frequent inversions of the natural order of the words. When he is at his best, Isocrates and Cicero were not more solicitous about the harmony of their periods. Take the following passage from *Henry V.*:—

Now if these men have defeated the law and out-run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle. War is his vengeance. So that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own.



Longinus has observed of a celebrated sentence in Demosthenes that so absolutely perfect is the construction, that if a synonym be substituted, if the slightest alteration be made in the order of the words, the whole is ruined, the music is a discord. What is true of the sentence in Demosthenes is true also of the paragraph we have just quoted, and of many other prose paragraphs in Shakespeare. Alter or omit a single word, invert a sentence, strike out a clause, change in the smallest particular a particle, and you would jar the ear of a sensitive critic, as a false note would jar the ear of a musician. Now, we do not believe that, with the exception of the translators of the Bible, any other Elizabethan prose writer had so fine a perception of the native harmony of our tongue, as distinguished from a harmony borrowed from Rome.

And now it remains to say a few words on the question whether we are justified in supposing that Shakespeare was guided by any fixed principle in his employment of verse and prose, or whether he employed them, as fancy suggested, for the sake of variety and relief. On this subject it would be dangerous to dogmatise. It must, of course, be obvious to every one that, as a general rule, he employs prose when he wishes to be emphatically realistic, when he is dealing with commonplace characters, and is embodying commonplace sentiments. There is always an instinct in a true artist prompting him, even at the cost of literary grace, to attain complete harmony between spirit and expression. We find this to be the case even in those schools where a rigid regard to form is the primary canon. We find traces of it in Euripides: we find it still more marked in Aristophanes and in the later schools of the Greek drama. We find it in Terence; we find it pre-eminently in Plautus. As a general rule, Shakespeare's poetical conceptions naturally, and, as it were, spontaneously, clothe themselves in verse, while all that appertains to the familiar side of real life as naturally slides into its appropriate prose. The line of demarcation thus drawn between verse and prose is indeed another proof of Shakespeare's delicate appreciation of style, another proof that he was what the French critics deny—a reflective artist. Many of his disciples have written plays in a mixture of verse and prose, but the employment of the one or the other mode of expression is with them purely arbitrary, and appears to have been introduced simply to vary the dialogue or to save the trouble of yoking thought to metre. This is evident, not only from the fact that conceptions eminently and essentially poetical are often clothed in prose, but that their prose is very commonly nothing but loose blank verse. Webster, in his two great tragedies, constantly selects this

mode of expression for his grandest and most striking images. The prose of Massinger and Tourneur is so rhythmical that their editors have boldly printed it as blank verse. And what all these poets will apply, with the exception of Fletcher, to other Elizabethan dramatists when writing tragedy. In Shakespeare's prose there is never such ambiguity. His prose is as clear as his verse. However rich, however highly wrought, its rhythm is never the rhythm of metre, the style of its rhetoric is never the style of the rhetoric of verse. But it would not be true that the poet reserves prose simply for cases where prose is especially appropriate. True as a rule, it is a rule which admits exceptions. In *Hamlet*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and in *Coriolanus*—see particularly the scene between Posthumus and the wife of Iachimo in parts of *Henry V.*, and in parts of *Othello*, several speeches in prose where we might, so far as the subject-matter is concerned, expect verse. In some cases it may possibly have been used to heighten the effect of the verse immediately following. The magnificent soliloquy of Henry V. is preceded by a scene in prose. Antony's splendid rhetoric in *Julius Cæsar* is ushered in by a speech from Brutus. In many cases which will at once suggest themselves to the student it is undoubtedly used for the purpose of relief and variety, and for that purpose only.

It would be idle to draw any parallel between the merits of a great poet in these two branches of composition; but we may say that in one or two points his prose contrasts very favourably with his verse. His verse, in his later style at least, is frequently perplexed, and abrupt: his prose is uniformly smooth and clear. His verse abounds in solecisms and anacolutha: his prose is free from very few exceptions, singularly correct, and is marked by a greater purity, both of idiom and phrase. His verse is full of mannerisms, and of mannerisms which are not at all times proper to his prose is easy and natural. In a word, his most characteristic prose is, regarded merely as composition, decidedly superior to his most characteristic verse.

Margaret Fuller tells us in one of her letters that in a conversation at which she was once present, Mr. Carlyle gave it as his opinion that Shakespeare would have done far better if he had confined himself to prose. Such an opinion may well be pronounced as one of those paradoxes in which, in his younger days, the author of "Sartor Resartus" loved to indulge. Even a collection of delightful stories as the "Decamerone," even a romance like "Quixote" or "Tom Jones," would have been a poor exchange

such works as "Lear" or "Othello." And yet, in one way at least, we share Mr. Carlyle's regret. What student of Shakespeare could doubt that that omnipotent genius might, had he so willed it, have accomplished for prose fiction what he has accomplished for the drama have been the first of prose novelists, as he is the first of poets? Had he taken up the novel where Greene and Lyly left it, it is not likely that England would have had to wait a century and a half for a genius like Fielding, and more than two centuries for a genius like Walter Scott.

But we must bring this sketch to a conclusion. A careful examination of Shakespeare's prose is still a desideratum, and it would, we are convinced, be a welcome accession to our present stock of Shakespearian criticisms. Unless we are much mistaken, such an examination would be, moreover, of inestimable value in affording internal evidence bearing on the chronology of the poet's works. His verse has been scrutinised with ludicrous minuteness: his prose remains virtually without a critic. Our literature has not yet found its Tiraboschi. Indeed, the history of our prose literature has never even been adequately sketched; but of one thing we feel very certain: that whenever such a work appears, the name of the greatest poet the world has ever beheld will be found to hold a high place, not only among the fathers, but among the masters of English prose. To judge him properly, we must judge him relatively.

J. CHURTON COLLINS

*SCIENCE NOTES.*

## LAVA FLOODS WITHOUT VOLCANOES.

**O**RTHODOXY and heterodoxy, conservatism and radicalism, and all other isms and schisms that fetter free judgment, are supposed to be non-existent in the scientific world. Some time ago it comes out, however, that with all our struggles to maintain intellectual independence, we have been blindly following a theory which could not have been accepted had we not been far too submissive to established authority.

A case of this kind has just started forth. For my own part, I am somewhat ashamed of the fact that I have twice walked round the Antrim coast, and admired the vast sheets of basalt that are spread by such mighty floods throughout that region, and are seen in massive sections on the coast, as at Fair Head, the rocks at Giant's Causeway, &c., that I have accepted the general belief that the columns of Staffa are connected by submarine continuations which extend farther on towards Iceland ; that I have even written a paper questioning the theory that describes that curious conglomerate seen under Dunluce Castle and other places, as ancient "crater necks," and, besides this, have climbed Vesuvius, and walked from Messina to Catania over the porous black lava streams of Etna, yet have been content blindly to accept the teaching which attributes the Antrim lava to volcanic eruptions of similar kind to these, and in spite of the absence, throughout the Antrim basalt region, of cones or craters, or any vestiges of craters, beyond these supposed "crater necks," for which I claim a totally different origin.

It is some consolation, however, to find oneself sinning in good company ; a superficial geologist like myself is, after all, no worse than the best geologists of this generation. This sort of penitence and consolation will possibly be shared by some of my readers when they learn what Mr. Archibald Geikie has recently been doing in his writing. If he is right, the orthodox volcanoes, consisting of cones and craters, had no existence during what I may call the glacial epochs, nor are any such "burning mountains" at all demanded by the geological theory.

account for these vast lava-streams, nor for others of still greater magnitude that he has recently visited in that wondrous country about the Yellowstone and Snake Rivers ; and he further shows that the real sources of these lava floods are so simple and obvious that the Geological Society ought to sit in sackcloth and ashes at not less than half a dozen of their forthcoming meetings.

He describes portions of his journey of several hundred miles through the volcanic region of the Yellowstone and Madison, riding for days over fields of basalt as level as lake bottoms among the valleys, and then emerging from the mountains "upon the great sea of black lava which seemed to stretch illimitably westwards," and appeared as if the great plain had been filled with molten rock, which had kept its level and wound in and out, along the bays and promontories of the mountain slopes, as a sheet of water would have done. The precipitous walls of the cañon cuttings of the Snake River show that the plain is covered by a succession of parallel sheets of basalt to a depth of several hundred feet. He looked in vain for any central cone from which this great sheet of basalt could have flowed. "It assuredly could not have come from the adjacent mountains, which consisted of other and very different lavas, round the worn flanks of which the basalt had eddied."

How, then, could these vast floods of lava have originated? Mr. Geikie answers this question by resuscitating the explanation of Richthofen, which has been practically snuffed out by modern geologists. This theory regards all such great accumulations of basalt as due to the welling forth of molten rocks from great fissures of the earth-crust, out of which the melted rock has flowed quietly and steadily, without any of the roaring and raving and violent ejections due to the escape of high-pressure steam or other imprisoned gases. The cones which surround the craters of Etna, Vesuvius, Stromboli, &c., have been formed by the action of such outbursting gases, which fling masses of lava high in the air, to fall down and be up-thrown again and again, until pulverised by the mutual collisions of the upflying and down-falling fragments. This powder and these fragments, as they fall on either side of the volcanic throat, pile themselves as a cone, over which the lava flows and builds it higher ; and thus on till a mountain is formed.

An outflow of mere liquid from a long chasm or fissure would make no such heap, but simply form a spreading stream that would flow like water down a slope, or spread out on a plain, or fill up a basin-shaped valley.

But where are the fissures or chasms? may next be asked. They

abound in our own country and in the regions above referred to, but they no longer remain as chasms or fissures, for the reason that the molten stream has cooled and solidified within, and thus has filled them with material corresponding to the streams around.

These filled-up fissures are the "trap dykes," so very abundant and so familiar to geologists, and even to the geological tyro. In the British Islands alone these filled-up fissures are found extending over an area of above 100,000 square miles, and may be counted by hundreds or even by thousands. They are not only sufficient to account for all the remaining basaltic or trap formations, but indicate the existence of other similar outflows that have been subsequently denuded.

According to this view, the upthrowings of volcanoes are but minor efforts—mere secondary or residual phenomena—like the cones and craters, up whose black cindery slopes we climb laboriously, are comparable to the pimples that sometimes form at the edges of a healing wound.

I cannot conclude this note without adding an argument in my own favour of Mr. Geikie's view. All the recent lavas lately seen on the flanks of Etna and Vesuvius, though they resemble basalt, have a totally different mechanical structure. They are porous, actually spongy; and this porosity is entirely due to the intermixture of gases with the semi-fused solid, just as carbonic acid of fermentation is mixed with the dough from which bread is made. These pores afford evidence of the existence of imprisoned gases to which violent eruptive volcanic action is due, and their absence in basalt and other varieties of trap rock affords evidence of the absence of such gases, without which neither cones nor craters corresponding to those of orthodox volcanoes could be formed.

If these great lava streams had been poured out under the sea from submarine volcanoes, as Lyell and others suppose, the rapid cooling of their surface would increase the porosity of the lava by preventing the gradual emission of the gases during solidification, just as the baker obtains very porous French rolls by rapidly raising his "sponge."

Neither will the idea that the solidity of basalt, &c., is due to subsequent introductions of other ingredients, or what Lyell calls "secretion during the cooling and consolidation of lavas," be maintained. It is refuted by the experiments made about twenty years ago by Messrs. Chance, which I witnessed. The "R

Rag," a basaltic rock, was fused and run into moulds for architectural decoration. When suddenly cooled it formed a black glass, not distinguishable from obsidian; when slowly cooled, by keeping the moulds red-hot for several days, it consolidated into a granular mass, scarcely distinguishable from the original rock.

#### ELECTRIC HAIR.

AT the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, a paper was recently read by M. Amat, in which he recounts some experiments he made in the North of the Sahara. By passing a pocket comb through his hair or beard he produced sparks of 5 to 7 centimètres in length in hot, dry weather. Horses' tails presented still more striking electrical phenomena, which he attributes to the ill-conducting horny matter of the hoof effecting better insulation from the earth than is obtained by the human foot. He states that the sparks above described were obtained from himself without insulation, and that insulation increases the intensity of such phenomena.

I have made similar experiments myself, using different kinds of combs, and find that real tortoiseshell is much more effective than ordinary horn combs, and horn better than bone; also, that vulcanite is about equal to tortoiseshell; and that—other conditions being equal—the experiments are more successful during frosty weather, with easterly winds, than at other times. This is, doubtless, owing to greater dryness of the air. My experiments do not confirm what M. Amat states respecting insulation, *i.e.* insulation by the feet. I tried this many years ago, and, finding no perceptible difference, concluded that the necessary insulation is effected by each individual hair on its own account. This was confirmed by the fact that dryness and length of hair appeared to be—next to atmospheric dryness—the chief condition of success. If I am right, the length of the hair on the horse's tail has far more to do with its electrical excitability than the supposed insulating power of its hoofs. Cats are celebrated for their electrical properties, and they have no hoofs. Their fur itself is highly electrical, as we know by experiments made upon their separated skins. A cat's skin, or a fox's tail, is an admirable rubber for an electrophorus.

Some years ago I witnessed, in Edinburgh, some very striking experiments made by an eminent tragédienne on her own hair. By rapidly rubbing it in a dark room (with a tortoiseshell comb, if I remember rightly) she brought out brilliant flashes, produced by a multitude of sparks, accompanied with loud crackling. Her hair



was remarkably black, glossy, and long, and she had a t her own on the subject. She believed that the electrical p depended upon excitability of temperament, or "cat-like" as she termed it. My more prosaic theory, that it depende on the non-conduction or insulating efficiency of long, d pomaded, glossy hair, was scornfully rejected. She told me electrical phenomena were far more brilliant in Canada, d dry, intense frosts of that climate, than in Edinburgh; that silk there clung to her fingers, and moved curiously about like legs.

#### UNDERGROUND WATERS.

**I**N the chronicle of useful work done under the auspice British Association, a prominent place must be given connected with the above subject. A report was read at by that rising young geologist, Mr. C. E. De Rance, in v describes "the circulation of the underground waters in the New Red Sandstone, and Jurassic formations of England," quality and character of the water supplied to the towns and from these formations.

It is quite evident that our present barbarous system supply from rivers that receive the sewage of towns and v doomed. We must either go to the basin-shaped valleys tha the unpolluted surface drainage of the mountain slopes a them ready for our use in such natural reservoirs as the Ba the tarns and lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, & must avail ourselves of Nature's filters, the porous rocks, tha the rain on the faces of their outcrops and carry it under altered only by the mineral matter it is capable of dissolving the rocks themselves.

The situation of the town itself must determine the between these sources of supply.

The value of a thorough survey of the underground w Great Britain by competent geologists will be unders reflecting on the following fact.

Our island, and more especially the English portion of somehow been considerably tilted. The stratified rocks of is mainly formed do not lie horizontally one above the o are so up-tilted northwards that the traveller who runs upon from London to Aberdeen, or from Middlesex to Westm is, geologically speaking, diving into the crust of the earth

rails on which he travels are not laid upon the fair geological surface of the earth, not upon the layers of the earth's crust as they were originally deposited, but upon their up-tipped edges. If a number of books—say music-books—are piled one above the other on a table, their leaves lie horizontally; but if this heap of books is knocked over, so that their backs shall all rest on the table, and their edges lap over each other, these up-tilted edges will rudely represent the position of the up-tipped strata of England, the top book thrown to one end of the table being the S. portion, and the bottom book at the other end the N.

If the up-tipped edges of these books were continuously sprinkled, or exposed to gentle rain, the water would find its way between the leaves, especially if the books had not been pressed, and the leaves were lying loosely on each other.

This is the case with the up-tilted leaves of that great Book of Genesis which the geologist endeavours to interpret. The rain falls on them and sinks through them in varying degrees, according to their porosity. Some are very porous, others almost impermeable. Hence a very great variation in the quantity of underground waters in different districts and at different depths of a given district.

There are differences not only in quantity, but also in the quality of the waters contained in these subterranean reservoirs. The material of some of the strata, whose up-tilted edges are thus receiving the distilled water from the clouds, is to some extent soluble in such water; the material of other strata is practically insoluble. Thus our supposed traveller from London to Aberdeen, on reaching Dunstable, comes upon the edge of one of the series of strata that underlie London, and crop out all around—I mean our familiar chalk, which is such a curiosity to some foreigners. This is very porous, and also soluble in water charged with carbonic acid. Hence the hardness of London spring water that has come through the chalk.

Farther North, out-cropping edges of slate abound. Many of these slates are fairly good water-bearers, but are so nearly insoluble that the water flowing within them is comparatively soft. In other places, as in Derbyshire, South Yorkshire, &c., a coarse, porous sandstone, the “millstone grit,” crops out from underneath the coal measures, and receives floods of water that pour out beautifully soft. Wherever this is unmixed, and available, a great saving of soap is effected on account of its softness.

Between these soft waters and the soap-wasting hard waters that ooze through the limestones, are such medium waters as those that so

abundantly saturate the friable shales of our coal-bearing strata which add so much to the cost of working many collieries, on account of the rivulets that must be continually pumped from the pits.

Here and there are strange outbreaks, like the holy well Winfred, where there rush from one hole in the rock about 20 water per minute, forming a river that turns many mills in its course down to the Dee. The flood bursts upwards, where the millstone grit and coal measures suddenly abut upon the impermeable carboniferous limestones that supply the well Holywell cements and fluxing lime.

The above hasty sketch of some of the prominent facts those that crop up in memory as I write, are sufficient to indicate a useful field that is open for geological research directly bearing on one of the primary necessities of life—so necessary, that our better and purer supply depend on the possible limits of our increase of population; for if we go on committing joint suicide by supplying one town with the sewage of the next all the Malthusian problem will be effectually solved by reaching the limit when typhoid fever will kill a sufficient number to maintain a death-rate balance that of births.

The work already done by Mr. De Rance, and those associated with him, is but a tentative instalment of the work that should be done, not by the British Association merely, but by the nation for its national prosperity's sake.

We have an admirable organization in the staff of the National Geological Surveyors, and now that they have so nearly completed the first stage of the ordinary Geological Survey, they might at once commence this great and necessary work, which, done as they will do it, if properly supported, would enable any town or village vestry to know beforehand the quantity and quality of water under its feet, and where and how to find it at a cost that shall render sewage pollution impossible.

Some of the existing water companies may pooh-poo such researches, but vested interests only maintainable by poisoning our children and sober water-drinking adults are not worthy of preservation than were those of Messrs. Turpin, Ward, & Co., which were assailed, and have been nearly ruined by the progress of gas lighting and improved police arrangements.

Mr. De Rance estimates the amount of rainfall absorbed by the Triassic Sandstones of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Midland counties at an average 400,000 gallons daily for each square mile. The average population of Great Britain is 265 persons per square mile.

gives above 1,500 gallons daily for each. The supply must of course be concentrated as the population concentrates. In some places a natural concentration of the underground water occurs, and wells may there be sunk, that will draw upon the supplies of several square miles, and thus yield two to three millions of gallons daily.

The artificial concentration is merely a mechanical problem, one of pumps and pipes, the practical solution of which may be safely left to our engineers when the geologists have indicated where the best supply is to be found. The available quantity is probably sufficient to enable us to pick and choose, selecting only the best and softest, and rejecting altogether such as is now supplied to London, and supplied so villainously by the niggardly devices of plug-holes in the roadway, of water-butts and house cisterns, aided, or rather impeded, by the ball-cocks and turn-cocks, that disgrace the great metropolis of the world. I write this in Yorkshire, through which I have been lately wandering, visiting most of its great towns. In none of these have I seen the "F.P. 13 ft., S.C. 15 ft." painted on street walls, nor any such barbarous monster as a turncock to dole out the daily dribble, provided he receives his Christmas box. These towns, and those of Lancashire and the Midlands, like all others where municipal and sanitary civilization is established, are supplied directly and continuously from the public reservoirs.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE PHOTOPHONE.

SINCE my description of the photophone (see page 628 of last number) was written, further accounts of experiments of Professor Bell and Mr. Tainter have been published. From these it appears that the simple form of the instrument which I described is only capable of repeating *musical sounds*, or variations of pitch, and that something further is demanded to obtain a distinct repetition of articulate speech. This something is the interposition of a film of selenium, having that property of variable conductivity of electricity, with varying degrees of illumination, which I described. Mr. Bell's latest improvement includes a selenium receiver, placed in the focus of a concave mirror, which concentrates the trembling beam of light and all its tremours upon the ingeniously extended selenium film. The variations of the light produce corresponding variations of the power of the selenium receiver to convey a current of electricity, which passes through it from a battery, and these variations of the electric current act upon a pair of telephone receivers, and make them speak, by producing magnetic disturbances similar to those of the ordinary telephone.

At present the instrument is but a philosophical curiosity that has not reached the stage of practical utility, such as the telephone has attained. But we must not be impatient. Long and laborious mental research may yet be required to perfect it, and this perfection will be attained when a simple diaphragm is devised that will give distinct articulation without the intervention of the selenium and the battery.

Should this be achieved, the instrument may be used for naval and military communications, and for other cases where there is no intermediate conducting wire such as the telephone requires.

#### ELECTRICITY AND SALTED HERRINGS.

HAD any scientific enthusiast of the last generation announced his belief that the progress of electrical science would directly affect the supply of herrings to those inland countries where they are—when salted—in such demand for on fast days, his friends would have been anxious concerning his cerebral welfare. As a matter of fact, this is now the case. The Norwegian coast is girdled by 1,200 miles of herring telegraph, and telegraph stations are established on the barren rocks of the Lofodden Islands, and in the hollows between the dark precipitous cliffs that form the Arctic face of Europe. Here, among the screaming sea-birds, a watch is kept of the movements of herring shoals, and particulars concerning their progress are flashed to the little settlements of hardy Norsemen who live by the harvest of the Arctic sub-Arctic ocean. According to such intelligence they make preparations for securing some of the merchandise that they export largely to the countries on the Mediterranean.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

## TABLE TALK.

**I**T is no business of mine to dilate upon the breadth of view, the accuracy of statement, and the clearness of utterance which mark Mr. Justin McCarthy's now completed "History of Our Own Times." As a matter of permanent interest it seems worth while to notice the influence over the style of that familiarity with fiction which is to be expected in the author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Donna Quixote," and "Dear Lady Disdain." I know of no work of solid thought and learning, such as this may claim to be, which is so eminently happy in the illustrations from past literature it affords. A few only of those which have struck me in the pleasant task of perusal shall be mentioned. When, in 1858, Lord Palmerston was turned from office by that Peace party he had derided, Mr. McCarthy's reflection, drawn from Othello, is, "Cassio hath beaten thee, and thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio." Sir John Wrottesley, in a debate upon the Removal of Jewish Disabilities, declared that "when it was notorious that seats were to be had in that House for money, he could not consent to allow any one to become a member who was not also a Christian." To this statement Mr. McCarthy appends a quotation from Master Slender, "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves." England's intervention in the affairs of Poland rendered, he holds, the same service to Poland "that the interposition of Don Quixote did for the boy whose master was flogging him." Mr. Layard out of office is described as a swashbuckler and soldado of parliamentary conflict, "a very Drawcansir of political debate." It would be easy to multiply instances of this singular facility, but those I have supplied will serve to indicate its nature. The only point on which I feel disposed to break a lance with Mr. McCarthy is *à propos* of his statement in his very interesting summary of literary effort during the period with which he deals, that "We have had no great poet in these latter days." As I cannot fight out the matter with Mr. McCarthy, I will simply express my dissent from his opinion.

**I**N dealing with evidence concerning the convict settlements in Norfolk Island Mr. McCarthy says, "It is right and necessary

to say that we have passed over, almost without allusion, some of the most hideous of the revelations. We have kept ourselves to the nations which, at all events, bear to be spoken of." I wish our newspapers would be equally reticent. Not long ago some of the revelations concerning proceedings in Manchester brought to the knowledge of thousands the existence in modern society of what is supposed by the majority of men to be characteristic of paganism, and stirred in others a large amount of unhealthy curiosity. In every newspaper office there should be written up the splendidly logical argument of Sir Thomas Browne, in a chapter of his "Enquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors," entitled "Of some relations of truth we fear." These noble words are as follows: "Many accounts like these" (foregoing) "we meet sometimes in the history of mankind, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose truth we not only but whose relations honest minds do deprecate. These are sins heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent oftentimes a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of enormities; sins should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they omit of their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their friends, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The more men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of vice, for as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they diffuse the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that makes the latter ages worse than were the former. For the vicious examples of the ages past poyson the curiosity of these present, affording a bait to sin unto seduceable spirits and soliciting those unto the imitation of them whose heads were never so perversely principled as to resist them. In this kind we commend the wisdom of Galen, who did not leave unto the world too subtle a theory of poysons, but rather thereby the malice of venomous spirits, whose ignorance may be contented with sublimate and arsenick. For surely the most subtiler venenations such as will invisibly destroy, and I call them Basilisks of Heaven. In things of this nature silence commands History; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein the names never rise a Pancirollus nor remain any register but that of the 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' Bk. vii. cap. 19, pp. 315-16, ed. 1704.

**A**MONG questions of the day, the inquiry, "What is to be done with juvenile offenders?" is one of the most difficult and perplexing. The rod, with all due respect to the Preacher, is an unfailing deterrent, and its administration for all classes of offenders is not to be seriously advocated. That imprisonment, as it



administered, is, in the case of juvenile offenders, an abominable penalty is conceded. Fines fall upon the parent, and it is a terrible business for a mother, earning her own livelihood and that of her children, to find herself called upon to pay a pecuniary mulct for one who, by his previous extravagance, has possibly half ruined her. Yet some penalty which the boy fears has to be inflicted, or juvenile gamesomeness and mischief, seldom too pleasant in their manifestations, will come to rank as serious evils. Let the boy know that the law cannot touch him, and he will soon show you the extent of his capacity for annoyance. Not much preferable for residential purposes over an English city in the 17th century, when the Mohocks were abroad, and when, to use the words of Milton, there

Issued forth the sons  
Of Belial flown with insolence and wine

—a French town in German occupation, or an Irish borough through which a religious party procession is passing, would be a city like London, if once its youth should learn that the laws cannot reach it. It should surely be within the reach of ingenuity to establish a species of prison in which a boy should be kept from the terribly degrading effects of association with hardened criminals, and yet should be in a state of so complete wretchedness that the inexpediency of returning to such a place would be forced upon him. Some one—I do not recall whom—has said that the entire problem of civilisation has to be fought out again in the education of the boy. A period of subjection is, in the case of a people, an ordinary preliminary to civilisation. A similar experience, judiciously applied, so far from harming a boy, would probably facilitate his acquisition of the lessons it is sought to teach him.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is stated, in a lecture at Philadelphia, entitled "The Crookedest Stick in all the Pile—ourselves," to have given utterance to the following sentiment, "I would rather be read in America than paid." Whether we should be quite justified in quoting Mr. Hughes's own opinion that he is "a stick" is doubtful; but it is certain that his head was turned early in life by exaggerated praise, and that the adulation of a clique has since prevented it from assuming its original position. In order to conciliate the Yankees, at the expense of the dead, he did not hesitate at the beginning of his tour to tell them that the great Satirist and Observer of mankind who wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit" "went through America with his eyes shut." And now, on his return, he suggests that piracy, in literature, is no blot upon the American

name. "I would rather be read in America than paid." If sooner than not be read, he would prefer to pay them to read

THE French, always witty, are beginning to be hum though, it must be confessed, after a rather ghastly One comes to the Morgue to enquire after a lost relative. "any peculiarity by which he can be recognised?" enquires the "Yes, Monsieur; he is dumb."

NOT so unexpected, because more characteristic, amusing hiatus which they pretend to have discovered their Statistics of Marriage. There are, it seems, 7,587,259 men in France, and only 7,567,080 married women. "What become," asks the *Parisian*, "of the balance?"

EVEN Victor Hugo exhibits a vein of unconscious humour. "I am conscious of having worked," he says, "and go into the Infinite untroubled: but I have more books than I have already written." In this case all our Life Assurance Companies are based upon false calculations.

TO give a receipt in acknowledgment of a communication common enough, to give one for an excommunication. The last and best example of French humour is the offering a police officer, engaged in dissolving the religious communities, a legal acknowledgment in return for an anathema; anything so methodical and business-like in reply to the thunders of the Vatican has never yet been attempted. If it is not offering the other cheek to the smiter, it is at any rate giving a good deal of cheek. All done so coolly: except for the stamp on the document, there does not seem to have been a sign of irritation.

THE Duke of Cambridge is very enthusiastic about the soldier in social life: thinks it "incredible" that a man in a red coat should shut out its wearer "from any place to which they are invited to have access," and demands his admission. Yet, is there any man in her Majesty's service who would mix socially with his messmates? The soldier belongs to an honourable calling; but so does the reporter and the mechanic. There is nothing in the trade of a soldier which gives its professor better manners than other people. It is to speak the truth, experience seems to point the other way.

SYLVANUS URB

# THE GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL.

CHRISTMAS 1880.

## *THE POSY RING.*

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### CHAPTER I.

“**A**FTER all, Lucy, it is not such a very difficult journey. It is only a hundred miles or so, and there is no change ; and if you only sit still and take care not to get your fingers jammed in the doorway, I really do not see what harm can happen to you.”

“Hush, Auntie ! Do, please ; I am not quite a baby !” And as she said this, the speaker, a pretty, shy-looking girl of eighteen, glanced anxiously at an old gentleman who was sitting in the far corner of the carriage, to see if he had heard her aunt’s counsels and fears, and if he thought them two silly women not fit to travel, and not very well able to take care of themselves if they stayed at home. The old gentleman had his *Times*, his *Saturday Review*, and *Spectator* on his knee, and looked placidly benignant. It was doubtful if he had heard Aunt Esther’s hints—if he had, they did not appear to stir any emotions of contempt. Lucy turned back to the window and Aunt Esther, who was now gazing earnestly and anxiously in her face.

“Dear child,” said she, “I am feeling very uncomfortable ! I do so wish I had just left everything and gone with you. I shall not know a happy moment till I hear the train has got safely to Lichfield. And, Lucy, have you got the stamped envelope I gave you ?—the one I addressed for you, you know ?” recommenced Aunt Esther, and then she sighed her relief as Lucy produced it. “Ah, yes, you have it ; but Lucy, darling—here—give a porter this shilling to put the envelope in the post for you. There is sure to be a letter-box in the station, but mind you watch him do it ; stand and watch him, dear, and see the letter drop in.”

“Yes, yes, Aunt,” whispered Lucy. “But how can you be so anxious ? Everyone will think——”

"I am anxious, I can't help it; and, Lucy, you promise faithfully you will write every ——"

"The train is going," cried Lucy. "Oh, do take care! bye! Yes, I will write." And in a minute more it started that Aunt Esther could do was to stand and look after the black iron monster as it shrieked and tore away with her tread.

Lucy looked down, and for some time she thought of no "poor, dear Aunt Esther"; then she enjoyed the prospect of happy days and weeks which lay before her; and then, before she got down to her railway novel, she glanced at her companion, but to her horror and amazement his eyes were fixed on her face, and they were full of kindness and interest. Lucy blushed. She felt as if she had been detected in trying to espy some secret of his. He did not say anything; he looked encouraging.

"You have not made many journeys alone, lady?" said he.

"No, not even one until to-day."

"If I can be of any service to you, you must command me," he continued. Lucy looked at his white hair, and thought it would be quite fair if she in her bright youth were to impose many years on his seventy and odd years.

"I am even older than you perhaps think," said he, "but I am not too old to do anything you may ask me."

"But how do you know what I was thinking?" inquired Lucy very simply.

"You were thinking 'poor, old man, he is seventy, at least,' lady, I am seventy-eight; and the reason I know what you were thinking is because you are the kind of person whose thoughts I can understand a little—I mean better than I understand the thoughts of most people."

Lucy drew back. She thought this was an odd way to talk, and that it was not very nice to be shut up in a railway-carriage for more than a hundred miles with a person who talked in an odd way.

"No, lady," said he, "do not think amiss of what I say. I will explain. When I was young I saw a great deal of—I mean I was very intimate with—a young lady of your age, and you are more like her than anyone I have met during my whole long life."

Lucy was interested, much interested, but had the uncomfortable feeling that it was wrong to be so—that this old gentleman was very strange and rude, and talked in a way that no one who was not an old, old friend, or a relation, ought to talk, and that if Aunt Esther did but know; but here she was interrupted.

"You are wrong again," said he. "I speak in a way you may not like."

think strange, but it is only because I talk frankly and naturally. I do not mean to shock or annoy you."

"Oh, no," began Lucy.

"Would you like to see the *Spectator*?" asked the stranger, and Lucy felt herself put in her place as a good little girl who was not quite grown up enough to be entitled to talk for any length of time to gentlemen, especially to very old ones, but who was not on that account to be cut off from all the tender charities of life. So she took her *Spectator* meekly, and turned its pages one by one, and tried to make herself think she liked the political articles, and was interested in the middles, and did not dislike the reviews; but being at that time not very fond of reading, she had but poor success. After about an hour, and not till then, she again looked up, and again saw the old gentleman's eyes scanning her face with an expression of intense but most melancholy pleasure. "I beg your pardon," said he, "I do, indeed, but I cannot help it; you really are so like her."

"Like whom?" said Lucy, rather impatiently.

"Like the young lady we were speaking of just now," said he, as if that were quite enough.

"But who was she?" inquired Lucy with increased, but on the whole, well-concealed, impatience.

"I was engaged to her," he replied.

Lucy was silent. She did not like to say, "Then why in the name of all that is sensible did you not marry her and leave me in peace?" but that was what she thought. He was quite silent, and as this silence lasted, she looked interrogatively in his face (he was now opposite). "She died," he said, and Lucy felt miserable.

"I do so beg your pardon," she stammered.

"No, no; it is altogether my fault, or would be if there were any fault. It does not hurt me to talk about her. I like it. It does me good—now, I mean. Twenty years ago I did not much like to speak of her; forty years ago I could not have done it for the world; but I can talk well enough now. Why, consider, it won't be long before I see her."

Lucy wondered if he were mad. She was afraid he was—almost sure he was.

"No, lady," said he, "I am not mad—don't start, or be vexed. It is because you are so like her—so truly like her, that I know what you are thinking—other people may think what they like, or do what they like, it makes no difference to me. I know and care nothing about it; but old as I am, I know your thoughts—you are of her sort."

"I do so wish I were not," was Lucy's first thought, oppressed her; then she was ashamed of herself. "It has been a great grief," said she, and then she despised herself for her commonplace and inadequate sympathy.

"A grief! Yes, of course it was a grief, but it happened years ago."

Fifty years ago! Lucy sighed. Fifty years hence what would she be? Now she was whirling away to pay a pleasant visit, her life had known no sorrow. When she looked back her thoughts dwelt on happy, tranquil days, unclouded by any sorrow, when she looked forward there was a prospect of happiness without end, for she was going to her sister's at Hazelwood, near London, and when there she would have two balls, and some parties, and archery meetings, and best of all, she would often see her father, Mr. Merivale, and she sometimes ventured to think that Robert would care very much to see her. While enjoying these anticipations she remembered the old gentleman opposite and his lost love, fifty years ago, and that there was much pain and misery in their story—what if some of it came to her? She felt very sorry for him, and said kindly, "Will you tell me something about her?" and upon he told her in perfectly simple words the story of his loss.

As he spoke she liked him more and more, and before he had finished she found herself wishing that she was his daughter, or one who might have the privilege of comforting him. She was silent, very quiet, but two or three big tears rolled down her cheeks. He made no apparent demand on her sympathy; he told his story quietly, but he knew that she felt for him. "So," said he, "what was left for me to do was to go patiently through life trying to find some other lives happier than mine had been. I spend most of my time in Cumberland—I like being there." Then he described his home there, until Lucy felt as if she had never seen such a place before; and then, and by this time they were quite good friends, he said, "Now tell me something about yourself."

"I seem to have so little to tell," said Lucy. "I live with my aunt you saw. We live at Highgate. I have neither father nor mother, nor anyone but aunt Esther and one sister. My father and mother died in India when we were babies, and aunt Esther brought us up. Lettice married three years ago. She is very nice, and exactly nice as you would expect though, for she says such sensible things, just when you think she is looking on everything as you do."

"What kind of things, lady? I like to have everything explained to me."

"I hardly know—worldly things, or worldly-wise things—she has what she calls tact, too; but she is older than I am, and knows all about what the world or society, or whatever it is which makes itself so disagreeable sometimes, expects you to do on all occasions. I like her husband immensely."

"And does he know all about the world?" asked the old gentleman, smiling.

"I daresay he does, but he does not go on about it so, and he is always trying to be kind to everyone. He knows I am dull at home, so he has been planning all kinds of pleasures for me."

"But are you dull at home?" he asked, for this was the very first sign of dissatisfaction with the world as it was that Miss Lucy had shown.

"I dull! Certainly not! Lettice and her husband are always telling me I must be dull, and when I stay with them and find dances and picnics and garden parties going on every day, I begin to think myself I must have had a very dull life at home, but when I go back I have no time to think of such a thing."

"But what do you do?"

"I draw and paint and garden—for we have a great big garden, three times the size of our drawing room—and I practise and work, and we have books from Mudie's—I can't tell you what I do, but I am very happy."

"And you have no anxieties, no disappointments?"

"I was very anxious a week or two since when we lost our dog, but it came home three days afterwards with a bit of rope tied round its neck; that is the only anxiety I ever had; but I have plenty of disappointments, for nearly everything I plant in the garden dies!"

Lucy was becoming more and more confidential, when all at once she caught sight of a large country house about a mile from the railway, with trees behind it, and gardens and shrubberies in front, and on this she fixed her gaze so earnestly, that she entirely forgot to finish one of her sentences.

"We are very near Lichfield now," said she, when this place was out of sight, "for that house is only six miles off."

The old gentleman had been watching her eager little face all the while with an amused smile. "Whose property is that?" he asked.

Simple Miss Lucy looked up quite surprised that he had noticed her interest in it and said—"Sir Richard Merivale's."

"And he is one of your 'best' partners, then, is he?"

"Sir Richard Merivale! Why he is old and gouty and the cross'est man in the world!"



"Then his son or his nephew is?"

Lucy blushed—this old man was too clever by half! continued, "if we are so near Lichfield I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of your company. How long did you say you were to stay here?"

"Exactly three months—in three months from this day, if all go well, to return home to Aunt Esther."

"This is the 15th of June."

"Yes, and I am to go back on the 15th of September. I have fixed so exactly, because Katie Williams—a friend of mine—was married on the 17th, and I am to be one of her bridesmaids."

"The 15th September"—repeated the old gentleman. "It is quite possible that I may be returning from Cumberland very soon—if so, I'll remember the day and come then. I shall no doubt travel by the same train. What time do you start?"

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, generally."

"Keep to your day, lady. I'll remember it, and if you go with you it will be so much the better. I should like to go too."

"She is almost certain to be with me; she and Katie are friends."

The old gentleman took out his note-book and wrote "September." Then he said, "My name is Hugh Kenrick; I have the disadvantage of having two homes, one in London, which I have left, and the other at Calderwater. That's where I am now, where I will, though, I am alone."

Lucy looked up—she did not like to say it, but she was sure. "It is odd that you should be so much alone when you are so free about making acquaintances."

"No," he said, "I am always alone. If I have spoken to you I do not speak to everyone. I have told you why I was alone. Now, while I have my pencil ready, tell me your name, and I have told you mine."

"My name is Lucy Ilderton."

"Daughter of——"

"Daughter of Major-General Lewis Ilderton, who died when I was a baby—oh, I told you that before."

"And you live——"

"At No. 6 Beatrice Villas, Highgate, with my aunt, Mrs. Moore."

All that went down in the note-book. "Well," said the old man, "do not travel home together this day three months, per-

some day see you in London—that is if good Miss Esther Moore will permit it—but who knows what may happen in three months?”

“Who, indeed?” thought Lucy; but her wonders were sent in a brighter direction than his.

They bade each other farewell. The train stopped, a pretty young matron of one-and-twenty clasped Lucy in a sisterly embrace, and when, after a minute or so devoted to the joy of this meeting, Lucy remembered Mr. Kenrick, and said, “Oh, Lettice, I should so like to introduce an old gentleman I have travelled with from London,” Mrs. Lettice only said hurriedly: “But your luggage, Lucy—ought we not to think of that?”

“Indeed, yes,” cried Lucy, and with a glance at that venerable white head, and a smile of farewell, she hastened to the van.

## CHAPTER II.

LUCY’S three months’ leave of absence was all but over. The 14th September had come, and on the 15th she was to return to London and Aunt Esther. Her visit had been a very happy one, a very gay one, too, and even yet the gaiety was not quite at an end, for this very night there was to be a large ball at Hazelwood, her brother’s house. Robert Merivale was coming to it. He had been constantly at Hazelwood since Lucy’s arrival, so constantly that there was no difficulty in guessing that his visits had a definite object. But no guessing was needed, for his courtship was conducted so openly that it was quite an understood thing that he was very fond of Lucy, and Lucy did not attempt to conceal the pleasure his society gave her. No one had said anything to her about his frequent visits. She was young and shy, and not like other girls, her sister Mrs. Mostyn said; other girls liked being teased about such things, Lucy did not. Still, as this was the last day of her visit, and as this night must settle all, for Robert Merivale would certainly propose to her before she went, Mrs. Mostyn thought she might be allowed to say one little word to her own sister, and dashed into the subject at once.

“Well, Miss Lucy, you know best, but I cannot help thinking your faithful Robert Merivale is very fond of you.”

Lucy had humbly hoped the same for a long time. She hung her head; she did not know, she said, she often wondered.

“You need not wonder much about a thing that is as clear as daylight,” cried her brisk sister. “I know all about affairs of this kind—of course I do. I tell you once for all, he is as fond of you

as a man can be, and that he is certain to propose to you. be no doubt about that, and I should say he intends to very night."

"Oh, do hush, Lettice!" cried Lucy. "It is so horrible in that way, or even to think——"

"Don't *you* think?" said the irrepressible married lady. "Can help thinking? If people do not want you to think, do not behave in such a very marked manner. Why, only last night I heard him——"

But Lucy ran away, to do something to her ball dress, but in reality to escape from the out-spoken lady down to her room, and put her own timid, half-thought-out thoughts into plain words.

Her dress, a pretty vaporous white one, was lying on the floor. She had never had a prettier. It wanted nothing—nothing but any attention but her thoughts, which were in a very bewildered state. "He must care for me!" said she to herself. "I do believe I am the happiest girl in the world!"

It was quite true that ever since Lucy came to F. Robert Merivale had shown her such attention that no one could misunderstand it. He had told her that he cared more for her opinion than for that of anyone else in the world; that he would only be said to live when in her presence; that at other times he merely waited in dull impatience until his next period came. Did people feel in this way about people, unless they loved them? If all he said—nay, if half he said—were true, would not he try to keep her always with him? He was his own master, neither father nor mother, but when not staying with his uncle, he had his own little property some twenty miles further north. She was poor, she knew, but he was not, and he had no hard-heartedness to remind him of her shortcomings in the way of fortune. She was a lady by birth and education. There was nothing to prevent them from being happy, and Aunt Esther should come to them and be happy too.

While Lucy was sitting thus in her own room, dreaming away the afternoon, a note was put into her sister's hand. It was from Robert Merivale, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Mrs. Mostyn,—I cannot bring myself to leave this neighbourhood without a word or two of farewell, apology, and explanation. I fully intended when last I saw you to avail myself of your kindness for this evening. I looked forward to the ball with the

pleasure. You know, dear Mrs. Mostyn, how much your sister has been to me. I have never seen anyone I admire so much. I feel I never shall. I dare not come to-night, for if I did I could not answer for myself. I should be certain to say things which, in my position, I ought not. The truth is, that though I seem to be independent, I am not. My own property, though sufficient for anyone of limited ambition, is not large enough to enable me to take the position I ought, and I cannot afford to offend my uncle. He wishes me to marry some lady whose fortune will strengthen my influence in the county. He has repeatedly spoken of this to me, especially of late. I have listened, feeling all the while that if I searched the universe I could find no one so suitable or so dear to me as your sister; but my uncle is a man of such decided views and such unbending temper, that I have never so much as ventured to hint at my affection for her. He would probably drive me away from his house if I did. I dare not come, therefore, for I know I should say things I ought not, and pledge myself to more than I should be able to fulfil. Perforce, and most unwillingly, I stay away. I am going to Baden for a week or two; when I return, your sister will be gone. I shall never see anyone I admire so much as I admire her—never really care for any other woman. Tell her the miserable plight in which I find myself, and how wretched I am.—Yours faithfully,

“ROBERT MERIVALE.”

“Philip! Philip!” cried Mrs. Mostyn. “Where are you? Oh, do come here, dear.”

Her husband came. She thrust the letter into his hand, but hardly gave him a chance of reading it, for she exclaimed, “We have this ball to-night, and all the people will be here in no time, and there are no end of things we ought to think about; but never mind, let everything take its chance, and just you ride over to Foxtown and horsewhip this creature! I never read such an abominable letter in my life!”

Milder counsels prevailed. Silence and life-long contempt were considered sufficient punishment for Robert Merivale. It was a bad case. For three months he had done everything in his power to convince Lucy that he loved her, and now he wrote this letter.

“You must not tell her about it to-day,” said Mr. Mostyn, hastily. “Be very careful not to let her even imagine that you have heard from him. You may be quite sure of one thing. Sooner or later all this will be talked about, and people will regard Lucy’s behaviour to-night as the measure of her affection for him. If she is despondent

and dull, as she will be, if she thinks there is anything and no one will credit her with being in love with him."

"And if that were true, it is his fault!"

"Never mind, Lettice. It shall not be said! He shall have the satisfaction of knowing it. Let me manage the business of going away to-morrow. It will be easy to hide everything from the gossips here. She must not hear this till to-morrow. She is a delicate little thing; she would not be able to go through it."

"Go through with what? Not be told what?" said Lucy, coming suddenly. "Are you two talking about me?"

Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn both looked disconcerted, especially the gentleman, who the moment before was going to manage the business.

"You had better tell me if it is anything bad. I am as weak as you think; and besides, I shall only make myself worse by imagining something a thousand times worse than it really is."

"Perhaps Lucy is right," said Mr. Mostyn. "Tell her—kindly and carefully though," he whispered, and went away.

Lettice was much too excited to study style or expression. "This is this," she cried, "Robert Merivale, whom we all liked so much, is a mean, half-hearted fortune-hunter! He wants his uncle's money and dares not so much as call his soul his own lest the world should say it is not!"

"I do not know what you mean, Lettice," gasped Lucy, who had no clue to her sister's change of tone.

"Read this letter—there—it has just come." She gave her the letter, and watched her face, poor child, as she read it. "Now you see what he is; I wish we had never talked, and were going to be alone, but there is no time to do that. The only thing to do is to show that you are perfectly independent of anything he chooses to say or do; in fact, do not care a pin for him."

"But, Lettice," said Lucy, faintly, "if I am not quite independent, I do feel this, I cannot help it. You see he has been doing everything he could to make me believe he liked me all this time."

"I know, dear; he is a sneak, and I hate him! Of course he has tried to make you like him; but do not let him or any one else think you do. You must look your best to-night, and do your best as well."

"You are sure I must come down? Sure I must pretend to."

"Quite sure! certain! You must obey me. I am your sister, and I know best."

"Very well, Lettice—I'll do what you say—but tell me what I must?"

"Because of the people who are coming. Some of them may know about it already—all will do so soon—and they will notice how you look, and make their remarks."

Lucy winced visibly ; it was very painful to her to be discussed in this way. "And I shall be more respected, shall I," she said, with a strong touch of scorn in her voice, "if I can bear cruel treatment like this, and appear as if it did not affect me?"

"It hurts a girl dreadfully to be supposed to have had a disappointment. No one must be able to see any difference in you. I only wish there was none. I wish you could make up your mind not to feel it."

"You want me to be as bad as he is—I should not be very nice if I did not feel it."

"I suppose, dear, it is impossible for you not to feel something ; only whatever you do promise me to come down to-night as usual, and show nothing. It is of the highest consequence."

"I promise," said Lucy. Slowly she made her way back to her own room, where her pretty dress was lying, and on her way she encountered everywhere signs of preparation for the ball—the ball at which she was to have been so happy.

Lucy went through the ordeal bravely. She looked very well, a trifle pale and haughty perhaps, and there was much difference of opinion about her next day, for some of her partners said she had hardly a word to say for herself, while others declared she was full of conversation and spirit ; but no one divined that she was bearing the first shock of the cruellest blow which had been dealt her during the course of her life. Her sister Lettice "could not make her out at all. Lucy was so odd. She openly said she was wretchedly unhappy, but she would permit no expression of sympathy, and listen to no conversation on the subject." "I can't speak of it," she said, when Mrs. Mostyn came to her room after the ball, and so she said next morning when the same lady went to help her to pack.

At three o'clock Lucy was to return to London, and alone, for one of Lettice's children was ill. "And you really persist in leaving us?" she said. "Stay a little longer, Lucy, you will be far happier here with me." Lucy shook her head.

"And I am sure it is not a good thing for you to go to a wedding ; it will only make you fret about this odious affair."

"No it won't—one thing will not hurt me more than another. I don't want Katie Williams to stay unmarried because I do."

"You will not stay unmarried—you are quite sure to marry."

"I marry ! No, never ! If I am sure of anything it is of that."

"I hate Robert Merivale!" cried Lettice; "I hate and —I always shall—a miserable, contemptible ——"

"Oh please, Lettice, don't—you do give me such pain."

"It is my belief you love him still!"

"Of course I do," said Lucy, simply; "one can't give like that in a moment."

"You love him still! Then, Lucy, if ever—I don't think likely—but if ever, at any future time, he were to ask you him—you would say yes."

"I say yes!" cried Lucy, "after that letter! Is it possible you can think so? No, I give him up quietly, but I give him up."

"And yet you say you are miserable?"

"Yes, I am miserable—I shall not say much about it to you."

"Well, I hope it won't last long."

"I was very fond of him," replied Lucy; "I have been deceived; I shall get used to it some day, no doubt." She said this bitterly, but her eyes were full of tears. Lettice was going to say more, but her sister said, "Let us name him no more."

The time for departure came—away drove Lucy and her sister.

"Of course we have half an hour to spare," said Mrs. Mostyn. "That is Philip's idea of punctuality."

"Ten minutes, ma'am," said the station master, in answer to an inquiry.

"That's a blessing," said Mrs. Mostyn. "Now, Lucy, when those odious Lichfield people come on the platform, mind you don't and talk to me. You behaved splendidly last night; carry it out to the end. You were brave! I did so admire you, and I could have been there to see you."

"Hush," said Lucy, earnestly.

"By the bye," continued Mrs. Mostyn, "what about that old gentleman of yours? He will be in the train, perhaps. I think he will. He would amuse you."

"Poor man," said Lucy, sympathetically.

"Talking about being unhappy," Mrs. Mostyn exclaimed, "I do consider he has had a bad life of it. Losing the girl he engaged to in that way—and she so young!"

"I begin to think his life a very happy one," said Lucy. "He has been able to love her and believe in her for fifty years."

"There is the chemist's wife! Put on a smile, Lucy; be cheerful."

"Oh dear, Lettice, you worry me! Why should I smile when a chemist's wife is there?"

"People of that kind gossip far more than we do, and I



more about us than we imagine. Stop, here is the train. Give a look, as it passes, for your old gentleman—but I suppose he would be at the window.”

No one was looking out. The train was not crowded, and as it passed, Lucy ascertained that her fellow-traveller of three months before was not there now. She had no time to be disappointed ; her sister hurried her into an empty carriage, gave five shillings to the guard to keep it so, and was just going away when she suddenly remembered something, and ran back to the window by which Lucy was sitting. “Lucy ! Lucy !” cried she, “I all but forgot to give you this letter. It came last night, and must have been mislaid in the scrimmage. It is from Aunt Esther. What a thick one it is ! but there is no time now for me to hear anything she says. Kiss the blessed old lady for me. Good-bye !” and hardly had she said the words when the train started.

Poor Aunt Esther’s letter dropped from Lucy’s impassive hand. She was going to be so wise and so sensible, and to do her best to root out Robert Merivale from her heart when once she was back in London ; but for this one day, when once more going over the very ground which she had traversed exactly three months before, when she believed herself the happiest girl in the world, she must think a little—and in a few minutes more, too, she would pass Sir Richard Merivale’s house. She knew that Robert Merivale was not there, and yet could not dismiss the idea that somewhere in garden or meadow she might catch one last glimpse of him. She passed Foxtown. Its smooth, squared stones shone grey in the autumn sunshine, gay flower-beds spotted the closely-shaven green lawn, orderly shrubs ranged themselves protectingly around, and by whizzed the iron engine which was bearing her along the straight lines of its road, while lines as hard, and forces as strong, parted her from him she loved.

He was unworthy of her love ! She interrupted herself by this thought ; but still he had been so charming and lovable for three months that it was difficult to believe that the note written in a few minutes was the thing by which his character was to be judged, rather than his behaviour during all that time. “This is folly,” cried poor Lucy. “I must not allow myself much time for thinking if this is what it comes to. When I go home I shall set to work hard. I will study and improve myself in the mornings, and in the afternoons I will try to be of some use to my fellow-creatures. Oh ! I shall soon get this nonsense out of my head !” And then she had “a cry,” and then she opened Aunt Esther’s letter.

## CHAPTER III.

AUNT ESTHER's letter was, after all, only an envelope in her own writing enclosing a letter from some one else, with a few words of herself scribbled on its cover. "I won't write to you now, Lucy, as you are coming home so soon, and I have nothing to say to you but that I love you. I forward this letter at once, and mark it 'Immediate !' What an important little person you are to receive letters marked in this way ! I have been puzzling myself all the morning to know from whom it can be." Lucy puzzled herself too, and that for some time, without remembering that her doubts could be set at rest by opening it. It was too business-like in its appearance to be very attractive. When she did open it, it changed the aspect of her whole life henceforth and for ever. The various ways in which it affected Lucy's future, perhaps the one which the reader is likely to be most interested in is how it bore on her relations with the man who was costing her so much suffering. That is best told by a letter of Mrs. Mostyn's, dated September 1st, in answer to his, received on September 14th :—

"Dear Sir,—I duly received your letter, and as duly showed it to my sister, on the evening of the ball at which we had hoped to see you. It would be foolish and unworthy if I were to say that your profession of affection for my sister took me by surprise. I had seen for some time that you were very fond of her. I had no means of estimating the extent of your affection, for I did not know the importance you attached to taking a high position in the county. I then thought it was quite possible that your idea of happiness might limit itself to winning the girl you loved (if she were won) and living with her on an income which I always understood to be sufficient for ordinary requirements. You, however, have informed me of the extent of your feeling for her, of your wishes for the future, and fear of offending your uncle, Sir Richard. My sister quite sees and understands your position, and readily acquiesces in your wish to meet her no more. She, and I more strongly on her part, beg you to hold to this, as any renewal of acquaintance would be painful to her after you have so clearly stated your feelings.

"You will doubtless be glad to know that this decision of mine in no way affects my sister's happiness ; and you will also, I dare say, be pleased to hear of a great piece of good fortune which has befallen her. You, who so keenly appreciate this world's

will be able to understand what a great thing it is for her suddenly to become the owner of a large fortune. A person with whom she had but a slight acquaintance died about ten days ago and left her all he had. It is needless to say how large his means were, nor do I as yet quite know ; but she has a beautiful house in Chester Square, a large estate and house in Cumberland, and money besides. She will have, they say, at least £8,000 a year. She heard of it the very day after the ball, so even if your letter had been one to cause her pain, which I am happy to inform you was not the case, this news would speedily have cured her. She is now actually richer than the uncle of whom you stand in such awe. I write thus fully, because I am not likely to see you. I must beg you to adhere most strictly to your intention of avoiding this house. I expect my sister to visit me much more frequently, now that money is no object to her, and she must be able to do so with comfort.

“ Yours faithfully,

LETITIA MOSTYN.”

“ Now I have done it ! ” cried that lady to her husband, when she had signed her name. “ I have written a letter which will plant a dagger at every turn ! I *am* so glad.”

“ You have written a letter which will show Merivale most clearly that your poor little sister was very much attached to him ! ”

“ And won't that be the biggest dagger of all ? But of course I don't want him to think so, and I don't think he will.”

“ I am sure he will.”

“ I can't help it, then. After all, he won't show my letter ! It puts him in such a ridiculous position ! Philip, I am proud of it.”

“ Does it strike you as ladylike, dear ? ”

“ I don't want to be ladylike—I want to be disagreeable ! He will be ready to kill himself with vexation when he reads it. You see he may spend his whole life in paying court to his uncle, and the old man may leave him nothing after all, whereas if he had been true to his love for Lucy he would have had all this money now. It is splendid ! ”

“ He will try to get her to forgive him.”

“ There won't be much difficulty in persuading her to do that.”

“ Lettice ! ”

“ Forgiving him is not marrying him ! I am convinced that nothing will ever induce her to do that ! ”

All Mrs. Mostyn said was true ; Lucy Ilderton was now a rich lady, and her wealth came from the odd old gentleman with whom she had travelled three months before. When she opened the

lawyer's letter which had been forwarded to her by Aunt learnt this astounding fact, and had hardly recovered when she reached home. The lawyer's letter was a riches and wealth. Lucy had a handsomely furnished Chester Square, containing a gallery of ancient master drawings and engravings, cabinets of Venetian glass and stores of fine old plate. She had horses and carriages, a *la Cumberland*, and a yacht lying at Cowes. Mr. Kenrick told all he had, and had written her a letter which touched her in It was dated just two weeks before he died, and was as follows.

"My dear child,—I am ill, and I begin to see that I am unable to keep my appointment with you, but that it is very likely that before the 15th September I shall have set on a long, long journey from which no traveller returns. I have no will; I have left you all that I possess. I have done that which you are to me the living representative of my dear wife has been. You are like her in face, form, and manner, and you are also as sweet and good as she was. It pleases me that when I am gone, one who resembles her so nearly may at my old home, see the things which I gathered together for pleasure and instruction, and, I hope, enjoy them as I did. I wish you never at any time to part with any of them. I leave you, or any of the houses, or any of the engravings, books, or china. I beg you not to discharge old servants, unless grave misconduct on their part should make a step absolutely necessary, and of this they are incapable. If you do part with any of them, I desire you to provide for them handsomely, and to see that they are always safe from want.

"I entreat you to be a kind and indulgent mistress to those women who have been treated more as friends than servants. I wish you to take the surname of Clavering. You can guess who I was. If ever you marry, I make the condition that you shall take my name, so that after all, a Clavering and a Kenrick may marry and live happily together in the houses which have been the scene of sorrow. All these things are stated, and properly provided for; but I think you will like to hear what I wish in your own person. I have heard a little about you lately, dear Lucy, from some one who knows Lichfield and its neighbourhood, and says young Merivale is paying you great attention. Should he become engaged I wish you every happiness. Should any other thing arise on the score of your want of fortune, I exhort—

account whatever to renew the affair when you become rich. His hesitation will prove him to be unworthy of you. Any man possessed of youth, health, and education can carve out a way to provide for the girl he loves, if only he loves her enough to work for her, and both love each other enough to bear a little privation. If he has in any way drawn back, give him up ; and if he renew his suit when he hears your circumstances have changed for the better, give him up still more. If you are content with half-heartedness, or if you are soft-hearted and take him, you will repent it all your life. I advise you to live in your London house at once, and not to go to Calderwater until next April. Take possession in Chester Square as soon as those slow folks the lawyers will permit you, and stay there quietly all the winter. I wish you to take lessons in music, drawing, painting, languages, or whatsoever you fancy, and to work really hard at whatever you decide to study. You may be a great proficient in these things already, but something remains for everyone to learn. I desire you to spend two hours daily in reading books likely to do you good, not poetry and not novels. Buy what you read ; do not subscribe to libraries—that weakens the mind—but buy what you want, and take a pride in adding works to my library of which those that I bought will not feel ashamed. Ah ! how I shall miss my books ! Keep up such of my charities as deserve to be kept up, and as a rule, remember that it is better to know the people to whom you give your money, but that is not always feasible. Think kindly of me, and to please me keep things as much as possible in the order in which I leave them. I shall like to picture you living in the dear old places, and to know that all is looking as it used to do. I do not know that this power is granted to us after death, but it may be. Especially remember me on the day we met—the 15th June. And now farewell. Always act up to what your conscience tells you is right. This is the last letter I shall ever write. God bless you, child, and grant this be for your happiness—if it be not, it is at any rate the last mistake made by your friend,

“ HUGH KENRICK.”

Lucy and Aunt Esther were reading this letter for the hundredth time during the last four or five weeks. Lucy's eyes were full of tears. Aunt Esther did not see them.

She said as she always said, when she read it : “ What very odd ideas the poor dear gentleman had,” and then, as Lucy did not make any reply, she added, “ But then, you see, if he had been like all the rest of the world, he would not have left what he had to you.”

"What kind ideas he had!" said Lucy, "I never had it before; but do you not see why he tells me to take up reading so much?"

"To improve your mind, my love," replied Aunt Esther attentively.

"Partly, no doubt, but more for the sake of preventing my wasting time in useless thoughts. Don't you see that he told me what was likely to happen at Lichfield, and he wanted me to be hard that I might forget it the sooner? He tells me to think of him on the 15th June. I think most kindly of him, but not of my life."

"And Lucy," said Aunt Esther, coming nearer to her and holding her very closely, "what about Mr. Merivale? I fear I am forgetting *him*."

Lucy shook her head.

"Are you happy, dear?"

"Not about that yet. Don't let us talk of it."

Aunt Esther had known she could receive no other consolation. She saw how unhappy the poor child was, and how bravely she was trying to be herself again.

Lucy had seen her future home, and many a time she had looked at her own little collection of frivolous books, and hoped that the library at Chester Square would not treat them with too great contempt. She had seen Mr. Kenrick's books. They were in a great building, in stately bookcases which hid every inch of the walls, and were reached by wire-latticed doors. They were bound in Russian leather, and the materials which the most alarming housekeeper told her were as mottled calf and tree calf or vellum—very stiff, solid, and unyielding as downable they looked. "Never mind," said Lucy, when she thought of them, "I'll read you most faithfully two hours daily, and I'll try to buy you some companions likely to be agreeable to you."

So much for the books; but when she thought of Mr. Kenrick, the housekeeper, and Mr. Scargill, the butler, she was terrified. She did not see how by any effort of mind or will she could become herself acceptable to them. Both were old, dressed as handsomely as the books; both were full of old-fashioned notions and prejudices, and both evidently had their opinions fully formed on every subject.

Then came the departure from Highgate, and the last look at the little garden, three times as big as the drawing-room at Chester Square, which the gardener filled weekly with flowers. Lucy had a constant supply of flowers at Chester Square, which the gardener filled weekly with flowers.

bright blossoms were crushed against the glass that the passers-by might see what a blaze of flowers there was in that house—a wealth of which those living within were for the most part unaware—for he only treated them to a back prospect.

## CHAPTER IV.

AT first Lucy's life in Chester Square was rather trying. She was so afraid of the servants that the chief aim of her existence was to try to make them not notice that she was in the house; but there were so many of them, and the furniture was so old-fashioned and stately, her feet sank so deep in the soft carpets, the rooms were so large and so strange to her, that she feared she should never feel at home there. Then, too, she could not read her grave, well-bound books which were to do her so much good, without finding her attention wander, nor could she acquire a taste for her china, or think her engravings anything but dull, or her pictures anything but dismal and dingy! People came sometimes and looked at them most reverently; the housekeeper, too, told her that they were enormously valuable, and every time she was told so she went and looked at them again, fervently wishing that she could see their beauty. There was a cabinet of antique jewellery and this came more within the range of Lucy's comprehension. One day she was dull, for Aunt Esther had gone to pay the Mostyns a short visit, and she herself had been dutifully reading for an hour or two in the library and was tired. She opened this cabinet, and while wondering at the strangeness and beauty of some of the necklaces and bracelets, began to put on one after the other, until at last she made herself look more like an Indian idol than anything else. She soon forgot what she was doing, and ceased to take any interest in the contents of her cabinet, while her thoughts turned to Hazelwood and all that had happened there. Then she thought of the poor girl whose name she had taken, and whose place she seemed to fill, and wondered if she had ever been in this room, and had ever decked herself out in these jewels, and if Mr. Kenrick, whose portrait when a young man was hanging on the wall above her, had stood by admiring her, and telling her how beautiful she looked and how dearly he loved her? Her portrait, too, was there by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many an hour Lucy spent in looking at it. She, still decked in her jewels, was earnestly looking at it now when the door opened quietly, and Mrs. Lishman came in. Lucy blushed; she was ashamed that the stiff and formidable



Mrs. Lishman should see her thus bedizened with beads and and hastily began to remove them, looking anxiously at man's face the while, to see if that good woman de frivoly.

"I came to see if you wanted anything, Miss Claver rather lonely for you." There was kindness in her tone and in her eyes. They were grey and honest, but usually looking. Her face, though strongly marked, was not Her hair was twisted into tight, uncompromising little knots skewered, or pinned on each temple. These knots just beyond her widow-like plain cap of softly pleated Mrs. Lishman always wore a black silk dress, and a net hair fastened with a diamond pin which Mr. Kenrick had given whenever this pin was lost, everyone in the house, from whose figure did not lend itself readily to stooping, to the maid, searched high and low until it was found.

"Thank you for thinking of me ; I am rather dull," gratefully. "I was looking at that picture"; and still she off her adornments one by one, hoping all the time Mrs. Lishman had not seen them.

"That picture is the very 'moral' of you, Miss Claverin

"You know, Mrs. Lishman, that is why Mr. Kenrick house to me. Do you mind his having left his property asked Lucy, humbly.

"That depends," replied Mrs. Lishman, guardedly. not ; but I'll see how things go on before I pronounce a jud

"Mrs. Lishman, Mr. Kenrick told me he wished me everything as he had it. You will help me to obey him, wo

"Naturally, Miss Clavering, I shall see to that," said M man, and her state of mind was rather indecipherable.

"If you have any spare time, Mrs. Lishman, I wish y go through the house with me and tell me a little about Mr —where he used to sit, I mean, what he did, and as muc can about him."

"There is not much to tell about him, miss. He w speak, a very inward-minded gentleman."

"I thought he talked very openly when I saw him."

"He took to you, you see, miss, along of the likeness. not his way to strike up with strangers readily, I can assur that."

Mrs. Lishman took Lucy into all the rooms, and after hour spent in this way she condescended to say, "So far

see at present, Miss Clavering, I think you and I might do very well together."

"I am so glad to hear you say that!" cried Lucy—and truly this semi-gracious speech did make her very happy. The last room they entered was a little sitting-room upstairs, in which Lucy often spent an hour or two.

"I often see you here, Miss Clavering," said Mrs. Lishman. "It was furnished to be young Mrs. Kenrick's boudoir, I believe. It was before my time, of course, but I have heard all about it."

"But," said Lucy, "was the wedding so near? I never knew that."

"Mrs. Hugh Kenrick, ma'am, as was to have been, died most unfortunately just a short fortnight before her wedding-day."

"How very dreadful!"

"Yes, it was a pity! Not that I am one who holds much with marrying; but then this was a wedding as had a right to be, for they both loved each other like—like nothing I can think of strong enough to compare them to," said Mrs. Lishman. "There was no looking to anything but their love and respect for each other in either of them. That made him have a good right to fret for her when she was taken."

How Mrs. Lishman's words struck home! Lucy knew that she herself had "no right" to fret for Robert Merivale, for his love for her was nothing like so strong as his love of money and position. Nevertheless her heart knew its own bitterness!

Just at this moment a card was brought to Lucy. Mrs. Lishman watched her face as she read the name on it, and was sure it was the name of some one whom she did not wish to see. "Sir Richard Merivale." Lucy looked at the man who brought it, as if to see whether any way of escape remained open to her.

"The gentleman is in the library, madam," said he. "He told me to say that he desired to see you on a matter of pressing importance."

Her impulse was to refuse to see him, but on second thoughts she went. Sir Richard Merivale was all but a stranger to her. A grey-haired, brisk little man of sixty stood in the library, hat in hand. "I must apologise, madam, for this intrusion, but it was my duty to come, and I came, and I hope before we part you will say that I did right."

Lucy bowed; she felt as if she could not speak.

"Upon my word, young lady, you are very pleasantly situated here. Very! I like these Chester Square houses particularly; I

always did. Well, I had better tell you why I came—*business* and pleasure after. It has come to my knowledge that Mr. Robert Merivale, was very much attached to you, and speaking, I don't wonder at it; but that he was kept back from posing to you by a strong feeling that I should not approve a step. I knew nothing about it at the time, or I could have set that right; indeed, I should not have disliked the task he offered for him. He, however, said nothing to me, but went away without securing you. Nay, more, he says he wrote how fond he was of you, but that he had a Turk of an aunt who insisted on his marrying some lady of good position in the country. He ought to have spoken to me; he never did. I call that respect and duty, and that kind of thing, to fanaticism; and I suffered well for it! I did not know what was going wrong, but it became more and more dismal every day, and at last the truth came out, and he and I laid our heads together, and then I came and ate humble-pie for a thing, by the way, which was my fault of mine, for your name was never mentioned between us. He would forgive him and take him into favour again. Would you?"

All Lucy's attempts to interrupt this long speech had been short; but now Sir Richard was looking steadily at her for an answer. "Come, now, say you will forgive him; he is as fond of you as a man can be; he always was, and he is now unhappy!"

"I am very sorry he is unhappy," began Lucy.

"I was sure you would be—I told him so."

"Yes, but I do not wish ever to see him again. I am not to do that."

"What? Piqued? But have I not just told you his fault? He misunderstood my wishes; he paid too great a price for them. I really think you ought to forgive him."

"You may say that I forgive him entirely. In fact, I don't know that I have any right to be angry with him."

"Oh, yes, you have. He had no right to go so far and so back. Now do tell me one thing—had you any liking for him?"

Lucy blushed crimson. It cost her a struggle, but she said, "I liked him very much indeed."

"I admire your sincerity; then tell me whether, if he had asked me at that time, you would have accepted him?"

"Sir Richard, it is of no use to talk of this now! He made his offer to me. He told me then he could not give up his

advancement for my sake. He took his line then, and I, of course, accepted it. Nothing could ever make me feel for him now as I did before."

"Not when you hear what I tell you?"

"No, not when I hear what you tell me."

"I think if you saw him—if you heard his justification from his own lips——"

"I have his letter. I never could like him again after reading that. I must ask you to say no more on this subject. My mind is quite made up. Nothing can change me."

"He really was a most confounded fool!" said Sir Richard, heartily. "He wrote that letter without consulting me. People think me a cross old curmudgeon; but I am certain of one thing, and that is that I can take a generous view far more quickly than they can. Well, but child, don't be so very firm and decided. People stiffen themselves up, and think it very grand and fine to be unforgiving, when really a little kindness and generosity would be for their own happiness too."

"I could never be happy with anyone I did not respect, and I do not respect him."

"If you saw him, you might believe him, when you do not believe me."

"I do believe you, but you have said nothing to make me alter my opinion of the past. It is past—leave it—let us say no more about it."

"But I want you to be my niece," pleaded Sir Richard. "You will be coming down to Lichfield some day soon, won't you?"

"Yes, but you must excuse me if I decline to see your nephew when I am there."

"Oh, no, now don't be so hard! It is not your real nature to be so. I can see that."

This was quite true. Lucy's heart was pleading Sir Richard's cause with all its might. She found the battle a very hard one.

"You will be happier if you do as I ask you," said he.

"Oh! please Sir Richard, leave me," cried poor Lucy, piteously. "You must not say any more—indeed, I will never see him again."

He left her, and hardly was gone before she flung herself into a corner of the sofa and sobbed convulsively—the strain had been almost beyond her strength. Before many minutes had passed, the door opened once more. Lucy did not look up; her eyes were full of tears, her heart very sore, her head very weary; her only thought

was, "He has come back. Oh! I cannot, cannot bear through all that again. How cruel!"

Some one came towards her, flung himself on his knees, and took her hand. She turned, and looked through her tears—it was Merivale himself!

"Lucy, my dear, dear Lucy, you do love me a little!" he cried, crying. "You are unhappy. Have some pity on me. Have some belief in me. I have loved you, and you only, ever since I saw you."

Then she sprang to her feet, and tore her hand away from his. "Spare me!" she said, faintly. "Why are you here?"

"I ought to be here! Lucy, you are not happy."

"I know I am not. I do not deny it," said she.

"You do love me a little, Lucy."

"I know I do."

"Ah! Thank God! My uncle made me so wretched. He said there was no hope for me; but there is a chance of happiness yet."

"Not in the way you mean. I never can forgive what he did at Hazelwood! It is cruel of you to give me this pain. You should not to have come here! I have been trying to overcome my feelings for you. I was getting over it—and now you come, and I must begin afresh."

"No, you shall not begin. You own you love me a little. I love you most passionately! My darling Lucy, let us be true to each other and be happy."

"I am happy with you, after that letter——"

"How cruel to remind me! Don't you know that it was wholly and solely because ——"

"Oh!" cried Lucy, "spare me all that! I know it so well."

"But, Lucy, you must have seen that I loved you."

"Valuable love, indeed!" cried Lucy.

"It was true—you were not much more than a girl when I saw you; I loved you then, and I have loved you ever since. Pardon me God, I have not known a happy hour since last I saw you. He saw a movement of impatience and disbelief, and cried, 'Do not believe me—I tell you I nearly shot myself one night. I should have done it if it had not been for my uncle. He would come and talk to you.'"

"No talking can change me," said Lucy.

"Listen to the feeling in your own heart, which tells you to forgive me and to love me—you know you would be happy."

you yielded—Dear Lucy, you do not know how good I will be to you.”

Lucy was still standing by the sofa—he was standing by her—her eyes were cast down ; she dared not let them meet his. His voice made her tremble, his words stirred her profoundly. She saw his hand quivering with desire to clasp hers which was near it ; she knew she loved him still. Alas, she knew also that she despised him, and that if she lived to be a hundred, she should never cease to do so when she remembered that letter. Would it be possible to love him and set it aside ? She wondered if that could be.

What if she drove him to kill himself ? Now when he left her she would be more miserable than ever, for that dread would be added to her other pain. She felt his fingers touch hers—should she—could she yield ? She felt his hand close on hers, and still she stood as if spell-bound.

“Lucy,” said he, “my whole life shall be spent in showing my love and gratitude.” Then he was making sure of her forgiveness.

Her strength came back to her ; she wrenched her hand away—“Oh, no, no, no,” she cried, “you are quite wrong ! I cannot listen to you. I do not believe in your love. You cannot make me believe in it. Good-bye, and for ever.” Before he could prevent her she was gone. She dared not stay ;—the temptation to listen to him, and thus at once and for ever to quiet the aching pain she felt in her heart was so great. She was true to her resolution ; if she had stayed she might perhaps have yielded. She ran back to the room where she had left Mrs. Lishman, and to her surprise found her still there, walking up and down and waiting for her. She did not know that the poor woman was feeling very anxious about her. Lucy saw a motherly look in Mrs. Lishman’s face—a look of pitying kindness. She ran up to her and threw her arms round her, and said, “Oh, Mrs. Lishman, I am such a poor miserable girl !”

“My poor lamb, I am afraid so.”

“Will he follow me, do you think ? Make him go if he does. I cannot, cannot see him again.”

“You shall not see him unless you like ! You have come bravely out of it, I can see that,” said Mrs. Lishman, who knew all that could be told by the Mostyns’ servants, and by the familiar process of putting two and two together.

“If only I had Aunt Esther here,” said Lucy, “I am so alone !”

“Not alone,” said Mrs. Lishman, “leastways not if you will condescend to count me as anybody. Miss Clavering, if you will trust

me, I'll do anything I can for you." After that day, if Mr. Fraser had been Lucy's own mother she could not have been more kind to her.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was a very long time before Lucy recovered from the excitement caused by these two visits. She could not read as before, and when April came she was not well enough to go to Calderwater. She had a great desire to get away into the country, but her doctor would not let her go. The only occupation she now took any pleasure was painting. Mr. Fraser, of the Colour Society, was her master, and under his tuition she made great progress; but the burden of his song was always "Go to it as soon as possible. She is the best teacher—the only one who knows when once you know how to draw tolerably and to lay on the colour. You look, Miss Clavering, as if a little country air would do you good too," said he, one day.

"Yes, I have been wanting to go to Calderwater for some time."

"I don't wonder at anyone's wanting to go to Calderwater. At least, not if young Richmond paints it faithfully."

Lucy was interested, languidly interested; her spirits were low now, but she roused herself to ask who he was.

"One of our last elected associates. If he goes on, he has a splendid future before him."

"Will he go on?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know; so many of these young fellows surprise you with an extraordinarily good picture or two one year, and never do any more."

There was a silence; then Mr. Fraser said, "This is the last lesson but one, Miss Clavering, that I shall have the pleasure of giving you until the autumn. I suppose you will come back again then, like the rest of us. I am going to Brittany for six months' sketching."

"Are you? I wish my doctor would let me go to some place. He will keep me here—and when my drawing lessons are over, I don't know what I shall do. They are my one great pleasure. I think anyone else would give me some lessons while you are gone."

"Undoubtedly, Miss Clavering, you will easily find a master. I shall not like losing such a promising pupil."

"Only while you are in Brittany, Mr. Fraser; I hope



teach me when you return. Please think of some one who would come to me in the meantime."

"Perhaps this very Mr. Richmond would, but you might not like his style ; it means work, I can tell you ! Will you and Miss Moore come with me to the Gallery, and see what you think of it?"

They did so, and Lucy thought she had never in her life seen anything so beautiful as these drawings of Mr. Richmond's—they were so tender, refined, and poetical, so full of air and sunlight. "They are nature itself!" cried she, "I never saw anything more lovely ! This Mr. Richmond paints with jewels. And, oh, what heavenly scenery ! I had no idea Calderwater was so beautiful. Is it really painted there?" She looked at the catalogue and read, "No. 15—View from a Cumberland Garden. No. 26—Calderwater, Evening."

"They are both painted at Calderwater. One is from Calder Grange, the other merely a general view. He told me so himself."

The Grange belonged to Lucy ; the garden must be a terrestrial paradise, and she at once resolved that in one month's time she would go there, whether her doctor gave his consent or not. He did not know the cause of her illness half so well as she did herself. If the place were like this the mere sight of it would do much to restore her.

"Yes," said Mr. Fraser, looking admiringly at the drawings, with no sign of vexation or disappointment at the most evident fact that two of his own works, which hung near, were completely eclipsed by them. "Yes, that is a really clever fellow. There is a touch of downright genius in the way he has managed that bit of cloud composition in the centre."

"They *are* beautiful drawings !" said Lucy. "Why should I not buy them?" was her next thought. Up to this time she had scarcely exercised her newly-gained power of buying anything she fancied ; indeed, her spirits had not been good enough to allow her to have many fancies. But these gem-like drawings touched her to the heart. "I wonder whether they are sold?" said she.

"If they are, you can easily get another drawing of the same subject, if you want one. I was in Richmond's studio a month ago, just at sending-in time, and he was in a terrible way because he could not get a big morning-subject done. It was this very view from the garden—a sunrise, I believe."

"What is Mr. Richmond like?"

"He is young and good-looking—yes, very good-looking—for he is a tall, well-made fellow, and full of energy and courage. It was a

great piece of good luck for a youngster like him to get into the society, but he quite deserved his success."

One drawing was unsold. Lucy bought it, and straightway the keeper began an epistle to Mr. Richmond to this effect:—"Sir,—beg to inform you that your drawing, No. 15, 'View from a Cumberland Garden,' was this day purchased by Miss Lucy Clavering, of Chester Square, for the sum of twenty-five guineas."

"I don't think young Richmond has been very prosperous so far," said Mr. Fraser; "you see he has his way to make yet. There will be a nice little help towards his summer's tour."

"What a shame if he has not been prosperous!" said Lucy. "A man who paints as he does ought to have everything the world could give him."

A quiet smile passed over Mr. Fraser's handsome old face. Curious things sometimes happen in this world of ours. Suppose young Richmond—there was no denying he was a handsome fellow—well, suppose he and Miss Clavering took a fancy to each other. It would be a very odd thing. If it did happen, too, no one would ever give a certain poor old drawing-master credit for having brought it about, and yet most assuredly he would have been the one who first set the stone a-rolling. Mr. Fraser promptly checked the soliloquy, and told himself sharply that he most sincerely hoped nothing of the kind would ever come to pass. It would be a thousand pities if Richmond married an heiress, and such an heiress, too. Why, perhaps it might be the means of preventing the world from possessing one of the greatest painters who had ever lived.

Lucy was jubilant. She made Mr. Fraser and Aunt Esther go back to her picture repeatedly to admire it, and then, when they were engrossed by something else, she, who had just learnt the way to the keeper's table, and the method of making herself mistress of the drawing, slipped back there and bought a large drawing, of twice the price of Mr. Richmond's, painted by her present kind and generous-minded drawing-master, and told him nothing about it till she bade him good-bye at the door of the exhibition, when she said very kindly: "Thanks to you, Mr. Fraser, I have become possessor of two treasures to-day."

As soon as she got home she persuaded Aunt Esther to write a note for her to Mr. Richmond, Lucy dictating in her best highly ceremonious manner. "Miss Esther Moore presents her compliments to Mr. Richmond, and begs to know if, during the ensuing month, he can with convenience to himself give lessons in water-colour painting to her niece, Miss Clavering? Miss Clavering has the

greatest admiration for Mr. Richmond's beautiful drawings in the Old Water-Colour Gallery, and as she wishes to profit as much as possible by his teaching, and will not be long in town, she would like a lesson daily."

"There!" cried Lucy, "will that do?" Aunt Esther approved. "And now," exclaimed Lucy, "now that I am going to have him for my master, I do think I have a chance of painting better! I believe that drawing of his I bought is the most beautiful picture in the world."

Seeing that this was Lucy's genuine opinion, it was unfortunate that the last post that evening brought her a letter to say that "The View from a Cumberland Garden," could not be hers. It was from Mrs. Richmond, the artist's mother, who said that she had been requested by her son, who was out of town for a day or two, to open any letters which came in his absence, and she "begged to inform Miss Clavering that the drawing No. 15 was not for sale. It had by some mistake been entered on the keeper's list as if for sale, but such was not the case."

"What a disagreeable, rude kind of letter!" cried Aunt Esther.

"I have lost my lovely drawing!" said Lucy, "and he has got a mother who is a dragon! Well, I shall have my lessons—I hope he is not going to be long in coming home."

But the lessons also were denied her; all she received was a very prettily written note from Mr. Richmond himself. It was short: Mr. H. K. Richmond begged to inform Miss Clavering that he could not have the honour of giving her instruction in water-colour painting—and that was all—not one word of explanation or regret.

"This is the strangest thing I ever heard of!" said poor Lucy. "He won't let me have his drawing, and he won't let me have his lessons, and yet I know he does give lessons—Mr. Fraser told me that he did, sometimes."

"Show that note to Mr. Fraser, Lucy," said Aunt Esther, "and then you will hear what he says about it."

Mr. Fraser did not say much. Being asked if he did not think it very odd of Mr. Richmond to write such a note, he said it was rather strange; but added, "Miss Clavering, artists *are* queer people, I am sorry to say."

Lucy's last lesson being now over, she betook herself to wandering listlessly about the house again. She missed the little pleasure her drawing lessons had given her. She could not enjoy anything else. On the stairs, one day, she met her dear Mrs. Lishman, for so she now called her. "I am so stupidly dull, Mrs. Lishman," said

she, "and so ashamed of being so; I do so wish I had nice to do."

"Why don't you sit down to your paper and paints. Making, ma'am; you generally seem to amuse yourself pretty well with them."

"But I have not Mr. Fraser now. I like a master to tell me how I am going on. It was very tiresome of Mr. Fraser to refuse to give me lessons, was not it?"

"Mr. Richmond! Did you ask *him* to come here, ma'am?"

"Yes, I got Miss Moore to write and ask him, but he refused. And he would not let me have my drawing either. I saw Mr. Lishman, I bought the most lovely drawing by him of a landscape from the garden of Mr. Kenrick's own house, you can't imagine how beautiful it was; and after all, Mr. Richmond wrote to say he would not have it. It was not for sale, he said; at least, his mother would not let him give it for him."

"Poor young man," said Mrs. Lishman, "you cannot be disappointed, his being disappointed."

"He need not be disappointed about my buying his drawing. He wanted it! I would have given anything for it! Besides, I can get more by selling them, they say."

"I don't mean that - I mean disappointed about something else."

"What else? Do you know these Richmonds, Mrs. Lishman?"

"Yes, Miss Clavering, I know them well enough, of course."

"But what have they to be so disappointed about? They need not be. They need not punish me for what has happened to them. They either saw them, or did anything to them."

"People can do things to people without seeing them."

"What do you mean? Do you mean that I really have done anything? Tell me all you know about these Richmonds, Mrs. Lishman; you can't think how very curious I feel about them."

"And what the better will you be, Miss Clavering, after hearing a great deal of disagreeable ins and outs when you know nothing of them? I am sure you might have lived to be an old, old woman—or lady, I ought to say, for that's what you would have been—and you would never have heard a word on the subject from me."

"On what subject? Is there a subject? Oh, if you can tell me quick, Mrs. Lishman, and tell me all about it, like a good kind creature as you are."

"Well, sit your ways down, then, and I'll begin; but not now."

I tell you vexes you, Miss Clavering, it is your own bringing on, for, as I said before, you might have gone on living until you were quite an old ——”

“Oh, now, Mrs. Lishman, please, that is not fair. Please do not begin all that again. Let me hear your story at once.”

“Well, then, this young Mr. Richmond who paints pictures, his real name is Mr. Hugh Kenrick Richmond, and he is our Mr. Kenrick’s own nephew.”

“His nephew!” Lucy drew a long breath of dismay. “Then that explains everything,” cried she. “That is why they do not like me. He and his mother are the people who ought to have had everything Mr. Kenrick left to me.”

“Well, in one sense they ought, miss; but then, in another, they ought not. Mrs. Richmond was Mr. Kenrick’s only sister. She married, very much against my master’s wishes, a rich young Manchester merchant. He was unsteady, and for that and other reasons master never could abear him. No more could I, though my feelings were not expected to show themselves. She had been brought up expensive at home before she married, and when she went to her new home she found plenty of expense going on there, and had no mind to do anything to lessen it; so after a year or two the natural end of such goings on was that her husband failed, and none too creditably either. My master, he set them on their legs again, but he advised them to be prudenter than they had been; but they liked his help better than his advice; that’s the way of a many. Well, they failed again, and he helped them again, and harder words passed between them. She’s a deal younger than master was. She ought to have listened humbler to him, but there was no getting it out of her head that she was to have all she fancied, whether she could afford it or not; not but what she was a very good, upright woman in all but that. At last they quarrelled outright, she and master, and she went her way and he his, and for the last twenty years they never saw each other; indeed, he died without seeing her. They were quite friendly on paper. Four times every year they wrote to each other kind and tender-like, and asked each other all particulars about how they had been going on in the meantime, but that was all. They never once met. I daresay my master often sent her a good sum to help her after she lost her husband, and was poorly left; and then she had called her boy after master, Hugh Kenrick Richmond, and she was always mighty careful when she wrote to say how particularly steady and dutiful he was, and how well he was turning out; and so, seeing as how my master he never

married, and was so rich and old, and had no one to leave it to but her and her son, I make no doubt but she could get it all when he died ; and you see, Miss Clavering, you can hardly wonder if she did, for he could not take it away with him, and she was the only one he had to look to.

"Oh, dear ! oh dear ! what harm I have done !" thought she.

"You see, Miss Clavering," said Mrs. Lishman, who was not so much concerned enough now that she was once set a-going, "he never made friends with anyone. If he was not friends with his sister and her son, he was at any rate no one else whom he appeared to esteem, so no doubt they would in their hearts make sure of the money he had."

"And if he had not met me ——" said Lucy. "It is a strange thing that he took so to me."

"It was more like magic than anything else that I can compare it to," cried Mrs. Lishman; "it really was."

"And so, dear Mrs. Lishman, you really think if he had not met me he would have left all to the Richmonds?"

"Oh, no, indeed, I do not. I am sure he would not have left it to them, but still I think they would have got it. It is not probable that he would not have made any will at all if he had not met me, but would just have let his money take care of itself and the law directed when he was done with it."

"And in that case——"

"They would have got all."

"I feel very guilty and uncomfortable about this," said Lucy. "I must go and talk to my aunt."

"It is of no use to talk to anyone, Miss Clavering. You were not ignorant of all intention to win away their money from them, and you say you did not know he had any money until you heard of it from me to you."

"No, indeed. But it seems so hard."

"Well, so it does, in a way ; but I don't hold with people who take their own of other people's money like that until they really get it. One way or other, such like are always getting themselves appointed. Look to yourself for what you want, say I."

"Do you know if they showed any disappointment?" said Lucy.

"You won't get much showing anything but ugly queues out of Mrs. Richmond. She is too proud to complain much. She came here to this house to see me after I came back from the water, after the master's funeral. She said something about it."

puting his will. She declared he must have been out of his mind to make such a ridiculous disposition of his property ; but none of us servants would hear a word of his being out of his mind, although we were none of us, so to speak, remembered in the will he made. Lord bless you, Miss Clavering, ma'am, his mind was just as clear up to the very day he died as ever it had been. No one could have called him anything but a sane and sensible man and master. Mrs. Richmond, she went away resigned and scornful, but as bitter as—well, as bitter as anything I have ever heard named bitter.”

“ But how does her son happen to paint Calderwater so much ? Did they go there often ? ”

“ They never went when master was there, never ! I have heard of them being there when the house was shut up, and hiring lodgings in the village.”

Lucy sighed heavily. “ All this makes me very unhappy. I wish Mr. Kenrick had only left me a part of what he had—I should have been just as grateful for a little of it.”

“ I don't think Mrs. Richmond would, though ; she is one of the all-or-nothing kind.”

“ And her son ? ”

“ Oh, I have hardly seen him. He is pleasant-spoken and good-looking enough outside ; inside, I daresay he is much the same as his mother. They say no apple ever falls very far from the tree that bore it.”

## CHAPTER VI.

“ AUNT ESTHER,” cried Lucy, breaking in abruptly on the quiet old lady's repose—Lucy had given her a sitting-room, opening out of her bedroom, with all her own pet chairs and tables in it. “ Aunt Esther, dear, do be quick and put on your bonnet and shawl, and come out with me. I have ordered the carriage, and it will be here in a minute ; do come, I can't be happy unless you do.”

“ Dear child, half as much ‘ petitionary vehemence ’ will take me anywhere you like, only tell me where.”

“ Wait till we are in the carriage, please,” said Lucy, and ran off ; and not till they were on their way did she unfold to Aunt Esther that she could not know a moment's peace until she had been to see Mrs. Richmond, and had offered to share Mr. Kenrick's wealth with her.

“ And you do not tell me of an important scheme like this, until



we are actually in the carriage and on our way to do it, aggrieved lady.

"Never mind, dear—I am so certain I am doing right, one of those just things which require no consideration at all."

"And what do you mean to give up to her, Lucy? house?"

"No, I like it. I could not let her have that!"

"Your Cumberland house and land?"

"Certainly not! If it is only half as beautiful as her house, it in his pictures, I can't part with that!"

"Then what is she to have?"

"Only some money, that's all! She shall have five thousand a year. That will do just as well for her as either of the houses. They are nothing to her—she never lived in either—when she and her brother were young, and lived together in their father's house in Bryanston Square. Mrs. Lishman told me so."

Aunt Esther was much disturbed. "You talk of giving away thousands like——"

"Like nothing that I can find to compare you with—give away thousands, as Mrs. Lishman would say," cried Lucy, whose spirits were quite restored by the pleasure of this.

"Don't mind about this, Aunt Esther dear, I had great pleasure in Mr. Kenrick's present to me until to-day when I heard of it from the people. Now, if I am to have any enjoyment at all, I must resign at least half his money to those who have, in equity, a strong claim."

"Please yourself, wilful child. Give away the money and the houses! I suppose you think houses can be kept up without money."

They were soon in Gower Street—that was where the Richmonds were lodging.

"We must try to see the mother alone," said Lucy; "Mr. Kenrick would be sadly in the way. We had better not give our names."

Their names were not asked. A maid of all work, not a servant, took them upstairs, opened a door, and said, "Here's two ladies to speak to you, ma'am."

Mrs. Richmond, a tall, thin, upright, dignified lady of about sixty, more, with severely regular features, silvery white hair, and a pale complexion, laid her work down, rose and bowed gracefully to her unexpected visitors. "Pray be seated," said she, and waited for them to sit. Then, and not till then, did Lucy feel what a difficult task she had imposed on herself—what a plunge she had made! With as little shyness and hesitation as might be expected of a young lady of her rank and family.

briefly told Mrs. Richmond that she was Lucy Ilderton, who had in obedience to Mr. Kenrick's will taken the name of Clavering—that only this day had she learnt that Mr. Kenrick had a sister living—that ever since she had been told this she had been miserably uncomfortable about taking all that he had left her, and that she had come to entreat Mrs. Richmond to be so very kind as to make her mind easy by taking four or five thousand pounds a year from her. Would Mrs. Richmond be so good as to overlook the fact that her brother had in this unaccountable manner left his wealth to a comparative stranger, wholly undeserving of such kindness, and share his money with her?

Mrs. Richmond left Lucy's question unanswered, and, as it were, unregarded, and said, "You know, Miss Ilderton, or Miss Clavering, for really I scarcely know by which name to address you, that my brother and I were not on terms of friendliness."

"Madam, I was not even aware of your relationship till this morning, when Mrs. Lishman told me about it. Yes, I know you and Mr. Kenrick did not meet, but then you wrote to each other."

"Yes, we wrote to each other, and our letters were friendly—you, who have everything which belonged to my brother, will doubtless have my letters also—that is, if he honoured me by keeping them—so you will be able to judge of the terms on which we corresponded. We were not such good friends as brother and sister ought to be, but still I never expected to be left without a penny!"

"It hurts me very much to think this was the case," said Lucy. "But ——"

"It hurts me a thousand times more!" interrupted Mrs. Richmond, "more especially as there is no help for it! My brother left me nothing, and I will take nothing! I do not choose to fare better than he intended me to do. I am poor enough, I can assure you, but I do not mean to become richer in the way you propose."

"But consider, madam," urged Lucy, "he has left me far more than I want—it would divide into two very good incomes, and it is but just that you should have half of it!"

"That is true; indeed, I think it would be more just if I had the whole, for I do not see why a young lady, whose only claim on my brother's regard was that she bore some likeness to a girl he was in love with fifty years ago, and whose face he had, no doubt, so entirely forgotten, that he could easily have persuaded himself that any girl of eighteen was like her—well, I do not see why an imaginary likeness of this kind——"

"But it was not imaginary, madam," interrupted Aunt Esther,

energetically, for to doubt this likeness seemed to her to make Lucy's claim to be Mr. Kenrick's heiress entirely invalid. "We have the other Miss Clavering's picture hanging up in the breakfast-room in Chester Square, and it is so like my niece that it might have been painted from her!"

"You wish to think so, madam. Well, likeness or no likeness, I do not see why my own brother should set me aside for the sake of a chance likeness! I shall always call his conduct most monstrous—most unjust!"

"Madam, you need not say so much about this, or use such words, when my niece is going to behave so generously to you!"

"Please, Aunt Esther," began Lucy, "please don't say that——"

"You are generous," said Mrs. Richmond, apparently making this admission reluctantly, "I do not deny that you are, but I do not intend to profit by your kindness. My brother made a will which bears every appearance of being made by a man in his dotage—I must suffer—I do not accuse you of any attempt to influence him, for I know you were not near him to do it; but I do say he acted very foolishly and very cruelly! I can never forget or forgive it. You wrote to ask my son to give you lessons. How can you expect him to enter your house?—you did not know who we were, you say, now that you do know, you must see how painful it is to both of us to be reminded of your existence! Leave me now, please, and keep away from us! We were poor before my brother died—we are poor still—but, thank God, my son has talent!"

"Your son has genius! I never in my life saw anything more beautiful than his drawings!" cried Lucy, enthusiastically; and then she added, "Please let me buy that one I liked so."

"You have got the place itself!" replied Mrs. Richmond, bitterly. "Be content with that! My son does not paint for you!"

Lucy's eyes began to shine with a watery brilliancy—still she persisted, "Mrs. Richmond, I feel the truth of what you say—I think it most unjust that you should have been thus treated by your brother—I do not offer to resign all he gave me, but I offer you four or five thousand a year—I entreat you to take it."

"And I refuse to take it! I am as proud as you are! You don't like to keep it when you know my claim, and I don't choose to be beholden to you! I must beg to put an end to this interview. You, as a rich lady, will move in a sphere of society wholly removed from mine—if we do happen to meet, please be so good as to leave me unnoticed. Before you go, let me thank you, though, for this offer that you have made me."

"You might have accepted it! You might have spoken as woman to woman! Why not receive what I offer in the spirit in which I wish to give it?"

"I receive nothing from you! Whatever came to me ought to have come from my own brother—I wonder you do not see that. I can never forgive my brother!"

Miss Esther Moore groaned audibly—"Not forgive a dead man?"

"Could you forgive him yourself, madam?" said Mrs. Richmond, indignantly turning to Aunt Esther. "Could you patiently see your own father's portrait, your mother's, all the family plate, books, jewels, and everything else which had interest for you taken from you and your son, and handed over to a child like your niece there, for whom they have, and can have, no value?—your niece, who was almost as much a stranger to the man who heaped all this wealth on her as she is to me, whom she has deprived of it!"

"You shall have every picture you wish to have," cried Lucy, starting to her feet; "you shall come yourself and take away everything you see which ever belonged to your family! I did not ask Mr. Kenrick to give these things to me, and I do not intend to keep them."

Mrs. Richmond shook her head—"A little more or a little less, what does it matter?—one thing is not more unjust than another in this. What is done is done—I must once more beg you to leave me. I am not a young woman, and a conversation like this is very trying to me!"

"To Lincoln's Inn Fields," said Lucy to the coachman, the moment she was once more in her carriage.

"Where *are* you going now?" inquired Aunt Esther. "Dear Lucy, let us get home. That dreadful old lady has quite shaken my nerves."

"I must see Mr. Strachey."

Mr. Strachey was Mr. Kenrick's lawyer.

"You are going to force your money on a woman who is determined not to have it?"

"No, I am going to have it made over to her son."

"Lucy, you are a very odd mixture of strength and weakness; sometimes you let people turn you any way they like, and at others you are perfectly headstrong."

"Only when I am sure I am right," murmured Lucy; and when Aunt Esther looked round she saw the poor girl was crying quietly in the corner of the carriage. "It will make you happier to do this, you think, darling?" asked the old lady, kindly.

"Yes, I shall be miserable until it is done."

"Then let us have it done."

But when they got to Mr. Strachey's chambers he was as business-like and stiff as his own parchments. "Resign five thousand a year in favour of Mr. Hugh Kenrick Richmond! Miss Clavering, you do not seem to have studied the late Mr. Kenrick's will. You are unable to alienate a penny. You can dispose of the property at your death, but not alienate any part of it. The testator was very anxious that all should be kept as he left it. He had his own idea on this subject, and his will expressly forbids you to part with books, pictures, plate, houses, lands, or money either, except in the way of lawful and necessary outlay."

"And if I transgress, and get you to settle four or five thousand a year on this gentleman, who has a far better right to it than I have?"

"It can't be done, madam. If you take any step of this kind you forfeit your claim to the whole of Mr. Kenrick's estate."

"And what becomes of it?"

"It will be divided among various charitable institutions—that is out of the question! You must renounce your generous, pardon me if I add, most Quixotic intention."

"Say what you like," cried the oppressed Lucy; "I have known worse things than that said to me to-day. I have been with Mr. Richmond."

The lawyer smiled. He had heard a description of that lady.

"You told me a minute since that I could not give away pictures or plate. Surely that does not apply to family pictures? may let Mrs. Richmond have her father's picture and her mother's and any family plate or jewels?"

"Indeed, Miss Clavering, you may not. All these things come under the category of property not to be alienated. You can part with nothing. You can allow Mrs. Richmond a yearly income dependent on your pleasure. You can make nothing absolute for hers."

"Has Mrs. Richmond never read her brother's will?" was Mr. Moore's most natural question. "Does she not know the conditions he made? She did not appear to do so."

"Her son saw the will, but I doubt if he has imparted much of its contents to his mother. He said he should not do so. The appointment made her very ill, and I am pretty sure he has kept everything from her knowledge that he could."

"Then you give me no help whatever, Mr. Strachey? You must part with no money, no pictures, no anything?"

"You can from time to time make her a handsome present."

"She would not take it. Mr. Strachey, I am a very unhappy girl!" and in this frame of mind Lucy made her way home.

## CHAPTER VII.

IF Lucy could have been happy anywhere she must have been so at Calderwater. It was the most beautiful place she had ever seen. The Grange was an old-fashioned, white-washed house, overgrown with roses and honeysuckles. It was charmingly picturesque, and withal most comfortable. It stood on a sloping hill-side, overlooking the lake, and beyond the lake was a mountain pass, guarded by one of the finest mountains of the district. There was a good deal of land attached to the house, and Lucy could watch her own sleek, dappled cows feeding in her own rich pastures, could see them come trooping to the "byre" at the welcome milking hour, could count her white dots of sheep on the fell sides, feed her own pigeons and poultry, and lose her way in her own wood. A very pretty wood sheltered Calder Grange from all but gentle winds. It was full of wild flowers and ferns, and a tiny mountain stream came tumbling down a rocky bed from the heights of the fell above and made its way through it. All in this wood was left to nature—the trees had been thinned here and there, and winding paths cut, or miniature bridges built, and that was all.

For one week Lucy explored her new territory with increasing delight. "I think," she said, "I could live here for ever without caring to see any human being but you, Aunt Esther. There is only one thing which makes me unhappy here, and that is those birds. They sing so joyously from morning till night that they end by making me miserable. I can't be so happy as they are—that's what they make me feel!"

The Mostyns came to pay a long visit at Calder Grange. Lucy waited for them at the lodge, and when the carriage drove up she was leaning meditatively against the great gate. "Well, Lucy," cried Mrs. Mostyn, alighting, "how do you like the feeling of looking over your own gate? Philip says that that is one of the great joys of ownership!"

"I like the feeling of ownership immensely," said Lucy, "if only I had not the consciousness that I had gained it at the expense of other people."

"Oh, those stupid Richmonds, you mean," cried Mrs. Lettice.!

"Now, Lucy, have done with such nonsense," said Mr. Mostyn. "The place is yours! If you really can't be happy till you have given it up to some one who envies you the possession of it, begin with me. If everybody who succeeded to an estate ran about offering the greater part of what he had got to everyone who chose to think he had a better claim to it, the whole country would be turned topsey-turvey."

"Yes, really, my dear child," added his wife; "I think I never heard anything so idiotic in my life as that expedition of yours to Mrs. Richmond! Be thankful you came so well out of it." Lucy sighed.

"Lucy, you were always *tête montée*," said Philip, kindly. "You should have consulted Lettice."

Some days passed—very happy days. Lucy showed all the beauties of her gardens and woods and fields to Lettice, who admired them heartily; but she drew the line at the cows and poultry, and refused to commend them for anything but their utility. At last, too, Lettice grew tired of woods and fields and "outside things," and said, "Let us stay in the house this morning."

"Very well," said Lucy, and she seated herself by the window, and began silently to admire the mountain before her.

"Is that mountain yours, Lucy?" said Lettice.

"No," replied Lucy.

"Then why on earth do you spend your time in looking at it? I would not. Let us do something nice. Have you looked into all the drawers and cupboards yet?"

"No," said Lucy, "it makes me so melancholy. I don't like turning over things which belonged to dead people."

"Nonsense! People can't live for ever. And how horribly crowded and disagreeable the world would be if they did. I like this house of yours—it is one of the most comfortable places I ever saw, but I wonder you don't explore a little. I have always wished some one would leave me a great house like this full of unexplored cabinets. Think how nice it would be to open drawer after drawer, and find diamond necklaces and ear-rings, and enamelled portraits of lovely ladies set in diamonds and pearls. The thing which always worries me is to know how far it would be right for me to take these diamonds and pearls off the portraits to make something pretty to wear myself. You see, after all, they do them—the ladies—you know, no good."

Lucy laughed, and said, "You surely do not give much time to the question?"



"Yes, I do, when I think about it. Come, we are doing nothing; let us open that marquetry affair in the corner, and see what we can discover in it."

They found the key, they opened the cabinet; inside it in a pigeon-hole they saw bundles of yellow-looking letters tied up with ribbon which might once have been blue or green, or any colour, but was now dull white. Lucy exclaimed, "They are from the other Miss Clavering!"—for thus was Mr. Kenrick's lost love now always designated.

"If I were you I'd burn them."

"It would be more respectful, perhaps," said Lucy, touching them with tender reverence.

"It would be a great deal more sensible! Letters of that kind are always silly, and everyone thinks so but the person who receives them. Stay! is this her portrait?"

It was a well-painted miniature of Miss Clavering, and it really did resemble Lucy.

"I have a great mind to pass my time in travelling as a speculation!" cried Mrs. Mostyn. "But after all, one might spend a lifetime and not have the good luck you had. What *are* you looking at so mournfully? Let me see. 'Portrait of my sister Susan in her youth.' That is Mr. Kenrick's writing, I suppose," and so saying Lettice took from Lucy's hand a sheet of paper containing a miniature, a few faded flowers, and a lock of hair.

"You see he did love her!" said Lucy.

"My word! but she does look a Tartar!" cried Lettice. Things did strike the two girls so differently.

"Portrait of poor Susan's boy." This was written on another packet, and when they opened it they saw the likeness of a good-tempered, fine-looking boy of nine, and a lock of soft young hair.

"Oh, do shut up all these things!" cried Lettice, for she saw that Lucy was beginning to make herself miserable over the thought that Mr. Kenrick would not have preserved these portraits so carefully if he had not had a very tender feeling for the originals; and if so, why had he preferred a stranger before them? "Shut up those things, Lucy, and look here," and she pulled out a large bunch of seals. "That is what they used to dangle at their 'fobs,' as they called them, and there is one of their turnips of watches! I dare-say it was Mr. Kenrick's father's. I always think those dear old gentlemen ought to have been very grateful to the footpads and highwaymen who relieved them of such unwieldy burdens."

This new drawer was almost filled with things labelled as be-

longing to "my dear mother." Her pomander box was there, and her equipage. This last was a pretty little enamelled box with scissors, thimble, needle-case, and scent-bottle, made to hang to the waist-band. Her fan was there, her wedding ring, a bonbonnière, and a ring or two, but the principal articles of jewellery were absorbed in the large collection in London. "Mrs. Richmond ought to have everyone of these things!" cried Lucy. "Think of a perfect stranger having all these keepsakes and all those pocket-books too! I can't keep them! She shall have them! At every turn I am reminded of the injustice I have done these people!"

"Nonsense, Lucy! No doubt she got her share of her mother's things; and if she did not, she can't have these! You are to forfeit all you have if you give up any part of it, and you surely would not lose all you have for the sake of giving a few faded gimcracks to a cross old woman with a great deal more ill-temper than sentiment about her? You *would* be silly!"

"No one can accuse you of sentiment, Lettice!"

"I don't know. I am sensible just now because you are so foolish; on other occasions I have my due share of the useless commodity! Come, we have made a dismal morning for ourselves with this stupid old cabinet! Shut it up, and let us go out."

They went into the garden, and on into the wood. Lucy still looked as if she had not forgotten the contents of the cabinet. Mrs. Mostyn set herself the task of dissipating this cloud. "I wish to make two remarks to you, Miss Lucy," said she. "One is that Mr. Kenrick's behaviour to his sister shows that she must have treated him very ill, and that he could not forget it—and the moral of that is, mind you always treat your sister well, and obey her. The other is, life is short, and short is the time in which we can be happy! That over, we are huddled out of sight, and all our little treasures are stuffed away too, perhaps into the pigeon-holes of some old marquetry cabinet. You will be very silly if you let that happen to you without your having had some happiness in the meantime! Now, really, with this lovely place, and with all the nice things you have, you ought to be the happiest girl in the world!"

"I know I ought, and I will try to forget about these Richmonds—after all, it was not my fault."

"Of course it was not! You will soon find you have enough to do with repenting your own sins. I have, I can assure you! Come, let us enjoy this sweet place. I think I like your London house better, though—I don't believe I really like the country—at least, I don't want more of it than I have at Hazelwood. You have

a great deal too much of it here! All your birds and beasts come far too close to the house, and so do the trees. They bring those odious midges and all that endless noise of birds—my life is a burden to me here with your midges, Lucy! In fact, I think I hate a place where insect and animal life is so rampant as it is here! Men and women are quite pushed out of the world! What with the midges biting, and the wasps crawling about the carpets and stinging one's feet if one forgets to put a pair of slippers on, and one's fingers every time one picks anything up, and the doves and pigeons coo-hooing from daybreak till dusk, all about nothing too, and the hens making such an idiotic fuss every time they lay a common egg, and your ill-tempered old turkeys gobbling, and rooks cawing, and geese and cows and pigs and donkeys conversing incessantly in their own very unseemly language—one can't get an instant's rest! Talk of the quiet of the country, what a mistake! I like a place where everything is not given up to birds and beasts and insects! London is the best place! You have nothing to cope with there, but the noise of human beings and carriages! Lucy, let us go to London for a week or two."

The truth was that Mrs. Mostyn had come to the conclusion that, in Lucy's present excitable and uncomfortable frame of mind, Calder Grange was a most undesirable place of residence for her, and wanted to get her away to some place where she would have more change of scene, and less time to torment herself with her own thoughts. Lucy quite understood this—quite saw the drift of all Lettice's rambling and pathetic lamentations—but she wished to stay where she was, and said so. She had "made up her mind to stay at Calder Grange till November, and she begged Lettice not to try to persuade her to leave it, for her decision was unalterable."

"Well, I have said my say, and you don't agree with me; but you would be much happier if you moved about more."

"I am going into the village with Aunt Esther almost directly."

"Flannel-petticoating!" said Lettice, "I get enough of that at home. I flannel-petticoated and stockinged every old woman in the place before I came away. I shall never forget how fluffy the air was for hours after it was over! Give me a book and shut the windows, for those birds of yours deafen me. Now go to your old women. I am all right here."

Lucy and Aunt Esther walked into the village. They wanted to see one of the cottagers who was doing some work for the Grange establishment. The morning was still in full beauty, and the tender lights and shadows on the mountain before them were an exquisite

pleasure to both. Their path lay through the wood, and most it was to watch the sunlight forcing its way through the green leaves above and to catch glimpses of the silver-shining and the sunlit mists still clinging to the mountain. "Let her hate the country, and wants me to go away somewhere, Lucy; "but, Aunt Esther, let us make our home here. I had there was such a lovely place in the world as this. I could bring myself to leave it."

They reached the village and the house of which they search. A white-capped Cumbrian dame, cleanly, comfortable, industrious, sat knitting in her own picturesque porch: her a slab of grey slate. She took them into the cottage and best room, which had not known what an open window weeks. Grey slate was plenty good enough for her to sit the ladies must go in.

"And how are times with you, Mrs. Crosthwaite?" Aunt Esther, when the business part of the visit was over.

"In a middling way, ma'am; nothing to boast of."

"You have not let your rooms yet," said Lucy.

"No, ma'am—not yet—perhaps not at all."

"How is that?" asked Aunt Esther, "I thought you would let—such nice rooms, and such a splendid view! Oh, sure to let them!"

"Well, ma'am, I may, but then I may not. Are you to spend the summer here, Miss Clavering, ma'am? I hope you think it over bold of me to ask."

"I," said Lucy in some surprise; "yes, I am going here."

"You will be here the whole summer, ma'am?"

"Most likely, and perhaps autumn and winter, too."

Mrs. Crosthwaite did not look as if the news were all acceptable to her: she made a sound between a low groan and said, "Well, that is a good stay!"

"It is so pretty here," said Lucy.

"Yes, it's pretty, there's no denying that!" The good woman's eyes had strayed away to some large, flat, deal cases in one corner and now she was looking ruefully at them.

"What nice, clean-looking packages!" said Aunt Esther. "are they? Some commercial traveller's things?"

"Nay, nay, nothing o' that sort, not they! They belong to an artist—a painter he called himself. He was making pictures last year."

Lucy felt suddenly interested: she earnestly hoped Aunt Esther would not ask his name, for she was almost certain that she knew it. She wanted to hear more.

"He was an industrious gentleman. Early and late and late and early, he was always on the go. And the splendid pictures he did paint! It was just for all the world as if you had shut up the trees and the mountains in a picture-frame for anyone to look at."

"And you are expecting him back here I suppose?" said Aunt Esther. "I am glad of that."

"Well, I expect him and I don't expect him! You said you should be here till the back end, Miss Clavering!"

Lucy felt a strange thrill of vexation and discomfort. In a moment she had understood all. This was where Mr. Richmond had lodged before, and now he wanted to come again, but not if she were at the Grange. "My stay is uncertain," said she: "I may go sooner. I might be obliged to go at once."

Mrs. Crosthwaite's face brightened visibly. "I was sure you would never stop the whole year here! I said so"—and then she looked confused, and reddened, as if ashamed she had said so much.

"I suppose," said Lucy, artfully, "this gentleman sometimes paints about the Grange—in the gardens and woods. I daresay he would feel more free to go about as he likes if the house were empty?"

"Yes, I think that's it."

Lucy was in great terror lest Aunt Esther, who was manifestly much puzzled, should ask his name. She made her a sign to say nothing: she did not want this Mrs. Crosthwaite to be able to tell Mr. Richmond that Miss Clavering had guessed who wanted to come. If possible his name must not be mentioned between them. "He, perhaps, asked you," said Lucy, "to write and tell him when the house was unoccupied again, and then he would come and finish what he had begun? Did he not?" for now she remembered that Mr. Fraser had told her that Mr. Richmond was busy with a large picture he could not finish.

"He did so. He is terrible set on getting end ways with it! Terrible disappointed at not being able to get on with it. It is of great consequence to him, he says, and I daresay it is, for you see he has his living to get. Uphill work it must be for him to get his living with that, poor gentleman."

"Of course I should have no objection to his painting in the garden or grounds," said Lucy; and then she stopped to see how

this speech affected Mrs. Crosthwaite ; that is, if she knew and was bound down to secrecy. A certain fidgetiness in conjunction with her silence, soon satisfied Lucy that this was the case, and that the good woman would reveal nothing ; so she said, " But no doubt it is pleasanter to paint when the house is quiet. There is less fear of interruption."

"There is less fear of interruption," echoed Mrs. Crosthwaite. "That's just it, Miss Clavering, it's interruption he is so afraid of."

"Well, it is quite possible that whether I like it or not, I shall have to go away from this place, and that at once. If I shall not come back until next year—but it all depends on Mr. Richmond. Good afternoon, Mrs. Crosthwaite ! You will do me the favour to tell me whether I go or stay, won't you ?"

"Lucy, I do not understand you a bit," said Aunt Esther soon as they were outside. "I let you say what you liked, but my tongue, for I saw you wished me to do so, but do tell me what you mean ?"

"Don't you understand ? Mr. Richmond wants to come and finish that drawing Mr. Fraser told us about, and he wants to stay here whilst I am here."

"Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Richmond's mother, and Mr. Richmond's drawings are perfect nuisances," said Aunt Esther. "Wherever we go, and whatever we do, we are worried by them !"

"I won't stay here !" cried Lucy ; "his drawings are a nuisance to my lives by. If I have deprived him of his inheritance, I must not prevent him from earning his living."

"Surely there are plenty of places where he can paint better than here."

"He has got his pictures half done, and you don't know that these people set their hearts on particular places ; Mr. Richmond often talked to me about that. Anyhow, reasonable or unreasonable, he shall have his way ; I cannot enjoy myself now that I am here, and my being here keeps him away." Aunt Esther was afraid to say this ; she saw Lucy was resolute, and knew that whenever she had a chance of appeasing her conscience, by making some sacrifice to these Richmonds, she was immovable. Even Mrs. Moore would not touch her, though she sharpened and used every household armoury.

"Then you turn us all out of your house when we had come to pay you a long visit ?" said she, in pretended anger and disappointment.

"Dear Lettice, forgive me ; you know the reason. It is

happen once. He will come and finish what he has begun here and will never return, or if he does, he must take his chance, for I can't go away again to please him. This time humour me—you know you advised me to get away—let us spend some of Mr. Kenrick's riches in a delightful tour. You and Philip must be my guests while we are away—where shall we go?" The affair now assumed a different aspect. Lettice no longer opposed; in fact she was charmed with the idea. All the party were summoned to sit together in solemn council at four o'clock that very afternoon, to decide whither to go and what to do. Many were the proposals made. Some were for Norway, some for Scotland, others for the Tyrol. Dalmatia and Cyprus also received votes; but suddenly Philip Mostyn rose up in his strength and said, "Why should we not go somewhere in your yacht, Lucy?"

Lucy started; she had forgotten she had one. "Why of course we will! What a delightful idea!"

"Are we all good sailors?" asked Lettice, not unwisely. Nobody knew anything about that; the only way to answer the question was to go and see.

"Let me go to Hazelwood, Lettice, and take care of your children while you are away," said Aunt Esther.

"Indeed you shall not," cried Lucy—"When we go away for pleasure you must be one of us."

"How long shall we be absent?"

"Until we are all tired?"

"Where shall we go?"

"See how the wind is when we get on board."

"How does one set a yacht a-going?" asked Lucy.

"I'll manage that," replied Philip, and ran away to write his orders.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE yacht had been set in motion, and was now anchored at St. Malo under Fort Solidor. Lucy and her sister were sitting on a heap of shawls on the deck, sketching the picturesque old dungeon. Mr. Mostyn had gone into the town to look about a little, and get the letters; Aunt Esther was taking a nap, and calling it "just running her eye over a novel." Lucy spoke. "I do wonder at anyone who can afford a yacht, ever living on shore! I never felt so happy or so comfortable anywhere as I do here!"

"There were some comforts to be had at Calder Grange," said Lettice.



"Oh, yes; but this is such a delightfully free, independent life. Just think of having a floating house of one's own with all the home comforts about one, and being able to anchor it anywhere, to put on one's hat and go and see the life of another country and come back in an hour or two, to a movable bit of old England. Isn't that something too fascinating! From the first moment I came on board and saw the captain and his twelve nice blue-jerseyed men with 'Dorothea' embroidered on their breasts, all ready to take us to any port in the world, and to give their lives for us and the 'Dorothea' if it were needed, I felt at home and happy. It is a pleasure to me every time my eyes fall on that exquisitely clean deck."

"Hm! I feel offended when they mop up my poor little foot if I happen to come back with a damp boot."

"I don't. I like their devotion to their deck. I dropped my paint-brush an hour ago, and I believe the mate was afraid it would make a dint in the boards. I am sure he was, he looked so anxious."

The "Dorothea" was a beautiful specimen of what Messrs. White and Lapthorne can do. Many a time, her skipper, who was in her the realisation of every beauty dreamed of by poet or painter, who loved her as men love their wives and children, who justified his love by declaring there was nothing she could not do but sometimes many a time he sighed and said, "She would have been absolutely perfect if only her masts had been one inch nearer together!" "Dorothea," so called after "the other Miss Clavering," was a schooner of 140 tons, and her crew consisted of the captain and twelve sailors. Since Lucy and her party came on board, they had seen many a picturesque place. They had lightly skimmed the surface of a perfectly smooth sea when they crossed from Cowes to Dieppe. They had sailed to Havre, and had run inland to Rouen, and had run back again in a fright because the inn-keeper bore the name of Robert Merivale on its last page. "One is so lonely in one's own yacht!" said Lucy, when she thought of his proximity to herself. "He cannot come here."

Lettice watched Lucy most narrowly after this remote encounter. She did not seem to be so much disturbed by it as might have been expected. She had been to Caen and Cherbourg, Jersey and Guernsey, since, and had enjoyed herself in all those places, and now she seemed quite happy with her "paints and papers." The saloon of the "Dorothea" was already very pretty. Lucy was trying to make it still prettier by painting some of the panels. She had done one and was now throwing herself heartily into the work. "Lettice," said she, "I want to get to the Grand Bey. I am

we should get the best view there ; besides, we ought to see Château-briand's tomb."

"You must go in the gig, then," said Philip, who had just returned with a handful of letters and papers. "It is no end of a long, tiresome way through the town ; besides, you would neither of you like the queer little bridge between St. Servan and St. Malo."

The boat was lowered and they started, and while Philip entertained Lettice and Aunt Esther with extracts from his letters, Lucy admired the stately island town with its long walls and many towers.

It was a long pull to the Grand Bey. "You are right in thinking that the view must be fine from there," said Philip, looking up at the great rocky islet. "It must be splendid."

The sea near St. Malo is full of these tiny islands—after St. Malo itself this is the largest and steepest. On the side where they were about to land, it descends to the shore in a series of short precipices, ending in a great confusion of fallen rocks. When the tide is low, the Grand Bey is no island, but rises in craggy steepness from the rock-strewn shore. A tract of sand divides it from St. Malo. It is a wet and stony walk, but the first part of the way is made more easy by a roughly-built, narrow, low, stone causeway. An expedition to the Grand Bey, unaccompanied by a boat, is not without its dangers ; for when the tide is rising, people may walk about on the sands on three sides of the island, and be wholly unaware that the sea is stealing in behind them, and that all return to the mainland will ere long be cut off. The low causeway is soon covered, and becomes a snare to those who remember it, and, instead of scaling the heights above, attempt to wade along it. Each year brings its record of those who have done this, and, confused by the incoming waves and by their own alarm, have missed the narrow way and fallen into deeper water. The chance of climbing the hill remains after all hope of escape by the causeway is gone ; but even this last chance is gone before the sands are entirely covered. Our party knew nothing of these dangers. Their boat pulled up to the shore, a sailor jumped out and drew it in, and once more all touched land. The tide was rising, but there was little or no sign of it yet—only a little brisk activity amongst the white-crowned waves outside. "Come back for us in about two hours and a half," said Philip to the sailors. "You will be ready then, won't you, Lucy?" Lucy having assented, he added, carelessly, "I suppose by that time the causeway will be covered?"

"Aye, sir, covered deep enough, and with forty or fifty feet of water !"

"Why that will bring the sea up to—up to where?" for assertion he had begun ended in an inquiry.

"Up to the very top of the second flight of steps. I have those steps in sight, sir," said the man, earnestly. "If you stay down on the sands, mind that you see that your way up the stairs is clear, and whatever you do, sir, don't let any of your party straggle!"

Phillip nodded; he knew there were high tides in that region, but he had no idea that they rose so high as the man seemed to say. And yet he had seen the water-mark that morning on the great walls, at St. Malo. However, he at once addressed himself to the task of looking after his party. The boat, meantime, was making its way to St. Malo.

"It is difficult to believe that water can rise so fast," said I. "Let us stay down here and watch it awhile."

"It won't be here for another half-hour," said Philip, who had asked some questions of the sailors; so they wandered about a little and picked up shells, and waited to see the causeway covered. When a boat coming back for them in two hours or so, they felt independent of all stealthy surprises, if only they kept the way up the stairs in view.

The sea crept nearer and nearer, it was wrapping itself round Grand Bey, and still it left shore enough to have tempted them to wander, if they had not been warned against doing so. It came nearer. They heard an ominous "swish," which denoted increased activity in the water, and before long, one wave sent a thin salt wash over the edge of the causeway.

"By Jove, but it does come quickly," cried Philip; "you would not get on shore now, without being knee-deep in water, if you ran ever so fast." For now stronger and stronger waves poured in, and the causeway was covered.

At this moment, just as they were observing how much the space which was left them was diminishing, a gentleman with an open sketching folio and hastily-caught-up colour-box ran across the stairs to them, and cried in vexed surprise: "Why the causeway is covered. What is to be done?"

"Yes; we have been watching the water cover it," said Philip coolly.

"And I have been watching you, and thinking I might have stayed where I was, so long as your party was here—I meant to have had a retreat the very moment you, who were watching the place, moved."

"We are going up the hill," said Philip. "I am afraid we must go at once, too. We have a boat coming for us in two hours."

"Oh, a boat!" said the stranger; "I ought to have thought of that!—Pray excuse my stupidity. Well, it is only a little more water than I expected—that is all"—and without loss of time, he promptly began to pack up his folio before undertaking his wet walk.

"It is far too deep for you to venture," said Aunt Esther.

"It is not safe!" said Philip. "Will you accept a place in our boat? You will only have to wait two hours for it. We shall be very glad to be of service to you."

"Thank you," said the stranger, "I accept most gratefully—I shall be very glad to see the view from above again. But if we do not go there soon, we shall have some wading to do even here." That was true. Vicious little white-edged pools were swirling in on one side—vigorous waves on the other—and without wasting another moment the whole party hastened to the path leading to the summit. Sometimes it was a path, sometimes a flight of broken and irregular stone steps, and by this they at last reached the top, which was nothing more than a bit of wild pasture-land. How the cows got up these rough steps they themselves best knew, but one or two were there; and there were some sheep, too, and here and there, amongst the grass, patches of sweet wild thyme and clover for them to eat.

"One requires to study the map," said the new comer, "to understand this rush of water. They have the same kind of thing at Bristol, I believe. There is something almost terrible about tides which rise fifty or sixty feet high."

"If such a tide came suddenly on our South Coast, all the marine parades and terraces which are built along it would be under water."

"And a good thing, too!" cried the stranger. "What hideous constructions they are, and how they are stealing round the island! It's my belief that in another fifty years or so, all England will be girt with one uniform row of stuccoed and handsomely façaded houses, with cards in the windows to say that lodgings may be found within."

"Well, from one point of view, that would be much more convenient," said Mrs. Mostyn. "It would be easier to get lodgings. It is such a trouble now—one never knows where to go—and when one does get into comfortable rooms one only catches scarlet fever in them."

"But what would become of our pretty sea-side places? There are some still."

"They must share the fate of all other beautiful things in this

most destructive age," said the stranger. "That cannot be put off, but when in the pursuance of ugliness and money-making the island is encircled by these terraces, I don't see why a check should not be put on the spread of infection in this way—Let every district have a district of its own—let the names of these districts indicate where they are to be found. Let us have a Measles district where sufferers from that malady may go ; a Scarlatina district for another class, and so on."

"But," cried Lucy, "if this terrace runs all round the island, the various kinds of invalids will meet and catch each other's infection at the end houses of each district."

"Oh, no, they won't ! The terrace cannot go quite round the island, as natural barriers are sure to interpose ; and besides, if the patients come in contact with each other in that way, even that is better than living in the same house, as they often do at present. But what is that gleam of sunlight turns everything into a delight? See how the terrace looks quite splendid now that there is a touch of rose-colour on the walls !"

"What a wonderful place it is !" said Lucy. "So strong and stony ; and those forts on the other islands are fine, too."

"Yes ; but I daresay those spiky rocks which crop up here and there where in the bay would, in case of need, do just as much to defend the place as any of the forts. Oh, do look at the difference the new sunshine makes ! Before it came, St. Malo, with its trimly-built walls and towers and neatly squared stones, was but a dull look on, and now it is divine."

"Yes ; and have you noticed that bed of sea-pinks behind the fort there on the hill-side, with the sun shining through them?"

"They are like crimson fire ! We are going to have a fine sunset."

Mrs. Mostyn called them to see Châteaubriand's ugly tomb. "It is a lonely place to be buried in," said she ; "I don't like it."

"Not lonely at all, to my mind," said he ; "with the wind blowing freely over it, and the sun shining down, and the waves beating on their music below, it seems to me the very place for a poet's tomb."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Mostyn, "the real truth is, that no one would want to be buried anywhere. All places are dismal when seen in that light."

"If we have done anything worth doing," said the stranger, "we do not see that it is so hard to die. I should hate to die without at least tried to do something."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Mostyn, "only don't make it as hard as

painful to live as it is to die. I mean, don't make life too much of an effort and struggle."

"It is meant to be an effort and struggle," said he; "there is rest, and more than enough of rest, when we come to that!" and he pointed hastily to the lonely grey tomb.

Lucy looked at his strong and earnest face. She wondered what kind of work he tried to do. She did not think he was likely to fail in it. His face was full of kindness as well as of strength. The rest of the party having moved a step or two up the bank again—Lettice always did run away from all "dismal talk"—Lucy said, "Is it wrong to ask you what work you wish and try to do?"

He smiled, and his smile was a particularly delightful one, and contained a warm recognition of her sympathy. "My work," said he, "is to try to make people admire God's work more. Every bit of nature which is left unspoiled by man's greediness, or wickedness, or stupidity, has something noble and grand in it—something divine left in it. The skies and clouds, which man cannot meddle with, are always magnificent. I try to transfer to paper some of the beauty I see—generally the most beautiful things are the most fugitive."

"That is true," said Lucy; "the sky we admired so has changed already."

"Yes. Is it not wonderful to think that day by day—nay, minute by minute—nature sets a painted poem before us, whether anyone is there to see it or no?"

"And you want to get more and more people to see and enjoy it?"

"Yes, and to take pleasure in the ways of quiet peacefulness, and think it a disgrace to blot out any part of this revelation from above for mere gain."

"Explain a little," said Lucy.

"I don't want to stop trade, of course, but still this wanton destruction of all beauty the moment trade steps in is very hateful! I am viewing things as an artist, of course; but there is no doubt that men's characters are degraded with the degradation of the scenery around them. Both as a man and an artist I grieve over the crushing out of the sweet pastoral life of the land, which gives us instead of homely, contented husbandmen, men who burn down their masters' houses and don't mind whether a servant or two are left in them or not. You saw that account in the newspaper the other day?"

"Then you preach the gospel of beauty, and think if people attached more value to it they would be better?"

"Of course they would—that is an undoubted fact."

"I am so much obliged to you for talking to me," said she humbly. "I am quite sure that you paint beautifully," and then she blushed, and was afraid it was very odd of her to say so, while he looked at her and for once wished he were a painter.

"Paint beautifully!" said he; "oh no, I only try. I did not make such failures! However, the greatest wish I have is to paint a good picture some day."

Lucy looked down. She found herself wishing she could sometimes be near him to help him—or at any rate to hear him. "People who work in the spirit you do," said she, "do not mind failures."

They moved slowly away from the tomb by which they had been standing, and went back to the top of the hill. "Are you going to paint here?" said she, and she spoke very reverently. In her mind she was thinking that perhaps she herself would now paint by talking to him and hearing his aim in art. Then she said, "I am so like to see some of your work."

"You would think me an impostor, who talked of great things and did little ones."

She shook her head. She did not believe that.

Philip had sauntered away, and was switching off the heads of some thistles. He appeared to be completely happy. Mrs. Lettice was just settling herself down with her back to the view, and was reading a volume of a very commonplace novel. She flounshed it with her eyes, and said, "You see, Miss Lucy, I am provided. I am not going sketching with you is—sitting hour after hour, with nothing to do."

"Can't you look at the view I am going to try to sketch?" said Philip, supposed to be worth looking at, or I should not want to do so. Lucy, who now felt sketching from nature to be a much more important and dignified occupation than she had hitherto believed it to be.

"I have looked at it—I can't always be looking at the same view. Come, sit down, and begin! I am quite happy here, and I am sure to see more of the view I can study your sketch."

Lucy sat down. She was rather vexed with Lettice's low tone of mind. After all, she said to herself, it is very bad to be so near with people whose tone is low! It would have been far better for me if I had been more with some one like our new friend. He always stirs up my better thoughts. She began her sketch. The other man retreated, and began to study the scene before him. Mrs. Lettice, too, sat down and began to sketch, or make notes. Then Philip looked at him. His keen, earnest eyes were fixed on sky and



he was thinking only of them, and she could watch him unperceived. "I like him," she said to herself; "I like him immensely! He is very handsome—but how could he help it with those eyes?"

It was a magnificent sunset, with a touch of angry brilliance about it. It flashed on Lucy's quiet, easy subject, and at once invested it with a splendour which it was quite beyond her power to reproduce. "The clouds have something almost human about them," said she to Aunt Esther, who was lovingly bearing her company, and watching each touch of her brush with unbounded admiration. "Look how fiercely and passionately they flash up, as if angry with the sun for leaving them!"

"Do you think clouds have those feelings, my dear?" replied Aunt Esther; and Lucy thought, "He would have known what I meant."

"It is time to go," said Philip, after an hour or so. "The boat will be at the steps before we are."

Lucy began to collect her things—so did the stranger. He got his together first, and came to her. "Oh! but please let me see what you have been doing," said she. "I was hoping to see it before you shut your folio."

"It is only a blot of the sky," said he; but he opened his folio to show it to her. Lying loosely inside the folio was a finished sketch; she saw that, too. She looked attentively at it and turned pale; then, trembling slightly, she looked at him, and her eyes were full of trouble. He was watching her. He saw the changed expression of her face, but he had no clue to her thoughts.

She quietly returned his folio, and said only, "Your work is very beautiful—very, very beautiful," and then she stooped down to her colour-box.

"Come, Lucy, what a long time you are!" said Philip. "We shall be late for dinner."

Lucy hurried over her preparations, but she seemed hardly to know what she was doing.

"Come with me to the other edge of the cliff," said Philip to the stranger. "I want to show you a view of my discovering."

"Be quick, Lucy," cried Lettice, who was strolling towards the steps with Aunt Esther.

"Yes," cried poor Lucy, "I am coming," and from the ground she picked up her colour-box and shawl, but in her haste dropped a brooch which was by way of being an heir-loom in her family, and which she wore more frequently than Aunt Esther thought prudent.

"What hot cheeks you have given yourself with all that stooping,"

said Lettice. "Lucy, you are a silly girl! You come to these places, and you don't get a bit of pleasure out of them, because you will give yourself the trouble of sketching. Can't you buy a picture of this view, if you want one? I dare say that young man who is standing there with Philip would do you one—no doubt he will do what he does, though he is so very gentlemanlike. Buy something of him if you want more of the place than you can carry away in your head. Don't make a galley-slave of yourself." Lucy was silent.

Lettice continued: "If I had half your money, Lucy, what a life I would lead! As for you, you might just as well have remained poor."

Lucy was accustomed to Lettice's gibes; if ever she did resent them, Lettice excused herself by saying, "I do it, Lucy, for your sake—to animate you a little, dear; think how flat your spirits would be if you had not me with you."

When our party reached the top of the steps, then, and not till then, did they realise how much the dimensions of the islet on which they were standing were now shrunk. More than half of it was under water. Shore, and rocks, and flights of steps, and pathways, were lost to sight. Lucy, with dilated eyes, was gazing on the stretch of sea before her. She had never had any idea of the sea's power before.

"You look, dear Lucy," said Lettice, "as if your mind were filled with thoughts too big for words, and glorious images of all kinds. Now, I'll tell you exactly what this place looks like. I have often seen a large ornamental sponge-cake, haven't you?—one of the kind which stands high on a dessert-dish, and looks so good that no one dares to cut it? They end by cutting round after round of slices from the bottom of it—and this island looks just like a cake of that kind, after two-thirds of it are gone. The sea is the part you know, and there's just a little bit of the top of the cake left."

"You might have compared it to a pine-apple when you were talking about it!" cried Philip. "That is cut in the same way. Lettice's imagery is poor!"

"Her ideas are poor, you mean," said Lucy, laughing, though she did not want to laugh.

"A simile which gets itself said, let it be ever so poor, is better than all the fine thoughts and immensities which you can't put into intelligible language!" cried Mrs. Mostyn.

"You will find it very difficult to put yourselves into that boat," said Philip, for the waves were dashing very roughly against the shore. "Here she is! How pretty she looks!"

"But that is not a St. Malo boat!" cried the stranger.

"No, it is the yacht's boat. We are in a yacht lying by Fort Solidor. We can put you in at St. Malo, though."

"I am staying at St. Servan, so either St. Malo or the pier by Fort Solidor will do for me, thank you—the last is nearer to my hotel."

"Could you not go on board with us and dine? We can put you on shore any time you like to-night."

The stranger accepted. He liked these people. Besides, he wanted to study the rigging of the "Dorothea." He had sketched her a few days before, but had not been able to make out some of the intricate details. The boat came, and was dashed backwards and forwards against the steps. The stranger took Aunt Esther down to it. While he was helping her—a task by no means easy—Lucy said eagerly, "Lettice! Philip! Promise me, both of you, you won't mention my name in his hearing, or let him think the yacht is mine. Don't say a word about me."

"We promise," cried both; "but why do you ask such a thing? What do you mean?"

"Hush! I'll tell you everything when he is gone. Please, Philip, let him think the yacht is yours."

Philip nodded. Wonderful and incomprehensible were the ways of women! He had not been married for three years to Lettice without learning as much as that!

Once in the boat, their way was easy; they had nothing to do but to watch the last rays of sunlight sparkling on the tips of the rocky islets, or to admire the vigorous strokes of the crew.

"You are a happy man!" said their new friend to Philip, "to be the owner of that lovely yacht by Fort Solidor. She comes very well in a sketch of mine from Dinard, but at that distance she only looks like a big white butterfly resting on the water."

Philip returned some vague answer. Lucy saw his embarrassment, and broke in at random with this question: "Which of us could get up much love and affection for the island we have just left if it suddenly became his property?"

"I don't want it," said Philip; "it is dull and barren."

"And ghostly," said Lettice, who wanted none of it.

"It is fine in some ways," said the stranger; "but I don't want to possess it. In fact, the only place I ever did covet was an estate in Cumberland, which used to belong to a relative of mine. It was a lovely place, with everything a landscape-painter cares for: fine mountains, a lake, very pretty woods, and a charming old-fashioned

house. If I had that place and five hundred a year I should have nothing left to wish for, except to live long enough to do my work."

"I dare say you will get that very place, some day," said Philip. "people generally do get the things they wish for—in some way or other, they do."

"In no way can I ever get that! It has gone from me for ever. It can't be helped."

"Now, I dare say," continued Lettice, "that if you were appointed about losing that place it is only because it is so, and you would not have regretted it at all if it had been a house in London."

"I was tried in both ways," said the stranger, smiling. "I don't think, however, that I am especially attached to my place and wealth, except for the sake of working with an easy yacht would be a splendid help to me, though."

"Aunt Esther," whispered Lucy, "I have lost my breath."

It was only a whisper, but he heard it, and Lucy said so.

"How vexing!" cried all the others. "a family brooch!"

It was like breathing in new life to listen to this man's conversation during the evening. He had not spoken so much or so well before, but now he seemed to be at home with them, and talked of art and pictures and beautiful places, until Lucy felt that she had listened for ever. Philip also was charmed with him, and Lettice's mocking spirit was laid to rest. He looked at Lettice—the only one yet done. He praised her work and gave her hints for the future. His praise consisted of the few words which a man can draw! but it gave her great delight.

"Thank you for one of the happiest evenings I have ever spent," said he at length.

"But we shall see you again?" cried Philip.

"Often, I hope," said Lettice.

He turned to Lucy, and seemed to desire a word of praise from her also. "I hope you will come again," said she.

"I will come to-morrow, if I may," said he; "I have a great deal to see your panel by daylight."

It was arranged that he should come to luncheon next day, and go with them to Dinan the day following.

"Good-night," said Lucy, holding out her hand—she felt a great pleasure in hearing him make this engagement. The boat was waiting to take him on shore. He stood up in it, cap in

bid a last good-bye to the ladies who were now on deck. As he sat down, the light of a little lantern flashed on the side of the yacht, and his eyes fell on the blue line which ran round the vessel. "Your yacht is in mourning," said he to Philip Mostyn, who was going as far as the pier with him.

"Yes, for its late owner, Mr. Kenrick."

"Mr. Kenrick!" cried the stranger; "but have you married Miss Ilderton, or I ought to say Miss Clavering?"

"I married one Miss Ilderton three years ago," replied Philip; "the other is the lady who shares your love of painting. Her name is Clavering now. She has changed it."

The stranger was silent. Philip thought he was trying to discover Fort Solidor in the darkness. The boat touched the pier, and then, with renewed thanks, the stranger sprang ashore.

"We shall see you to-morrow," cried Philip, cheerily. "Good-night!"

"Philip!" cried Lettice on his return, "that is, without exception, the most delightful man I ever saw in my life!—after you, dear, of course!"

"He is not a bad fellow," replied that gentleman, carelessly. "I wonder who he is?"

"Yes," said Lettice; "isn't it odd to be together for so many hours as we have been, and not have an idea of each other's names! He knows that I am Lettice something or other, and that Lucy is Lucy something else, and so on, but that is all—you exchanged cards in the boat, I suppose?"

"No, we did not. I forgot—but he knows more than you seem to think, for the moment he found out that the yacht had been Mr. Kenrick's, he seemed to know all about him, and asked some questions. He knows that Lucy's name is Clavering, and was Ilderton."

"That is not fair!" cried Lettice. "He must tell us his name at once. I will ask him what it is to-morrow."

"He won't come to-morrow, if he knows my name," said Lucy. "I am sure he won't—and I can tell you his now. It is Hugh Richmond!"

## CHAPTER IX.

LUCY was right. Mr. Richmond did not come next day. About eleven o'clock a shore boat came alongside, and a note was handed in to Mr. Mostyn, whose name, too, had therefore also ceased to be a

secret. "I am sorry to fail in my engagement, but as a friend whom I am travelling has summoned me to rejoin him at Quimperlé, I am compelled to go. I am afraid that I shall not be able to return to St. Malo. I thank you again for your kindness and courtesies, and shall remain, yours faithfully, HUGH RICHMOND."

"And not one word about me," cried Lettice, who really had not expected to be specially remembered. Lucy said nothing. She had known he would not come. She went and sat on deck, but did not speak unless spoken to for some hours. Of what was she thinking? She kept her thoughts to herself. Mrs. Mostyn did not say a word. She would proclaim her discoveries, and ask questions. "He was thinking of Calderwater, I suppose, when he said there was no place he would have liked to have?"

"I know, dear. I knew then."

"How could you know then? Did you see his name marked on his handkerchief?"

"I saw his drawings. No one else paints as he does."

"And did you see how he hung his head when Aunt Esther spoke with such vexation about your losing your brooch, and how much about family relics. I suppose he was thinking of his jewels."

"Hush, Lettice—please do. I can't bear it."

"Lucy, don't sit dolefully there. Get to your painting."

"I can't. I don't want to paint."

"What do you want?"

"Not to have to talk."

After that Lettice left her in peace.

Next day they were to go to Dinan. At the last moment Lucy said she would not accompany them. She had kept her intention of desertion secret, lest Aunt Esther or Lettice should insist on her staying at home with her. Her greatest wish was to be left alone. She wanted to think. They asked her questions and worried her. She wished for solitude.

"You will be so dull if we leave you," said Lettice. "Philip ought not to leave her."

"Perhaps she wants to be left," replied he; and Lucy looked up gratefully as he said it.

"I do," she answered. "Take me with you, and I should be cross and tired; stay with me, and you will distress me; leave me alone, and you will, when you come back, find me all right, and the better for a day's rest."

"I wish she had not seen that young Richmond," said Lettice.

"I was sure she would be very much put out by meeting him. You see she insists on believing that she has taken all his property from him. I am sure he is as well dressed as you are, Philip. She need not pity him!"

"She will be better if we leave her," said Aunt Esther; "she always did like her own company best when anything was amiss."

They went, and Lucy stayed on the deck; and though she was in a very strange and perplexed frame of mind, she was conscious of the soothing influence of quiet, and derived a certain dimly-felt enjoyment from the sight of the sleepy light on the water. She was also much pleased with a few words from the captain, which meant rough sympathy of some kind. He did not know what was amiss with her, he told the mate—"he reckoned miss's temper might be a little out of order, or it might be some love trouble was disturbing her." The mate thought she was only "enjoying ill health" that day. In any case the captain said a cheering word to her, and she felt the better for it. "It never does to strike one's colours, miss, when any other way can be found for it! There's more good days a-coming." He said this as he was stepping into the dingy to go on shore, and to his great surprise Lucy said, "Oh! if a boat is going on shore, I will go in it, and walk about a little."

She went, and strolled through dull St. Servan, and wondered where Mr. Richmond had stayed, and thought she would like to see the outside of the house--and then she passed one of the most tumble-down and rickety wind-mills in the world, and presently found herself in the mid-air railway which joins the two towns. Once in St. Malo, she went onwards, and walked about the walls, and finally arrived at a point where she was just above the causeway which led to the Grand Bey.

"And so that is the way he went that day we first met him," thought she. "Poor fellow, he had to toil painfully over the rough stones, and through these dull, dusty towns, while we glided smoothly over the water in a boat which ought to have been his. It is disgraceful that all these means of comfort should be in the possession of such stupid, commonplace, self-indulgent people as we are, whilst he who would do some good with them if he had them has to work under such difficulties! We are a thoroughly ignorant set of people. We just eat, drink, and sleep, or feebly amuse ourselves. I perhaps might be a little better if I were sometimes with him. I am sure he could improve me. I feel better already since I have seen him." Then she almost blushed when she remembered that ever since she had first seen him he had never wholly been out of her thoughts.



"It would not do for me to lose my heart to him," said she. "But that is absurd! How can I care for him when I have never seen him once? But," she added, mentally, "he is no ordinary man. His mind was revealed to me in his pictures. When I saw them I felt I knew and liked him. The circumstances which brought me to him are so peculiar, too; I cannot help thinking of him. Why do I say bind?" thought she; "do they not rather free me? It is very hard to be separated thus from a man I could love so much!" She was during this soliloquy crossing the causeway to the Grand Bey. She was not doing it in absence of mind, for her thoughts were wholly given up to Hugh Richmond and the place where she was going. She was taking pleasure, too, in the fact that her steps were being planted on the very stones where his had been planted such a short while before. She would run up to the top of the island; she would stand where she had stood with him, and she would try to recall his face while speaking, as accurately as she could, and recalled each word that he had said. Then she would look for the brooch she had lost, and thus please Aunt Esther, who would cease to regret it, and then she would return before the tide came in. She had not forgotten the importance of doing this; indeed, she was all about tides now that she was the owner of a yacht, but there could be no danger from the tide for nearly two hours. She thoroughly enjoyed her solitary walk. Her thoughts were wholly given up to Hugh Richmond. She could never see Hugh Richmond, never be a friend of his. He would no doubt always avoid her; but, in spite of himself, she would be his good angel, and would contrive that he should paint without any fear of having to work for money, or of being obliged to undergo any privation likely to stand in the way of his artistic development. She would in some way, entirely unsuspected by him, buy the picture he painted—she would hide them lest he learnt that she was the purchaser. He would rise to the head of his profession, and never know she had even this humble share in building up his career, and she would save a quantity of money out of her income, and would persuade some one to die and leave it to him. There would be comfort and joy in these hidden benefactions—and if she could see him she could see his pictures. "I do wonder why I love him so much," thought she. "He talked well when he got to the point of view—better—but it is not that—and he is very handsome; but I should never care for him for his looks alone—no, I like him because he paints so divinely, and still more because I have injured him."

She stood on the spot where he had stood to make his picture. She stood where he had stood by Châteaubriand's tomb. She

perfect feast of retrospection. The sea was sparkling with blue and white brilliance—she had not time to think of it. The air was buoyant and light. Her heart was light, too, for she had made this plan for the future and it pleased her. Happy as she was she remembered that she ought not to stay here more than an hour and a half, and looking at her watch she saw it was now time to go. Her feet sped swiftly over the grassy slopes—she did not mean to be imprisoned on this island. She saw something lying on the grass. It was a note-book. She knew that it was Mr. Richmond's, for she had seen it two days before; but he had taken it away with him when he went, for she had seen it in his hand when he was in the boat. She opened it to be sure, and saw a note of an effect which he had shown her when he made it. Then he had been on the Grand Bey once more—had perhaps not gone to Quimperlé! She soon reassured herself by remembering that he might have returned here just before starting, and on she went to the steps—but half-way down them, and walking rapidly, she saw Mr. Richmond himself on his way to the causeway, which the sea was each moment approaching more nearly. “I have no time to lose,” said she to herself, “but I'll let him get on a little, and then I'll follow as quickly as I can.” He soon reached the causeway and then walked on, and Lucy, when she saw that she could advance a little without any risk of being seen if he turned round, ran onwards too, and then hid behind some rocks until it was time for the next venture. When he was nearly across she thought she might go, and ran quickly to the narrow path which he had so lately used. But the tide was now coming in rapidly. Lucy had not gone more than fifty or sixty yards before the first wave washed gently over the edge of the stones which built up the causeway, then came a second and then a third, and then, alas! their gentleness departed, and she saw them leap up in front of her with much of vigour and menace. She turned. They were leaping up behind her also, and with a slight scream she ran back to the shelter of the island. Hugh Richmond could not have heard her scream, for he was all but across the causeway, and beyond the sound of her voice; but he, too, looked back—saw her—recognised her and the danger that she was in, and without a moment's hesitation ran back to her. He had so far to come that, quickly as he ran, the water was up to his knees before he reached dry land. Lucy had seated herself on a rock and was wondering what to do.

“Have you no boat coming for you to-day?” he asked, hurriedly. She shook her head. “Then you have stayed too late! I can carry you if you will allow me, but we must not lose a single instant! Trust yourself to me—I am sure I can do it safely.”

"Oh, no, Mr. Richmond, I will not endanger you!"

"Why have you come back? Oh, how wet you are!"

"You surely would not have had me go, and leave you away as best you could?"

"I don't know," she replied; "you have no reason to be otherwise."

He demurred a little, and said, "You see, however, my impulse was. They say that people act most truly when they follow their impulse. But allow me to carry you on shore. Please—quickly—it is now or never."

"I could not think of it. I am quite as well able to swim through the water as you. If you will kindly give me your arm, I will venture."

They went with all speed to the causeway, but no sooner had Hugh Richmond seen it, than he said, "It is too late! We can perhaps go three parts of the way safely enough, but I cannot answer for the fourth. Don't be under any apprehension about it," he added; "they are sure to see us from the walls, and so I am afraid your adventure is more disagreeable than romantic."

Lucy at once began to wave her handkerchief in a most animated and vigorous manner. He did the same; but apparently no one was there at the moment to see them and respond.

"Won't your friends on board the 'Dorothea' send for me by-the-bye, I am forgetting that they are not there to-day."

On this Lucy divined that he had seen the party go, and thought that he could come here in their absence, and run the risk of meeting any of them.

"No," said she sadly, "no one will send for me. No one knows where I am. I thought, Mr. Richmond, you would come to Quimperlé?"

"My journey was postponed. I am going to-night."

"Then you might have come to us yesterday?"

"Yes, I might—but I thought you would not care to see me again."

"Why should I not wish to see you again?" cried Lucy. "My great wish is to see you and Mrs. Richmond, and to be friends with you both—and if you will excuse me saying it, to share with you the grief Mr. Kenrick so unjustly left me."

"You are mistaken," said he; "there was no injury done. I would never have left anything to us—my mother deceived me. He and she were not on good terms; and as for me, I never saw him. We had no claim on him whatsoever!"

"Mr. Richmond, you might treat me more kindly than your mother did. I went to ask her to share her brother's property with me, and she refused. It would have been very sweet and generous of her if she had said yes."

"Impossible! Neither of us could have done that! How could we have taken from you what was not intended for us? You are quite under a false impression, if you think you have done us any injustice—indeed, you have not."

"Ah! Mr. Richmond, you are just as proud as your mother, only you show it in a different way."

"Indeed, I mean what I say."

"Then why avoid me?"

"I won't avoid you if you do not object to seeing me. I thought you might dislike it."

"Then we may be friends?"

"Of course we may. I am delighted to think you wish it."

"And your mother?"

His eyebrows contracted slightly. "Oh! my mother! I am afraid you must let her go her own way! She resents her brother's conduct, and always will; but she is wrong."

"Then there is another thing—Why would you not let me have your drawing?"

"I never knew you wanted it until after my mother had answered your note—at the same time, you can understand that no one likes his pictures to be bought by way of making amends, however grateful he may be for the kindness which prompted such a feeling."

"How entirely you have mistaken my motive! When I tried to make that drawing my own, I had never even heard of you. I did not know that you were related to Mr. Kenrick until after your mother's note came. I wanted the Calderwater drawing for its own sake. It is divine! Do let me have it—you will make me so happy if you consent."

"You shall have it, if you will honour me by accepting it."

"Oh no, how can I? Why do you ask such a thing?"

"I should so like to give it to you. Please accept it."

Lucy shook her head, and continued: "And you would not give me lessons, or come to Calderwater while I was there?"

"Can you not understand," said he, "that when people are situated as we are, it is almost better that they should not meet?"

"Yes, when we were strangers; but now that we have met—now that you own you are not vexed with me about Mr. Kenrick's will—why should we not see each other sometimes?"

"There is no reason against it," said he. "It is a great pleasure to me to see you."

"And perhaps some day you will give me lessons?"

"I think you must not ask me to do that," he replied, with hesitation.

"Not ask you!" cried she. "Oh! please say why not?"

"I dare not give you lessons."

"Dare not!"

"Yes, dare not! I am a very poor man—I always must remember—I am afraid it would not do for me to see much of anyone whom my relations are so peculiar! Perhaps I am proud—but this is the truth."

"And you told me a few minutes since that you owed me will!" said Lucy, bitterly.

"There is a great gulf between us," said he.

"You talk of a gulf," cried Lucy, impetuously. "Do you not care for money?"

"No, of course not; but you have it! I don't care for it, haven't it; but then no one would ever believe that I did not care for it—but you don't understand."

Lucy sighed. Perhaps she began to have some dim apprehension of his meaning—to see that he was afraid if he were too much with her he might learn to care for her than it would be well for him to do. Possibly she felt that he never would allow himself to love her lest the world should think that he had wooed her only to win back his uncle's wealth. That as it might, she sighed, and said, "Ought we not to wave our handkerchiefs more vigorously? the people on shore do seem to see us!"

"Yes, I think we ought. But they can easily see us without making signals. One thing we must do, and that is, go up the beach at once, or we shall have the tide getting in between us and the shore. Let me give you my arm!"

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, coldly—she was still wondering what his speeches could mean. Presently, while resting at the second flight of steps, she said, "You have been on the Grand Bey since we were here together. I have picked up your sketch-book."

"My sketch-book!" cried he. "Oh, thank you. I had a chance to revisit the places I saw with you."

That was precisely what she herself had been doing. Could it be possible that any of the thoughts which had passed through her mind while doing this had also passed through his?

"I knew who you were," said Lucy, "the moment you showed me your sketch."

"Did you, really? I saw that something had happened, but had no idea what it could be. Then you recognised my work? Miss Clavering, please accept that little drawing you liked in the Exhibition."

"Never!" cried she. "Why should all the generosity be on my side? You take nothing from me!"

"By-the-bye, I have your brooch," said he. "I looked for it yesterday, and could not find it—I found it this morning."

"Thank you," cried Lucy. "How pleased Aunt Esther will be, and how pleased I am too! It was a present of my father's to my mother before they married, and his father gave it to his betrothed too, and this ring was given by both of them in the same way. It is a posy-ring."

"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed, with some interest.

"Yes; would you like to look at it?" and so saying, she put it into his hand. It was a massive gold ring, and engraved inside it were two lines in old letters:—

My love for thee  
My life shall be.

"How charming!" said he. "It must be an old wedding-ring. They all had posies long ago, and it was far prettier when they had."

"That depends!" said Lucy, laughing. "What do you think was the posy on the ring a great-uncle of mine put on his wife's finger when he married her?—I ought to tell you that he had already had three wives and lost them. This poor fourth bride, no doubt, thought that she had got a ring with some pretty motto, and instead of that, it was:—

If I survive  
I'll make it five.

He was actually telling her that if she died she would have a successor!"

"But don't you think she must have seen the ring before the wedding?" he inquired, with a smile.

"I am sure she did not! Would any woman have married him who had seen that?"

"People are wonderfully odd!" said he—and somehow or other he became very silent for awhile. Lucy was silent also, for the sight of the ring and the brooch had reminded her of all the Kenrick jewellery, the possession of which was such an annoyance to her.

"Mr. Richmond, let us be good friends," she at length with some eagerness, and a strong wish to be diplomatic and persuasive.

"What shall I do to show you how much I wish it?" with one of his smiles, which were so pleasant to see.

"Come and pay me a visit in Chester Square, and I will pick out the family jewels which your mother would most make me miserable to have them—do come."

"Please, Miss Clavering," said he, "please remember to have our pride too. We feel your goodness and kindness can we receive from you in this indirect manner any Kenrick did not wish to give us?"

"I hate pride!" cried Lucy. "Really, Mr. Richmond, your mother has far too much of it!" She looked pretty as she said this, the little air of pique with which it became her so.

"If you were in my place you would act as I do," said he. "Besides, remember that all these possessions which afflict me are things about which I am rather indifferent. I am a plain-minded, unambitious man. If I have daily bread and health, and nothing more than a little sunshine."

"I understand," said Lucy, in a tone which she herself felt to be one of slight vexation. "You are independent of your creatures."

"I! by no means! I am very fond of my fellow-creatures; they are of the kind I like. I was intensely happy with 'Dorothea.'"

They were sitting on the slope of the topmost hill. Lucy fastened her handkerchief to a stick, and was waving it with intermittent energy; but in her secret heart she did not wish to be seen just yet.

"Some of the people over there are quite certain to come," said Hugh Richmond. "Let me enjoy this very unusual pleasure for one half-hour longer in peace. When I see you with that white signal with such good will, I feel as if a boat would come and carry you away in five minutes."

"It would carry you, too."

"Yes; but it would mean bidding you farewell a few minutes afterwards."

"We will talk for half an hour," said she, gaily, "and then must take active measures to procure our release."

"None will be needed. Some of the St. Malo people



to see us and come of their own accord. Each instant I expect to see a boat put off."

"Then, in point of fact, our adventure is not an adventure at all?"

"No; it is nothing but an opportunity for a quiet half-hour's conversation."

"Which we could have any day we liked," said Lucy.

He shook his head, and said, "Not many more such pleasures for me."

Lucy did not know what to say. She began to speak of books and pictures: he followed her lead, and talked so well that she let the signal handkerchief fall, and was completely content to stay where she was. The sea was struggling and moaning below them; they did not heed it: the hours were passing swiftly, they forgot to mark their flight. He talked and she listened. She listened and he looked at her, and each moment he was more and more convinced that she was the prettiest, and sweetest, and gentlest, and most lovable girl he had ever seen in his life. He wished the conversation could last for ever. Could anything be more romantic than to sit here wave-encompassed, alone with the beautiful girl who had played such a strange part in his history? She, all the while, was thinking what a dull life she had lived till now, and what dull, dull people she had dwelt amongst!

Mr. Richmond's sketch-book, the one Lucy had found, was lying open on her knee: suddenly a deep shadow fell on it. She looked up quickly, and exclaimed, "I am very much afraid there is going to be a heavy shower!"

He, too, looked up in some alarm, and said, "We must really be thinking of getting on shore—I wonder no one has seen us."

"Is there not some danger that if they do see us, they will conclude that we belong to the yacht, and have a boat coming for us, and are independent of them and their help?"

"I don't know—but if so, we had better take means to undeceive them." He sprang on a broken-down wall, tied his handkerchief to a long stick, and waved it backwards and forwards.

A few heavy raindrops fell. Lucy said, "We shall get very wet; and you, Mr. Richmond, are quite wet enough already."

"I am dry now. It is only salt water." He looked to see what provision she had against bad weather. Her dress was of some soft, grey material, and she wore a little *fichu* of the same—that and a parasol was all she had to defend herself with. He had not even an umbrella, and now the rain was beginning to fall fast. He gave up

for the present the idea of trying to summon help from St. Malo, ran here and there to look for shelter. The storm was coming from the St. Malo side; he ran towards the opposite cliff, and after much search found on the very edge of it a bit of overhanging turf under which the loose soil had crumbled away. This roofed in a little space, but very inadequately. He took Lucy there; and as the rain came in a slanting direction from the other side, this place of shelter which he had found was sufficient to protect her.

"I won't stay here unless you do," cried she. "Am I to be cold and you get wet?"

"There is very little room," said he.

"There is enough for both of us," said Lucy—so he crept in and sat down by her. The cliff sloped away before them in broad terrace-like descents of half hills, half precipices, and they could perceive the heavy rain falling on the now leaden sea.

"We are tolerably dry here, but we lose our chance of making the St. Malo people see us," said Lucy: "however, the rain is so heavy it can't last long."

Richmond, who was accustomed to study skies, was afraid the rain would last; but he said, cheerfully, "After all, this undercut bit of pasture-land is a great find for us. I'll scoop a little more soil under. I think. Sit still, Miss Clavering; I am going to work very gently. I won't throw any of it on you." He took a thin bit of stone and scooped away at the earth, delving in carefully, and leaving a thin mass of protecting turf above.

"It is not worth while to do that," said Lucy. "As soon as the rain clears away enough to let them see us, we must go out and show ourselves. What a pity my people have chosen such an unfortunate day for their excursion to Dinan!"

"Are you cold?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, no; I am quite comfortable. Now, really, Mr. Richmond, this is beginning to look more like an adventure."

"I hope for your sake it will not be too much of one. Are you hungry?"

"No, thank you—but what o'clock is it?"

"Twenty minutes past five."

"Where are you going? Don't put your head out. You will be so wet."

"I must not stay here. I must go to the other side, and see if I can't arouse the people on shore."

"Not in this rain?"

"I dare not wait any longer. We must make them see us now. It will be dark in an hour or two."

"Oh, whether you go now or not, we are certain to be seen long before dark. There are always numbers of boats about."

"Will you excuse my taking off my coat?" asked he.

"Oh! don't go without your coat," cried Lucy. "What can you be thinking of? Just look how it is raining!"

"That is the very reason why I am taking it off," said he. "A coat is a coat as long as it is dry; when once it is wet it is of no use to anyone." He rolled it up, put it in a dry corner, and went. He stood for an hour or more in the drenching rain, waving a handkerchief which would not wave, but, let him stretch it out as he might, dropped in a wet, soppy string by the side of the stick to which it was fastened. The rain which wetted him would have wetted the St. Malo folks, too; so none were abroad, or none looked over towards the Grand Bey. Heavy as the shower was, Hugh Richmond never once relaxed his efforts. He felt he must do all that in him lay to get Lucy away from this miserable place before nightfall. And then he could not help remembering how they had sat and laughed and talked, believing all the while that each moment might put an end to their captivity, until all at once they had begun to see that it was by no means so easy to get away as they had supposed. Hugh Richmond's heart sank within him when he thought of the delicate girl who was his companion in misfortune being kept here without food or shelter till low water. "We could cross by the causeway about four or five in the morning; but if we have to stay here until then she will not be able to walk." This was his thought, and it caused him to redouble his efforts, and dance and fling his arms above him, and gesticulate wildly before the eyes of those who were not there to see—and still the rain fell. It was falling more heavily now—so heavily that it was beginning to obscure all distant objects, and presently he could no longer see St. Malo, nor indeed anything but a blurred confusion of white raindrops.

Even then he did not desist; but suddenly he felt a light touch on his arm—he heard a sweet, low voice say, "Dear Mr. Richmond, give up trying to make them see you! Do come away! How can you stay in this dreadful rain?"

"How can you come out in it?" he cried, almost angrily; for he was vexed to think she had left her shelter.

"I could not stay there so long, knowing you were getting wet," she answered, simply. "Come back to the cave with me. Let us make up our minds to wait until the tide goes down."

Whatever they decided as to that, the thing to be done now was to get Lucy out of the rain. He came down from the bit of wall on which he was standing ; he turned to go back with her. He looked at her hat, which had sat so daintily on her head that morning—it was shapeless, and the feather reduced to pulp ; her dress was black instead of grey ; her face splashed with raindrops. Nevertheless, he saw she was trying to be brave and cheerful—there was even an attempt at a smile on her lips. The closely-cropped pasture-land was saturated with rain and intensely slippery. She stumbled and fell. She sprang to her feet with a laugh, which was but a faint one—but in another minute she fell once more. He helped her to regain her feet, but this second time he drew her hand within his arm, and as she still slipped, he put his arm round her, and supported her firmly. “Do not mind my helping you in this way,” said he. “I cannot let you fall every moment—and it rains so hard, we must walk quickly.”

Just then the violence of the rain abated a little, but they were both miserably wet.

“It begins to be something more like an adventure,” said Lucy, with a feeble attempt at gaiety. She had not quite lost her spirits.

The entrance to their cavern was slippery, and below it was a slight precipice, but he got her in safely. It was a poor little miserable place, which only afforded them room enough to sit ; but the bit of overhanging turf protected them from the rain, and it was a great thing to have even that. He shook her dress for her, and then he took his dry coat and spread it over her shoulders.

“That is why I kept it dry,” said he. “I thought we might want it.”

“Yes, but I am not going to take your coat and leave you shivering there.”

He insisted, but she put part of it over him—and then they could but sit and watch the rain as it fell on the now blotted-out sea.

“We are lucky to have this little cave,” said she, cheerily. “Mr. Richmond, what should I have done without you?”

Her lips were blue and her face was pale ; she shivered as she spoke. He, too, was colder than he had ever been in his life ; but he was more used to roughing it than she.

“Rub your hands,” said he, when he saw how she was suffering.

She tried to thank him and obey ; but her teeth chattered, and her hands seemed powerless to do much in the way of moving. He took her hands and chafed them, and restored some circulation. He drew her nearer to him. “Do not mind what I do,” said he. “You must not get too cold.”

The rain grew less heavy, but twilight was fast approaching. "I will make one more attempt to bring help," said he. "Is there any chance of a boat from the 'Dorothea' coming?"

"I am afraid not. The captain will think that I have met with friends in St. Malo. There are some people whom we know at one of the hotels there, and some at Dinard as well. I daresay they will send to seek me in both places when once they become alarmed, but that will not be until ten or eleven o'clock."

"I will go and make the round of the island again. Promise me to sit still until I come back," said he, and wrapped her carefully in the dry coat.

"Yes ; but don't be long. I shall be afraid until you return."

He enjoyed her absolute dependence on him, but he went very thoughtfully away. "How patient she is," said he to himself ; "and yet she is wretchedly cold, and tired, and hungry." He went to the St. Malo side and made signals until darkness closed in. He went to the steps—nothing was there but water, and then he saw that all hope was over till morning dawned and the waters went back. As he stood in brief despair, a flash of vivid lightning, blue and angry, darted down and seemed to strike the ground quite near him. It was startling in its suddenness, and was followed almost instantaneously by a crashing peal of thunder. His first thought was Lucy, and the need there was for him to hasten back to her. There was pleasure in the idea of rejoining her. Wretched, damp, and cold as the cave was, for the moment he felt it to be a home, with Lucy for its mistress. He ran with all haste over the slippery grass, but a second flash of lightning came before he reached his goal, and when he got there, Lucy was crying. He felt that he ought not to have left her so long.

"Don't cry," said he, tenderly, as he sat down by her ; but she laid her forehead on his shoulder and did but sob the more.

He drew her towards him. "Don't cry," he again said ; "it is but a little more patience, and then you and I will walk away over that abominable causeway of theirs, and enter their stupid, unhelpful town, and state our grievances strongly."

She tried to say it was the thunder she was afraid of now—a fact he knew already—but her teeth chattered, and she trembled too much to be very intelligible. Her hands were icy cold ; he chafed them, and wrapped her more closely in the coat which had done them such good service—but each flash of lightning made her tremble still more. It was not a cold night, but the damp was excessive.

After a long time the thunder passed away, and Lucy seemed to

fall into an uneasy sleep. He sat there in the darkness, listening her breathing, wishing for the light. The rain cleared away. One by one the stars cut their way through the dense veil which hid them from sight. The thunder was over, and all that he heard was the ceaseless wail of the cruel sea. Lucy's head was resting on his shoulder and his arm was round her. She was sleeping quietly now, and she was warmer, for very gently he laid his hand on her face to feel. Presently, with a sigh and a faint shiver, she awoke. At first she did not know where she was. She put up her hand, felt his face, and started back and away from him.

"Do not move away," said he. "We are perhaps thus saving each other's lives."

She bethought herself of how cold he, too, must be; he had given her his coat, and must be aching with cold. She touched his shoulder; his clothes felt dank and chill.

"You have given me your coat," said she. "I am warm, and you will catch cold and die!" and, while speaking, she began at once to take it off. His hand restrained her.

"I will not let you take it off. I have part of it. It will soon be morning, and then we can go. I am not cold. I am so happy to be here to take care of you."

Did the hand he held slightly press his? He thought it did.

"How miserable poor dear Aunt Esther and Lettice will be! How miserable I should be myself if it were not for you!" said she.

"We will go the moment day dawns."

"But can you bear it till then?" she asked. "You are icy cold. I am sure. Your clothes make me start when I touch them."

"I am very happy," was his answer. "I shall never be so happy again."

Lucy said no more; he, too, was silent, and hours passed. During this time there was an interval of unconsciousness on Hugh Richmond's part, though he would have denied that he had been asleep. When he became once more aware of where he was, his first thought was that he missed the sound, faint though it was, of Lucy's breathing. Her hand had slipped away from his grasp. He sought it, but his own ached so he could scarcely move. When he found it, it was cold and stiffly clenched. She had fainted. He chafed her hands, he called her by her name; her head was lying against the chill wall of the cave; he could not arouse her. Her head had fallen off, her hair was dank and wet with dew—as he bent forward to raise her, one long coil of it grazed his cheek. It was so cold that it seemed to cut him as with a knife. Still he could not

arouse her. A slight tint of grey in the sky enabled him to see a white something, which was Lucy's poor, pale face. He felt for her pulse ; it had stopped. What if it had stopped for ever ?

He struggled to rise to his feet, but oh ! the pain it cost him to do so ! He stretched his aching limbs, and then he took Lucy in his arms. If it were possible to wade across that causeway he was resolved to do it, and to bear her to the town and seek help before it was too late. Not without an effort on his part to save her should an end come to her dear life. But how cold and stiff he himself was, and what agonies of pain clustered about each joint of his body ! Wearily he struggled on his way with a grief in his heart such as he had never felt before. This sweet, patient, sympathetic Lucy was now very dear to him. She never stirred. Her head lay on his breast like a dead woman's ; her hands hung down, and were cold, and stiff, and numb. He tottered as he went, for he was chilled to the bone with the long night in his wet clothes ; but if he died for it he would get her to a place of safety. Suddenly, when he was very near the steps, he heard a loud cry, which seemed to rise from the sea. He tried to answer it, but his voice was frozen. Again he heard a cry, a cheerful English cry, such as sailors use. How terrible if a boat were near and he could make no answer to its offer of help, and so lost it. No sound would issue forth from his lips, and his knees trembled beneath him as if they must give way. "I dare not venture down those steps," thought he, "until I have recovered some strength. It would be most terrible if I fell with her." Ill as he was, he still tried to make his way to the top of the steps. There he would wait, and rest, and pray.

Oh, joy ! A light was there, and he saw dark figures of men rushing up the steps towards him ! They had seen him on the heights above them, struggling to bear his burden. Philip Mostyn was there, and six stout sailors ; and deep was the gratitude which Hugh Richmond felt as he yielded up Lucy to them. One long mesh of her wet hair had wrapped itself round his neck ; he did not know how, he was much too weak to know anything ; he felt them unwind it. They carried Lucy into the boat. They almost carried Hugh Richmond also. They covered them both with rugs.

"Send a man off at once to St. Malo for a doctor," gasped Richmond. "She has been unconscious so long that there is no time to lose." He himself helped to pour some brandy between her lips, then he sank back and knew no more.



## CHAPTER X.

LUCY had been very ill for a fortnight ; and more than once the doctor had looked so grave, and had shaken his head so ominously that all feared she would not recover. She herself did not expect to do so, and had asked to be buried on the Grand Bey. Few were the words she spoke during this illness, but once a day when Philip returned from seeing him she asked how Hugh Richmond was. He, too, was suffering from what he had undergone on that terrible night, and very anxious she would have been on his account had she not always received a reassuring reply. "Thank God !" said she, more than once, "thank God that you can tell me he is nearly well ! If he had been really ill after that night I never could have been happy again for it was my fault that he was there ; he came back to help me when he was safely off the island. In every way I have been fatal to him."

"Nonsense, Lucy ; he is all right," said Lettice ; but as she spoke she did not look so cheerful as she might have done, only Lucy's head was turned away and she did not see her.

At last Lucy was well enough to be carried on deck, and from that day she rallied. Nevertheless, she was still intensely weak, and could neither read, nor speak, nor do anything but breathe in the balmy air.

She was lying on deck as usual—it was the fourth afternoon since she had first left her cabin—when Philip came on board. He had been on shore to inquire how Hugh Richmond was. Philip did not approach Lucy ; in her present state of weakness she was not allowed to speak to more than one person at once, and Aunt Esther was sitting by her. Lettice drew him away to the other end of the vessel and there they talked earnestly.

"Go to him, dear Aunt Esther," said Lucy, "and ask how Mr Richmond is to-day."

Aunt Esther rose and went, but just then Lettice came past and answered the question she read in Lucy's anxious eyes by saying "Don't be uneasy, Lucy, Philip says he is going on very well."

"I wonder he does not come to see me if he is so well," said the weary, weak girl, and sank back on her cushions.

Aunt Esther looked eagerly in Lettice's face. Lettice went below, but made Aunt Esther a sign to follow her. Lucy did not mind being left alone. She liked looking into the sky, or watching the sailors, and occasionally saying a few words to the captain, who came day after day and gazed pityingly down on her. She had a great

regard for the captain, and it had grown greater during her illness, for he was a perfect gentleman in his quiet thoughtfulness. Aunt Esther went below; but she made the mistake frequently made on board a yacht—she forgot how difficult it is to say anything in any part of it without being overheard. Lettice did the same thing. She had summoned her aunt to follow her in order that they might have a secret conversation, and she chose for the scene of it a cabin with a skylight close beside the cushion on which Lucy's head was resting. Lucy could not have avoided hearing every word they said, except by moving away, a resource not easy to one who was scarcely able to stand. But the first words which she heard aroused her attention so painfully that she had no thought of moving.

"How is he, really, Lettice?" asked Aunt Esther.

Lettice burst into tears, and said, "They say he cannot outlive the night! Philip saw the doctor."

"Poor young man. How dreadful!" said Aunt Esther when she could speak. "What a shock it will be to Lucy when she hears of it!"

"That is the very thing we shall have to be so careful about! She must not hear it until she is much stronger!"

"It is almost wrong to keep it from her."

"It would kill her if she knew. She suffered quite enough when she had really done nothing to injure him. This would hurt her terribly—for mind, he has lost his life for her."

"But is there no hope?"

"Oh, no, there is none! Is it not strange, Aunt Esther, he has made the very same request poor dear Lucy did when she was at the worst?—he has asked to be buried on the Grand Bey."

"Do you think it is because he loves her a little?"

"I don't know—it looks very like it. Philip has had a most distressing scene with him. He says it was terrible! Mr. Richmond seized his arm and held him, and tried to make him take him back to the yacht when he came. He says he must see Lucy once again before he dies. He has asked to see her every day, and gets so anxious about it and so excited that it makes him ill, they say. Philip did not know what to do. It seems dreadful to refuse such a request. I don't know what poor Philip would have done if the doctor had not come—and even the doctor could not quiet him; nothing will quiet him, but seeing her."

"But did they not make him understand how ill she was?"

"Yes; but he wanted to come to her. He has heard that she is on deck—he wanted to be brought alongside the yacht. He said they

might hide him, or do what they liked to prevent her knowing there, but he must see her once more before he died."

"And they refused him? I could not have done that very hard when he is dying."

"What could they do? If he had come Lucy would have discovered he was there. Mr. Richmond's doctor has sent Philip to go again, for the more Mr. Richmond sees him, the more he is reminded of Lucy. His wish to see her amounts to death."

"If he saw her he might recover," said Aunt Esther.

"Oh, no, he cannot recover—the doctor says that is impossible. He must know. Philip has thought it well over, and has made up his mind that it would be very wrong and very dangerous to yield, and nothing will induce him to risk Lucy's life."

"Well, he may be right," said Aunt Esther; "but it is not to deny such a wish as that! I begin to think poor Lucy when she said she was born to do him harm."

"We are going to dine out to-night," said Lettice; and she began to pull out some of the drawers, and to get out her dress for the evening. "I am hardly equal to it, but perhaps it will prevent my thinking of this dreadful business!" Aunt Esther was not now, she was sitting in a corner, crying.

"Don't do that!" cried Lettice, when she saw her. "If she sees your eyes are red she will ask what is the matter." Aunt Esther dried her eyes—every feeling of her heart was always sacrificed to Lucy's good.

"Aunt Esther," said Lettice, "are you to be trusted? It would be terrible if you let Lucy discover what we are so anxious to keep from her! Mind, if you do, Philip will not let her go—he would rather use force to prevent it than see her do anything; he knows it would kill her."

"I shall not be the one who tells her," said Aunt Esther. "I dare not take such a responsibility on myself."

"If you do tell her, mind it is on your own responsibility. I will do it, for both Philip and I think it would be dangerous."

"Be easy, I will say nothing; but my heart aches for the young man. I think I will go to her."

"Aunt Esther, if you see Lucy's maid, do send her to her dressing-room. It is lucky it is only a family party to-night, for I am doing nothing but sitting down to cry."

Before Aunt Esther went on deck, Lucy had summoned the captain. "Stoop down and listen to me," said she; "no one is to hear what I say to you." Her voice was changed, her face

marble ; the captain was afraid to look at her. "I am in great trouble, captain dear, and you must help me."

As the captain afterwards said to the mate, "When she used them melting words, 'captain, dear,' I felt I'd have gone barefooted over the world for her, and have set out to do it over again as soon as I had got back ; but all I said was, 'You may rely on me, miss.'"

"And you will keep all I say secret?"

"I swear I will."

"Send a man on shore at once to get a carriage ; it must wait by Fort Solidor. The driver must stay there till he sees why it is wanted, even if he has to stay all night."

"It shall be done," said the captain, quietly.

"And, captain, if Mr. Mostyn gave one order and I gave another, which of us would you obey?"

"You, miss, on my word of honour—you are head-captain here."

"Then send for the carriage now. Let no one hear you. Give the order. Speak in a whisper. Hush, go now—here is some one coming."

It was Lettice, who ran up to say a word or two before dressing. Lucy's face was hidden by her handkerchief. She said she had covered it because her head ached and the light hurt her eyes.

"If I were you I would go to bed," said Lettice, and then she sat silently by Lucy for awhile, glad that she need not talk to her. She, too, was deeply grieved about young Richmond. Presently she went to dress. She was going to dine at Dinard, with an uncle of her husband's. Lucy was still on deck when they went off in the gig. It was to wait there to bring them home.

"Now, captain," said Lucy, "put me in a boat and come with me. What shall we do to prevent them seeing me get in?"

"They can't see us," said he—"that French vessel hides us—once in the boat they will not see you—but, Miss Clavering, you are not in earnest about going on shore, as ill as you are?"

"Even if it kills me, I'll go," said she. "Captain, be kind, and do not say anything to try to stop me. It won't hurt me, and may save a life."

She was lifted into the boat; then she said to the captain, "Please go and tell Miss Moore that I know Mr. Richmond is ill, and that he wants to see me. Tell her I am going to him. Beg her to come with me, but not to say anything to me about going. She cannot make me give it up—he would not have been ill if he had not saved me, and I must go."

"Yes, miss, you must go," said the captain, "and I will tell to use no words to try to stop you."

He came back almost immediately with Aunt Esther, and as had he counselled her that she sat down by Lucy's side and took hand in silence. The captain followed—Lucy had asked him to leave her. She was now sobbing quietly, but even before reached the shore she had checked herself and dried away her tears. Now that she had carried her point, however, she felt all the more that lay before her. She could walk a little, and under excitement could have done more; but no sooner did they reach the shore the captain said, "By your good leave I'll save you the little walking," and carried her to the carriage. Lucy's courage failed when once in the hotel. She sank into a chair. The landlord and his wife came to comfort her, but had no true comfort to give the doctor still said that his patient could not outlive the night. She had had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs accompanied by fever and delirium, and was worn out by weakness and want of sleep. Down came the doctor—a Scotchman—the same who attended Lucy, and cut short all that the landlord and his wife were saying.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I had no idea you would venture on such a step as this! I should not have given my sanction to it. I assure you! God grant you may not undo all the progress your own health has made. Well, I have come to say that my patient upstairs has heard your voice and knows you are here. He begs you to come to him, and I see no help for it now. So you must go—but no one must go with you—he must be kept quiet."

"My aunt will come with me," said Lucy—"no one else."

"I'll make bold to help to carry you as far as the door," then said the captain, and he and the landlord carried Lucy upstairs in her chair. She would walk into the room—he must not know how far from well she was. He was lying propped up by pillows, his eyes fixed on the door by which he expected Lucy to enter. Before he could speak she was by his side, and had taken his wasted hand in hers and was looking in his face.

"You have come! They told me that I must die without seeing you. Why would you not come to me?"

"I was not well myself," said Lucy, faintly, "and they concealed your illness from me. I did not know how ill you were until to-day."

"I was sure they did not tell you how I longed to see you quite sure, or you would have come."

"But did they not tell you how ill I was?" said she.

The doctor stepped forward—the nurse, a north-country servant

of the doctor's, ranged herself behind him in a combative attitude. The doctor spoke: "We thought it right not to inform Mr. Richmond of the serious nature of your illness. We thought the knowledge might aggravate his own symptoms."

"You made a mistake, doctor," said Lucy, simply; "you should have told your patient the truth, and then he would not have wished me to come—he would have been calmer, I am sure. I have been very ill," said she to Hugh Richmond, "and they deceived me about your illness. I never knew you were really ill till an hour or two ago. I came at once."

"I have been so miserable about not seeing you," said he. "I thought you did not care enough for me to come."

"I came the moment I knew. It was very cruel to deceive us so."

"They have done great harm by their over-wisdom!" said he; "they have fretted my life away."

"Umph!" said the doctor, who did not relish so much frank criticism. "Madam, if you are going to stay here, I must beg you to be quiet. I cannot allow any more conversation. You do not know the harm you are doing! You can stay if you like, but you must sit down quietly. The nurse will do all that is needful in the way of giving Mr. Richmond his medicine. I shall look in again during the course of the night; but, Miss Clavering, I beg of you not to stay long here—I assure you that my patient would be better alone with his nurse."

The doctor departed. Hugh Richmond turned to Lucy, and said, "Surely you will not leave me? The doctor says I shall die to-night."

Lucy said, "No, I will not leave you."

His feet were icy cold—the nurse was applying hot flannels to them—they brought hot bottles, but nothing seemed to warm them. He fell back and lay as if exhausted. The few words he had said and heard seemed to have thoroughly fatigued him, and now Lucy saw how terribly ill he was. She sat silently by his bed-side waiting, praying, hoping. She did not know how long she had been thus sitting when he again spoke. "I know we are both in the cave again, because it is so bitterly cold. It won't last long. They take me up in the middle of the night and put me into a scaldingly hot bed. My feet lie on hot coals and my head is scorched with fire. This state of things is better than that—but nurse, my feet are wet, and that is what makes them so cold. Don't you know they got wet this morning on the causeway?—that's what makes them cold now. Miss

Clavering, tell her about it—she does not believe me. She talk that way because I am ill."

Lucy shuddered. It was terrible to hear his mind was so weak that she did so, and said, "You shudder, too—and how are you? Starlight makes your face so wan and blue."

"Mr. Richmond," said the nurse, "you must not talk. The lady will go away if you do."

He looked inquiringly in Lucy's face.

"Yes," said she, firmly, "if you talk I must go."

"I can't talk," was his reply, "I am too tired." He lay down wearily and painfully, and lay quietly for an hour or so, in a stupor. His eyelids were not closed, but he seemed unconscious all around him. The nurse came and felt his pulse. When she had done this his hand dropped, as if powerless.

"Is he worse?" Lucy whispered in alarm. "Is he—?" she could not finish that question.

"No, he's not dying," said the nurse. "He'll last another day or two. They mostly go about three in the morning, and go on till the turn of the tide. That's a great time for them to die."

"Hush! Pray do," said Lucy. "He hears all you say."

"He knows nothing about it if he does. He's always in a stupor till midnight gets over, and then he's in his glory and talks twenty to the dozen then."

"Please, nurse, don't say such things," pleaded Lucy.

"It's no want of feeling, miss, none! I could not manage if I was as took up with pity for him as you are."

"Are his feet warmer?" asked Lucy, softly.

"A little, but he does not find them warmer. Nothing to them has much effect on them. They get warm of their own accord about one o'clock, and then there's no getting warm again. The hot fit is worse than the cold fit, and wears out more. But it's my belief that he will just lie this way, and so on, other, while he lasts. Poor gentleman, he'll not be obstreperous more now."

Lucy's heart ached, but she had courage when comfort was wanted, and controlled herself. "Nurse, does he never sleep?" she asked.

"Never, to do him any good. That's the worst thing he has to contend with—that's what's brought him to this."

"But he is perhaps sleeping now?"

"No, he is not. He is quiet, but there is no refreshment."



The nurse took an easy chair by the fire, and soon began to doze ; Aunt Esther had long since crept to a sofa in a corner and cried herself to sleep ; Lucy sat waiting for the end which was now so near. How should she meet his mother ? What terrible words she would hear from her ! Lucy had caused his death, and he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow ! He had died from saving her from the consequences of her own stupidity. Her thoughts were so bitter that she wished for any sound to break the stillness, but no sound whatsoever was audible to her senses but the breathing of those in the room.

At length Hugh Richmond began to move. "The exhaustion is passing away," said Lucy.

"No, it's the hot fit coming on," said the nurse.

Lucy was almost glad of it—this power of suffering was a link to life. He asked for water, and reproached them for giving him warm water. Then he complained of the sea. "It wears my brain out. If it would but stop moaning while I counted ten—even that would rest my head ; but it won't. Moan, moan, moan. It will go on that way till it kills me."

His voice was feeble and weary, his accent most piteous. Lucy did not hear the sea ; she began to sing to him in a low, sweet voice. No one ever knew what an effort it cost her to do it. He listened, and forgot about the sea, and gradually some painful lines in his face smoothed themselves away. He looked at Lucy, and said, "Whoever you are, you are kind ; but if you want to be really kind to me, do put a stop to one thing they do to me every night. . . . Miss Clavering—you perhaps know her—my mother always said that she was an enemy to both of us, but I never believed it till now. Every night Miss Clavering comes here, and just when I want to go to sleep she wraps her long, wet hair round my throat until I cannot breathe, and when I cry out, she wraps it tighter and tighter, until I am choked. Every breath I draw then sends a burning pain right through my chest, and I feel cut in two by a red-hot sword, and still no one will help me. That nurse, there, is in league with her, and will stand quietly by and let her do anything she likes to torture me." His voice was now quite strong again, and his eyes were bright with fever. "They talk about my being ill—that woman and the doctor, I mean—they pretend to be sorry, but they could cure me if they chose to stop her. It is nothing but having that long bit of wet hair wrapped so tightly round my throat which makes me so ill. They will not keep her away or force her to unfasten it, and it is wet and cold, and chokes me."

"That is how he always talks," said the nurse, "poor gentleman!"

"It is the truth, though! She pretends that it is not, but I ought to know better. I feel it. I feel it now, tight and choking me. It is Miss Clavering's hair, I tell you! It got wet when we were out all night on the Grand Bey—that is why I wanted so much to see her by day. I wanted to try if I could not persuade her not to do this. She does it every night, and that's why I can't get well—that is what is killing me!"

"Do not talk that way, please sir," said the nurse.

"That is your help, is it?" cried he. "Excellent help! I must talk, you say? But I must talk! I must be heard! Nothing will stop me. You like hair! It makes itself into such a tight, strong rope that it clutched Lucy's hand, and cried, 'Will you stop her doing it!'"

"Why, sir, that is Miss Clavering herself you are talking of. Miss Clavering who is sitting by you. Look at her. She is doing all she can for you as much as she can! She doesn't want to do nothing for you," said the nurse.

He looked at her in doubt and alarm.

Lucy let her hair down, and said, "I am Miss Clavering. I promise, as you ask it, never again to do anything to hurt you. My hair, it is quite dry now, so I do not want to wrap it round your throat any more." She took his poor parched hand in her own, and made him touch her hair. "Feel it," said she, "it has got quite dry and warm. I will fasten it up tightly, and you shall see me no more. Look what a number of strong pins I am using, and how safe I am fastening it."

He watched all she did with eagerness. He had forgotten everything which happened on the Grand Bey, except the circumstance that when the sailors met them and took Lucy from his arms, a long coil of her hair had to be untwisted from his throat. So or other, it had then wrapped itself tightly round it, and the remembrance of this had haunted him and played a terrible part in increasing his illness. When her hair was firmly fixed in its place, she made him feel it once more, and said, "Now that can do you no harm." He seemed perfectly satisfied, and made no more complaint of being strangled by her, but he still complained of being kept in a burning bed. He now seemed much exhausted, and as if partly unconscious. Presently Lucy saw him clutching his bed-clothes, as if to draw them upwards. Some one had once told her that this was a sign of approaching death, and the sight made

thrill with terror. She could not bear to see it. She drew his hand away and held it tightly in hers. She would hold it now until he died.

"Oh ! thank God," said he, "you have taken me back to the cave again, and it will be cool ! I felt I was there when you put your hand in mine. Ah ! how you slept then ; I could not awaken you !"

"You slept, too. Could you sleep now ?"

"Your head was on my shoulder then. You were unhappy, and so tired and cold. That is how we came to sleep."

"Could you sleep in that way now ?" asked Lucy. "Lay your head on my shoulder and try." She moved closer to the pillow where his head was tossing uneasily about. She drew him towards her till his forehead rested on her shoulder, and placed her cool hand on it.

He seemed to breathe more freely, and said, "How well I feel since you took that strangling hair away ! This cave is cool. Why did you not take me there before ?"

Strong hope arose in Lucy's heart. She felt he might recover.

"We must get off the island at daybreak," said he. "Waken me then if I go to sleep."

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I will rouse you then, but go to sleep now."

He shut his eyes, and seemed to yield to her as a child might have done. The nurse came, and saw him lying thus. She sat down by Lucy. Aunt Esther was sleeping in a distant corner, and very soon Hugh Richmond slept also. After a while his breathing became as regular and peaceful as that of a child. Lucy only was awake. The attitude she had chosen became painful to her. She never stirred one hair's breadth. She was weak and ill herself, but she bore all, and for his sake. She, who had not yet been able to sit up for more than half-an-hour at a time, sat in this constrained posture for hour after hour, proud and thankful that she could do so much. Her one hope was that perhaps under Providence she might be the means of saving a life which had been freely risked in her behalf. The foolish over-wisdom of those around them had all but cost both his life and her own ; but even yet all might be well. He was sleeping peacefully ; his hand, which lay in hers, was no longer parched ; his breathing was regular and calm. Once the door opened, and the doctor peeped in. He threw up his arms in wonder when he saw the change in his patient's condition, but he crept out without disturbing him. Lucy saw that he had expected to

find all over, or to see poor Hugh Richmond breathing his a hope which as yet she had hardly dared to indulge in, take up its abode in her mind. Day dawned, and still he still his head was on her shoulder. She feared the light awaken the poor sleeper, but he slept on. Aunt Esther, too sleeping; her face looked grey and haggard in the new light, happy she will be when she awakes and sees him!" thought and then she checked herself for over confidence. Who that he was safe?

About five o'clock he opened his eyes, and said, "I happy; where am I?" Then he saw Lucy. "Are you really?" he asked.

"Yes, really," she answered—her heart was too full to say more.

"Did they not say I was to die to-night?" he asked.

She pressed the hand she held. He looked tenderly in her face and said, "You have been very good to me. Do you care a little?"

"I care for you very much indeed," she replied.

He smiled. It was a treat to see that smile once more. His eyes seemed to close of their own accord, and he was asleep almost directly. Lucy slightly changed her position, but still by him, and still she held his hand. "For once," thought she, "I have done something which has not been an injury to him. God I came!"

Now that she could see his face she saw how pale and thin it was. She was looking sorrowfully at it when the nurse awoke and saw her. "What a change you have made in him, ma'am!" she said. "It's surprising what love can do."

Lucy was so shocked that she almost dropped his hand. She bethought herself in time and sat still.

"He has raved about you, and his love for you, and his hope about something or other."

"About what?" inquired Lucy.

"Nay, miss, I don't know; despair is part of the last stage," said the nurse, taking no particular notice of what he was saying.

Lucy began to think that as he was sleeping so soundly she might steal away from his side. This woman's talk made her feel more comfortable. She drew her hand away so gently that he certainly not have felt it; but no sooner had she done so than he started round and said something which she did not hear.

"You will be having him wide awake again, ma'am, if you don't take care," whispered the nurse, anxiously.

Lucy took his hand once more in hers, and once more he was still. The nurse now saw how weak and ill the poor girl herself looked, and came and put a glass of wine to her lips, and gave her a cushion to lean against; without this Lucy must have fainted.

Lucy herself was in a half sleep when she heard him say, "Nurse, I feel very well this morning!"

"And so you ought, sir, with a beautiful young lady sitting there and holding your hand lovingly like that the whole long night through. Most folks would feel happy. She's asleep now, poor young thing."

"What she does for me, nurse, is only done out of pity."

The nurse looked wise. "I don't feel so sure of that, sir," said she.

"She is fast asleep, nurse."

Lucy was, so to speak, fast asleep and wide awake too. She heard, but could not move.

"How do you feel about eating something, sir?" was the good woman's next speech.

"I believe I am hungry—but I ought to be dead," he added, with a certain degree of grim humour.

On this Lucy's hand closed tightly on his, and with a great effort she opened her weary eyes. The nurse went to bring some tea.

"Do not use that dreadful word," said Lucy to him.

"You have, I think, saved me," replied he. "I wonder whether the doctor will say I am better."

"I never can forgive the doctor," cried Lucy; "he ought to have let me come to you sooner. He had no right to conceal from me that you wished to see me. Why did you wish so much to see me?"

"To tell you something."

"But you have not done it."

"You are not to be told until just before I die."

Lucy was silent.

"You must be very tired," said he.

"No, I am so happy. You are better?"

"Yes, I am better. Thank you for all that you have undergone to make me so."

"What have I undergone that I would not gladly undergo again for your good?"

She had withdrawn her hand from him—it was lying on the arm of her chair. His eyes rested on it. He held out his own beseechingly. After an instant's hesitation she laid her hand frankly in his. He

looked at it, then at her. "Just for one moment," said he, "do not misunderstand you."

"Take your hand away," said he, in a short time; "I like to give it up, and I ought not to keep it."

Lucy left it where it was.

"Even if you attached all the meaning to what you are doing that it is possible to attach, my duty would still be this," he, kissing her hand, and gently putting it away from him.

"I do not understand," said she.

"I love you, dear," was his reply; "I always shall, but I am in no position to woo you for my wife. I wish you were as poor as I."

"A minute ago," said Lucy, "you asked me for my hand, and now you give it to me." And very timidly she held hers. He looked doubtfully in her face—what was she going to do? He held forth his hand. She did not lay hers in his, but she took off her posy ring—the ring which had been her father's and grandfather's betrothal ring—and she placed it on his finger.

He had not forgotten the motto:

My love for thee  
My life shall be;

and said, in joyful amazement, "Is it possible that you could love me?"

"Yes," was her answer; "as soon as I saw you I felt I could."

"Enough to resign for my sake all that Mr. Kenrick left you?"

"Yes; but you ought to love me enough not to care about doing that."

"My Lucy, my own love, you have saved my life."

"You seem to me to be talking far too much, sir," said the nurse, who suddenly, and with a great clatter of tea-cups, returned to the room. "You are much better, sir, but by no means out of danger, and if you please, sir, there must be no more imprudence with talk."

Lucy's heart sank—what if the doctor came in and did not like her? What if he was much impressed by the change in his patient? What if he said that she must die? Die! when they loved each other, and had their love? Could such a cruel thing be?—and yet how often it be! She hid her face, and the tears fell fast.

The nurse touched her shoulder, and made her a sign to come to herself. "I have brought two cups," she said; "you have been sitting together, and you must eat together; and then, ma'am, you must please to go into another room, and I'll straighten up Mr. Kenrick, and make him ready to see the doctor, and then we'll hear what he says of him this morning."

Ah! how terribly important what he would say had become! Lucy's tea nearly choked her. Hugh Richmond drank his and ate his slips of toast, and looked at the posy ring on his finger. He seemed to have no fear of the doctor's verdict, and Lucy had so much. She took the nurse into a corner and asked her if he were not better, and if the doctor would not think so? "There's no going by looks," replied that cautious woman, whose reputation for sagacity was at stake, so she dared not be too sanguine. "They often look quite cheerful and nicely, and then go out quite suddenly like the snuff of a candle."

"But don't you think he is better?"

"Well, yes, I do; but then it's the doctor who knows the most about it."

Aunt Esther and Lucy went away, and while in their room on the floor below heard the doctor's step. It sounded knell-like. They even heard his voice, and muffled and dreadful the sound was. Lucy had made the nurse promise to come to the door and hold up her right hand if the news were good. The doctor came instead.

"With care, he'll do!" were his words, and when she heard them Lucy fainted.

Three months afterwards the bells rang merrily at Calderwater. A happy bridal party walked through the churchyard. Two of the number stopped by a tombstone bearing the name of Hugh Kenrick—the very name the bridegroom had just signed in the vestry. "How strangely my poor uncle's will has been carried out!" said he. "I do not take his name—I bear it already—I merely drop the name of Richmond, which he never liked. God grant that his fancy that he should know something of what went on after his death was a true one, and that he now sees us standing here—and God grant also that he is as happy about this as we are!"

MARGARET HUNT.



*SKELETON KEYS.*

## CHAPTER I.

A SOMBRE landscape and a fading light. In the west, a patch of silver edged with copper colour; the copper falling into purple, and the purple into black. A zenith like an eastern sky of almost blindfold darkness. One straight road level plain running darkly to the east, and with a sombre stretching back to the patch of silver in the west. A doleful and time, and two doleful figures plodding away from the gleam to assail the wall of darkness in the east. Splash, Splash, splash. Side by side, with heads and shoulders butt the east wind. The east wind pelting past them butterly, and all its spiteful might to drive the cloud-shutters lower on the sign of day. Splash, splash, side by side, and the bitter with their ears with a shriek, and not another sound for an hour.

Tiburce Menseau, native of Paris, six feet high, powerfully but attenuated and ragged; John Jones, native of London, same stature, sturdily made, but attenuated and ragged: these were doleful two who tramped together. They were human scoundrels both, but the Frenchman was the raggeder of the two and the downcast. John Jones, bullet-headed, fair-haired, and of a naturally cheerful countenance, went miserably enough, to be sure; but and again he rammed the shocking bad hat he wore a little closer to his head, and always when he did so he smiled as though some thing pleased him. Tiburce Menseau watched this gesture furtively; between times awaited it furtively, and never a word he said. Tiburce lived by his wits; and though upon occasion they put him little, they were sharp. He had found opportunity for the use of Holy Writ in several institutions supported by the British Government, and one text curiously attacked his memory now, recurring to his mind every time John Jones rammed the shocking bad hat a trifle tighter—"Where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

Uncompromising officials in blue uniforms had on several occasions described Tiburce in public. The phrase they chose was severe, and widely inclusive. Moreover, it never varied.

"Do you know anything of the prisoner?" So ran the question which drew forth the descriptive criticism. The descriptive critic in blue uniform responded—

"Habitual criminal."

To do Tiburce justice, he looked the part. Leave a dark-complexioned man unshaven for a week, half-starve him for a month, dress him in rags, and let the rags be dirty, put a bitter devil of resentment in his breast, and though he were a curate to begin with, these things would tell unfavourably upon his aspect. Tiburce, who was not a curate to begin with, suffered those personal disabilities, and looked his part of habitual criminal all over. "Where the treasure is," said he to himself as his companion's hand went up to the shocking bad hat; and his companion smiled. A man who lives by his wits should be observant, and Tiburce watched all things that seemed worth watching "with lidless dragon eye." Whenever John Jones's hand went up to his hat—and it did so with unnecessary frequency—the fingers seemed to stay a little after fixing the hat more firmly, and there was a little movement in them as though they felt for something, and then John Jones smiled as if he had felt the something and was satisfied.

Tiburce Menseau made continuous furtive note of this proceeding. What was a tramp likely to have concealed in his shocking bad hat? Half-a-crown? Half-a-sovereign? A bank note? A stolen ring of value? Tiburce had known such things.

John Jones looked like a tramp of the home-made kind. The real British tramp is not like the customary vagabond of any other country, and John might have been taken for a type amongst the typical. He was sturdily built—as has been said already—but he slouched as a tramp ought to slouch, and he lounged—there is no other word for it—straight on, regardless of puddles, as alone a tramp lounges. At every step the water spirted from his broken boots, and the wind fluttered his rags as though he had been dressed in little dirty bannerets. He limped now and then, but only now and then, when his sore feet gave him an extra twinge.

Suddenly Tiburce Menseau stopped short and cursed in a tautological *patois*, blending damns and *sacrés*.

"What's the matter?" said John Jones, stopping also and facing him.

"Is there no end to the road?" asked the other, with a curse upon the dreary highway.

"Five miles, yet," said John. "A good five miles."

Tiburce Menseau, taking refuge in his native language, cursed

each individual mile in the five, and his companion made a start. Tiburce took one step after him and stopped again to make the five miles collectively. Then he turned about, and gazed at the fading streak of silver in the west, now tarnished, and the black with its pools of water, shining with a tarnished gleam. Meanwhile John Jones had made a hundred yards or more, and Tiburce, turning again to face the wind, cursed his companion's haste, his own laziness and weariness, and the bitter landscape, and so went on with his and growling curses under his breath, hugging his rags together. "Habitual criminal" written large all over him for any stranger's eyes to read.

One passing stranger read it broadly at a glance. He was not so intelligent a stranger as to be in the habit of reading characters of men who went along the highway, but he would have been dull-eyed indeed had he been unable to decipher so large-lettered and simple a placard as Tiburce carried. The stranger was a carter, dressed in heavy fustian, and bearing a folded sack upon his shoulder for extra protection against the weather. He drove a lumbering horse at a lumbering trot in a lumbering country cart, and as he passed Tiburce he looked over his shoulder at the scowling, uplifted face and pronounced a ready verdict—"Gaolbird!" Overtaking John Jones in turn a hundred yards ahead of the other, he looked again at an uplifted face which wore no scowl, but only a look of fatigued resolution, which, in spite of fatigue, was resolution. The carter pulled up.

"Be you a goin' on to Nebham, mate?"

"Yes," said John Jones.

"I can give you a lift nigh into the town," said the carter.

"Thank you," said John, "but there's a chum of mine bein' in."

"I doan't like the look of un," the carter answered; "I're loath to give you a lift if you likes, but I ain't got no room for no more one."

Now, as a matter of fact, he had room for half a dozen more. His first reason for rejecting Tiburce was more satisfying than the second.

"Well, the fact is, mate," said John Jones, "he's dead bein' in. I'm not—quite. It would be a real charity to him. I can't do it, somehow, and I don't believe he can."

"Vurry well, then," said the carter, "since beggars has to be choosers you can manage it together."

"Well, thank you all the same, mate," said John Jones. Tiburce came into earshot.

"You're a decent-spoke young feller," said the carter; "you woan't git no good out o' he. Git into the cyart."

"No, thank you," responded John. "Thank you all the same."

"Then stop whur you be, fur a fool," responded the kindly carter. "Gee up!" He cracked his whip and lumbered on again, murmuring that he didn't want no gaolbirds, and most likely there was a pair on 'em. Else what did they stick together for? When the carter had been so complimentary as to tell John that he was a decent-spoken young fellow, John's face was suddenly, but briefly, agleam with a smile of much humour, as though he enjoyed a special joke, the secret of which was his alone. The carter was looking back at the limping, cursing, scowling Tiburce, and did not see the smile. It was so merry and jovial for just the swift second or two for which it lasted, that it might have puzzled him to find it on the face of any man under such circumstances as the tramp stood in the midst of.

John Jones and Tiburce Menseau were comrades for a day by chance, and a man who had camaraderie enough in him to hold by so casual and unexpressed a contract was likely to have heart enough to feel a little more kindly to his comrade after such a deed than before it.

"We'll see the day through together, any way," said John Jones cheerfully.

"He offered to give you a lift," said Tiburce, in correct but foreign-sounding English.

"Yes," answered John, "but he wouldn't take the two of us."

"I heard him," said Tiburce. "Pig!" Then he cursed under his breath again, with an anathema for every limping step, and a groan of weariness for every anathema.

"Take it easy," said John Jones; and his hand went up to his hat again. He began to sing to no particular tune—

Then merrily hent the footpath way,  
And merrily over the stile, ha!  
A merry heart goes all the day  
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

Where did this bullet-headed, thick-set tramp scrape acquaintance with the great poet? The Frenchman scowled at him, and John Jones, having begun to sing, went on singing in a nasal and unmusical manner—

My lodging is on the cold ground  
And very hard is my fare.

He went clean through that quaint ditty, and ending with a pro-

longed note between a howl and a groan, he sent his hand to once more and smiled cheerfully.

"Where the treasure is," thought scowling Tiburce, always full of the gesture. What was the treasure? If John Jones had any treasure it might, perhaps, be as well for him to be Tiburce Menseau's way. The unconscious Briton lounged on and ceased to sing. Splash, splash; side by side, with heads and shoulders butting at the wind, and not another sound for a moment. The cloud shutters were quite blown down across the tarnished streak by this time, and the bitter wind was louder and keener, worried the two weary travellers more savagely. It grew so that they could barely keep the road. Suddenly Tiburce Menseau tripped and fell against John Jones, in such wise as accidentally knock off his hat.

"Pardon!" said Tiburce, and groping in the darkness he picked up the hat, and passing his thin, thievish fingers swiftly round the lining, felt and held a little package no larger than a penny. It came away with a slight tearing feel as though it were gummed or pasted to the hat. This did not detain the skilful Tiburce a second, and the thing was done with such delicate rapidity that in daylight it might have escaped notice. "I have knocked you off," said Tiburce. "This filthy road is filled with ruts and holes. Oh, I have it. Here you are."

The wind howled so that Tiburce had to repeat his last words. John Jones was groping wildly with both hands in mud and water. He felt greedily for the hat, and meeting the outstretched hand of the apologetic Tiburce, took it and felt within the lining, assuredly, and then rapidly and undecidedly. Then, with a will, he was down on his knees in the mud and water groping wrist and hand.

"What is the matter?" cried Tiburce, hugging the little package in his hand. Surely of value—surely. Else why such care of it? why such a cry of enraged despair at losing it?

John Jones made no reply, but went about on hands and knees in the mud, still groping.

"What is the matter?" cried Tiburce again, touching him on the shoulder. "Have you lost anything?"

"Lost!" said John Jones, voicelessly, "who can tell what I have lost!" and he groped on in the mud, while Tiburce waited with signal patience. The search came to nothing, but it went on until the searcher's bones were numbed, and until his hands could no longer feel the ground he groped on. Then with heavy head he staggered to his feet.

"See," said Tiburce, pointing through the heavy darkness, "there are lights. That is the town. Have you found what you lost?"

With no answer, but with no suspicion, the stiff-set Briton splashed on again through unseen mud. Once or twice he gave a heavy and heartrending groan, half of grief and half of rage.

"Surely," said Tiburce to himself, tightening the grip of his fingers on the package, "surely valuable."

Splash, splash, for half an hour through mud and darkness, and never a spoken word. John Jones was thinking all the way, and in bitter despair was calling certain things to mind.

## CHAPTER II.

"DON'T cry, Nell!"

This kind of advice is often easy to give and hard to obey. For once it was as hard to give as to follow. The adviser's face twitched suspiciously, as though he sorely wanted to copy the example set him by the advised. But your stiff-built, bullet-headed young Briton would rather die than weep, and he controlled himself.

"I have never cried through it all until now," said the girl, between her sobs; "and it's your noble kindness that makes me cry now."

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young Briton.

There were three people in the room—a pretty girl of twenty, with a face disfigured with tears, and a slight but graceful form, attired in mourning; a young man, with no especial pretensions to good looks, but strong and manly, with very honest grey eyes; a middle-aged woman, gaunt and spare, with a spiteful face, and eyes a little reddish at the rim. The room in which they stood was almost bare of furniture, and oblong spaces on the walls, where the paper showed fresher than elsewhere, spoke of the recent removal of pictures and mirrors, and gave the place a dismantled look.

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young man.

"And rubbish I say," said the spiteful-looking female. "Noble kindness! Oh, ah! Noble fiddlestick! Don't talk to me."

Neither of her companions evincing the slightest desire to talk to her, the spiteful-looking female looked more spiteful still, and sniffing with much emphasis, said, "Oh, ah!" again, and added, "Likely story."

"He had always said"—the girl was speaking—"that I was provided for, but now this cruel bill of sale has taken everything."

"There is still the freehold of the house," said the young man.

"Pretty freehold!" said the middle-aged female. "A tumble-down old place, two miles from everywhere, and not a decent road within a mile of it. It was just like the old id build here."

"Ann," said the girl, in a voice of authority, "how dare you?"

"Oh, ah!" said the woman again. "How dare I? To be Where's my year's wages with your bills of sales, eh? It's not proper for a decent, hard-workin' woman to be done out of her money by an old hunk like him, aint it?"

"Haven't you had enough money to pay Ann her wages?" said the young man.

"Money or no," said the woman, "she hasn't paid 'em. All I know."

The girl only shook her head and wept anew. The young man drew a lean chamois-leather bag from his pocket.

"How much?" he asked, surveying the woman sternly.

"Five pound," she answered, "not to speak of layin' him and waiting here a fortnight to be paid."

The young man counted out five sovereigns from the lean bag which forbore to give forth one chink as he put it back into his pocket.

"There is your money. As soon as you can arrange to leave, shall be glad for you to leave."

The woman took the money disdainfully and went her way. The young man advanced to the girl and put his arm about her waist and kissed her.

"It's very hard, my darling," he said; "but it will only bring us together the sooner. I shall find employment somewhere soon, then we must get married and face the world together."

The girl made no resistance to this programme, and he went. "I'm not altogether sorry that you are poor, you know, for if I had been rich I should never have had the cheek to tell you that I loved you. That isn't altogether selfish, Nell, for I shall make you happier than any amount of money would."

It was oddly said, but it looked likely to be true. Those eyes of his, and his square, plain, manly face were very honest, provocative of faith. They heard the banging the spiteful female made in packing her belongings, but beyond the fact that she said once that Ann had been cruel and ungrateful, they took



notice of it. The young man sat down, and drew the girl beside him on a sofa, and made love to her, and dried her eyes with his handkerchief, and by the time the spiteful female had got her trunk downstairs, with much reiterated bumping from step to step, the poor grief-worn thing was smiling at him, though through eyes which still had a suspicion of tears in them. By-and-by the young man made a dive to his watch-pocket to see what time it was, but his thumb and finger encountering nothing but pawn-tickets, he withdrew them with a smile which was somewhat grim. The spiteful female knocked at the door, and, without awaiting a response, entered.

“There’s nothin’ to eat in the house,” she said. “Am I agoin to be drove out without a crust?”

The girl’s face flushed, and then became deadly white, and she returned no answer; but after a struggle, which her quivering features clearly indicated, she burst anew into tears. The young man stooped and whispered in her ear:—

“Is that true?”

“Yes,” she sobbed, in answer. “I have no money—not a penny.”

“Right about face. March!” said the young man, rising. The spiteful female, who had come in for the express purpose of firing this spiteful shaft, went out exultant. “That being the case,” said the young man, cheerfully, when the woman had gone, “you must let me be your banker.” He drew forth the lean chamois-leather purse again, and from it extracted one last sovereign, which he laid upon the table. “And now,” he added, “there is no more time to lose. I must go back and look for employment at once. I will send more money in a day or two, somehow.”

“Oh, Walter,” said the girl, clinging to him, “I can’t sleep in this house alone. I dare not. There is nothing in it that belongs to me. They will take away everything to-morrow.”

“Have you nowhere to go?” he asked, gravely.

“Nowhere,” she answered. The bullet-headed young Briton’s lip quivered, and a tear sprang with a sting into each honest grey eye as he looked down at her.

“I will go into the village,” he said, after a momentary pause, to make sure that his voice was steady and should sound cheerful in her ears, “and get rooms for you.”

He kissed her and went away, and in the course of an hour and a half returned, trundling a wheelbarrow before him.

“Pack up!” he said, cheerfully; “I’ve got a stunning place for you.” He lit his pipe and sat upon the handle of the wheelbarrow,

"Tell me when you're ready," he called through the door, "and I'll carry your traps down, Nell." Then he smiled with an aspect of deliberate jollity, belied by an occasional suspicion of the honest grey eyes and a suspicious quiver in his lip. When the girl came down again she saw that he was alone.

"Walter," she said, "you cannot wheel my traps down the village."

"Why not?" said he, squaring his wide shoulders and his stalwart arm. "I wheeled three-hundredweight a mile without resting in my last term. Won a tanner that way into training at it for a fortnight. I'm a great hand at a barrow."

"I know you're strong enough," she answered, with an admiring smile: "but you mustn't do it, really."

"Dignity be blowed, my dear," said the young man, "your traps ready? Tell me the room."

He went upstairs in obedience to her directions, given after further protest—and brought down two boxes which looked very heavy in his muscular arms.

"Now," he said, "you're not a part of this procession, are you? To the top of the hill, and you'll go into the village through the gate. Everybody knows me here, and I'm Walter Mackenzie. I'll wheel a pyramid of barrows, and stand on my head to do it. Give me the key of the outside door and give me the key. Good-bye, old Nell. Good luck for us where we're going. Come along, dear. A bon voyage."

He trundled the wheelbarrow along, and began to sing a particular tune

Then merrily hent the footpath way,  
And merrily over the stile, ha !  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile, ha !

Now and then, the road being lonely, he lightened his journey with a kiss. The specified hill top being reached, he directed his way to the house he had chosen for her, and they parted. He wheeled his wheelbarrow down hill, the lighter perhaps that he had not a key in his pocket or anywhere in the wide, wide world.

"I've got a clear field and no favour," he said to himself. "Except Nell's," he added, in revision. "I'll work for her as a cabman. I'll knock some golden chips off some odd corners of this thundering old planet before I've done with it. See you."

He met the object of his solicitude at the door of her

and gave her in charge to a decent, clean-looking, old village woman, and then, having wheeled the barrow into a little tool-house at the back of the garden, he returned to say "Good-bye." With promises of an early return from London, and a whisper that he would send more money soon, he went his way to the railway station.

"Got a return ticket, anyhow," he said to himself. "There's grub in my chambers for a couple of days, and Billy will be home by then. Get some coin from Billy. Good sort, Billy is, and has lots of the needful. Don't know when I shall be able to pay him back. Must get something to do. Bar ain't my line. Gordon Cumming business—mighty lion slayer—that's my form, or might be, if there were no Nelly. Poor little girl! Must get something to do and get married. Not provident. Can't afford to be provident. Should feel like a sweep if I tried to be provident. Nelly must be taken care of, and the only way is to marry her—taken care of at once—only way, to marry at once. Here's the train."

You, penniless professional man, gently nurtured, who in idle and unhopeful hour cast your eyes upon these pages, may guess, may know, how the man's thoughts wandered to and fro in vain search for an avenue which should lead to bare livelihood. Barrister, who never made a penny at the bar—mental athlete, equipped for the literary race, but to editors and fame unknown—poor gentleman, ruined on the turf, and listening with heart that flutters for the postman's knock, and fades to hear his footsteps pass your door, while you wait for an answer to that advertisement of your desire for a post of confidence—officer of the line, who with a commuted pension, and a rudimentary knowledge of the rule of three would fain be employed as steward or accountant—you, and only you and your like, can tell the bitterness which comes of such a mental survey. Every road is a *cul de sac*—a pudding-bag street, as the country vulgar call it—and you run up each in high hope, and come down each despairing. Would I had the purse of Fortunatus that I might give some of you your hope again! I am not without bowels of compassion for your griefs. A fellow-feeling makes us kind. Perhaps in my day I may have started on the like mournful enterprise pretty often.

Walter Mackenzie reached London in due time, and walked from Euston to his chambers in Gray's Inn. Two letters awaited him. One of these was in a familiar hand, and told him that his friend was away for another six months' yachting in the Mediterranean. No chance of help from that quarter. The next letter looked legal. Probably a dun; but it came from Liverpool, and he had no creditor

there. He read it uneagerly enough at first, but having done so, he capered round the room and snapped his fingers, "Hurrah!" again, and again, and again.

"Sir"—the letter ran—"Acting on the instructions of John Launceston Barclay, of Ashford Warren, we beg to inform you that we have in our hands a safe which is only to be opened in your presence, and in our office. We shall be glad to see you at your earliest convenience."

The letter bore signature "Thwaite and Tolby."

"All right, Thwaite and Tolby," said Walter Macken, "I'll be with you like a bird. Old Barclay knew that Nell was married. He had money after all. Everybody knew he had, though nobody guessed where it was or how he kept it."

So full of hopes and queer surmises, he began exultant in the future, when it struck him in a rather chill way that he was in Liverpool and had no money. The scanty furniture of his room did not belong to him. He had sold his law books, and almost everything pawnable, to bury his sweetheart's great debts, to relieve her later necessities. He began to ransack his portmanteau. Half a dozen shirts; one very elderly, shabby suit of clothes; a pair of ivory-backed brushes; one very battered old pocket-book. Into the portmanteau went the shirts, the shabby suit, the ivory-backed brushes; and away through the dusk went the bare sign of the triune globes of gold. My uncle's myrmidon took the lot with depreciatory air, and offered less by half-a-crown than the third-class fare to Liverpool.

"Take 'em over the counter," said the bullet-headed clerk. "I'll be back in five minutes."

He dived out of the shop into Holborn, and went hurriedly to his chambers. Finding a felt hat there he ransacked his old leather hat-box and returned. Again reaching my uncle's, he opened the hat-box, took off his guinea castor, much worn and shabby still, and assumed the felt.

"Half-a-crown on that lot," he said, cheerily.

"Two shillin'," said my uncle's myrmidon.

"Give me the old coat out of the portmanteau," said the clerk at-law. He emptied the pockets of the new coat he had bought, and that garment, and assumed the old one. "Now, how much more?"

"Go yer a extry five bob on this," said the myrmidon. He carefully examined the coat with an especial eye to seams, pockets, holes, cuffs, and linings.

"That will do."

"Name?" said the myrmidon.

"John Jones."

"Address?"

"Seven Dials."

The myrmidon grinned, and substituted "Holborn." He slammed the silver and copper on the counter and pushed the ticket across it. A second later, looking a trifle shabby, the hurrying John Jones was in the street again, and five minutes later was seated in his chambers, consulting a time table.

"I fancy I shall do best to go at once," he said, aloud. "Rug and overcoat both gone. Night journey. Don't like it." There he took a mental stand, and with an air of much scorn and severity addressed himself. "Look here, young man. What you like and what you have to do are very often very different things. You do your duty, and shut your trap, and cease to grumble. That's your lay, young man. D'ye hear me now? Ha! would you? Very well, then!"

On his way to Euston it rained. In the earlier stage of the journey he was accompanied by people who were more damp than he was, but at the first stoppage he was left alone. He made a comfortless couch of the bare boards of the seat and made his own arm a pillow, and slept, brokenly. But he was young and strong and hardy, and he made light of his discomforts. Reaching Liverpool whilst the day was yet scarcely alive, he walked into a second-rate coffee-house and breakfasted, dawdling over the local morning papers and an odd number of *Punch*, old enough for its jokes to have acquired a sort of freshness. Ten o'clock came at last, and he started for the office of Messrs. Thwaite and Tolby. On the road the announcement "Wash and brush-up, twopence," appeared before him, and a glance at the mirrored window assured him that twopence so expended would be wisely bestowed. He had not many twopences, but he had the wash and brush-up, notwithstanding, and in spite of the crumpled felt and the seedy coat he looked a gentleman.

Neither the great Tolby nor the greater Thwaite had yet arrived when he reached their offices, and he sat down to wait, beginning a new study of the local papers and yesterday's *Times*. After a weary waiting Thwaite and Tolby came, elderly, fresh-coloured gentlemen, so much alike that they might have seemed John Doe and Richard Roe in person. Dapper gentlemen both, with fat hands, unusually white and smooth, and gold watch-chains unusually ponderous and solid. Both double-chinned—both eminently respectable. To them the young barrister, having sent in his card, was admitted. There

were two or three safes in the inner office, and a number of restless stern and heavy, and Walter looked round and speculated which contained his own Golconda.

"Our business is very simple, Mr. Mackenzie," said Mr. T. "very simple. Our late client, Mr. Barclay, himself accords this safe to the office." Mr. Thwaite waved his hand behind him and it was not yet certain which was the safe alluded to. There was curiosity on that point. "In our presence he put a seal on the lock." Ah, then, that was the safe with the sprawling red seal on the keyhole. "He left written instructions that the safe was not to be opened until a fortnight after his death, and then only in your presence and ours. The specified time having expired, and we three being present, we may, I presume, at once open the safe and hand its contents over to your care. That is the limit of our instructions."

With grave interest the young barrister and the junior partner stood by whilst Mr. Thwaite demolished the seal by two or three smart taps with a big key, and then with a smaller key turned the lock. The door came heavily back, for it was a big safe, and the hinges seemed somewhat dull. None knew what he expected to find, but there was at least an idea in each mind that there was something more in so large a safe than a single blue envelope that was all. Mr. Thwaite gravely handed it to the child-like wondering Mackenzie. There was his own name written, and in it the words: "To be opened at once."

"The mountain in labour," said Walter, nodding at the envelope, "has brought forth a mouse."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps not," said the junior partner.

The envelope, being opened, revealed a single page of note-paper and a packet no bigger than a penny-piece. The packet was folded and carefully gummed. The single page of note-paper contained these words only: "It is my wish that Walter Mackenzie should carry this package to Ellen Barclay, my great-niece, and she should open it in her presence."

Well! That was all. There was obviously nothing to do but to say "Good morning" and go about their respective businesses. The partners smiled, and looked serious, and said that Mr. Barclay was always a singular man from his youth up. They trusted that Mr. Mackenzie would find matters satisfactory yet. They bowed Mr. Mackenzie out civilly; and Mr. Mackenzie, with a packet of contents no bigger than a penny-piece, was standing with woe and indecision in the street, and asking himself vaguely what was to be done.

done. How far to Ashford Warren? to begin with. Twopence for a glass of beer and a look at a local ABC time-table. One hundred and ninety-eight miles. Mr. Mackenzie, with his glass of beer untasted before him, looked dismally at that record. Call it two hundred miles. Call his possible rate of travel on foot three and thirty miles a day. Call it a six days' journey. How to live in the meantime. Total funds, two and threepence-halfpenny. Fourpence-halfpenny per diem and a halfpenny to spare. He drank his glass of beer and walked into the street again.

Bullet-headed, square set, with honest grey eyes and plain manly countenance; puzzled, but not downcast, he stood and planned. Not a brilliant man, not a clever fellow, by any means. The problem was very simple—borrow the fare from the lawyers. There was a solution. Not for him, though. He began to walk, set his first stage in his mind, inquired his way, kept solidly on at it. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, a set, regular, measured swing. He was in splendid training, and the miles went by—miles of street, miles of suburb, miles of country road, country town, and scattered village. At eight o'clock at night, having walked eight hours and a quarter, he counted three and thirty miles accomplished. The next village was seven miles ahead. He pegged on and did the distance, feeling little the worse for it. Dusty and travel-stained as he was, he was so obviously a gentleman still that the landlady of the little inn he called at was quite obsequious to him. Bread and cheese and a pint of thin ale consumed and paid for left him fourpence the poorer. How much for a bed? Sixpence. He could ill afford it, but he must husband strength at first. He would rise early and do fifty miles to-morrow, walking without haste; that would make nearly half the journey. Breakfast, supper, and bed must be squeezed out of a shilling, and then he would manage the remaining hundred and eight miles without a bed, somehow or other. He slept soundly, and was up before the break of dawn, carrying a twopenny loaf from the baker in the next village eight miles ahead. There it began to rain, and the road became slippery. He was wet through before noon, but he tramped on with the plain, manly phiz and honest grey eyes as resolute as ever. And every now and then he sang to no particular tune—

Then merrily hent the footpath way,  
And merrily over the stile, ha !  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile, ha !

The little packet rested in a limp chamois-leather purse, other-



wise empty. He drew it out as he went, and looked at it. Clearly impressed upon the paper in a blurred outline, beginning of a heel-ball copy of an old brass, was the small key. He could follow the same outline with his finger, and it seemed probable that the key was intended for a lock, somewhere, and that the lock protected something. He put the packet carefully back again, and munching fragments of bread, marched on, castle building. Roads were heavy. Town milestones issued silent admonitions, telling him that he was more and more behind his time. Ready-made boots at the pair, never intended to go on tramp in, began to wear suddenly, after many warnings, the sole of the right boot came clean under his foot and had to be straightened out. He walked upon thereafter with especial caution. Then that boot started at the seam above the instep, and kept on closing at him like a voiceless mouth. The mouth had teeth and gnawed his skin away. Town clocks and milestones issued admonitions. Late, later, later, than before. It had to be said the dogged, bullet-headed Briton. The gaping, voiceless in the wretched shoe formed its leathern lips into an "No" at every step. The heavy, slimy road sucked soles out of the broken sole. The rain pattered "No." A mournful wind sighed it. "Yes," said the dogged, bullet-headed Briton, in answer to them all. Five and thirty miles since. Exhausted nature said, "Do no more"; sturdy will of the bullet-headed Briton said, "Another mile." Six and thirty miles. Exhausted nature cried out, "Beware a break." Said the bullet-headed Briton, stumbling sorely, "One more." And so the fight went on till forty miles were finished. With much galling. Honest grey eyes dim with great pain. Boots wrecked, shoulders bent, plain, resolute countenance pale and worn, with streaks of rain-drawn dye from forehead, distilled from the crumpled felt. In this guise he entered a looking public-house and called for bread and cheese, and consumed it with a pint of thin ale, found himself sixpence still. How much for a bed? Ninepence. He could afford it, than ever, but it must be paid. Resolute still on his journey, but dead beaten, he went to rest and slept heavily till morning. Then he faced the world with one halfpenny in possession. Hundred and eighteen miles still before him. The roads were heavier than ever, and it still rained. He sold his waistcoat for sixpence. An old-clothes man in the next town he came to, and bought

and pegged along munching. As he munched he sighted a miserable figure ahead, and by-and-by overtook it. The miserable figure threw him a salutation in a foreign accent. He returned it and went on, not being in the mood for converse with anybody. But looking back he saw that the man looked pale and weak, and so waited for him to come up.

"Hungry, mate?" said the barrister-at-law.

"Half-dead," said the man with the foreign accent.

Walter shared his loaf, and the other fell ravenously at it without a thank-you.

"How far are you going?" asked the Englishman.

"Ten miles to-day," said the foreigner, with a groan and a French anathema.

"Good-day and good luck to you." The barrister-at-law was ahead again, meaning to do much more than ten miles that day; but before ten miles were done, or for that matter five, the rain came down in such drenching torrents that he took refuge in an open barn, and thither came the Frenchman also, dripping wet, and looking scarce alive. They sat upon straw and watched the rain as it pelted down. Walter shared his last pipe of tobacco with the miserable stranger, and the two fell to talk together, and shared confidences so far as to tell each other nothing that was true. The barrister trotted out his simple *alias* of John Jones, and announced his destination as Seven Dials. The Frenchman gave his name as Tiburce Menseau, and frankly avowed himself without a destination. The rain subsiding a little they made another start, but before they had gone a mile it came down worse than ever, and they took shelter in another outhouse.

"Where shall you sleep to night?" asked John Jones.

"At the next workhouse," said Tiburce Menseau. "They will give me bed and supper, and although they will make me to work before I go, they will give me bread for breakfast. That is something, let me tell you, when a man is starving."

"Something—yes," said John Jones, and fell a thinking.

"They starve you," said the Frenchman, "but they do not kill you so fast as the roads will. But they search you for tobacco, for a penny, for a pipe, for a box of matches. Should you have a letter they would open it to see that it concealed nothing. They are inquisitors. I have with me nothing but a bunch of keys. Them I hide before I enter. Every night I hide them. Holy blue! They are the inquisition over again!"

John Jones was faint; John Jones was weary and foredone. For

a dweller in the Seven Dials he entertained a singular objection to sleeping in a workhouse. Yet where else could he rest? Where would give him shelter?

"Nell shan't suffer for any fine-mouthed freak of mine, bullet-headed. "I'm not going to break down to oblige notions of pride. You'll lie in the workhouse to-night, John, as befits your Seven Dials' breeding."

When the rain ceased again they plodded on once more, turning matters over in his bullet-head, John Jones determined to catch his little packet. So, finding a crumb or two of bread, he moistened them into paste between his lips, and returning to the hay-stack, he smeared the glutinous softened bread upon one of the paper packets, and fastened it within the leather lining of his hat. Who knew what treasure he carried there? Not he. He had all sorts of visions. The visions were all for Nell, who belonged to a hungry tramp whose boots were broken, who carried El Dorado in his hat.

The two travellers slept in a country workhouse, and Menseau, before entering, had his own little treasure to add. He hid it high above a door-jamb in the broken wall of the workhouse he slept in. The wall looked on bare fields at the edge of a country town, and the little treasure was nothing but a small box of skeleton keys, necessary, perhaps, for some future Tiburce may have had in mind.

Next morning Tiburce and John set out afresh. Again and again they essayed to find shelter in a barn. "The third time pays," says the proverb, and their third enterprise in this way was met by exposure. A small boy, who had seen them enter the barn, ran as hard as his big boots would let him to Farmer Brown, owner of the barn wherein these miserables had found refuge. Farmer Brown knew an Englishman's legal claims, and with a labourer's help he went forth macintoshed through the rain to enforce his rights of violated property. Farmer and labourer looked in vain. The law-breakers arose, startled.

"Come out of that," said the farmer.

John Jones and Tiburce Menseau obeyed, wordless.

"Now you two march along o' me to the p'lice office," said Farmer Brown.

"No, thank you," said John Jones, and, with dogged head down, started again on his journey.

"But I says yes," cried the farmer, and laid a hand on his hip.

"Hands off," said John Jones, and flung the grasp aside.

Brown, resentful of the existence of John Jones and his like, seized him anew. John Jones came out of his grip again, but, like the Scriptural Joseph, left some part of his raiment behind him. The bold Tiburce had taken to his long legs and was gone, the labourer, who was a stunted man, not over-fed, declining to meddle with six feet of habitual crime, every inch of which, to his rural notions, looked murderous.

“Here you, Robins,” called the farmer, “help me to collar this feller. He be a sturdy roog.”

Two pairs of hands assailed John’s garments, and, John resisting, they became sadly tattered. But he fought so well that they let him alone after a while, and the farmer yelled threats of police and dogs after him as he went onward with bent head, and weary feet, and wrathful heart.

The rain ceased and a wild wind began. The Frenchman, a mile further on, crept from behind a broken wall, and they marched on side by side till nightfall.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Tiburce Menseau opened the stolen packet he found nothing but a tiny key and a little scrap of paper folded round it. But the paper bore an inscription:—

“My dear Nell,—If Walter has been true to you, you will know what to do when you receive this package. The key fits a box. The box will be found in the stable wall, five bricks from the fireplace on the left side, and six bricks from the floor. I mean, of course, the stable at Ashford Warren. If Walter has been true, you can have my blessing from the grave and marry him. I am dead more than a fortnight when you get this. Poverty is a great and true touchstone. You will know your friends by this time. I gave a bill of sale to test Walter.—Your dead Uncle,

“JOHN LAUNCESTON BARCLAY.”

What romance beyond his ken lay here troubled Tiburce Menseau little. He could weave his own romance out of the letter, and it, even more than the key itself, was the key to wealth. The possession of this scrap of paper and the key put heart into his scoundrel body, and he walked like a new man. He took to begging, and here and there his woe-begone countenance and tatterdemalion figure

gained him an odd copper, though fortune was still hard. He began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of Ashford, but for a week or two he wandered off on false scents, and last set on the right track by a passing drover, he struggled with his thievish fingers itching all the way to be at the box which held the key. John Jones's cry of rage at losing the key was a tone of misery and trouble in it that some men, remembering to have found its echoes vexing. Tiburce went untroubled on. When he called the cry to mind, or rather when memory came to his ears again, he chuckled and rubbed his lean, dishonest face. It seemed to him that it meant value in the hidden box. Could the loser of the packet know its contents? That could scarcely be. The key meant little to the man who had the box. Any box could be opened in many ways without its proper key, as thieves knew. Yet the thought that the secret might not be so easily had harried him and awoke a dread in his mind.

Inquiries, carefully directed, led him to Ashford. Renewed inquiries, carefully directed, led him to the house. Mr. Barclay had died there about a month ago—five weeks ago—at a lonely house a long way from the village. Other inquiries led him to the house itself. He went by night, with a tallow candle and a box of matches in his pocket. He had walked about the place by day and had ascertained that it was untenanted, and in dismay had seen no sign of anything that looked like a stable. He prowled round the place in the dark, and having tried many doors and found them locked, he pulled out from his pocket his bundle of skeleton keys, and stealthily went through the empty rooms. In each room he struck a match and peered for a second only, and then extinguished his frail light. There were all empty and desolate, as he glided through them like a ghost, with his heart beating as only a thief's heart beats. A thief happens to be a consummate sneak and coward. He saw a little about stables, but a stable with a fireplace seemed even to be something out of the common. He left the front door and prowled round the house, feeling the walls as he went. On a third door, hitherto untried, he set his skeleton key and entered. The air of the room was damp and musty, and there was a scent of old straw in it. He closed the door, lit a match, and looked round. He saw a brick floor and bare walls, and with rough whitewashed cross-beams. On one wall the remains of a rack and manger, a rusted chain still trailing in broken and rotting straw, and facing these fragments a wide fireplace

grate. High above the door was an unglazed barred window, covered by a shutter which closed from the outside. The thief lit his candle, locked the door, and made a survey. It was easy to see that the wide fireplace had never held a fire, for the whitewash on the bricks within its shaft bore no stain of smoke, but was green and yellow with old rains. Looking up it he could see the sky, almost light in contrast with the darkness of the chimney. The shaft had been left uncompleted, and rose to a height of not more than ten feet from the ground. A bar crossed it near the top, looking thin and spidery against the dull night sky. One glance showed this way of escape in case of any chance discovery. Tiburce was a coward, but he kept his wits about him in spite of the awful beating of his heart. "Five bricks from the fireplace on the left side, and six bricks from the floor." There was no mark of removal there. The whitewash was old and soiled, and seemed to have been undisturbed for at least a year or two. To the wooden trough, which had once served as a manger, hung scraps of broken hoop-iron which had bound the rough boards together. With one of these scraps Tiburce went to work, and bit by bit he scratched away the sandy, yielding mortar until the brick was loosened and could be drawn away. To sharp wits like those of Tiburce Menseau there were signs enough of a former removal when once the scratching had carried him an inch deep. It was evident that the brick had not been built into the wall as it then stood, and his heart beat with a pulsation more and more terrible as the obstacle yielded, and he peered into the hollow. He pushed in his hand almost as fearsomely as if he had known of the presence of a rattlesnake there, and his fingers encountered a cold, smooth surface. The Box! His heart gave one awful leap, and almost stopped. The sweat stood on his forehead in great beads. He was faint and giddy with excitement, but recovering himself he began to tear away the bricks surrounding the hollow already made. They came down easily, the sandy mortar having no cohesion in it, and now he gripped the box and set it with trembling hands upon the floor, and with greedy eyes knelt over it, panting, and sweating, and quaking, like the triumphing, cowardly, hungry, wayworn thief he was. His hand shook so he could hardly hold the key, and he was a full minute, which seemed eternal, in fitting it to the keyhole. It turned, the lid opened beneath his shaky fingers, and he saw a Bank of England note for five pounds spread out straight, and clean, and new. The Bank of England five pound note just fitted the box, and below it lay another, and another, and another, for at least a hundred crisp and wealthy pages. Then came, clean, crisp, and new, Bank of

crouched. Then desperation lent him sudden energy. He buttoned his ragged coat over the cash-box, and pushed one end of it between his hungry ribs and the waistband of his tattered trousers, and with stealthy step made for the chimney. Up went his head as a hand was laid upon the door and shook its fastening. He felt about wildly with his hands and feet. The chimney was built with projecting bricks, and he began to ascend. He had only two or three feet to climb before his hand could grasp the bar at the top. Messieurs the tramps were setting their shoulders at the door, and he was half delirious with terror. The space was growing narrower. Could he force himself beyond the bar. At any cooler time he might have hesitated, but now he struggled like a madman to get past it. The door gave way with a crash; he missed his footing, his hands failed, he dropped with his chin upon the bar, and the back of his head upon a projecting brick; three inches to this side or to that he would have fallen clear. In the dead silence that followed the crashing fall of the door the tramps heard a horrible gurgling voice and a hollow sound of struggling, and with a superstitious terror pinching at their souls, they turned with one accord, and fled with the widespread fear of the dumb, dark night about them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

JOHN JONES, after his second night in a workhouse, walked back along the gloomy road on which he had lost his packet. He had counted the steps he took away from the spot, and now he recounted them, and made a search by daylight. Thievish Tiburce went the other way, and about that time began to wonder as to the whereabouts of Ashford Warren. John Jones had no luck, and having grubbed about in the mud for a quarter of a mile or thereabouts, went his way looking like an earthen image. Day after day, with the stout heart aching, he tramped along, wearily, wearily, and at last reached the little village where he had left his love. She was penniless by this time, beyond a doubt. He had been eight days away. Eight days? It looked like eighty years. He had a week's beard upon his face, and he was caked with mud. He was as forlorn-looking a tramp as one might find in England. It was growing dark as he sat upon a stone fence and looked down at the little village. It was a trying situation. In the first place it was his clear duty to Ellen to let her know how his enterprise had been set upon, and how it had failed. In the second place it was his clear



duty not to frighten the poor girl into fits, as he would indeed if he came in this guise before her. That was John Jones's Seven Dials way of putting it. Except that he felt criminal sensations concerning himself. He was not the man to pity or the man to despair, but a solid Briton who did what was his duty as little clumsily as he could; and now he blamed himself angrily for not making the packet safe. Why should he have asked himself—have sent it on by registered post while he had the money, addressing it to himself at the post office at Seven Dials, Warren? The precious packet would have been safe in the post. Why need he have been too proud to try to borrow a few pounds from the lawyers? They would have lent him the sum he needed. Not a doubt about it. He was a chuckle-headed idiot, and he was to be cowhided. That, again, was John Jones's Seven Dials way of putting it. But sitting there all night wouldn't mend matters. He said to himself, and, rising stiffly, he looked about him and shook his head in perplexity. He had purposely avoided the approach to the village in the daylight, and now night was falling rapidly. He saw the growing darkness a rustic boy of about ten years of age coming up-hill, making his way to the village.

"Are you going to Ashford?" asked the tramp.

"Ees," said the boy; "I be." And he edged away with his defensive elbow raised.

"Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. Do you know Norton's cottage?"

"Ees, I do," said the boy across his elbow, resentfully.

"Miss Barclay lives there," said the tramp. "Will you go to her house and say that Mr. Mackenzie wants to see Miss Barclay at the railway station? Can you remember that?"

"Ees," said the boy again.

"Mr. Mackenzie. Don't forget. At the railway station."

"Ahl roight," said the youthful rustic, and clattered away on his nailed shoon.

Somewhat doubtful of the delivery of his message, the young man made his way towards the railway station, and went down the unlighted lane which led to it. He had not to wait very long. A light and eager footstep came down the lane, and dark as it was he fancied he knew the figure.

"Is that you, Nell?" he asked.

"Walter!" she answered, in a startled voice. "What do you want?"

"Here," he said; "don't be frightened. I'm such a spec-

didn't want you to see me in the daylight. I've walked from Liverpool."

"Walked from Liverpool?" she cried.

He told his story, and told it to his own disadvantage with many terms of self-disparagement. She heard it all, and then to his amazement she laughed—a little laugh of honest humour. If she could have seen him she would not have laughed, but she knew nothing of his hunger or his privations. Then he had excluded from his narrative.

"Poor Walter!" she said. "I wondered why you did not write or come to me. I suppose the packet was about the money. It doesn't matter, for the money is found."

"Found?"

"Yes. Found. Mr. Netherley, the lawyer at Warton, had a cash-box to be given to me three weeks after uncle's death. It was sealed three years ago, and there was a thousand pounds in it, all in new Bank of England notes. Everybody says it was like poor uncle to leave his money in that way. He made no will it seems, but he had nobody belonging to him in the world but me. We have a thousand pounds, Walter."

"Was there a key to the cash-box?" he asked.

"No," she said. "We broke the wax away, and the blacksmith came and picked the lock."

"What an extraordinary jackdaw the old bird was," said he to himself.

"Everybody knows about it," said the girl, "and everybody says there must be more money hidden away somewhere in the same strange way. For at one time he was known to be quite rich."

"Ah!" said he, "very likely."

"How strangely you speak," she said. "You have caught a dreadful cold. Come to the cottage?"

"No," he said, "I can't come in to-night."

Deadlock again in John Jones's affairs. Was there no way of banishing John Jones altogether?

"Why not?" she asked him.

"I've walked from Liverpool," he said. "I'm a shocking spectacle."

"Nonsense," urged Nell. "Mrs. Norton will let you wash and brush your hair, and you will be presentable enough. She will be glad to see you. Oh! she is such a dear old woman."

"Yes, I dare say."

"How oddly you talk to-night." She seized his arm in a

girlishly imperious loving way. "Come with me. What is this?"

He felt like a roughcast wall. She ran her hands over his sleeves and shoulders, and felt his fluttering rags.

"Walter, what is it?"

"Mud," he said stolidly. "Mud and rags." "Then that explains it all," "I've walked from Liverpool." She began to realise the situation.

"You had no money?"

"Haven't seen a cent this five days," said he doggedly.

"Then you have been hungry? You have walked starving all the way, to bring that wretched unlucky parcel to a poor brave suffering dear."

"Don't cry, my darling," he said tenderly. "It's not my fault. It wasn't much for a man. It sounds bad for a girl to be like this, but bless you, lots of men do it every year."

"You are hungry now?" she said reproachfully. "Yes, I am. And, you cruel boy, you never said a word to me about it."

"Had other things to talk about," said John Jones doggedly.

"Take my purse," she said imperiously, thrusting out her hand, "and go away and make yourself decent, and eat something."

"Very well," said John Jones, accepting the situation. He gave her all he had, and he loved her too well to have anything to say about taking help from her. "My uncle has all my things."

"Where is he?" asked Nell innocently.

"He resides in London, my dear," said John Jones doggedly. "In Holborn."

"Then you had better go to London," she answered. "and get your things from him. You can go to-night. I'll give you something to eat before you start."

"No," he said, "I can't show up anywhere. I should like to show you. It's only an hour by train. It's about time the train came, isn't it?"

"That's the signal," she cried. "Go at once. Good-bye."

The red lamp gleamed high in air two hundred yards off. John Jones kissed Walter Mackenzie's sweetheart, and ran for the station. He slouched the shocking bad hat, and demanded a first-class ticket for London. Then he saw that the purse he had taken contained five sovereigns and a bank-note or two neatly folded. He ran to Euston, and made for the Tottenham Court Road, where the shops were still ablaze with gas. Straight into the shop of the tailor who sold ready-made clothing plunged John Jones,

to be clothed. The shopmen were at first for ejecting him, but became civil at the sight of his purse. A neighbouring bootmaker being summoned, brought many pairs of boots in a blue bag. New underclothing, a new shirt, a new suit of clothes, new boots, and a new hat being set with John Jones in a private room, there ensued a rapid transformation scene. Walter Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, emerged from the apartment John Jones had entered, and John Jones, of the Seven Dials, went out of being for ever.

From that time forth Walter Mackenzie's luck underwent a favourable change. An uncle of his—not the one in Holborn—died and left him money. He prospered at the bar, and he married and had children, and lived respectably and honourably. The dead hand enriched his wife with two more oddly-rendered bequests. Nell used sometimes to excuse a little extra expenditure on the pretended supposition that John Launceston Barclay's funds were not yet all paid in, but years went by, and the last of the old man seemed long since to have been heard.

The old house at Ashford Warren had been put into the market, but nobody would buy it, so it dropped out of the market again and was forgotten. But as time went on a new railway happened to be started in that district, and the house had to come down. Walter Mackenzie on a spare day went to meet the company's lawyer—an old acquaintance—and discuss compensation. He would have left the mere business to an agent, but he had a whim about the matter.

"You won't want much for this tumble-down old shed," said the lawyer.

"I don't know, Wrestall," said the barrister. "I don't know. I valued the old place highly once."

"Oh! Ah, yes!" said Wrestall. "Love's young dream. Mrs. Mackenzie lived here. I remember."

"They used that place for a stable," said Walter, laughing. "It was intended for a washhouse, I believe, but the old man bought a donkey for Nell when she was quite a baby. I broke the brute in, I remember."

He laughed and sighed at that romantic reminiscence, and setting a foot on the prostrate door, he entered the stable. The wood fled into tinder at his step and let him through to the brick floor—it was so old and rotten.

"Hillo!" cried Wrestall, "what's that?"

"What's what?" asked the barrister.

His companion had stooped to pick something from the ground. The something brought a little old-fashioned square lock with it.

"I've seen the possession of articles like these transferred," he said.

"What are they?" asked Mackenzie.

"Skeleton keys," said the other. "Inside the door, bolt shot. I'm a native detective," the lawyer added. "Now, you know," he went on, with a half smiling manner, "that a man can't lock a door on the inside after leaving it. The only place of exit is the chimney."

"You establish your mystery," said Mackenzie, lightly. "What's the motive for locking one's self in and going up the chimney?"

"Never mind the motive," said the lawyer, laughing. "Let's investigate the mystery."

So saying, he stooped and peered up the chimney, and then he raised his head so hastily that he knocked his hat off. Then it was Mackenzie's turn to laugh, but there was such a look on the lawyer's face that the laugh found an abrupt termination.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Look and see," said the lawyer, gasping—scared and pale.

He looked, and rose after the look almost as pale as his companion.

"There's a skeleton hanging there," he said.

"Ay," said the lawyer, "and a skeleton key to the skeleton. I fancy. That seems likely to be a true word, spoken in jest, when I picked up these keys."

They stood looking at each other a long time, pale and silent.

"The few rags there are look ready to fall to dust," said the lawyer, breaking the silence. He put his stick into the chimney and touched it slightly, when, as if there needed only a sign to bring it to life, the whole ghastly thing came tumbling loose into the hearth, and with the falling bones fell something with a crash. The two recoiled, and when the smother of wood had cleared itself away, the lawyer, advancing, cried, "there it is," and with the crook of his walking stick dragged up a small box by the handle. The key was in the key-hole, and with features of disgust, and a finger and thumb which only just fitted it, he unlocked the box, and there before them lay eight hundred pounds, in Bank of England notes, and on the top of a piece of paper which Tiburce Menseau, habitual criminal, had stolen from one John Jones, a tramp from Liverpool. There was no other mark which to identify Tiburce, but Walter Mackenzie had not seen him, nor had the lawyer, when he heard the story.

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY

## LOVE THAT PURIFIES.

. . . . A sad tale's best for winter,  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

MAMILLIUS—*Winter's Tale.*

THEY were all assembled. The old oak dining-room was lighted up. Flambeaux flashed along the panelled walls. A great blazing fire leaped upon and licked the sides of the yawning hearth. The table was spread. The curtains were drawn. Outside, the wind went howling over the shelterless plains of Baux. Inside all was warm, and bright, and glowing. It was a pretty family picture. The Marquis de Baux sat at the head of his table. Yolande, his elder daughter, was beside him. Opposite sat Madame Dicken, the aunt of the family. Eulalie de Baux was near her. And the two remaining sides of the table were respectively adorned by M. le Curé de Ste. Marie de Baux, in his neatly brushed and buttoned cassock, and by Henry Trevilyan, Esquire, a distant kinsman, and a close friend of the family.

Dinner was over, but there was yet another ceremony to be accomplished. It was New Year's Eve, and on this night it had been the custom of the de Baux for generations to drink each other's health. Pierre accordingly went round the table with a long-necked bottle. There was a little clatter and clinking of glasses, then the Marquis rose and said solemnly, "Let us drink to the health of the absent:" and everybody raised their glasses, and drank in silence.

"Let us drink to the health of the present, say I," cried Madame Dicken with a superior air. Once more everyone sipped their wine, and then put down their glasses.

The Curé's turn came next. Not that he had any special turn for oratory, poor man. His speech was well meant, but it was lengthy. It was of a comprehensive nature, and embraced the Marquis, his family, his household, his "cattle and the stranger within his gates." . . . Then suddenly, and without any sort of warning, the poor man sank quite back in his chair, and rubbed his face all over with a yellow cotton pocket-handkerchief.

Eulalie followed in his steps. She made a neat little speech, all

rounded and finished off, just like her own neat little delivered it with great point and emphasis, after the fashion in which she had been wont to address the *sacré Cœur*, on the yearly occasion of their presenting the good conduct prize. Poor pretty Yolande, sitting yonder, hand on her father's coat-sleeve, was not accustomed to receive conduct prizes.

Yolande and Trevilyan were now the only defaulters at toast-givers. But lips were tightly closed, and Yolande's turned away from the company. One could see the tremulations of one little hand, and the soft pink outline of one arm. The droop of the head was also visible, and so was of the slender throat. But these were all.

Madame Dicken, who was probably well accustomed to of these beauties, began to wax impatient.

"Come, Yolande," she cried, "make haste with your toast, keep us all waiting. Here is M. *le vicomte* quite tired out."

"Let M. *mon cousin* speak then," said the girl, lifting at length. "*Quant à moi* I give no *soirée* to-night." Dicken looked furious, the Marquis seemed annoyed, assumed an air of sanctified regret, the Curé was evidently for a while as for Henry Trevilyan, he knew not what to make. He remembered the Yolande of seven years ago. What a bright-faced, loving child it had been, wild as a hedge-rocket, but fresh as a flower, and true as steel. This pale, sullen-looking girl was surely a stranger to him, and yet she had child Yolande's lips and eyes.

Henry made his speech notwithstanding these cogitations. It was a capital one, brief, brisk, and full of fun. When it was over they all rose from the table. Henry led Yolande out of the room. She placed her little hand on his arm. She lifted a sweet, pale, grateful face. The sullen look had gone out, and a soft, dewy smile was there instead. Her lips were parted, but she did not speak. "Do not thank me so much," said Henry, she had spoken never a word. "I will gladly make good to you all your life if you will only let me." . . . And now, the astute reader will guess how it was that this Englishman was passing his New Year among these French people. . . . that Yolande had the remotest idea of his reason.

The drawing room was lighted up too. The chairs and sofas were pushed against the walls, the rugs had been taken up, the polished floors, a file of servants were already assembled.



was a little group of musicians fiddling away near the window, and the boys and girls had much ado to keep their feet still. The Marquis led out his housekeeper, Yolande followed with the oldest man of the village, Eulalie had selected a youth even fatter than herself. They rolled about like two balls.

Madame Dicken looked as if she would have liked a jig with the Curé. But that reverend gentleman had already seated himself in a comfortable corner, and was enjoying sundry surreptitious pinches of snuff. She therefore kindly took compassion upon Trevilyan, and was presently *chassée* towards him in an airy manner. After the second dance, M. de Baux summoned the Curé to his longed-for game of billiards.

But the fun in the dancing room continued with renewed vigour, the music played faster and faster, the steps hurried backwards and forwards, it was a wild stampede of steps and gambols. Even Yolande caught the infection. She danced with every one—young men and maidens, old men and matrons, all in turn, were her partners. Once Henry Trevilyan held out his hand, but she shook her head and went off to keep her engagement with an olive-dresser. Eulalie, on the contrary, was willing enough to dance with her English cousin.

"You enjoy this, and so does Yolande," he said, during one of the pauses in their dance. "But what was the matter with her at dinner? She did not seem to be quite herself then."

"She was herself then, and she is herself now," replied Eulalie. "She is often like that, silent and moody."

"She never was so as a child," said Henry. "But I suppose it is the excitable French nature which makes her able to pass from one mood into another so quickly."

"Yes, of course—we are both French," returned the literal Eulalie.

Henry smiled. That was not what he meant. "At any rate she dances still as well as she did when she was a child," he continued. "I remember almost the last time I was here, you had a dance—you were both children then, and there was another child present, too—a boy, I think."

"Yes! Raoul de Longueville was here then. He and Yolande were always quarrelling, and always making it up. That was the last dance we had. We have had none since, till to-night, because we have all mourned for our country." Even Eulalie was French enough to be patriotic.

"The last time, was it? And what has become of De Longue-

ville? Does Yolande quarrel with him still?" asked Henry, vaguely uncomfortable.

"Oh! we never see him now. We have not seen him for years—since four years ago. Nobody knows what has become of Raoul de Longueville." Eulalie's voice was like a trumpet, with certain metallic tones in it. The music stopped at that point. Her words rang distinctly through the room.

Yolande, who was passing with her olive-dresser, looked up with an angry flush. Perhaps she thought such a topic as war should not have been introduced at the festive scene. A lamp went out, and a sniff. A fiddle string snapped and broke. The evening came to an end. Coffee was brought in, with liqueurs and cigars. There was tea, too, for those who might like it. Yolande was very anxious concerning its composition.

"Is it right?" she asked of Trevilyan. "Is it strong enough, or shall I put in some more tea? And is the milk as you like it?" Her soft clear eyes glanced nervously under her crown of hair. Her pale cheeks were flushed. Her feet seemed to be still.

"It is all right," answered Trevilyan. Though the tea was black as ink, and the milk had evidently been boiled, yet from such hands it naturally tasted like nectar.

Yolande looked up a little doubtfully. "Are you satisfied?" she asked. "We don't often make tea here, except as a treat for anyone who is sick or sorry."

"Well, I was sick and sorry too, and you or your tea comforted me!" said Henry looking at her.

Yolande looked down, and presently moved away.

"Is it not bedtime?" said Eulalie, yawning.

"To be sure it is," cried Madame Dicken, suddenly waking from a nap over her coffee cup. "Ring the bell for the children. I presume you smoke, Mr. Trevilyan. My brother does so late at night. But he tells me you know your way about the house perfectly—that you knew it, in fact, before I came. I need not say more than that your room is in the turret, up there. Good-night," and with a sweeping curtsey, the old lady, followed by her nieces, like two votive maidens in white muslin, with tapers in their hands.

Yes, it was true. Henry Trevilyan had known the Chateau de Baux very well—indeed, long before Madame Dicken had her abode therein. He thought of this presently, when, having taken his leave, and the Marquis having gone to his

found himself sitting alone in the old smoking room, with its leather-hung walls, and its inlaid *escritoirs* and *bureaux*. It was also M. de Baux's business room. Henry remembered it as a boy. The whiffs of smoke went curling up to the ceiling : a crowd of thoughts went circling with them.

He thought of the days when he, a lad at school in the south of France, found his dearest delights in spending his holidays in the home of his mother's kinsman, the Marquis de Baux. He thought of the poor pale Marquise, with her kindly greetings, and her sweet anxious glances after her little daughters. He thought of a winter's day some twelve years ago, when the windows of the Château were closed, and the gates of the family chapel in the little village church were set open ; when the Curé's voice choked in the intoning, and the Marquis stood up with a grey set face ; when a little black-gloved hand stole into his, and when, at last, the mournful ceremony being over, he, a big rough fellow of sixteen, carried little motherless Yolande across the fields, over which the great bell was tolling, to the desolate house, where, presently, she sobbed herself to sleep on his shoulder. How pretty she looked, with the great tear-drops hanging on her eyelashes, and all her crumpled hair falling round her white wet face. How fractious she was when she woke ; how entirely she refused to leave him. She would follow him about, like a little dog ; she would nestle in his arms, like a little dove. "Talk to me of mamma," she would say, in her pretty broken English. "Papa cannot do so yet ; and Eulalie is too much of a baby. You knew her, *mon cousin*. Tell me of her." . . . And so, from day to day, this pair became greater friends.

After that season of sorrow and friendship, Trevilyan's visits to the Château de Baux became fewer. His schooldays were over. There were college terms to keep ; there were diplomatic duties to engage his time. Once or twice, however, he managed to squeeze in a visit or two to old Baux. He found Yolande grown taller, indeed, but she was just the same loyal, impetuous, tender-hearted little thing, faithful to the memory of her dead mother and to her own childish friendship. The last visit before this one he remembered very distinctly. It was seven years ago. Yolande was then about eleven years old. It was on a day in early spring. The young green wheat was springing up under the vines. Trees were quivering into leaf and flower. The very air was full of blossoms, pink, and white, and red. All the streams were flowing ; all the fields were blooming. A soft wind came blowing from the plains ; a salt taste was wafted from the sea. Lavender and rosemary sent up their

fragrance. It was a sweet fair-smelling beautiful world, de Baux, into which he had strayed, straight from the bow theatres of imperial Paris.

Old Pierre welcomed him smilingly. M. de Baux kissed him on both cheeks. "Come to the *potager*," he said. "The children are there. Yolande has been asking for you this morning." So they stepped across the sun-dappled carpet of the Marquis leading the way.

A rippling laugh struck upon their ears as they went by the lettuce beds. Beyond was a mulberry garden, and thence the laughter and the voices came.

High up, among the branches of one of the trees, was a girl in a white frock. Beside her, cross-legged, was a boy, while at the foot of the tree, all neat and trim, stood Eulalie, vainly remonstrating with her sister's acrobatic performance. From an early age this dear child was impressed with the fact that her mission in the world was to reprove and teach. Yolande was a very inapt pupil.

They looked like a pair of lovebirds, the boy and girl, perched there, with their bright eyes and dark heads peeping out between the leaves. But the moment the girl saw her father, she flew to him, like Zazel, only the other way, and flung her arms round his neck.

"*Vois petite*—here's another lay figure for thee to decorate," said M. de Baux, indicating Trevilyan. "Put thy necklace on her."

But Yolande's only answer was to clasp her arms tight round her father's neck. It was a yoke that never galled.

"Well, give Henry the necklace now," continued M. de Baux, coaxingly. "What, not one kiss, not one bead even, when I have travelled so far to see thee!"

"Yes, just one bead I will give him," returned Yolande. She stood on tiptoe, and, pulling Henry's head down to her, she gravely kissed him on his forehead.

"Well, you have grown stingy over your beads," said M. de Baux, watching her with amused glances. "Do you ever get any more from Longueville?" he asked of the boy who was still sitting perched in the tree.

"Very seldom, Monsieur," replied De Longueville, looking up with a pretty smile. "She is keeping them all for some special some day."

Like a wild cat she flew at him. Like a wild tiger she pounced on him, and began to pommel his ears, his eyes, his cheeks. He struggled, but did not attempt to defend himself. The com-

by the downfall of both combatants, De Longueville without his cap; and Yolande minus a breadth of her white frock.

"It was her confirmation dress," said Eulalie to her father. But M. De Baux did not answer. He only looked very gravely at both his children.

"What is to be done with her?" he asked of Trevilyan, as they turned away together out of the mulberry garden.

It was a question he asked over and over again during Trevilyan's stay at the Château. "What was to be done with her?" when she tumbled into the lake, and was rescued by a pitchfork. "What was to be done with her?"—when she rifled the cherry trees—when she rode her pony through the vineyards—when she let the young chickens out from under their coop—when she tore her frocks—when she tormented her nurse, and teased poor little fat Eulalie beyond bearing? "Send her to school," suggested Trevilyan, laughing over the sorry appearance of his young cousin, who, just raked out of the lakes, stood there with chattering teeth and tangled hair, a poor little woe-begone Ophelia.

"We did send her to the convent," cried the Marquis in despair. "But she stole the Abbess's spectacles, and would have been expelled but that she ran away of her own accord, and was found the next morning lighting a fire in a wood-house with the help of Raoul de Longueville."

"Why not have a governess, then?" continued Trevilyan, laughing still.

"A governess! A young lady with me in the house. *Eh, mon Dieu, quelle horreur. Et les convenances! mon cousin?*" said M. de Baux, holding up his hands.

"Then, my resources are exhausted," declared Trevilyan. And it was not wonderful that they should be. For how could an English bachelor of two-and-twenty be expected to provide for the necessities of two little French girls?

So the Marquis had to fall back upon his own ideas, and presently a letter came to Trevilyan to tell him of a most providential event which had occurred. A widowed half-sister of the Marquis had consented to take charge of his house, and to superintend the education of his daughters. It was true he knew but little of this half-sister of his, but what arrangement could be better, more natural, &c.

Trevilyan rather doubted the success of it, but he duly congratulated M. de Baux on his *trouvaille*, and expressed a wish that Yolande should write to him. This, from time to time, she did, and the funny little childish, blotted, ill-spelt letters were curiously acceptable

to the young attaché. There would be a certain merriment in his eyes, if there were also laughter on his lips, as he read.

"Why are you English?" she would write. "I detest the French. They are all horrid old women. Even in their history I seldom find a good man, Henri, but I think it is your French blood that makes you so."

Then again—

"When are you coming again to Baux? The vintage is just over. There is plenty of corn and wine. The people sing as they gather the grapes, and dance at night when their work is done. Sometimes we go out for a pastime. Come and join in our music and mirth."

Or another—

"It is a terrible winter. Snow lies thick on the plains. There is much talk of cold and starvation. Many of the men have gone to fight. Raville is no longer here. There is terrible news from Paris, and yet we do not know the worst. Come and cheer us if you can, my cousin."

There were a score of such letters in Henry's desk, and many more in his memory here. He could not go to Baux in answer to these requests. Sickness and death kept him at home. Nor was it many years afterwards that Henry Trevilyan found his way through the olive woods to the old grey Château de Baux.

Well, here he was, at last, once more. He had many memories of his youth. He had pieced together Yolande's letters, woven them one into the other as it were, with stretches between. And there were dropped stitches, here and there, where there was many a tangle and twist besides. Henry felt that even Dickens's big fingers might only bungle these things the first time yet —.

And yet—he awoke suddenly to the consciousness that he was both cold and sleepy. He roused himself with a start. The fire had gone out. Only a little heap of grey ashes remained. The candles had burnt low. Dim shadows filled the room. He knew he would go to bed.

He knew his way perfectly well through the house. Outside the smoking-room all was dark. His own candle gave a weird and uncertain light through the vast hall. By its light he groped his way through the passage, and presently began to climb the turret stairs.

The turret stairs were not only dark, but draughty as well. The windows towards the upper part did not close properly, and the wind came piercing through them. Henry's candle flickered and spluttered. All of a sudden it went out.

What could have blown it out? There was no more

that particular spot than anywhere else. Was there not? What then was that flutter he had heard, as of a leaf tossed by autumn winds. And surely he had felt some one fly past him at that moment.

He stood still to think. Was the Château then haunted? He had never heard of it before.

A clock struck one. Its vibrating strokes came sounding in through one of the half-closed windows. Trevilyan pushed it open a little further, and looked out.

The snow had ceased falling by this time. The stars were bright in the sky. But the stable roofs were crystallized with snow, and down there, in the courtyard, a soft white downy carpet was spread.

It was a carpet meet for the pure young feet of the God-child so lately born. It was a pathway fit for secretary Eginhard to fly across with an emperor's daughter in his arms. It was a frozen field over which another brown-eyed Erena Maximilianovna might skate to rejoin her lover on the high road to Siberia, or to Stettin, or to New Caledonia, or wherenot. And Mother Nature, who loves all manner of tender lovers, would throw down another handful of snow to cover up their foot-prints, or else, the angels from their wings would pluck out many a feather, and send them flying earthwards. . . .

Henry Trevilyan stood at the window. He was not an Eginhard, but he wished he owned an Erena.

Suddenly, as if in answer to his unspoken wish, someone came drifting across the snow carpet. It was a white gown, with a woollen hood. Under the hood gleamed a pair of soft dark eyes, and a pretty tremulous mouth. It was Yolande de Baux. There was no doubt of that. Or—or—it was her fetch!

Trevilyan watched her. She flitted across the courtyard, then back again. Her footsteps were so light, so quick, the angels would not have much difficulty in covering them over. But the third time she came across they were slower and heavier.

She was dragging something along with her. She was half carrying, half supporting, half leading someone. And this someone was a man, whether young or old Trevilyan could not tell, for all he could see was a bowed head, and a bent form, and a pair of weak, tottering legs that seemed to have scarcely the strength to walk.

Having made these observations, he did not wait for any more, but putting down his candle he flew towards the bottom of the stairs. A gust of cold wind met him there, and then he remembered that a door led from thence into the courtyard.

He heard it close; he heard a shuffle of feet; he heard a feeble,



cracked voice saying, "There is someone there. Yolande, lantern."

"No, you mistake, *mon ami*," said Yolande's soft voice. "There can be no one about at this time of night. Courage, we have a few more steps to take."

"But there is someone," repeated the man's voice impatiently. And another step brought them face to face with Trevilyan.

He stood aghast. The sick man looked up bewildered, but alone did not lose her presence of mind.

"Is it you or your ghost?" she asked calmly.

"Both," replied Trevilyan. Then severely, "But how, Yolande, that you should be here at this hour of night, with a stranger?"

"Are you a stranger?" asked the girl quietly.

"I—no—God knows I am only here to protect you."

"But who is that?" he asked, indicating the man, who now he saw was both young and handsome, albeit worn and ill with disease.

"That—this is Raoul de Longueville," said Yolande, turning to him she added, "As we cannot keep our secret, it is well we have encountered one whom we may trust."

Raoul bowed acquiescence; he looked very worn and ill.

"I would tell you the whole story now, only it is a long story, you see how ill he is. He could not remain where he was—the house where we two had hidden when we were children. There was a hole in the roof, and the wood I had stored there was all gone away. Ah, *mon cousin*, it is not I—but Eulalie who tells now," added Yolande rather bitterly.

Trevilyan was mystified. Indeed the whole affair was a mystery.

"But what are you going to do with him now?" he asked. "It was more to the purpose."

"I have made up a room for him at the top of the stairs," she answered. "It is a miserable place, but at least it is better than the wood-house."

"He had better come into my room," said Trevilyan. "There is a fire there, and I will take care of him to-morrow night."

"Ah, so, that would be best. You would like that, would you not, Raoul? Here, *mon cousin*, take his arm, and lead him up the stairs."

She did not say good-night, for she went on many errands still ; to fetch wine, to fetch wood, and pile the blankets on the bed, to bring coffee for Trevilyan. But when at last her work was done, she stood still at the door for a moment, and putting her finger to her lips, she said softly, "Not a word, please, cousin. In the morning I will come and let Raoul out before breakfast."

Trevilyan nodded. In his own mind he felt very doubtful whether his patient would ever go out again, whether indeed there would be any more earthly mornings for him. It was for this reason perhaps that he forgot to be jealous.

He trimmed the lamp afresh, and sat down by the fire. Yolande had brought in some books. He meant to read and not to sleep. He had seen dying men before, and never one nearer to the "No man's land," he thought, than yonder prostrate form on the bed.

Nevertheless, he did fall asleep presently. It was a pardonable fault, seeing he had travelled all the night before. But he was angry with himself when he awoke.

It was with a start that he did so. For a moment he could not recall where he was. Then he heard a low, muttering sound, and looking round, he saw his patient sitting upright in his bed.

His eyes were closed, and he was talking away to himself, fast and excitedly. Not loudly, he did not seem to have strength to raise his voice.

"She will never marry me now she has seen the *beau cousin*. It was for him she saved her kisses when she was a child. She thinks he does not care for her, but I know better. He cannot love her as I do—not to two living men could such love be possible. But who could see her without loving her? And he will marry her—he, that cold-blooded Englishman, while I—my only bride will be death." . . . His voice ended in a shriek : his eyes started wide open.

Trevilyan was by his side in an instant. His heart was still throbbing with the revelation he had just heard, but he spoke quietly enough.

"Calm yourself, my poor boy," he said, smoothing his pillow. "Your agitation will harm you. Be quiet. Try to sleep. Do not talk."

"But I will talk," cried Raoul excitedly, throwing off his bed-clothes. "I must be silent presently, but now, I will talk. Yes, even to you, who will steal away my love, for know, though you may marry Yolande, long ago she promised to be my wife." He set his teeth, and fire seemed to flash from his eyes.

"She has never promised *me*," replied Trevilyan, "and who can foresee the future. Let us talk of the past will. How comes it you are thus so weak and ill?"

"It was in her service that I became so. I fought for her here and afar. I overcame her home dragons, Madame Eulalie. That both should rage again is only natural, no fault. Then before the gates of Paris I fought for her, too, in the streets I struggled, hand to hand, with priest and soldier. I thought to win fame and honour for her. I only won for myself. When at last the prison doors were set open I found my property confiscated, my house burnt down, my life ruined. That was just six months ago. I wander on here, and the gates also are closed against me. Madame Dicken never forgave me. Nor did Eulalie. They thought I led Yolande astray when we were children. It was not so, for always she has led me. Truth or falsehood are alike to some minds. Their tongues have turned the mind of the Marquis against me. Yolande was forbidden to meet me. Yet meet we did, which was wrong no doubt, but was not the prohibition also wrong? I could not go far from her again. Somehow I felt, if I did, I should get back to see her. And her face must be the last I look upon on earth. I hid in a wood hut in the grounds. Yolande and I had passed many a day there, when we were children. I went back to it to see her pass. Sometimes she smiled at me. Once or twice I went to give her a bunch of violets. But the day came when I could no longer crawl outside the hut. Then for the first time Yolande came to me. It was just eight days ago. She was touched by my illness. She brought me wine and medicine. My strength broken by the privations of the prison. One night she came into my hut. The cold brought on another attack. Yolande told me come here. She says, I shall return in the morning. My cousin, I do not love you, though you love Yolande. Be content with her. That is all I ask. I shall not live to see your joy. Let chance my death may serve her as well." . . . his voice grew fainter and fainter—he sank back among the pillows——

It was a sentimental speech, French, and boyish all the while, and yet Henry Trevilyan, sober Englishman as he was, was possibly touched by it.

He watched anxiously for the dawn.

With the first yellow rays came also the sound of steps on the stairs. "How is he?" asked Yolande, to whom Henry opened the door.

"Very ill, I fear," was the reply. "Yolande, you must let me send for a doctor."

"Of course," replied Yolande at once. "If it is necessary, we will send for one. But, *eh mon Dieu*," she cried as a sudden thought struck her. "What will they say, Eulalie *et ma tante*? How can I explain myself?"

"Yolande," said Henry a little solemnly, for he felt this was no time to give and take vows, "Yolande, will you not trust to me? Give me the right to explain for you."

She gave him her hand. Her right, no doubt, was within it.

"Henry Trevilyan went back to his patient. He had roused up by this time, and was tossing about among his pillows. He looked fixedly at Trevilyan.

"I am better this morning," he said, wiping his brow.

"You feel so? That is right," replied Trevilyan cheerfully.

"Yes, I am better," he repeated absently. Then very eagerly he said, "*eh, le beau cousin*, will you do one thing for me?"

"Anything in my power, my dear fellow," was Trevilyan's prompt reply.

"Will you send for a curé. I wish to see one. And before he comes, will you let me be alone with Yolande for just a little quarter of an hour."

Trevilyan had not time to answer, for steps were heard hurrying up the stairs. The door burst open, and the next moment, Madame Dicken flew into the room, followed by Eulalie, with curious round eyes.

"Here!—De Longueville here!"—cried Madame Dicken in a fury. "After my brother's express orders that he was no longer to be near the place—such disobedience—Ah"—even she, hard, stern, and unimaginative, as she was, drew back before the poor pale figure already invested with the majestic insignia of the King of Terrors. Eulalie looked a little frightened. Her red cheeks for once were pale.

M. de Baux had entered quietly during the rushing torrent of his sister's words. A compunctious air was visible in his features.

"Eh, my poor boy, but I grieve for thee. To see thee lying thus, sick and helpless. Thou, who shouldest be reigning over thy lands in the Orléanais. Millie, *taisez-vous donc*" (Mildred was the dulcet name borne by Madame Dicken. Her fount of indignation had burst forth once more.) "True, thou hast been a naughty boy, my Raoul, but thou art sorely punished. And I am punished too; who for thy parents' sake, should have guided and guarded thee."

There were tears in the Marquis's kind old eyes as he saw Raoul. He turned to hide them, and saw Trevilyan standing by the door. "Eh, Henri? a good work you did last night. I thank you," he added, simply. Trevilyan had sent an authorised version of last night's adventure privately to the Marquis. Hence all this in the young man's room.

They had to be expelled shortly, however. Wheels were softly rolling over the snow. The doctor had come. He looked over the poor fellow. He could not give any hope. "*perdu, perdu*," he repeated to M. de Baux and Trevilyan in the room. "Why was I not sent for earlier? It is now only a few hours—perhaps of an hour." Henry asked him to speak in a lower voice, lest the sick man should overhear. It did not matter. Raoul de Longueville knew his fate quite as well as the doctor.

Yolande sat with him while the doctor's consultation was going on in the anteroom. The little quarter of an hour seemed a long one. The doctor went away. The Curé arrived. He came in to prepare the dying man.

A little table stood in the window. The candles were lit. The Curé came in and placed a crucifix upon the table. He had something to whisper to him first of all. Then he spoke to M. de Baux, who was kneeling beside the bed. He whispered also into the ear of M. de Baux, who was kneeling beside the bed.

The morning had darkened. A heavy cloud like a blanket was over the sky. It did not snow, but every now and then a shower of hailstones came rattling against the window pane. Clear above it all the Curé's voice rose and fell in low tones.

M. de Baux knelt at the foot of the bed. Yolande was on the right hand, Henry Trevilyan stood on the other side. Dicken and Eulalie had come to be present at the ceremony, but Raoul de Longueville had imperiously waived them away. "Come later," he said, "but you shall not interfere again." The Curé bowed his head in acquiescence, which rather surprised Henry Trevilyan.

But stay, was this ceremony the administration of the last unction? Trevilyan was a Protestant. He knew but the rites and forms of the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, he was just thinking that the last Popish ceremony at which he had been the funeral mass for Yolande's mother. At that moment Yolande spoke. Raoul was seeking for something that was apparently tied round his throat. It was a gold wedding

held it out towards Henry. "It was bought for her," he said faintly, looking round at Yolande.

Henry did not take it. Henry hesitated. He did not understand what was going on, though a glimmer of the truth was dawning upon him. The Curé had stopped reading, and was looking on. Yolande knelt still, with her head buried in the bedclothes.

Raoul de Longueville took Henry's right hand in his, and placed between his finger and thumb the wedding ring. Then he groped for Yolande's left hand, and joined them both between his own two wasted palms. The Curé spoke some words. Raoul repeated them after him, merely changing the pronoun, and the marriage ceremony, purposely shortened, was over. By the rites of the Roman Catholic Church Henry Trevilyan and Yolande de Baux were man and wife.

"I should not have had time for more," said Raoul faintly; "but I am thankful to have seen this much. Yolande, kiss me. She may do that, may she not, Henri? And, Henri, you will kiss me too though you are an Englishman."

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Very tenderly the big strong man's lips were pressed on the dying boy's damp brow. Then Raoul turned once more, and for the last time, to the girl he had loved all through his brief life. "Call Madame Dicken and Eulalie," he said faintly. He held out a hand to each, and then the last sad ceremony began.

The Marquis came round to the head of the bed. He held up the dying boy in his arms. The Curé anointed his lips with blessed oil. Madame Dicken and Eulalie knelt beside the lighted candles; Henry and Yolande stood side by side opposite to Raoul, at the foot of the bed.

His last earthly look rested upon them. They, too, looked on him, fading—fading away, till presently the light was withdrawn from within its alabaster lamp, and only a shadow remained. So will it be with all of us, when the summons comes to call us hence. . . . .

The marriage tie, first twisted in the dark little bedchamber that snowy morning, was some time yet before it received its final knot. Henry Trevilyan bided his time patiently enough. It came at last. He had much to learn in the meantime—many threads to pick up.

Fortunately, Madame Dicken suddenly discovered that the climate of Provence did not suit her, and consequently took her departure thence. Fortunately, also, Eulalie saw fit to follow her aunt. The two that were left behind did not miss them much. They were

very happy in the old Château, the Marquis, Yolande, his daughter, and Henry Trevilyan, his son-in-law that was to be.

In those days Henry Trevilyan learnt more than he had of all his life previously concerning the female character. He learnt that women could be spiteful, that sisters could be jealous. Mr. Dicken was angry because Yolande would not bend her neck to her aunt's yoke; Eulalie was hurt because her father preferred her to her sister. There ensued a tangle of circumstances, of misrepresentations, misunderstandings. It was not a happy past. Henry was glad to think it was ended. The Josephs seldom lead happy lives with their brethren. Still less may do so the Josephines of this world.

But all that is past now. A white marble cross, that throws its shadow upon the grey wall of Ste. Marie de Baux, marks the spot where lies all that is earthly of Raoul de Longueville. It is a memorial of too many a madcap folly and childish grief of Yolande. Some day Henry Trevilyan thinks of this, as he sees his children sallying forth with flowers in their little hands, to lay upon the grass "*du tombé l'amie de la mère.*" They know nothing as yet, those innocent children, of sorrow, or weakness, or sin. Yet their arms cling round a mother's throat, their lips are ever ready to kiss away all tears. There is life in their very breath. The old Marquis feels it, as they drag him to their sunny gardens, or entice him into a game of "*Cache-cache.*" Yolande feels it, as she thinks of her maiden troubles, of her childhood's love-dream, which had so sad an awakening, but was followed by a fair dawn. And when her heart frames wishes and prayers for the future of those bright children, she desires for them health, wealth in moderate measure, but, above all, love—love that consoles, love that purifies.

HENRIETTA A. DUNN





